The Bookman

"I am a Bookman."—*James Russell Lowell.*

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W. B. YEATS.

By Wilfrid Gibson.

EVEN if it were necessary for me on this occasion to make a strictly impartial and critical estimate of Mr. Yeats's poems, and to attempt to assess their ultimate value, I am afraid I should find great difficulty in doing so. How could I be expected to regard with a coldly objective and critical eye poems that, since I first read them in adolescence, have sung themselves through my blood and woven themselves into the very texture of my being! When Mr. Yeats's first volume was published, I was still too young to read it with appreciation, even if I had had the good fortune to come across it. I was, it is true, even then beginning to discover Poetry for myself; but it was not until several years later that I became aware, rather to my surprise, that young poets were still actually engaged in writing poems. Books were not easily come by: but once I had read "The Wanderings of Oisin" (Mr. Yeats now prints the hero's name "Usheen") the spell was laid upon me; and the lovely lines and exquisite cadences "haunted me like a passion." Then came "The Wind Among the Reeds"; and, though I found the symbolism of some of the lyrics a little baffling, and though I felt, even then, that poetry should need no notes of explanation, I walked the fells of Northumberland chanting—

> "The host is riding from Knocknarea
> And over the grave of Clooth-na-bare;
> Caolte tossing his burning hair
> And Niam calling *Away, come away:*
> *Empty your heart of its mortal dream.*
> *The winds awaken, the leaves whirl round,*
> *Our cheeks are pale, our hair is unbound,*
> *Our breasts are heaving, our eyes are agleam,*
> *Our arms are waving, our lips are apart;*
> *And if any gaze on our rushing band,*
> *We come between him and the deed of his hand,*
> *We come between him and the hope of his heart.*
> The host is rushing 'twixt night and day,
> And where is there hope or deed as fair?
> Caolte tossing his burning hair,
> And Niam calling *Away, come away!*"

and whispering to myself—

> "Had I the heaven's embroidered cloths,
> Enwrought with golden and silver light,
> The blue and the dim and the dark cloths
> Of night and light and the half light,
> I would spread the cloths under your feet:
> But I, being poor, have only my dreams;
> I have spread my dreams under your feet;
> Tread softly because you tread on my dreams."

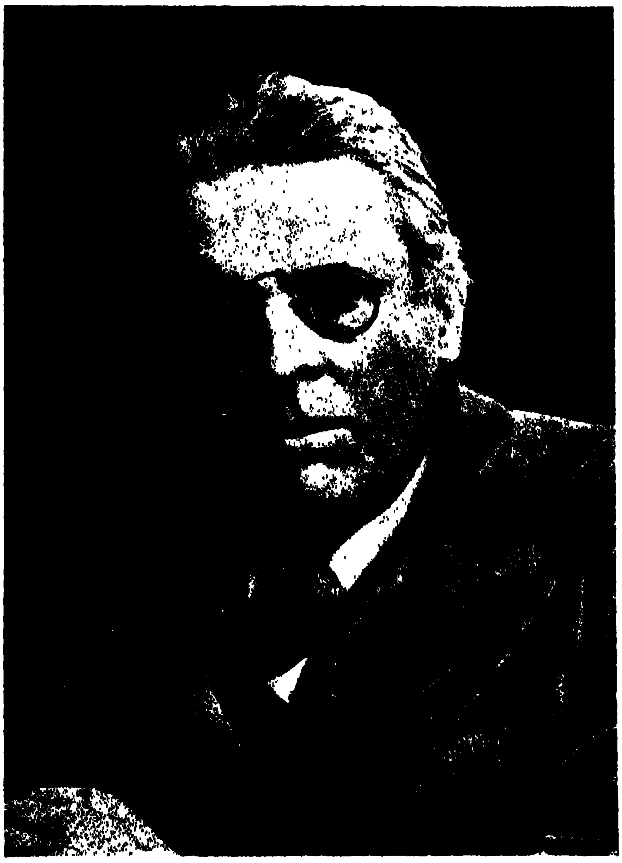


Photo: Lafayette, Dublin. **Senator W. B. Yeats.**

Surely never can there have been published so slight a volume containing so many lyrics to set the heart of youth afire! And the enchantment holds. But, even if the passage of years had moderated my original enthusiasm, I am far from thinking that, in the matter of assessing the values of poetry, the cautious conclusions of middle-age are necessarily any truer or more valid than the generous enthusiasms of youth; and though, as we grow older, the intellect tends more and more to control our emotional reactions, it still seems to me that what I think about a work of art is not necessarily of more importance than what I feel about it. But this whole business of æsthetic appreciation is very difficult; and this is hardly the occasion for its discussion.

In this volume,* Mr. Yeats tells us, he has arranged in chronological order whatever lyrical and narrative poems best please him and his friends; and so we find in it the very flower of his work for the last thirty years; and, in reading it, we can trace the development of his powers as a writer of lyrics. I use the word "development" rather than "progress," because progress seems to imply improvement; while I merely wish to indicate that Mr. Yeats's later lyrics are different from his earlier, that his work has changed in character, rather than that there

* "Selected Poems." By W. B. Yeats. 7s. 6d. (Macmillan.)

has been any improvement or deterioration in his art. "Progress" is always rather a foolish word to use in writing of art: and literature, as Mr. Abercrombie has so ably demonstrated to us in a recently published lecture, does not progress, in the usually accepted meaning of the word; it goes through various phases, it develops; and no stage of its development is necessarily of more, or less, importance than any other. And Mr. Yeats's art has developed even more certainly and more significantly than that of most poets. I can most briefly, and I think fairly, indicate this development by saying that in his earlier work he seemed to be the last of the Pre-Raphaelites; whereas he himself in a later lyric has expressed his desire to "dine at journey's end with Landor and with Donne." When he began to write, he would certainly seem to have been under the influence of William Morris: I don't fancy that Mr. Yeats himself would resent this supposition; and his work shows traces of other influences, from the French symbolists to the English metaphysical poets. By the way, it is really rather a remarkable achievement that I have been able to write so much about Mr. Yeats without ever so much as mentioning the blessed word "Celtic," and without any deliberate refraining, either! I feel that I do not know enough about the matter to say how much Celtic influence has counted in the development of his art. I have met Irishmen who say that his work is not Irish in any sense; but, to a mere Saxon who is proud to think that Mr. Yeats has used the English language as his vehicle of expression, and who yet realises that there is an element in his work that renders it essentially different from the work of any poet of pure English blood, it would seem that his work has a distinctively Irish flavour. But, with all this chatter of influences, I have no wish to minimise in any degree the strongly individual character of Mr. Yeats's genius. Mr. Yeats has always been Mr. Yeats from his earliest to his latest lyric; yet his has been the true originality of the poet legitimately born in the great tradition (a tradition, it is sometimes forgotten, of experiment and adventure) and not the specious and bastard originality of the mere eccentric. Still there have been moments when even Mr. Yeats's most ardent admirers have dreaded that his intellectual and mystical preoccupations might in the end sterilise his creative powers; and there are many poems that bear explicit witness that the fear has also haunted the poet himself. Mr. Yeats, in spite of his sympathy with peasants, or rather, I should say with peasant poets, has little of the democratic temper; his is an inherently aristocratic mind; and an uncompromising intellectual arrogance has done much to render some of his later work dry and bitter to the taste. So much is this so, indeed, that many of the warmest admirers of his earlier lyrics find little to their liking in his later poems; they say he has lost his magic. I count myself fortunate in being able to appreciate, not only the more sensuous beauty of the youthful lyrics, but also the fine astringent austerity of the more mature work; and to realise that, throughout, a singular, passionate and unwavering integrity has been at work on the creation of beauty that is not easily matched in the poetry of its, or any other, generation. For me, this poet has not failed. My youthful enthusiasm is confirmed by my more mature judgment; and for me at least both are equally sound, because both have their springs in an instinctive emotional response. Neither the poet nor the critic can afford to dispense with intellectual control, without which emotion would be spilled in the illimitable inane to no purpose; but emotion must be the mainspring of the critical as well as of the creative activity.

THE HEART OF CALANTIA.

By Mary Bradford Whiting.

IT was in the year 1828 that the heart of Calantia ceased to beat, and to read "Glenarvon" after the lapse of a century is to wonder how a novel so unattractive in form and so delirious in style can have created such a sensation.

That in this case, at any rate, Byron was more sinned against than sinning is the general opinion of those who have studied his story, and that Lady Caroline Lamb should own herself in the wrong was perhaps hardly to be expected; but that she should rush into print to tell the world of his cruelty was undignified in the extreme and calculated to cause her husband the greatest annoyance. The fullness of the details that she gave left no doubt as to the identity of the characters. Byron's personal appearance is minutely described, and her own feelings with regard to him are freely displayed to the world:

> "Was it possible to behold him unmoved? Oh, was it in woman's nature to hear him and not to cherish every word he uttered? And having heard him, was it in the human heart ever again to forget those accents which wakened every interest and quieted every apprehension? The day, the hour, the very moment of time was marked and destined. It was Glenarvon, it was that spirit of evil whom she beheld, and her soul trembled within her and felt its danger."

Of his character and habits she gives a lurid picture:

> "He gave up his days and nights to every fierce excess, and soon the high spirit of genius was darkened, the lofty feelings of honour were debased, and the frame and character sank equally dejected under the fatigue of vigils and revels in which reason and virtue had no share when he appeared most frank and unguarded, then he most deceived; falsehood and craft were stamped upon his countenance, written upon his brow, marked in his words, scarce concealed beneath the winning smile that sometimes played upon his lips."

The whole novel is in fact a piece of special pleading, and the only gleam of humour from beginning to end is to be found in the sturdy common sense of Admiral Mowbray, who treats Calantia's ravings with most refreshing indifference; having given a full account of her flight in the disguise of a page to the man she adored, and her subsequent ignominious return, she puts the following remarks into the mouth of the Admiral:

> "There is your aunt dying in one room, and everyone in fits or mad in different parts of the house. The whole thing will be known all over the country, and the worst of it is that when people talk they never know what they say, and add and add till it makes a terrible story. But come in, do, for if the world speak ill of you I will protect you; and as to my Lord Glenarvon there, why, it seems

after all that he is a very good sort of fellow and had no mind to have you; which is what I hinted before you set out, and might have saved you a long walk if you would only have listened to reason."

It seems strange that Lady Caroline should have been capable ot putting such sensible remarks into the mouth of one of her characters, and at the same time have been absolutely impervious to reason herself, pursuing the man, who had plainly shown her that he was tired of her, with such importunities that at last he wrote her the brutally frank letter that is reproduced almost verbatim in "Glenarvon."

But it is perhaps in its references to her husband—Lord Avondale as he is called—that the novel has most of interest. Many unbalanced women have been carried off their feet by passion, but it is very seldom that in the midst of their infatuation they realise that they are rejecting the higher for the lower. Lady Caroline loved Byron madly, but she gives full justice to William Lamb's fine character, and praises his frankness, honour and integrity in the warmest terms.



Lord Byron.

Calantia dies of Glenarvon's cruelty, but he makes a mock of her tragic fate to his companions. His own doom is dramatic in the extreme for, worn out by dissipation, Death hurries him away, and as his spirit passes a voice is heard from beneath:

> "Hardened and impenitent sinner, the measure of your iniquity is full; the price of crime has been paid; here shall your spirit dwell for ever. You have dreamed away your life's joyous hour, nor made atonement for error, nor denied yourself aught that the fair earth presented you. You did not control the fiend in your bosom, or stifle him in his first growth; he now has mastered you and brought you here, and you did not bow the knee for mercy while time was given you: now mercy shall not be shown. Oh! cry upwards from those lower pits to the sinner who hardens himself against his Creator who basks in the ray of prosperous guilt, nor dreams that his hour like yours is at hand. Tell him how terrible a thing is death, how fearful at such an hour is remembrance of the past! Bid him repent, but he shall not hear you. God is just, and the spirit of evil infatuates before he destroys."

Lady Caroline could not, like Calantia, hope to make her false lover feel himself a murderer, for his desertion did not drive her into a picturesque decay, but into a tornado of wrath. She had intended to wring his breast with fear and shame, but when she found that he made fun of the novel and described it as a piece of extravagant nonsense, she was so infuriated that she resolved on a solemn act of revenge. Assembling a number of young girls at Brocket Hall, her country house, she dressed them in white robes and made them dance round a fire in which she had placed Byron's portrait and copies of his letters to her, while they sang a song which she had composed for the occasion:

> "Burn, fire, burn, while wondering boys exclaim,
> And gold and trinkets glitter in the flame;
> Ah! look not thus on me so grave and sad;
> Shake not your heads, nor say, 'the lady's mad!'"

That her husband could forgive such follies as these, caused him to be derided by some of his friends and condemned by others. But there is no doubt that William Lamb realised not only that self-control was impossible to her, but that she did really love him in spite of her mad conduct. On one occasion, we are told, she angered him so deeply that he left their London house, ordered his carriage and drove down to Brocket. In the middle of the night he heard a sound of weeping, and on opening his bedroom door he found her sobbing on the door-mat. Heartbroken by his displeasure, she had followed him down, but did not venture to approach him.

The hopeless ill-health of their only child was a grief to her as it was to her husband; but while he sought consolation in tender and unceasing devotion to "Freddy," she tried to stifle her regrets with ever wilder eccentricities. The butler one day was decorating the table for a dinner-party, and when he continued his preparation in spite of her commands she pushed the centre-piece aside and sprang on to the table, where she stood posing. The man flew to fetch his master and, instead of reproaching her, Lamb lifted her gently down, and with the murmured remonstrance, "Caroline! Caroline!" led her out into the garden and soothed her so patiently and tenderly that she soon recovered her balance and was able to receive her guests.

But such scenes as these were a terrible infliction for a man who had a responsible part to play in public affairs; a domestic wife was what he needed, and Fate had given him one who was dramatic in the extreme. A formal separation was urged by his family, and he so far agreed that the deed was actually prepared, but when it was brought for signature, he went upstairs to consult his wife on some final arrangement; after long delay, her brother, William Ponsonby, went to look for him, and found him seated beside her on a sofa while she fed him with bread and butter. The deed was carried away again unsigned, nor was any attempt made to execute it later; but though they met and corresponded up to the time of her death, her home was generally at Brocket, while Lamb's duties kept him in London or Dublin.

That Byron's influence was still strong upon her was shown by the strange incident in July, 1824. While driving out one day, she met a funeral cortège and, on asking whose it was, was told that the body of Lord Byron was being conveyed from London to Newstead.

The chance that thus brought them once more together was certainly a remarkable one, and it affected her strongly during the three years of life that yet remained to her; her bodily health decreased while her irritability of brain became more and more pronounced. Yet her love for her husband remained, and it is significant that her last touching letter to him begins and ends with the word "dearest":

Dec. 2nd, 1827.

"DEAREST WILLIAM,

"This is the first time I can write. I have suffered much and I hope patiently since I wrote last—all the county has been to see me. My dear brother has read to me and soothed me, and is coming back. I never met with such affection and kindness as from all persons of both our families; but what pleased me most was your dear letter saying you loved and forgave me, God bless you, dearest!"



Anabella Milbanke (Lady Byron) at about 10 years old.
From a full length portrait by Hoppner.
From "The Life of Lady Byron." By Ethel Colburn Mayne (Constable).
Recently reviewed in THE BOOKMAN.

"Whom do you suppose was the most distinguished man in mind and person, cultivation and refinement, that I have ever known?" she once asked a friend. "Lord Byron," was his not unnatural answer, and he was startled by her vehement reply: "No; my own husband, William Lamb!"

Even at a time when people thought it no indiscretion to rush into print on their private affairs, one would think that it must have been something of a shock to read the account which her husband wrote of her in the *Literary Gazette*, February 16th, 1828—little more than two months after her death. He speaks of her as wild and impatient of restraint, generous and kind, but moved by impulse, and then actually goes on to discuss her relations with Lord Byron:

"Much has been written and much said respecting the intimacy that subsisted between Lady Caroline and that remarkable person, but it is not amidst gossip that we are to look for truth."

He was evidently satisfied that she had been guilty of nothing worse than folly, but he fully recognises the extent of her infatuation:

"It was nearly three years before it was utterly broken off. Lady Caroline never entirely recovered it. Those who knew her well will painfully remember the bitterness of reproach and the despondency of reflexion to which after that period, she was, notwithstanding her constitutional spirits, perpetually subjected. 'Glenarvon' was written immediately after this rupture; though the most faulty, it is the most eloquent of her works."

As Lord Melbourne, William Lamb was to exert a strong and beneficial influence over another young life—a life the most illustrious.

To Queen Victoria, Lord Melbourne was a sympathetic adviser; to his young wife he tried to be a kind but firm master. Had he been able to eliminate the slight touch of priggishness from his character she might never have succumbed to Byron's fascination.

There were many among her friends who deemed it the most charitable course to maintain that latent seeds of madness did exist, and that their development in later life was the reason of her wild and eccentric conduct; but in his curiously dispassionate account of her in the *Literary Gazette*, Lamb declares that she knew their opinion and repudiated it with bitter indignation. That, like Calantia, she was doomed to fade and die from the effects of her lover's cruelty, was her fixed belief, but with approaching death, calmer thoughts seem to have come to her. "A kinder or a better heart has never ceased to beat," wrote her brother when all was over, "and it was to her a great consolation, and is now to us, that her mind was fully prepared and reconciled to this awful change. She viewed the near approach of death with great calmness, and during the whole of her severe sufferings, the patience with which she endured them and her kind and affectionate feelings for those about her, never failed for one moment."

ROSE AYLMER'S GRAVE: WITH A LETTER FROM LANDOR.

BY STEPHEN WHEELER.

A MERE accident some thirty years ago led to the discovery, in a writing-desk that once belonged to Walter Savage Landor, of a lock of Rose Aylmer's hair. Sundry additions since then have been made to what was generally known about the young lady whose untimely death Landor lamented in an elegy more often quoted, perhaps, than anything else he wrote whether in prose or verse. Rarely however has it seemed necessary to insert, in the story of Rose Aylmer's too brief life, particulars so strangely interesting as what may be gathered from a letter written by Landor less than two years before his own death, and until now wholly unknown to his biographers. With the kind consent of his nephew, the Rev. R. E. H. Duke, I am able to put the contents of this notable document on record.

Postmarked, so far as the impressions are legible, "Firenze 31 Gen[naro], [18]63, Bath Fe[bruary] 4, [18]63," the envelope is addressed to Miss K. Landor, 3, Belmont, Bath. The letter, written on both sides of a half-sheet of note-paper, is as follows:

"January 30.

"Dear Kitty—Now I begin to recover, in some measure, from the shock which I recieved [*sic*] from the letter I recieved [*sic*] of yours this morning, I lose no time in answering it. It gave me the first intelligence of Mrs. Paynter's death. I first saw her, when she was only six years old, walking on the burrows at Swansea, led by her sister Rose Aylmer, ten years older. I was not indifferent to Rose, nor Rose quite to me. Four of the eight lines I wrote on her death were engraven on her tomb at Calcutta. I wrote to her namesake on her birthday, the nineteenth, as usual for many years. My letter will reach her most inopportunely. I wish kind Henry's health was better. Robert's, I am happy to hear, is better. Walter and Charles dine with me to-day, for the first time in four years, and it must be the last. My excellent friend Mr. Duke will accept my thanks for his kind letter the more willingly if you send them in this to you.

"Believe me, dear Kitty, your affectionate uncle,

"Walter."

Miss Catherine Mary Landor, to whom her affectionate uncle wrote thus on his eighty-eighth birthday, was a daughter of the Rev. Charles Landor, eldest of W. S. Landor's three brothers. She died in 1892, aged seventy-five and unmarried. It is not unlikely that a poem in "Dry Sticks" (1858) headed "Kitty and her Lover," half humorous but also a little pathetic, was sent to her before it appeared in print. She was a friend of Rose Aylmer's niece, Mrs. (afterwards Lady) Graves Sawle, who once showed me a photograph of her. It was from Miss Landor that her uncle Walter, then living at Florence in the Via Nunciatina, now called Viadella Chiesa, first heard of the death of Mrs. Paynter, an old friend of his, half-sister of Rose Aylmer and mother of a "Rose from that same stem." In his reply he recalls having met Rose Aylmer and this future mother of a second Rose walking together at Swansea. He must have been introduced to Miss Aylmer before this, but it was the first time he saw her small half-sister, Sophia Price, aged six, who in years to come was to marry Mr. David Paynter, of Dale Castle, Pembrokeshire.

Sir Sidney Colvin believed that Landor made friends with Lord Aylmer's family and especially with Rose Aylmer at Tenby. According to John Forster, however, Landor was living at Swansea when the friendship began. Both writers omitted to mention that Rose Aylmer's father, the fourth Baron Aylmer, had died when she was six years old, and that two years later his widow married Mr. Howell Price, by whom she became mother of the aforesaid Sophia. At what date Mrs. Howell Price, *ci devant* Lady Aylmer, was again left a widow, I cannot say; but before her death, in 1805, she married a Mr. Bowles. As for the particular part of South Wales where Landor and the Hon. Rose Aylmer used to meet, perhaps not seldom, we have as evidence, besides the letter now in print, and Forster's statement, verses headed "Abertawy," the old name of Swansea, in which Rose Aylmer's gracious presence can be recognised, and that other poem telling of a walk with her to Briton Ferry where the oaken wood lay before them:

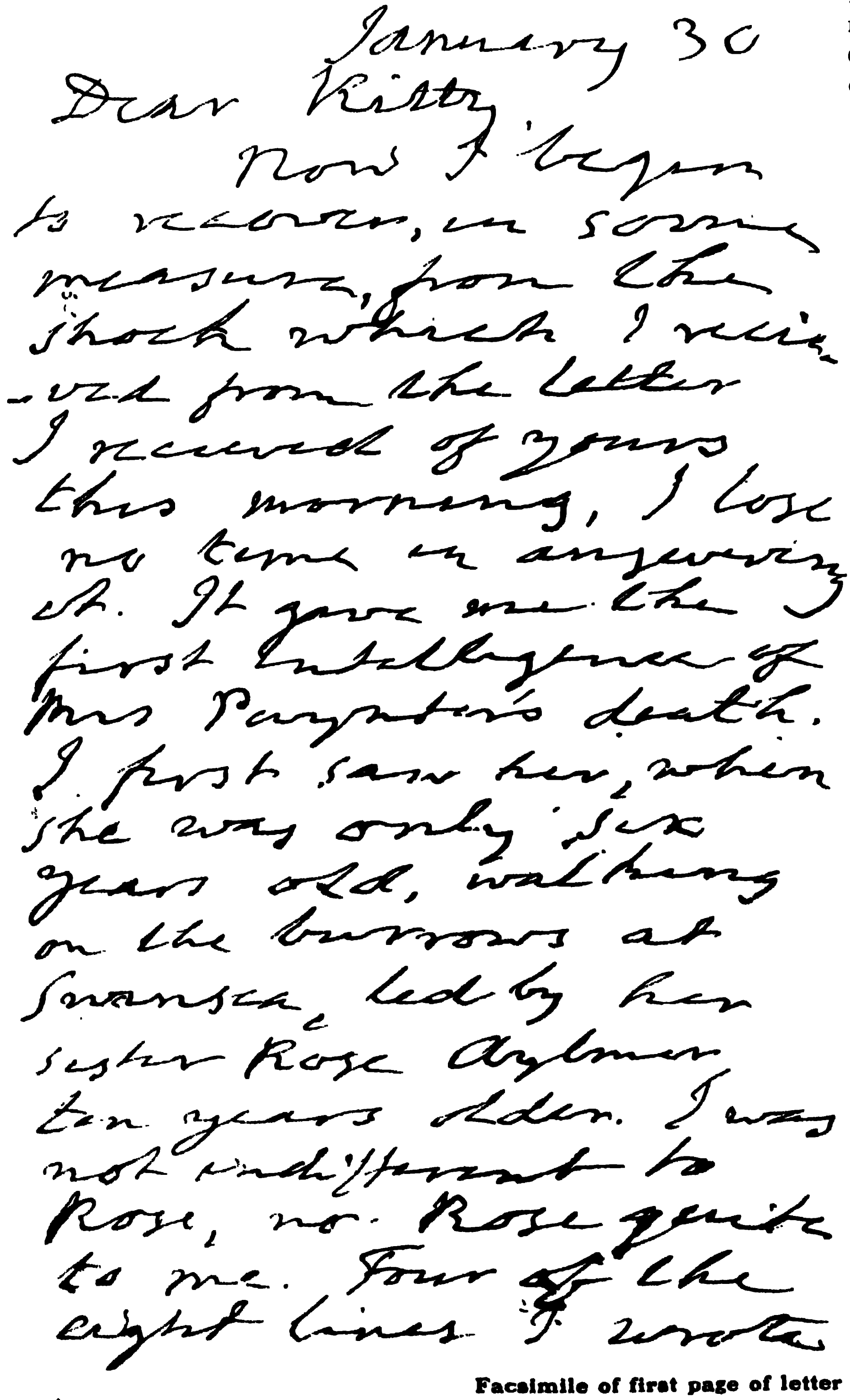
"Whispering 'happy as thou art
Happiness and thou must part.'"

Nor will it be forgotten that the book in which Landor found the story of "Gebir" was shown to him by



Walter Savage Landor
Aged 29 (1804).
From a painting by George Dance, R.A.

Rose Aylmer who had borrowed it from a Swansea circulating library. That it was at Swansea, therefore, and not at Tenby, the two young people became "not indifferent" to each other seems fairly certain. When all this happened is more doubtful; but assuming that Landor could recollect how old the two girls were when he first met them together, it may be inferred that the encounter took place before October 15th, 1796, when Rose attained the sweet age of seventeen. Not long after this, called by one she dared not disobey, she left Wales for a land where Ganges rolls his widest wave; which is Landor's account of the migration. But there is no reason to suppose she was a reluctant exile. Her mother's sister Barbara Anne—they were daughters of Sir Charles Whitworth—had married Mr. Henry Russell, barrister-at-law and Commissioner in bankruptcy, who in 1797 was knighted and appointed a judge in the Supreme Court of Bengal. He reached Calcutta in May, 1798. Lady Russell followed him a few months later, and was accompanied by her two nieces, Rose Aylmer and a Miss Mary Lloyd. Two of her sons went to India in the same ship. One of them, Henry Russell junior, had been given a writership in the Honourable Company's Civil Service; his brother Charles was to be a soldier. The *Charlton*, in which the party sailed, was met off Diamond Harbour by Sir Henry early in October, 1798; and in the recently published memoirs of William Hickey one may read how Miss Aylmer quickly attracted a host of suitors, the favoured one being her cousin, young Henry Russell. According to the Hickey "Memoirs" Sir Henry and Lady Russell were not altogether pleased when the two cousins became engaged; but it was no objection in this quarter that prevented their marriage. On March 6th, 1800, the *Calcutta Gazette* announced the death of the Hon. Miss Aylmer "in the bloom of youth and in possession of every accomplishment that would gladden or embellish life, deplored by her relatives and regretted by a society of which she was the brightest ornament." She had died at Sir Henry's house the Sunday before from an attack of cholera.



January 30

Dear Kitty,

Now I begin to recover, in some measure, from the shock which I received from the letter I received of yours this morning. I lose no time in answering it. It gave me the first intelligence of Mrs Paynter's death. I first saw her, when she was only six years old, walking on the burrows at Swansea, led by her sister Rose Aylmer ten years older. I was not indifferent to Rose, nor Rose quite to me. Four of the eight lines I wrote

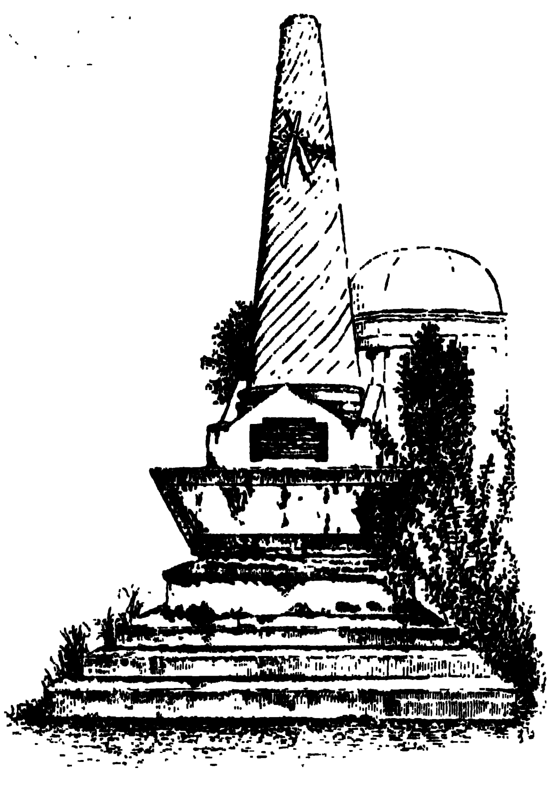
Facsimile of first page of letter from Landor to his niece.

We must return to Landor's letter to his niece, in which there is something more that needs explanation. Four lines of his elegy, he said, were engraved on the monument over Rose Aylmer's grave at Calcutta. Whether he himself had been told this recently or long before is a question calling for less consideration than does a doubt, which must at once arise, as to the accuracy of his statement. So far as I am aware there is no mention of the monument in his published writings, nor can I recall an allusion to it except this in any unpublished letter of his, though it has been my privilege to read hundreds of them in the original script. All that can be said with certainty about the monument has to be sought elsewhere. No copy of the epitaph has been found earlier than that given in a volume published at Calcutta in 1803 and usually cited as "Asiaticus: in two parts." Part 2 contains numerous inscriptions on tomb-stones in Calcutta and the vicinity, among them being the following:

To the memory of
the Honorable
Rose Whitworth Aylmer,
who departed this life, March 2d,
A.D. 1800,
Aged 20 years.

What was her fate? long, long before her hour,
Death called her tender soul, by break of bliss,
From the first blossoms, to the buds of joy:
Those few our noxious fate unblasted leaves
In this inclement clime of human life.

It cost me more than a little effort to find the five lines of verse with slight variations in Young's "Night Thoughts," once a favourite book especially, Samuel Rogers said, with ladies. The whole inscription reappeared in a "Complete Monumental Register" by M. de Rosario (Calcutta: 1815), and again in two editions of the "Bengal Obituary" (Calcutta: 1848 and 1851). In these later books it may have been merely copied without verification from the text published by "Asiaticus," and even he may have taken it from a Calcutta newspaper. Some forty years ago, however, the late Brigade-Surgeon Busteed discovered the Aylmer monument after a long and difficult search, and though the epitaph was in parts almost illegible, he transcribed it from the stone tablet on the base of the fluted pillar which rises above the grave. His transcript, printed together with a description of the tomb, in the next edition of "Echoes from Old Calcutta," only differs from the "Asiaticus" text in the opening words. Instead of "To the memory" he found "In memory."



Rose Aylmer's Tomb at Calcutta.

Drawn by Thérese Wheeler from photographs by the late Mr. Stephen Paget Luke.

The difference can best be explained as due to a mistake made by "Asiaticus"; for the letters having, since Dr. Busteed read them, been carefully rendered more distinct, it seems almost impossible that the wording can ever have been altered. Nor did Dr. Busteed find anything to show that four lines of Landor's elegy, as well as five lines from Dr. Young's poem, had been engraved on the tomb during Landor's lifetime.

There would seem to be one conceivable solution of the mystery. Mrs. Landor's brother, General Sir H. E. L. Thuillier, of the Bengal, later Royal Artillery, began and ended his active service in India; and one of Mrs. Landor's sisters married a gentleman in the Bengal Civil Service. Either of the two may have seen the tomb and, after a passing glance at the epitaph, have fancied the verses must be Landor's. To mention the supposed discovery in a letter to their sister, or to her husband, would be a natural proceeding. Happily what was then an innocent fiction is now a fact. Beneath the marble tablet on which the original epitaph was inscribed there was affixed in 1909 a smaller one on which may be read by all who visit the old cemetery not only the first four but the whole eight lines of what by many of his admirers is regarded as Landor's masterpiece.

RESTORATION TRAGEDY.*

By George Saintsbury.

IT is a good thing that Mr. Bonamy Dobree should have followed up his edition of five of these tragedies in the Oxford World's Classics with this general companion volume to his "Restoration Comedy." The present subject is much less (what shall we say?) notorious than the other, but it contains some very remarkable work and is almost more curious in the good sense of the word than the Comedy is in the bad. Inveterate fault-finders may indeed grumble at this and the "World's Classics" matter not being actually combined. For Mr. Dobree himself admits that he has had to repeat some things, while on the other hand some of his readers may want a little more illustrative quotation. But it is almost a sufficient answer that in that case they had better provide themselves with the "five tragedies" which they can do at what facetious people used to call "a very moderate figure."

It is no doubt unfortunate that no one, at least as far as the present writer knows, has handled the *whole* subject of "Heroic" literature—poem, play and novel—in a satisfactory way; for taking it in parts can never be quite satisfactory. Mr. Dobree, who is seldom not worth reading, has of course a good deal to say about it as concerns plays. We believe that a bad man once explained the amazing "propriety" of Restoration Tragedy as simply and obviously and necessarily a contrast to the amazing impropriety of Restoration Comedy. And there may be something more than a mere joke in this, for Contrast and Compensation are mighty workers in the scheme of things. But it is not quite sufficient: and Mr. Dobree was not likely to consider it so. Accordingly, he takes a great deal of trouble to consider the nature and features of Tragedy, if not exactly "in the abstract," in the general, and though considering the title of his book one can find no fault with this, it is possible that some readers may take more pleasure in his remarks on dramas and dramatists in the particular. One thing that some of these will welcome is the treatment

* "Restoration Tragedy, 1660-1720." By Bonamy Dobree. (Oxford: Clarendon Press.)

of Dryden. They may be a little surprised at Mr. Dobree's selecting " prettiness " as the name for one of the good qualities he rightly discovers in this really great poet, whose greatness has been not so much denied as ignored for the last century and a little more, by almost everybody who has touched him. Some of the songs—Mr. Dobree actually knows the songs!—are perhaps "pretty," but it is certainly not the word that most Drydenians would choose for the lighter side of Glorious John's nervous strength and bronze-like massiveness. The comparision of " All for Love " with " Antony and Cleopatra " must always be a stumbling-block for fools and a choice exercising ground or place for the wise. It is needless to say that Mr. Dobree is not a fool: if he seems to take a line (quite open to the wise) which one does not take oneself, he has a perfect right to do so. There are those who think that the deaths of Antony and Cleopatra in Shakespeare's play reach the absolute acme of pure tragic quality, and to them of course it does not in the least matter that the three first acts in the play are, let us say, a little promiscuous. To Mr. Dobree, who is much intent on " structure " in a not quite usual sense, and other things, it *does* matter. But he says nothing foolish about Shakespeare and he says some very wise things about Dryden.

Of the lesser—*quite* lesser—tragedians, he is disdainful and tells us that he is not going to tell us anything about Banks, Crowne and Settle. The first and the last we could spare as far as serious treatment went, but poor " Starch Johnny Crowne " might have had a page or two. On what we may call the middle trio, Lee, Otway and Rowe, he is, if not more merciful, more discursive. We own that in one sense if not all of the verb, his Lee is disappointing. You might indeed pick out some quite handsome expressions about him. Lee " can be enjoyed " ; he sometimes has " dignity " ; his songs are " often charming," etc. But the whole account is not favourable, and Mr. Dobree is almost shocked at someone who called Lee a great poet. If the someone had called him a great poet spoilt, it would have been hard to contest the description. On Rowe he is a little wicked, which is pardonable ; and though he thinks that " Venice Preserved " is the second on the list of Restoration tragedies (which it probably is) he admits, what is the fatal truth about Otway, that he had not poetry enough. As it happens, many years ago a friend of the writer's asked Sir Henry Irving whether he had ever thought of reviving this famous play. Irving said that he had given a great deal of thought to the matter : but had at last decided against it. Memory does not supply detailed reasons, if any were given, but fancy, perhaps rashly, supplies one. Could you get any actress, of sufficient calibre in other ways, at the present or any recent time who would make such a fool of herself as Belvedera does ?

To some readers the last chapter, which deals with " The Mourning Bride " and " Cato," will not be the least interesting. The average person probably knows nothing about the first except as furnishing cause for laughter against Johnson, though there are, or were recently, some stock quotations from " Cato." Mr. Dobree has of course no difficulty in showing that whatever " Cato " is, it is not a tragedy, and his defence of Congreve is pleasantly reasonable—not to be classed, though one has qualms, with the twentieth century estimate of Wycherley, as a sort of compound of Aristophanes, Persius, the prophet Micah and Blake. There is indeed a reference to the author of " The Country Wife " which makes one a little afraid. Mr. Dobree however scoffs at " jargon " (though he sometimes uses it) and is on the whole refreshing and nutritious.

THE SEAMY SIDE.

DEATH OF MY AUNT.

By C. H. B. KITCHIN. 7s. 6d. (Hogarth Press.)

Mr. G. D. H. Cole, University Reader in Economics at Oxford, lends the detective novel a " highbrow " atmosphere by making it the vehicle for audacious satire of the existing order. In " The Death of a Millionaire " he gives us a Home Secretary who is nothing less than a common swindler. Mr. C. H. B. Kitchin adopts a different method of painting the lily. In his latest book, " Death of my Aunt "—where an elderly woman is poisoned by oxalic acid crystals—he presents us with a murderess and an amateur detective who both devote their off-time to reading the latest and the most precious books and the playing of the latest and the most precious music. And to furnish the old theme with a fresh variation he makes his young " sleuth " timid, impulsive, cynical and a bit of a neuropath, and his police inspector not incredibly intelligent. Of these and other ingredients Mr. Kitchin has composed an original and a quite exciting story.

GATHER THE STARS.

By DIANA PATRICK. 7s 6d. (Hutchinson.)

At the age of thirty-seven Laurel Guest, the wife of a wealthy shipper, finds herself still beautiful but unwanted. Her husband, Murray Guest, who has been consistently though not openly unfaithful to her since their marriage, admires her but does not really need her. Her two stolid sons at Eton would never miss her. Even her friend, Charles Anselm, collector of antiques and women, regards her only as the possible heroine of one of his furtive intrigues. At this critical stage in her emotional life she is summoned to Ireland to rescue her great-uncle, who is over eighty, from the clutches of his wife, a designing woman of forty who used to be his servant. " Gather the Stars " is a grim and painful story ; but it is a sincere piece of work, free from mawkishness or cynicism, which grips the reader from start to finish.

SHARD.

By DAPHNE LAMBART. 7s. 6d. (Blackwood.)

They were very rich, these three abominable and completely self-centred young people of Shard, Jenepher, Kathleen and Vivian, and they were orphans. Mrs. Swallow of course " had spoiled them a little." Jenepher " was the most supremely selfish child—more selfish even than Kathleen or Vivian. But that was because she was the eldest and strongest, and knew she could make the others do anything she wished." And Vivian—Eton and Cambridge—at the age of nineteen had put his belief into words : " There is only one thing in the world I care a damn about—and that is beauty. I want to study it. What is it ? Well, that's what I want to find out." Between them, these three hurt quite a number of people, and were quite unconcerned. It is difficult to decide which of the three is the most detestable. The portraits are cleverly drawn though the author's sharp staccato style exasperates.

THE BOOKMAN GALLERY.

LIAM O'FLAHERTY.*

THE Aran Islands, said Synge, were the most primitive place in Europe. Synge was probably speaking a little broadly. The fact remains that, despite whatever developments may have taken place in the Islands since the War, life there even to-day is stark, bed-rock, difficult.

It was on these harsh islands that, in 1896, Liam O'Flaherty was born.

There, as a boy, he saw the bare bones of life. The sea, in its cruellest as well as in its gentlest mood, was always, so to speak, at his mother's door. The men and women whom he daily met, among whom his intimate knowledge was won, were generally poor as the poorest Englishmen can hardly understand. Being poor "they had all things in common" and — this is the important point — their emotions were naked and often terribly direct.



Photo by Vaughan & Freeman. **Mr. Liam O'Flaherty.**

Such a background in youth is only heightened in colour by the chances and changes that may later befall: and for Mr. O'Flaherty those chances and changes have been strange indeed.

In 1918 he came to London, got a job in a brewery, and remained there a week. He was given the part of a butler in a revue but got no further than rehearsal. He signed on, as a trimmer, on a boat bound for Rio de Janeiro, went aboard at that port and forgot to return. He went east to Smyrna. He went west to Montreal. He worked in a condensed milk factory, on the railroads, as a house-builder, on the land, as a lumber-jack, as a navvy making a canal, as a sailor on a lake ship, as a docker in Port Arthur, as a miner in a nickel mine, and with a Chinaman in a restaurant. In New York he lived for a week or two on the Bowery and got to know all about that city's far-famed underworld. Among other achievements in America he can claim to have led a strike. By this time it was 1920 and after once more wandering around in South America he eventually came back to England.

Not till then did he start writing; and he wrote, not of the strange things he had seen in the course of his travels, but of the Aran Islands where he was born. All he had seen had rather the look of tinsel beside the gold of those simple human beings who had been his first friends and enemies. What is bred in the bones of a genius invariably comes out in his books; and it was the meaning of life, as a man might have learned it on those primitive Irish shores, that came out in the writings of Liam O'Flaherty. If his pen ranges farther afield it is seldom farther than Dublin to the section of life there that is just as Irish and almost as primitive.

There is one other strong allegiance in him as a writer. His experience of war, and particularly his experience of civil war, has vivid import for him. Even so far back as the days when he was attending Black Rock college (at the time of the excitement about the Home Rule Bill) he started a corps of Irish Volunteers. Later, in 1914, at the National University, he joined the University College corps. Tired of waiting for an Irish revolution, he then joined the Irish Guards. In 1918 he was blown up at Langemarck and discharged. . . . Those experiences are the basis, without doubt, for some of his livest work.

Thus all O'Flaherty's best writing seems to have as its theme, in one shape or another, the hounding of man. In war and revolution, by the law: in civil life, by poverty.

Take first the hounding of man by law. His best novel, it is generally admitted, is "The Informer." It is conceived on a scale that is almost Michaelangelesque. The figure of Gypo, the informer, is drawn with terrific power—and that adjective is purposely chosen. With his huge limbs and slow-moving mind he moves through the pages with a cumbersome powerfulness that strikes the reader with an almost physical force. Here is only one of the hundreds of telling strokes by which the author gets his effect in this astounding book:

> "Gypo's face was lit with a demoniac pleasure as he raised Mulholland's body from the ground, clutching it by the throat with his two hands. He raised it up like a book which he wanted to read, until Mulholland's eyes were level with his own. Then they both looked at one another."

So Gypo, who in a moment of blind unreasoning need has taken blood money for betraying his friend, goes hounded through the streets of Dublin's underworld, instinct his only guide, while on all sides the cunning forces of the law are marshalled fatally against him. It is O'Flaherty's genius that he should so easily, almost from the beginning, and without a single appeal to sentimentality, win our sympathy for this dumb creature, outlawed, alone.

* "Thy Neighbour's Wife"; "The Black Soul"; "Spring Sowing"; "The Informer"; "The Assassin"; "The Tent"; "Mr. Gilhooly"; and "The Mountain Tavern." 7s. 6d. each. (Jonathan Cape.)

O'Flaherty has tried the same theme again in "The Assassin." But "The Informer" was a success no man might reasonably hope to repeat. There are superb scenes in the second novel. The events leading immediately up to the murder leave an indelible impression on the reader's mind; the unusual vividness of things during the agony of suspense that precedes a terrible deed terribly contemplated has seldom been more deftly set down on paper. Nevertheless, as a whole the novel loses considerably by comparison with its predecessor.

Among the short stories three must be singled out for the mastery with which they treat of a similar theme: "The Sniper," "Civil War" and "The Mountain Tavern." Whereas in the novels the author deals with the sustained agony of the drama of civil war, here in the short stories he deals with it in flashing moments—moments that, in their high light, contrive to give hints of the ebb and flow of character that lead up to and away from this chosen incident. "The Sniper" particularly remains vivid in the mind. It is years since we first read it, but that fugitive figure on the roofs, so ruthlessly pursued, remains just as fresh in our mind to-day as then.

So much for the novels and stories that have, as *motif*, the hounding of man by law, in war and revolution. Now for those which deal with the hounding of man by poverty, in civil life.

There is one poverty of the town and another poverty of the country; and the author who is not concerned entirely with those quips and jests wherewith human nature has mercifully learned to hide its tragedy with a light of comedy, will inevitably turn to the country rather than to the town for the scenes in which he intends to expose (for whatever reason) the stings of poverty. Not that poverty is more drab in one place than another; but that, in the town, it implies first an absence of those sophistications which are the very stuff of town-life—but which are, after all, superficial; whereas in the country it implies first a nakedness of living, a simplicity. Just because they are more elementary, love and hate, joy and sorrow among the peasants are more visible—and therefore more likely material for the artist. Selection, the artist's first necessity, is already half accomplished where poverty in the country is his subject.

O'Flaherty's two first books were "Thy Neighbour's Wife" and "The Black Soul"; and both of them were novels set in those harsh and barren islands of Inverara. They were prose epics of Irish poverty. There was little theme—so far as the term is usually understood—in the first: the main protagonist in the plot was every bit as much the village of Kilmurrage as it was Father Hugh McMahon, whose hopeless love for Lily threads through the book. "Thy Neighbour's Wife" is essentially the saga of an Inverara village by the sea, its foibles, its passions, its humours, its jealousies, its hates; and through it all there runs a vein of pathos—that men and women, who are only a little lower than the angels, should fall so far short of even their own ideal. "The Black Soul" is more ruthless, more realistic. It was this book, one may safely say, with which the author found himself. And it was in this book, moreover, that he first began his portraiture of those titanic, elementary—almost brutal—figures of which the Informer, the Assassin, and Mr. Gilhooley were to be the masterpieces.

Recently O'Flaherty has published a new novel, "The House of Gold." It too has its roots in that early, deep-bitten experience among the Irish peasantry; and it is by far the best of the work that reflects that period—if not quite the best of his work altogether. One titanic figure, Ramon Mor Costello, dominates the story. He is the author's personification of the peasant-owner whom the rising Irish middle class sought to overthrow; for this book is a kind of pure allegory; and his final and terrible downfall is brought about by the beautiful woman whom he had married—who in her turn personifies this rising middle class. Though the whole story is built upon this social theme, it is so perfectly objectified that the reader is scarcely likely to guess its larger import until reflection follows on the emotional excitement of a splendid tale splendidly told. The final chapters of "The House of Gold," wherein ruin falls on Ramon Mor and on his wife, and the village is thrown into the chaos of revolt, is as fine a thing as the author has yet achieved. Throughout the book there is the same ruthless castigation of whatever is slothful and degrading in Irish rural life as there was in his first novel—save that here its virulence is less wilful and far more knowledgeable.

"Spring Sowing" was the name of the book that immediately followed "The Black Soul"; and with this book it was clearly seen that we had a story-teller in our midst whose work put him in the very front rank of that difficult art.

The title-tale itself was like some second telling of the story of Eden: in it was all the ache of life lived in the face of unrelenting poverty but relieved, while youth and early manhood lasted, by the dumb consolation of simple peasant love.

Since that collection, two further collections of short stories have appeared, "The Tent" and "The Mountain Tavern." It is in these three books that one remaining aspect of O'Flaherty's work asks for consideration, namely, his astonishing power in dramatising the life of animals and birds. Of that particular kind of story he has written many; but one or two are all that we can pick out here, "The Wounded Cormorant," "The Wild Goat's Kid," "The Blackbird's Mate" and "The Birth"; and it is not at all extravagant to say that no one to-day is writing more appealing tales of animal and bird life than these. Not everyone will agree that it is legitimate thus to humanise these creatures in order to awaken the reader's emotions; but few would have the temerity to say, whatever they felt on that matter, that they had not been stirred thereby to a finer and richer sympathy with life on this all too alien plane.

So brief a survey of O'Flaherty's work can make no pretence whatever to estimate his place in letters to-day. This much however should be clear: here is an artist, capable of being touched to the very finest issues, and, what is more, equally capable of setting those issues down in a dramatic story form so rare that the most discriminating reader can surrender himself to the sheer pleasure of the author's art and so far from any suggestion of the precious that the most "ordinary" reader can relish the amazingly vital picture of life he puts before him.

C. HENRY WARREN.

BOOKS AND THEIR WRITERS.

LOOKING BACKWARD.

By St. John Adcock.

IT is not so customary now as it used to be for literary and other journals, at the beginning of a new year, to look back over the year that is gone and chronicle, with as much satisfaction as there is room for, the best of the multitude of books that have enriched its fifty-two weeks. The custom has dwindled, I suppose, because most of us have come to realise that no such chronicle could ever be quite reliable; it was necessarily limited to the best books the chronicler himself happened to have read; and nowadays not even the most constant reader can succeed in reading more than a comparatively small proportion of the thousands of books that make their appearance between the end of one year and the beginning of another. We should perhaps render a less dazzling but more useful service if we could look back over the year past and sort out a few books that, though nearly as good as any we have praised and better than some, were lost in the crowd and failed to meet our eye when they first appeared. This salvage work is however impracticable, unless circumstance assists you, as it has just been assisting me.

A week or two ago a friend sent me a copy of "The Shepherd and the Child," by John Owen*, protesting with uncomplimentary remarks about critics in general that it had not received the attention or met with a tithe of the success it deserved, and urging me to read it. I know John Owen's work and do not think I should have been so late in noticing a new novel by the author of "The Cotton Broker" and "The Giant of Oldbourne" if it had been sent to me earlier. I do not know what the critics may have done with it, but it has not gone so unhonoured as my friend seems to suppose, for I see it has now reached a second impression. It is no use attempting to summarise the story, for no summary could communicate the delicate art of its design or the grace and charm of style with which the narrative is developed. A poignant, strangely beautiful story, this, of the sensitive, imaginative little Sebastian (one of the most natural, gentle, wholly delightful children I have ever met in fiction) and the shepherd, Stephen Lantorn, who walks with a limp, a wartime legacy, and is as gentle, as simple and sensitively imaginative as the child himself, but with leashed passions of love and hate underlying his gentleness that make him an exacting lover, and a terrible enemy when suddenly his rage breaks blindly out of control and overshadows his and Sebastian's idyll with tragedy. It is a story that is beautiful in idea, and in the manner of its telling. A nervous, hesitating boy, with a hatred of violence, Stephen had gone into the War; and he had come out of it a gentle creature, fond of birds and animals, hating violence still and sick with horror at times when he remembered the murderous things he had done in battle, yet with those subdued, sinister impulses sleeping at his heart. When they were making him a soldier, the blood-lust had, with difficulty, been roused in him when he was instructed in bayonet drill—"when men were taught, not only to kill, but to want to kill. Fluttering-hearted little clerks who would never willingly have trodden upon a corn in the Tube became men of violence; and yet there are elderly spinsters of both sexes who wonder to-day that life and property do not seem to command the same respect as in other times."

* 7s. 6d. (Gollancz).

We are saying that the frank, sometimes disgustingly outspoken war books pouring from the press nowadays will do more to prevent another war than all the orthodox peace propaganda. There is nothing disgustingly outspoken in "The Shepherd and the Child," but its subtle showing of how the war influences, dormant in normal circumstances, survived in Stephen and drove him in a flash of rage to a barbarity as disastrous to himself as to the man who wronged him, is in its quieter way a more moving, more effective protest against war than are abhorrent revelations of the squalor of the trenches.



Mr. Robert Graves.
From a drawing by Kathleen Shackleton.

Incidentally there is a horrible passage in Mr. Robert Graves's "Goodbye to All That,"* which amply confirms all Mr. Owen says of how the bayonet drill instructors not only trained raw recruits to kill, but resolutely inoculated them with a savage desire to kill. Though the larger part of it is inevitably given to the war, "Goodbye to All That" is an autobiography, and as uncompromisingly candid and unorthodox an autobiography as any I remember Mr. Graves

* 10s. 6d. (Jonathan Cape).

writes with a curious detachment of his family and friends and even of himself, almost as if he were writing a novel and he and they were imaginary characters. But, just as cheerfulness was continually breaking through the philosophy of Dr. Johnson's friend, a whimsically satirical humour, a restrained warmth of feeling breaks now and then through Mr. Graves's air of detachment into sketches of his home life in childhood and into some of his schoolboy memories, though these are streaked with a good deal of resentment. The record of his public school experiences is in the main distinctly unpleasant. He obtained a commission when the War came and at first had some faith in the cause, but was soon disillusioned; and his pictures of life in the firing-line and behind it are as grim, as ghastly, as repellent as anything in "All Quiet on the Western Front." There are enough of outspokenness and bitterness and cold contempt in his war chronicle to make it appalling. He tells of heroic deeds without comment, and without comment sets down something of the drunkenness, callousness, the almost incredible stupidities and fatal blunderings of the higher commands. He has been blamed for describing things at times with a naked realism, and for introducing into his dialogue words that are not tolerated in polite circles. But if we are to be saved from more wars it is best that we should have the truth about them; if they are a filthy business let us go into the next—if we are so mad as to have another—with our eyes open and knowing it for the filthy business it is. It needed courage, as well as other gifts, to write this book, and I would rank it second to none of the few brilliant war books that have added to our knowledge if not altogether to our enjoyment.

It is a relief to say good-bye to all this for a while and get two centuries away from it in Defoe's "Tour Thro' London about the Year 1725."* Between 1724 and 1726 Defoe published the account of his "Tour Through the Whole Island of Great Britain," and from this Sir Mayson M. Beeton and Mr. Beresford Chancellor have extracted those parts describing London, Southwark, Westminster, and certain neighbouring parts of Middlesex, thus deftly reconstructing and presenting "a living picture of London as our author saw it, supplementing for this purpose the text with annotations, maps and reproductions of old drawings and engravings, mostly contemporary with the period of his life." Defoe did for London of the early eighteenth what Stow did for London of the sixteenth century; he journeyed all about the town registering the principal buildings, telling something of their story and, whenever possible, blending his topography with any human interest that belongs to it. Rowland Hill may have extended the penny post to the whole kingdom, but about 1725, as Defoe faithfully notes, "the Penny Post, a modern Contrivance of a private Person, one Mr. William Dockwra, is now made a Branch of the General Revenue by the Post Office," and it was now brought to "so exquisite a management" that "with the utmost safety and dispatch letters are delivered at the remotest corners of the town almost as soon as they could be sent by a messenger," and that from four to eight times a day. Defoe boasts "we see nothing of this at Paris, at Amsterdam, at Hamburgh, or any other City that ever I have seen or heard of."

Dockwra, as the editors say in their annotations, "was the first to stamp letters with the date and hour of dispatch from his office." Rowland Hill deserved his pension, his knighthood, and his statue outside our London Post Office; but did Dockwra deserve nothing more than to die in poverty, about 1702, and survive as one of the many half-forgotten London worthies niched in this great story of Defoe's Tour?

All London as he knew it lives again in these pages, and the more vividly because the editors have very skilfully linked up his records with additional information, historical or topographical, that was not available to him or that he had not space for in his larger survey of the British Isles. The numerous plates are admirably reproduced and the handsome folio volume appropriately bound in an antique panelled, gilt binding that has been copied from one contemporary with the original publication. In a long introductory essay the editors have told the story of Defoe's life in London, dealing with him as man of letters, journalist, reformer, and giving an excellent and concise account of the great men who had their homes in the city he was surveying. The book is published in a limited edition and will be a valuable and beautiful addition to the collector's library.

* £8 8s. (Batsford).

SEVENTY TIMES SEVEN.

By JOHN RATHBONE OLIVER. 7s. 6d. (Brentanos.)

The interest of this intense story is twofold—psychological and religious. "Seventy Times Seven" is a deeply moving and serious picture of a deposed priest, Michael Mann, whose life recalls the great saints of the Early Christian Church, so waylaid is it by disillusion, temptation, persecution and misunderstanding. Michael's trials, his early poverty, his life in prison, his insight into the human mind and heart, are related by his old friend, Dr. Claude Monroe, and by extracts from his diaries. This old-fashioned device of the story-teller is skilfully handled by Mr. Oliver, whose writing is as powerful and impressive as his knowledge of psychology is wide and sound. The strange life of the unfrocked priest, and his long struggle to come back which culminates in the dramatic chapter where, dying, he says his Last Mass, would alone make "Seventy Times Seven" an unusual and outstanding book. The gallery of clerical types taken from the American Episcopal Church will interest all students of religion. This study of a broken idealist's life depicts the triumph of failure, and few readers will forget it lightly.

MORE BIOGRAPHY.

By E. CLERIHEW BENTLEY. Illustrated by G. K. CHESTERTON, VICTOR REINGANUM, NICOLAS BENTLEY and the Author. 7s. 6d. (Methuen.)

For sheer delicious absurdity you cannot do better than get this book of caricature and rhyme. Mr. Chesterton and the author produced a book called "Biography for Beginners" many years ago while they were still at school. That has now become recognised as a classic. Here is another of the same order, but one or two of our younger comic artists have been called in to help, and the result is a collection of verses and a series of illustrations that keep one laughing from cover to cover. It is all good-natured fun, rollicking nonsense.

> "Of course Ranjitsinhji
> Was quite right not to be stingy.
> But I never could quite see the relevance
> Of his keeping nine thousand elephants."

None of the "biographies" contains more than four lines, but brevity is the soul of wit, and all are pithy and amusing.

THE BOOKMAN PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

JANUARY, 1930.

Answers to these Competitions (each on a separate sheet bearing name and address of sender) must be received by the Editor not later than the 14th of each month. A Competitor may enter for all the seven Competitions, but must cut out coupon below and send this with each answer or group *of answers, and address envelope:*

"The Prize Page," THE BOOKMAN, St. Paul's House, Warwick Square, London, E.C.4.

That they may be available also to Overseas Competitors, Competitions I and II will be the same each month until further notice, but the subjects for all the other Competitions may each month be changed.

Competitors must please keep copies of their MSS.; the Editor cannot undertake to return them.

THE PRIZES OFFERED THIS MONTH ARE:

I.—ONE GUINEA for the best *original* lyric.

II.—HALF A GUINEA for the best quotation from English verse applicable to any review or the name of any author or book appearing in this Number.

III.—THREE NEW BOOKS for the best twelve lines of humorous verse with the following rhymed endings: night, uprising, bright, surprising; vain, blessing, pain, depressing; street, obese man, beat, policeman; one, splendid, begun, ended.

IV.—HALF A GUINEA for the best appreciation, in not more than two hundred words, of any novel published last year that the Competitor thinks has not been sufficiently noticed.

V.—In his "Politics and Literature" (Hogarth Press), Mr. G. D. H. Cole asks: "Need literature be 'literary' in order to be great?" HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best reply in not more than two hundred words, with reference to the best example of literature that is not literary.

VI.—HALF A GUINEA for the best review, in not more than one hundred words, of any recent book. Competitors should give names of Book, Author and Publisher at head of each review.

VII.—THE BOOKMAN will be sent post free for twelve months to the sender of the best suggestion for a Competition.

TO MEET, AS FAR AS POSSIBLE, THE OBJECTIONS MANY READERS HAVE TO CUTTING ANYTHING OUT OF THEIR COPIES, WE HAVE REDUCED THE COUPON TO THE SIZE OF A POSTAGE STAMP IN THE MARGIN AT THE BOTTOM OF THIS PAGE. NOTHING NEED BE WRITTEN ON THIS, BUT IT MUST BE CUT OUT AND ENCLOSED WITH THE COMPETITOR'S MS. OR MSS. A COMPETITOR MAY ENTER FOR ANY NUMBER OF THE SEVEN COMPETITIONS, AND ONE COUPON IS SUFFICIENT FOR THEM ALL, BUT THE NAME AND ADDRESS OF THE COMPETITOR MUST BE WRITTEN ON EACH MS. SUBMITTED.

RESULTS OF COMPETIONS FOR NOVEMBER—DECEMBER.

I.—THE PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA for the best original lyric is awarded to Helen Mitcham, 63, Philpot Street, Stepney, E.1, for the following:

DECEMBER MIST.

I shall remember
And treasure in my store of perfect hours,
This, strange and secret and aloof, and ours,
When drear December
Showed his dim beauty that none else had known,
To us alone.

You and I only,
Hid from the world by veils of gossamer,
Held in enchanted silence with no stir,
Exquisite, lonely,
While four white swans passed on a lake of glass,
As dreams might pass.

What far horn-blowing
From faery outposts lured us through the mist,
Adventurous, elate, as to a tryst
Beyond our knowing?
What dryad's piping led us to the strand
Of fairyland?

If we may never
Hear it again together, keep for me
That fragrant joy we knew, a memory,
Enduring ever,
When wonder was new-born in drear December.
I shall remember.

We also select for printing:

Let me not dwell in quiet places, Lord,
All of my days upon this fervid earth;
For who can tell serenity's true worth,
Not having known the joy she may afford
After distraction of a Life's discord
Long spent without her, or her kindred mirth?
Strife seemeth life-blood, even from our birth,
So that we must, nor of our own accord,
Wrestle against Thine elemental forms.

Wearied, half blinded by incessant wars,
Then might I stumble on a night of stars—
A quiet pool, left by the recent storms,
And I would feel as one for ever blest,
Finding there, both serenity and rest.

(Dorothy E. Tweed, 6, Claverdale Road, Upper Tulse Hill, London, S.W.2.)



Frau Anna Seghers,
Author of "The Revolt of the Fishermen" (Mathews Marrot).

WINTER.

Sorrow, if you have frostier spells to bind
Upon a land already strangely chill,
The naked, silent country of my mind,
Then cover first and deepest my poor skill;
Bury my singing far beneath a thorn,
Or drown it where great wastes of water lie,
Then, as you will, let clouds be racked and torn,
My suns rise pale, my laggard perfumes die.

But though you curse my hilltops with your cold,
Strip every field and every furrow bare,
Pray, grief, pass by my prisoned summer gold,
My dead joy's music, never tarry there;
Lest, O wild rover, with your scourge and sting,
You blight in that frail harvest frailer spring.

(D. Freeman Larkin, "Winchelsea," Reigate Road, Brighton.)

We also specially commend the lyrics by Mary Burry (Clapham Park) Stuart Ayers (London, S.E.), May

BOOKMAN
Coupon
January

Herschel Clarke (Woolwich), Kathleen Blayney (Birmingham), Margarita Yates (Haute Savoie, France), Sir Duncan Grey (Weston-super-Mare), J. L. Taylor (Tiverton), Ann Crump (Ayr), Cyrille Wright (Milan, Italy), G. Laurence Groom (London, N.W.), S. G. August (Invercargill, New Zealand), Liam P. Clancy (Hampstead), Constance Marian Bruce (Bingley), Ierne Ormsby (Addiscombe), D. Gray (York), Teresa B. Noble (Long Melford), Aileen Wright (Brough), Dorothy Hunter (Clapham), George S. Astins (Hove), A. C. Seneviratne (Colombo), Irene Wintle (Berkhamsted), A. Mackereth (Buxton), Melfin W. Jones (Cardiff), Nan T. Riddell (Victoria, British Columbia), R. A. Handley (Derby), Margery Best (St. Thomas, Ontario), Maryl Jenkins (Toronto, Canada), G. Pitt (London, N.), Madeline S. Bakin (Bath), Dorothy F. Clark (Sydenham), John Brown (Paraguay), Marjorie Crosbie (Wolverhampton), Lorna Collard (Bath), Catherine Shepherd (Bathurst, New South Wales), Annie T. Riddell (Seattle, U.S.A.), Margaret Gillespie (Sydney, New South Wales), Marion Lee (Eastbourne), N. Carruthers Gould (London, N.W.), Heather Hartnell (Oxford), Dorothy Tyler (Detroit, U.S.A.), B. M. Beard (Bexleyheath), A. M. Kiernan (Norwich), M. R. Watson (Reading), Sylvia Satten (Winnipeg, Canada), Ianthe Hoskins (Enfield), J. A. Jenkins (Liverpool), Mrs. A. L. Adda (West Kirby), Evelina San Garde (Oswaldtwistle), Irene Ardern (Cromer), M. T. Heyes (Widnes), Dorothy Payne (London, E.), I. M. Jones (Hampstead), M. Leijonhufvud (Wimbledon), Nancie C. Fergie (Haute Savoie, France), Mamie Maconochie (Whitby), Irene Hubbard (Steeple Claydon), A. E. Nation (Bristol).

II.—THE PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best quotation is awarded to John A. Bellchambers, 40, Highgate Hill, N.19, for the following:

ELIZABETH PLAYS WITH FIRE. BY WINIFRED CARTER.
(Alston Rivers.)
"The rest is silence."
SHAKESPEARE, *Hamlet, Act V, Sc. 2.*

We also select for printing:

TAKEN FROM LIFE. BY GEORGE BELCHER.
(Alston Rivers.)
"One hundred miles an hour he went,
And quite enjoyed the fun;
A brewer's dray got in his way—
And his day's work was done!"
T. W. CONNOR, *And His Day's Work Was Done.*

(John P. Coghlan, 16, Fontenoy Street, Dublin.)

A WIFE OR TWO. BY C. B. POULTNEY.
(Herbert Jenkins.)
"Troubles never come singly."
Old Saw.

(I. M. Jones, Westfield College, Hampstead, N.W.3.)

THEY BEING DEAD YET SPEAK. BY CHRIS MASSIE.
(Chapman & Hall.)
"Ann! Ann! Come quick as you can!
There's a fish that talks in the frying-pan!"
WALTER DE LA MARE, *Peacock Pie.*

(Diana Koop, No. II House, Roedean School, Brighton.)

WOMAN DOMINANT. BY E. CHARLES VIVIAN.
(Ward, Lock.)
(1) "Her small good man
Shrinks in his arm-chair."
TENNYSON, *The Princess.*

(Rev. F. Hern, Rowland's Castle, Hants.)

(2) "For what are men better than sheep or goats?"
TENNYSON, *Passing of Arthur.*

(Sidney S. Wright, "Redcot," Mayfield Road, Bickley, Kent.)

III.—THE PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS for the best extract from any British writer in praise of fine weather is awarded to Norah M. Butterfield, 3, Kingsley Terrace, Westward Ho!, Devon, for the following:

IN PRAISE OF FINE WEATHER.

"The flawless days of May, when big, white clouds sail leisurely over the sky, when the 'burning bush' is in the height of its beauty, and white lilac is out, and purple lilac is breaking from the bud, and chestnut spires are lengthening, and the hawthorn will not be long. Out in the fresh, green world, where thrushes sing so madly, the sweets of the morning are waiting to be gathered—more than enough for all, low at our feet, higher than we can reach, wide enough even for the travelling soul. Joy rushes in with the rain-washed air, when you fling the window wide to the dawn and lean out into the clear purity before the light. . . . Joy is your talisman, when you slip out from the sleeping house, down wet and gleaming paths into the fields. . . . Then the air is full of wings; birds fly in and out of the trees, scattering showers of raindrops as they dash from a leafy chestnut or disappear among the inner fastnesses of a fir. The east burns; the hearts of the birds flame into music; the wild singing rises in a swelling rhythm until, as the first long line of light creeps across the meadows, the surging chorus seems to shake the tree-tops."

MARY WEBB, *The Spring of Joy.*

We also select for special commendation the replies by E. Sweatman (Reading), B. M. Beard (Bexleyheath), Ella Tucker (Althorne), K. M. Sanders (Bridport), Emily Davis (Dublin), Marjorie Crosbie (Wolverhampton), J. E. Parsons (Ware), J. A. Jenkins (Liverpool), Diana Koop (Brighton), Mrs. E. B. Nicholls (Liverpool), Mannington Sayers (Monmouth), Isobel M. Lillie (Bridlington), Mrs. May Belben (Wimborne), B. A. Billings (Withington), A. Davidson (Glasgow), E. C. Latimer (Wigan), A. E. Nation (Bristol), Fred W. Flear (Harpenden), Ierne Ormsby (Addiscombe), John A. Bellchambers (London, N.), Margaret Owen (Whitstable), Doreen Arbuthnot (Chelsea), Frances Lillie (Ipswich), John P. Coghlan (Dublin), Ada F. Strike (West Worthing).

IV.—THE PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best list of the twelve greatest living British novelists in order of their greatness is awarded to B. M. Beard, 214, Broadway, Bexleyheath, Kent, for the following:

1. John Galsworthy.
2. H. G. Wells.
3. Arnold Bennett.
4. G. K. Chesterton.
5. Hugh Walpole.
6. Warwick Deeping.
7. Sheila Kaye-Smith.
8. H. M. Tomlinson.
9. W. J. Locke.
10. Compton Mackenzie.
11. John Buchan.
12. Rose Macaulay.

We have left this decision entirely in the hands of the Competitors, and the correct list, according to their preferences, is as follows:

1. Galsworthy (66).
2. Wells (61).
3. Bennett (56).
4. Walpole (52).
5. Sheila Kaye-Smith (48).
6. John Buchan (33).
7. Kipling (30).
8. Barrie (28).
9. Chesterton (23).
10. Phillpotts (19).
11. Rose Macaulay (15).
12. Quiller-Couch (10).

M. Darrah and Winifred Simmons have ten of these authors in their lists, and K. M. Sanders, Gwyn Morgan and Reginald Watts nine; but though the winning competitor has eight she places them much more nearly in what is, in accordance with the preferences of the competitors as a whole, the right order. Authors who obtain from four to seven votes apiece are George Moore,

Sir Hall Caine, John Masefield, Alfred Tresidder Sheppard, R. H. Mottram, Sir Philip Gibbs, A. E. W. Mason, Sir A. Conan Doyle, Compton Mackenzie, Frank Swinnerton, Virginia Woolf, J. D. Beresford, Warwick Deeping, May Sinclair and Francis Brett Young.

V.—THE PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best acrostic on the name of any well-known author is awarded to N. M. Butterfield, 3, Kingsley Terrace, Westward Ho!, Devon, for the following:

STELLA BENSON.

S he writes of China—on the instant blows
T he pungent fragrance of spice-laden air;
E ngland is gone—an Eastern city glows
L ike life; we see and hear it—we are there.
L oveliness stirs her pen, and gives it wings,
A lthough she writes of strange and alien things.

B eauty about her work shines like a flame.
E ach page holds words whose wizardry enthrals.
N ot for the crowd her books—and yet her name
S hall stand for Loveliness. The music calls
O f "white gulls in the valleys of the sea";
N o poet ever wrote more graciously.

We also select for printing:

WALTER DE LA MARE.

W hisp'ring voices; winsome magic phrases;
A n atmosphere of pale, clear, moonlit phases;
L istening phantoms hid in empty by-ways,
T elling us of long-forsaken highways.
E ach portrays a picture realistic,
R adiant with some image, curious, mystic.
D eftly drawn with skilful, clear design.
E xquisite in every form and line.
L impid verse in peaceful tranquil measure,
A mid a wealth of words in golden treasure;
M ental visions of serene repose;
A flock of golden sheep at even's close.
R eplete with art, with lyric grace and charm
E ach miniature stands out, self-poised and calm.

(Kathleen Blyth, St. Joseph's Secondary School, Victoria Road, West Hartlepool.)

JOHN BUCHAN.

J aunty yet shrewd your adventurers fare
O n quests that allure the devil-may-care
H appy in tracking fierce beasts to their lair,
N or wanting in wit to counter a snare.

B rave hearts and swift minds that plan and that dare
U nite in emprise quixotic and rare
C ajoling foes here and coaxing fools there;
H eroes like this even highbrows can't spare
A nd Dumas and Scott can name you as heir;
N o stories to-day can match yours in *flair*.

(Sir Duncan Grey, "Windgarth," Weston-super-Mare)

We also highly commend the acrostics by Emily Davis (Dublin), W. R. Dunstan (Lewes), Marjorie Crosbie (Wolverhampton), S. Todd (London, S.W.), Ada F. Strike (West Worthing), Mrs. Annie F. Simpson (New Southgate), Ethel M. Kennedy (Southport), A. Davidson (Glasgow), Mary Hughes (Beckenham), Irene Ardern (West Runton), J. Gedge (Taunton) J. A. Jenkins (Liverpool), Angela A. Verne (Benfleet), Winifred Simmons (Parkstone), Alfred O. George (Minehead), Isabel S. N. Smyth (Belfast), Iris Ottaway (Bungay).

VI.—THE PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best hundred-word review is awarded to Anne Simpson, c/o United Railways of Havana, Apartado 450, Havana, Cuba, for the following:



The Pharisee.
From "Everyman of Everystreet." By Mary D. Stocks (Sidgwick & Jackson).

THE LAUGHING QUEEN. BY E. BARRINGTON. (Harrap.)

When E. Barrington took it upon herself to humanise Cleopatra and show up the ambitious cold-blooded schemings of this truly feminine figure, she must have known she would lay herself open to comparison with the works of Arthur Weigall and Talbot Mundy. Shakespeare and Bernard Shaw have also had their say about the immortal Greek; but none have made her out so lovable or conjured up such glowing pictures of the wealth and magnificence of her surroundings, and lent such a convincing air to her associations with Cæsar, Antony and wise old Apollodorus as the author of the "Laughing Queen."

We also select for printing:

AT THE CLOSE OF DAY. BY RICHARD KING. (Hodder & Stoughton).

This little book of "friendly" essays is a collection of exquisite cameos of life. Everyday contacts and commonplace tasks are transformed as by a magic touch into revelations. Mr. King shows us the hidden splendour in everything until we rather wistfully seek it in ourselves. "Set ope the doors, O Soul," seems to be the guiding purpose of this book, and the author, we feel, has done it. It seems to me to be pre-eminently a book to be read when one is alone. It is not a railway train book, unless the carriage is empty and day is dying.

(Rev. R. K. Spedding, 92, Hartington Road, Liverpool.)

DUCHESS LAURA. BY MRS. BELLOC LOWNDES. (Ward, Lock.)

How refreshing it is, amid the spate of sex complexes, marital infidelities and the like, which floods the present-day novel, to come across a story so clean, sane and withal

humorous as Mrs. Belloc Lowndes has here produced! Delightful indeed is the "romantical" Duchess, not one of whose family can match her for fineness of character, though all are influenced by her for good. Equally well drawn is the Duke, the mutual understanding between this married pair forming possibly the most charming part of the book. We are grateful for a thoroughly cheerful narrative, with the happiest of endings.

(Eileen Newton, "Hildawell," Southend Gardens, Whitby, Yorks.)

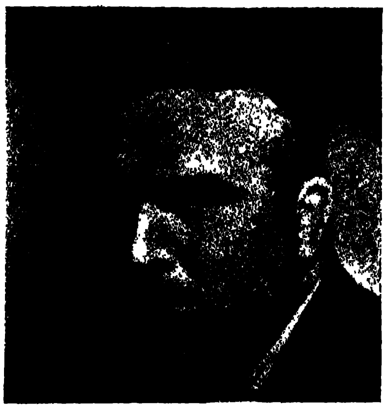


Photo by Reprograph Studios. **Mr. Victor McClure,** Author of "The Crying Pig Murder" (Harrap).

THE MAN NOBODY KNOWS. By BRUCE BARTON. (Constable.)

Here is not an historical biography, coloured by the interweaving of a little myth and toned down by a mystic haze, but a *picture*—full-length, noble, bold but not without beauty—significant and compelling. Like the early masters, the author draws not from the life but from a great idea, only clothing the spirit in contemporary raiment. This well-written book reveals startlingly new lines of thought, and may provoke or even shock. And the reward of the author's bold sincerity and courage is not an unworthy one; for he has turned many eyes towards the Figure he portrays.

(K. M. Sanders, "Tamworth," Bridport, Dorset.)

TRENT'S LAST CASE. BY E. C. BENTLEY. (Knopf.)

This book is more subtle than a detective story. An artist commissioned by an editor to unravel a crime mystery, is a refreshingly unusual investigator. The numberless intricate details of character and circumstance are so finely woven that the mystery is fully sustained till the end. The artist's love for the murdered man's widow keeps the truth from the law for all time, thereby preventing, if not a grave miscarriage of justice, at least unpleasantness for a lovable character. The story is, intentionally or otherwise, a convincing argument against capital punishment.

(C. S. Stamper, 54, St. Augustine Avenue, Grimsby, Lincs.)

We also specially mention the reviews by Lawrence T. Greensmith (London, S.W.), J. A. Jenkins (Liverpool), W. M. Spriggs (Edinburgh), L. Haggard (Norfolk), Joan Vale (Moss Vale, New South Wales), B. Noel Saxelby (Whalley Range), G. Pitt (London, N.), Margaret Owen (Whitstable), Cecelia Naumann (Cranleigh), E. C. Latimer (Wigan), N. M. Butterfield (Westward Ho!), Keith Baddeley (Chesham), F. D. Hague (London, N.W.), Mannington Sayers (Monmouth), Marjorie Crosbie (Wolverhampton), M. Brown (York), Clifford Bower-Shore (Stockport), Mrs. Emily E. Moore (Letchworth), Ann Gibbins (Oxted), Mrs. Grace G. Webb (Rugby), Winifred Simmons (Parkstone), Constance M. Bruce (Bingley), Elsie Adderley (Bedford), A. Davidson (Glasgow), Doreen Arbuthnot (Chelsea), Rev. W. Ashby (Keighley), Ierne Ormsby (Addiscombe), Ada F. Strike (West Worthing).

VII.—THE PRIZE OF ONE YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION TO THE BOOKMAN is awarded to Ierne Ormsby, 20, Havelock Road, Addiscombe.

THE BOOKMAN LITERARY CIRCLE.

See third page of Cover.

STORM BIRD.

By MOLLIE PANTER-DOWNES. 7s. 6d. (John Murray.)

When we get women fluting (vocally, not instrumentally), the sly whisper of chypre, and the glossy flanks of a piano, all in the first chapter, we may be pardoned for expecting some exotic scenes. Miss Panter-Downes does not, however, re-establish the vogue of the Arabian Nights to any unseemly lengths, but is content to tinkle with the normal triangle after the best modern methods. Frederick Lonsdale does the same thing with more wit but less perfume in "Canaries Sometimes Sing." In both cases it is the "uneducated savage" who is loved—but departs. What is the matter with our modern education? A word in the author's ear—neither artists nor art students now speak of the "altogether" when referring to the figure model; it is a relic of "Trilby" days, and we really must be up to date in these details!

THE SANFIELD SCANDAL.

By RICHARD KEVERNE. 7s. 6d. (Constable.)

Mr. Keverne's method of producing a "thriller" without several murders to arouse our blood lust has again proved successful. The plot is conventional, and the author has armed himself with the usual mixed bag of lively characters—the missing heir under an assumed name, an international band of crooks, lawyers both good and bad, and the necessary attractive female. In spite of these drawbacks, however, Mr. Keverne has one or two additional surprises up his sleeve, and the story flows along easily, carrying the reader to the ultimate success of the virtuous in a credible fashion. If there is no opportunity in this narrative of forgetting the victim in the fun of tracking the criminal, there is at least the disturbing mystery, after all the criminals have been accounted for, as to who stole the diamond necklace.

WINTER'S NIGHT.

BY ELEANOR DUNBAR HALL. 7s. 6d. (Jarrolds.)

Sara Charles, "curiously imaginative, violently susceptible and nervously sensitive," was a rising novelist who had lost her boy lover, Philip, in the Great War, and ten years later could not bring herself to marry the brilliant doctor, Max Broome, though she really cared for him. She could not free her body and had a horror of physical passion. So partly to restore her jangled nerves, and partly to learn something about the last three generations of her forbears, she took a holiday in the bleak country of North Lancashire where, a little from documents and largely from sympathetic insight, she reconstructed the history of her father, her grandfather, her great-grandfather and her great-grandmother. What she discovered then was that her family remained sturdy and undistinguished yeoman stock until her maternal grandmother, Blanche Howarth, a beautiful girl of seventeen, married Arthur Charles, the last and degenerate member of a race of impoverished gentlemen. He remained faithful to his wife only until an accident coinciding with the birth of their son ruined her beauty and her figure. And this son, her own father, still further complicated the strain by marrying a gipsy woman's illegitimate daughter, who was her mother. Regarded from the point of view of "human documents," "Winter's Night" may seem like a Zolaesque study in heredity. But it is not that. It is a very poignant and a very convincing attempt, a fictional attempt of course, to account for the conflicting and never quite traceable pulls of personality.

THE BOOKMAN'S DIARY.

NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor of THE BOOKMAN, ST. PAUL'S HOUSE, WARWICK SQUARE, LONDON, E.C.4.

A preliminary letter of inquiry should be sent to the Editor before any manuscript is submitted for his consideration.

The Memoirs of Clemenceau, translated by Mr. F. M. Atkinson, will be published by Messrs. Harrap early this year.

The first English translation of Baudelaire's Diaries is to be published next month by the Blackamore Press. Mr. T. S. Eliot has written an introductory essay for this edition, which will be illustrated with reproductions of Baudelaire's own drawings.

"Poetry at Present," which the Oxford Press is publishing about the end of this month, is a series of essays by Mr. Charles Williams on modern poets, from Hardy, Kipling, Bridges and Yeats to Robert Graves and the Sitwells.

A new book of essays by Mr. Augustine Birrell, "Et Cetera," will be published early in the spring by Messrs. Chatto & Windus.

Few books for children are more popular with children themselves than are those of Mrs. Marion St. John Webb, whose new "Littlest One" collection of verses, "The Littlest One in Between" (Harrap), and the story of "Mr. Papingay's Caravan" (Collins) are among the most successful of this season's gift-books. Mrs. Webb has three new books ready, or in preparation, for this spring and summer: "Mr. Papingay's Shop" (the fourth in her series of "Mr. Papingay" stories), to be illustrated by Frank Rogers and published by Messrs. Collins; "Thirteen Stories for Children," which the University of London Press will publish; and "John and Me and the Dickory Dog," to be published by Messrs. Harrap this last being a selection from the charmingly whimsical verses for children Mrs. Webb has been contributing to the *Sketch* for the last two years, illustrated by A. H. Watson.



Bibliophilus Maximus, G. K. C.

(Drawn from life by J. H. Dowd.)

From "G. K. C. as M.C.," edited by J. Fonteka (Methuen).

Reviewed in last month's BOOKMAN.

A new quarterly magazine which has just made its appearance in Australia is named *Desiderata* and, as its sub-title indicates, aims at serving in particular as "a guide to good books." Its many long and short reviews are well considered and well written; they are soundly critical and—a great boon to readers who are looking for guidance—are careful to tell you concisely what each book is about. In addition to the reviews, there are very good brief articles on Charles Doughty and his work, by I. M. Foster; on "The Sorrows of a Book Collector," by Camden Morrisby, whose experiences should be both a warning and an inspiration to those who are still in the opening stages of that fascinating pursuit; an excellent "Study of Theodore Powys," by Sylvia Townsend Warner; a poem by Walter de la Mare (the only outside contributors); and a devastating little essay by Randolph Bedford on "The Future of Australian Literature." Mr. Bedford declares "the new Australian novels are without blood or movement, because it has become fashionable to imitate the anæmia of novels done in England. Whereas the earlier Australians wrote of men and women they had known, these pallid prattlers do not write of even men and women they have met in

books." He goes on to say: "It is a bad thing for the future of Australian literature when you find the writers of a new strong country accepting as models those dull people, the Compton Mackenzies and Walpoles and Galsworthys." This makes me wonder whether Mr. Bedford is not too sweeping in his condemnation of all the novelists of his own country. I think he should have excepted anyhow Arthur H. Adams's "Tussock Land" and "Galahad Jones," Louis Stone's realistic story of a Sydney larrakin, "Jonah," and ever since I read Chester Cobb's "Mr. Moffat" I have been trying in vain to learn something about him. "Mr. Moffat" seems to me essentially Australian in character and atmosphere, and if it is not the best novel that has come out of modern Australia, there must be better ones that I have not seen. I wonder whether Australia takes enough interest in her own novelists? A leading Australian bookseller called on me recently and I questioned him about Cobb, but he did not know the name, and the title of Cobb's finest novel stirred no memory in him, but he made a note of it and promised to inquire when he got home and give me all the information he could gather. He has now been home several months, but I have heard nothing. All which helps me to agree with the editor of *Desiderata*, who in his preliminary note speaks of "the paucity of Australian journals devoting much space to current literature," and the need for calling the readers' attention to "good and important books." *Desiderata* is published by Messrs. F. W. Preece & Sons, of Adelaide. I congratulate them on a very interesting first Number, and if it has the success it deserves it should not be long before they can realise their hopes of making the magazine a monthly instead of a quarterly.



Portrait by E. O. Hoppé.

Mr. Reginald Arkell.

After very varied and interesting experiences as journalist and editor, in London and as far away as Ceylon and Malaya, Mr. Ashley Gibson has written his autobiography—or a first instalment of it—in "Postscript to Adventure," which Messrs. Dent will publish about the end of this month. It is the story of the first thirty years of his life, and is as outspoken about all sorts of people he has known as it is about himself. Mr. Gibson has some admirable books of travel and short stories to his name, and is at present editing for Messrs. Dent their Outward Bound Library, a series of illustrated handbooks to the British Empire.

A book of the lightest, liveliest, most irresponsibly entertaining verse about Switzerland and the people who go there to make holiday is "Winter Sportings," by Reginald Arkell, with illustrations in colour by Lewis Baumer (7s. 6d.; Herbert Jenkins). Here you may read of how "Pride Goes Before a Fall," of Belinda the Clumsy, of "The Eternal Colonel," of the yodeller who could not stop singing of why it is unwise to laugh at Scotsmen, especially when they are curling and, among many other delectable things, what happened to Henry when, among the mountains, he thought he had got on a safe path from which the snow had been swept away:

> "I always failed to understand
> Why Henry went to Switzerland.
> His mind was never on the job;
> He didn't luge, he didn't bob;
> He didn't even think it fun
> To venture down the village run;
> And if he joined a tailing party,
> Directly it was time to start he
> Decided that he wouldn't go
> For fear he tumbled in the snow. . . ."

Author and artist have worked together cleverly to hit off the characters, foibles, manners, customs and conduct of those who indulge in "winter sportings" in Switzerland, and have done it with a deft and whimsical humour that you can enjoy as thoroughly in your arm-chair at home as you can on the spot.

A new volume in the Outward Bound Library, "Canada West," by Frederick Niven, is to be published by Messrs. Dent this spring.

Mr. Francis Gribble has written a "Life of Balzac: The Man and the Lover," which is, I understand, based upon new material. This will be published shortly by Messrs. Eveleigh Nash & Grayson.



Mr. Robert J. Casey,
Author of "Four Faces of Siva" (Harrap).

Referring to Lieut.-Colonel F. E. Whitton's review, in our last Number, of "The Life of Lord Fisher," Admiral Bacon writes:

"Lieut.-Colonel Whitton, in his able review of 'The Life of Lord Fisher,' ends by practically asking the question why little mention was made of the battle of Jutland. It may interest your readers to know that I have been unable to trace, in such letters as have passed through my hands, any considered

pronouncement on Lord Fisher's part concerning that battle. All I know from personal conversation with him is that he was disappointed, but came to see that Lord Jellicoe, whom he called 'the sure man of victory on the sea,' did all that was humanly possible.--R. H. Bacon (Admiral)."



Photo by Vaughan & Freeman. **T. Earle Welby,** Author of "Victorian Romantics."

We regret that under two illustrations from "The Medway River and Valley," by W. Coles Finch, in one of our Christmas Supplements, Mr. Jonathan Cape was named as the publisher of the book. "The Medway River and Valley" is published by the C. W. Daniel Company, to whom we offer our apologies for the error.

A book I am recommending to all who are interested in the short story is "Tales of the Little Sisters of Saint Francis," by Shaw Desmond. The tales are fanciful, whimsical, wittily wise and steeped in the charm and darkling mysticism of the Celt.

BOOKMAN.

NOTES ON RECENT BOOKS.

RENUNCIATION: A FRAGMENT, by Constance Wakeford (Guernsey Press Co.), consists of a series of letters to "Michael" in which the thoughts and feelings of a girl whose lover has been killed in the Great War, are expressed with courage and pathetic cheerfulness. "Michael" is the dead lover, and "Green Eyes," the writer of the letters, lives most of her time in an ugly London boarding-house and goes to an "after-care" office to do her daily work. There is proof of the agony of bereavement now and again in some of the letters, but, without any attempt at spiritualism, the author gains comfort and peace from the one-sided "communications" which form this book. Love of nature, kind-heartedness, an interesting, intimate style in writing of everyday thoughts and everyday occurrences, are all found in this slender volume. A second offer of marriage comes, but is not accepted; and ill-health comes also. There is cheerful philosophy here, and a lesson to be learnt.

With **GREAT CHILDREN IN LITERATURE** (7s. 6d.; Alston Rivers) Mr. Patrick Braybrooke inaugurates a new series, entitled Great Literature series, and quite appropriately the first is devoted to the outstanding dream children of literature. Children as widely diverse as Lionel Valliscourt in "The Mighty Atom," Oliver Twist, Peter Pan, Little Lord Fauntleroy, Little Nell, Judy Abbott in "Daddy Long Legs" and numerous others, are drawn with a revealing and sympathetic pen. Their differing characteristics in the light of their several circumstances, also the various methods adopted by the different authors in their creation, give abundant material for interesting comparison and conjecture. Whether we agree with Mr. Braybrooke in all his pronouncements, and few authors, we fancy, leave a more personal impress on their criticisms, it has been an intriguing excursion, which has revived many delightful acquaintances of the past.

In the preparation of his various royal biographies, Mr. Evelyn Graham must have had exceptional opportunities for gleaning an enormous amount of relevant material, and in **EDWARD P.** (12s. 6d.; Ward, Lock) he has made excellent use of all thereof that pertains to H.R.H. the Prince of Wales. From the rejoicings which greeted the Prince's birth in 1894 to the realities and tragedies of the War days and the ensuing difficulties and problems into which he threw himself with such praiseworthy tact and willingness, the canvas is crowded out of all proportion to the number of years represented. The outline of typical days at Oxford, York House, at the Front, etc., which, as the story progresses, develop the propensities of a snowball, leave the reader somewhat breathless and full of wonder as to how it is done. One thing is evident, it is not done without resolute perseverance and thorough attention to detail. The Queen's reply to admiration of her son's gift as a speaker is eloquent of this: "But, oh, the time he takes to prepare them!" Considering the popularity of the Prince, Mr. Graham is to be congratulated on his avoidance of fulsome flattery. It is a very human as well as royal figure that emerges from these pages. "There was a time when after dinner at G.H.Q., it was found that H.R.H. was missing from his quarters and had disappeared along the road that led to the trenches. With breathless anxiety staff officers leapt into powerful cars and scoured the country for the missing fugitive. Throughout the pitch darkness, rain and slush of the night the search progressed until about morning, amid a group of muddy poilus, His Royal Highness was found taking a hand at cards." Countless

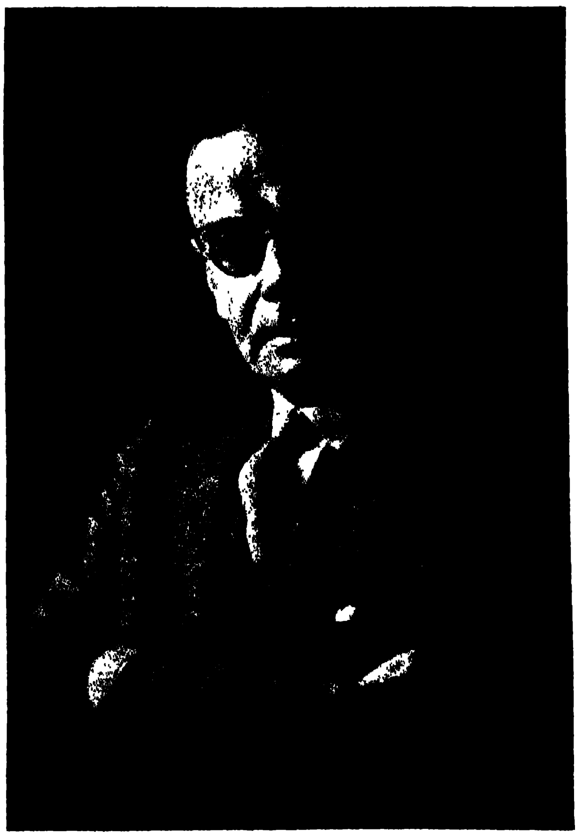


Photo by R. J. McKenzie. **Mr. J. A. Hammerton,** whose "Barrie: The Story of a Genius" (Sampson Low) was recently reviewed in the BOOKMAN, and is already in its second edition in America.

other incidents, both characteristic and revealing, sandwiched in with the activities and responsibilities which fall so unsparingly to his lot, make a most comprehensive and engaging study of His Royal Highness.

A VERNON LEE ANTHOLOGY, arranged by Irene Cooper Willis (3s. 6d.; Bodley Head), is a very welcome addition to 'The Week-end Library." It is now half a century since Vernon Lee started writing; but her work retains its vitality to a remarkable degree, and this well selected anthology should serve to introduce it to a new generation of readers. As some of her later books are being reprinted in full in this same edition, the extracts here chosen are mainly from her earlier essays. But what maturity of thought and perception, combined with an intensely fresh and individual expression, is evident in these descriptions of life in Italy, Germany and England, these disquisitions upon art, and these meditations upon character and conduct! In æsthetic sensitiveness Vernon Lee may almost be compared with Walter Pater, though there is a moral undertone in her work which gives it a strength which Pater sometimes lacked. Combined with her passionate love of beauty is a passionate hatred of self-consciousness and insincerity, and it is significant that she sometimes expresses a greater sense of spiritual affinity with crude and illiterate people than with many of the *intelligentia* who pretend to share her own artistic enthusiasms. This little book is a treasury of charm and wisdom. Vernon Lee has often been classified with Stevenson and Emerson, but Browning hit the mark more surely when he compared her with Ruskin. In some ways indeed she is more satisfying than Ruskin. She lacks his stature, but her spirit and ideas are more at peace with themselves.



Portrait by Ethel M. Eadon, Sheffield.

Mr. R. Denne Waterhouse,

Author of "Jacob Awake" (Arrowsmith), reviewed in last month's BOOKMAN.

If the whole book, of which **THE EARLY LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF JEAN JACQUES ROUSSEAU** (8s. 6d. net; Heffer, Cambridge) is the opening section, maintains the high level so far set, then we can count on obtaining from its author, Dr. A. L. Sells, what has long been needed, a biography of Rousseau in English, which is abreast with modern research. Basing his work in part on the "Confessions," the other autobiographical writings and the correspondence of Jean Jacques and taking advantage also of the results of modern scholarship, and the new data in the "Correspondence Générale" now in course of publication, Dr. Sells has touched but lightly on that side of his subject's temperament which has attracted the attention of medical authorities and psychoanalysts and has aimed at reconstructing the texture of Rousseau's inner life from year to year and tracing the growth of his personality. The result in this prelude is a book of great charm, with the idyll of the years at Les Charmettes as its central feature and the *naïveté* of the man given its proper value. Yet even in describing the outset of his hero's career, the English biographer is compelled to take note of instances of that indifference to family ties and human responsibilities—apparently inherited by the philosopher from his father—which led subsequently to his abandonment of his children. In dealing with Rousseau, a carefully balanced judgment is above all things necessary. Dr. Sells, fortunately, seems to possess that quality.

There is plenty of interesting reading even in an ordinary dictionary, and much more in "Who's Who" annual biographical dictionary than in many biographies that have a whole volume to themselves. The 1930 **WHO'S WHO** (50s.; Black) contains about 35,000 tabloid biographies of living celebrities in all walks of public life; you learn from these at a glance all you need to know about those people—where they were born, their ancestry, their schooling, their various achievements, where they live, which are their clubs and what are their recreations. If the recreations of Sir Hall Caine, Wells, Bennett, Galsworthy are not recorded, it is pleasant to know that such a busy man as Gordon Selfridge has several, including novel-reading; that Mark Hambourg, after working brilliantly at the piano, recreates himself with numismatics, philatelics and photography; that Compton Mackenzie finds relief in the gramophone; Osbert Sitwell's recreation is "regretting the Bourbons," which does not sound very bracing; Ramsay MacDonald is a golfer and walker, but on the whole politicians, British and foreign, seem shyer even than authors are of confessing to their amusements. A man's recreations may throw sidelights on his character, it is for its wealth of personal and general information about men of the day that "Who's Who" has come to be regarded as an indispensable desk-companion in every well equipped office and library.

A HEART FOR SALE.

By E. MARIA ALBANESI. 7s. 6d. (Ward, Lock.)

We congratulate Madame Albanesi on a quietly written but constantly interesting love story. We at once take to the sturdy and independent hero, Heron Blayne, who though he is patronised and liked by rich Sir Charles Drackwell, retains his own personality. Heron becomes much interested at a dance in a neglected typist. "Jenny has very dark blue eyes which seem to be aglow with some inward flame. He also noticed that she was thin and not at all smartly dressed; as a matter of fact, though he did not know this, she was wearing a day gown." Poor Jenny is not happy. Blayne sees her home, but is dismayed to find that she is locked out by her stepsister. (But why? Read for yourself.) A capital, deftly woven tale, with perhaps just a little too much reserve at the very end.

THE SPEAKERS IN SILENCE.

By "GANPAT." 7s. 6d. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

The author tells an enthralling yarn of thrilling deeds in northern India, rendered all the more interesting by his intimate knowledge of the country and its peoples. Aptly described on the wrapper as "A Very New Adventure," the book deals with the efforts of an extraordinary secret society which is determined to destroy the fabric of modern civilisation all over the world. The accidental discovery of their schemes by Jim Harvey, an electrical engineer engaged in wireless research, is the opening thrill, and thenceforward the reader's interest is firmly held by the adventures of Jim and his friends. The plot is decidedly original and a strong love interest is developed before the story reaches a climax that raises one to a high pitch of excitement.

The Bookshelf.

THE OPALESCENT PARROT.*

This engaging bird, who (after nearly a century of listening to human-beings repeating the parrot-like twaddle of their respective generations) is shocked into articulate wisdom, to the dismay and humiliation of his hearers, is already familiar to BOOKMAN readers. He is conceived in a spirit at once of gay humour and of penetrating satire, and he not only provides a connecting link and some light relief for a series of essentially serious essays, but enables his creator to mock at certain contemporary tendencies in life and literature more irreverently and pungently than would otherwise have been possible. We had marked a number of the parrot's utterances for quotation; but here is the gravamen of his indictment against the "advanced" pseudo-*intelligentsia* of our day, who "have almost decided that ugliness is beauty" and "are quite sure that morals are out of date":

"'Exactly,' said the Parrot, stretching out a long, emerald wing, and scratching the back of his crimson head with an opal claw. 'Exactly; and, as I remarked, all is chaos. You are at the mercy of every wind of opinion. You don't know what you really believe on any subject under the sun. You praise minor artists in terms that would make Shakespeare blush, and you talk with utter contempt of men that could pick you all up, intellectually, between a finger and thumb, and put you in their waistcoat pockets.'"

The parrot monopolises a few brief interludes, and gets a good deal of well-aimed and well-deserved ridicule of his human prototypes off his breast. He also plays an introductory and subsidiary rôle in some of the earlier essays. But he disappears from the later ones, and he had better disappear from this review. Otherwise, intriguing though he be, we shall be giving this oracular bird more attention than he actually merits.

We had better get Bunyan, too, out of the way. In this volume of essays, most of which are revaluations of the great figures in English literature, Mr. Noyes reprints the article which originally appeared in this journal and which, he tells us, produced "nearly two hundred agitated replies in the Press." He briefly surveys the controversy, and tabulates its "results" in a manner apparently quite satisfying to himself. We will grant that Mr. Noyes scores a few points against his critics in logic; but he himself, in any other connection, would be angry at the suggestion that a great genius can be explained away by logic-chopping or dismissed because of certain glaring inconsistencies in his philosophy. In this very volume he expresses indignation against the critics who belittle Carlyle for the same reason. We readily concede that Bunyan's ideas were often contradictory and muddled. The present reviewer even anticipated Mr. Noyes in suggesting that Ignorant, in "The Pilgrim's Progress," is actually wiser than his ridiculers. That Bunyan has been over-praised by Macaulay and other eminent writers is probably true, and Mr. Noyes might have performed a valuable service in demonstrating that fact if he had not, in a mood of disillusionment, flown to the opposite extreme. Even if Mr. Noyes were correct in his estimate of Bunyan, the spirit in which that estimate is written would still be indefensible, and it betrays some logical fallacies of its own. If, for example, Bunyan were mad—"he stares at us with those pitiful insane eyes"—is it reasonable to say that he "deserved all that he got on earth" in the way of imprisonment and persecution? For some inexplicable reason, Mr. Noyes, in dealing with Bunyan, displays a bitterness conspicuously absent from the rest of his book, which as a whole glows with warm and comprehensive human sympathy.

Many readers assumed that Mr. Noyes's attitude towards Bunyan reflected his antagonism to Puritanism in general; and, with the Bunyan essay alone before them, that would be a warrantable conclusion. It is one however which the eighteen other essays in this volume do not confirm. Mr. Noyes certainly does not hide his Roman Catholicism under a bushel; but, in the light of his magnificent tribute to Milton, his enthusiasm for the best (but least known) work of Longfellow, and his praise even for the Quaker poet, Whittier, he stands exonerated from any charge of prejudice. He recognises that Shelley was only an "atheist" in that he was more Christian than the Christians—his vision of "world-sustaining love is at one with the vision of St. John"; and though belief in authority naturally makes him critical of "the literature of rebellion," Mr. Noyes pays just homage even to Voltaire, who condemned the God of the theologians rather than God Himself. Mr. Noyes quotes from Voltaire's "Ode sur le Fanatisme," and adds:

"What is this but an insistence on the very attributes of the Deity which it has been the glory and the power of the Christian religion to find in its own Founder, and to give as the central explanation of its own mystery, 'God so loved the world'? Creeds and systems, theologies and theologians may have failed again and again and to the uttermost; but nothing can alter the fact that the strength of Christianity, the wisdom that was hidden from the wise and revealed to the simplicity and love of little children, the infinite justice at one with infinite mercy and divine compassion, had so wrought upon the minds of men that Voltaire himself was intellectually compelled to judge its priests by the standards they had forgotten."

It is Mr. Noyes's peculiar virtue as a critic that, whether he is discussing literature or life, he brings us back, again and again, to the fundamental realities and simplicities. Intellectually, he is alert to a remarkable degree, and his judgments are based upon a thorough mastery of his data. Spiritually however he is usually on the side of the child against the wise men, as is shown most delightfully of all, perhaps, in his attitude towards the commentators on Shakespeare's Sonnets. And, speaking of Shakespeare, we should add that Mr. Noyes does not appear in this volume merely in the rôle of critic, but as true "essayist" or impressionist also. His prose style has gained enormously in dignity, restraint and power. It is lyrical without a trace of floweriness or sentimentality. There is —notably in the appreciation of Chaucer and in "An April Day," with its musings upon the miracle of genius born to obscure parents in a wayside cottage near Stratford-on-Avon—some extraordinarily charming writing in his pages. This is indeed a many-sided, beautiful and noble book, always graceful and often gay, yet inspired by a passionate sincerity, a spontaneity, and a spirituality that are thrice welcome in this day of pontificial negations and of parrot-like superficialities.

GILBERT THOMAS.

* "The Opalescent Parrot: a Book of Essays." By Alfred Noyes. 7s. 6d. (Sheed & Ward.)

DR. MACFIE'S POEMS.

Dr. Macfie in this collected edition* of his poems shows himself to be a meditative poet. He uses verse to express not so much what he sees as the thoughts evoked by what he sees. For instance, in "The Titanic," which is one of his best poems, there is practically no realistic description of the wreck, but a continual play of the poet's philosophic imagination upon ideas suggested

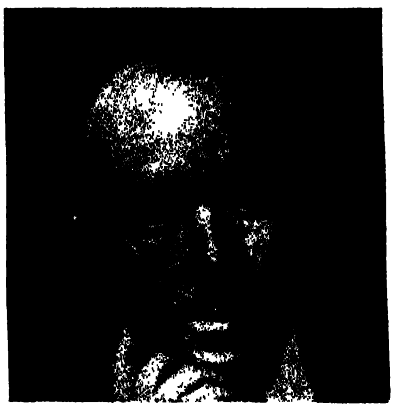


Photo by E. O. Hoppé. **Dr. Ronald Campbell Macfie.**

* "Collected Poems of Dr. Ronald Campbell Macfie." 7s. 6d. net. (Cayme Press.)

by it. He recognises this himself, for he gives the poem the sub-title " An Ode of Immortality." This ode, in effect, is typical of all Dr. Macfie's best work.

As a poet of what might be described as " philosophic onlooking " he is a writer of a high order. There is a breath of Lucretius blowing through his verse. The scientific outlook strengthens not only the fibre of his imagination, but also the colour of his vocabulary. In this he seems to possess something of the literary temper of John Davidson, especially the John Davidson of the " Mammon " trilogy and the " Testament " series, though there is this difference between the two poets : Dr. Macfie is a mystic as well as a scientist, while Davidson was an imaginative realist.

As a technician Dr. Macfie is concise rather than rich, with the result that his measures tend to be harmonic as against melodic ; that is to say, he is better at the ode than at the song. His work is finer at all points when he can set his mind brooding—and, moreover, brooding logically—upon his subject, with the consequence that when, as in a lyric pure and simple, it is a question of a kind of divine inconsequence, he is not uniformly so successful. Goethe said about lyric poetry that it should be logical in its whole but inconsequent in its parts, by which he meant no doubt to indicate the necessity in the finest lyric poetry of the waved thyrsus and the impassioned dance. There is no thyrsus waved in Dr. Macfie's lyrics ; they are too meditative to be fiery, too mentally wrought to be " filled with the God."

For all that, he has his lyric successes : " A Day in June," " Unattainable " and " Wild Roses " possess what many of the others—even when in most lyrical measures—lack, and have a rarer music. But finer as a poem is the less lyrical and more philosophical " The Mystic," which I should like to quote :

" Lo, I and He
Are Earth, and sea,
And clod, and god, and worm, and star ;
'Twixt His and mine
There is nor line,
Nor boundary, nor bar ;
Out into His Infinity
My finite reaches far ;
And yet I know not what He is, nor what we singly are—
What Infinite Perfection makes and finite senses mar.
I merely thrill
Beneath His Will,
And know that He must be—
That heart
And limb
Are part
Of Him,
And He a part of me—
That we grow one
In star, and sun,
And Earth, and sky, and sea."

I have quoted that for two reasons. The first is because it is a fine poem in itself, and the second because it seems to me to exemplify a tendency that in others of Dr. Macfie's poems but not in this—is subversive of true music : the too frequent use close together of lines of two feet and even of only one foot. Such prosodic units when used too consistently and without sufficient interval become dangerously facile, especially in regard to rhyming, and give the ear a jolt rather than the true pleasure of metrical surprise.

Dr. Macfie is no modernist in his conception of poetry ; he does not seek to be iconoclastic either in technique or the spiritual approach to his art. Where his music is most individual it is through new combinations of line-lengths, not in any attempt at discovering a new norm. New norms and exaggerated metrical theories are for those who have nothing to say and so are reduced to evolving intricacies to cover up their want of the true simplicity of creation. To say a great thing greatly is not to have to say it strangely or provocatively. But Dr. Macfie cannot be accused of having nothing to say ; he packs his verse with more genuine thought than verse generally carries ; he has a high passion of thinking, and passionate thought is an emotion as suited to the lyre as " the love that moves the sun and the other stars."

A collected volume calls in some measure for assessment, and yet assessment is a most ungrateful task, presupposing in the critic qualities that even the greatest critics never possess. No man, at any given period of literary history, can make a safe pronouncement upon a contemporary's chances of immortality. The only court with any pretence to authority is that of the Ages. We cannot be expected to do posterity's work for it ! Still, it *is* possible to indicate a writer's virtues, and also his limitations, without necessarily saying at the same time that those virtues or limitations are such as will compel, or hinder, continuous appreciation through after-times.

Obviously Dr. Macfie has neither narrative nor dramatic powers. He is a lyric poet in the sense that Pindar was a lyric poet, not in the sense that Catullus was, or Burns, or Shelley. At the same time he has nothing of Pindar's swiftness. Where Pindar rushes headlong upon his subject, Dr. Macfie analyses it and meditates upon it. His work therefore rarely has action ; it is to a certain extent static, and that makes towards sameness. There is a limiting homogeneity about it. Its range is deep rather than wide, and its appeal not universal, for only the wise will love it—while even the very unwise can love the Shakespeares and the Brownings and all the poets of human fellow-feeling. Dr. Macfie is more in the line of the Matthew Arnolds, with a touch of the brawniness of the Drydens.

I have left until last any consideration of his ode entitled " War." It is his finest achievement, and is beyond question one of the very highest examples of the poetry inspired by the late struggle. It is, as others have said, one of the greatest odes in the language, with a tinge of the epic in it, and no critic should be unwilling to recognise it as such. It is too long to quote, and extracts would give no idea of its logical sweep, its metrical range, its amplitude of vocabulary. He shows in it the power—rare among our living poets—of concrete thinking. Moreover, he is not afraid to forget himself, to swamp the nerves—the source of so much modernist verse !—in vaster considerations, and to admit to a sense of morality—and English poetry has always been peculiarly happy when dealing with moral magnitudes. In this ode it is so once more, and for this poem alone Dr. Macfie's " Collected Poems " should be set upon the shelves of all those for whom poetry is no idle singing but a matter of strenuous beauty.

WALLACE B. NICHOLS.

QUALITY WITH QUALIFICATIONS.*

Mr. Frank Swinnerton, in an entertaining article in the October BOOKMAN, says :

" I have never been able to understand why anyone should wish to be a writer. What do we see in the game of writing to attract us ? Not money certainly ; for the professional boxer, the business man, the racing motorist, the jockey and the defeated politician who joins Boards of Directors all make more money than the author. Not a love of ease, for there is no harder work than authorship. Having had twenty-five years' experience of the business, I know that by comparison with the author the busiest business man idles."

I agree with every word of that. Yet I go on. So does Mr. Swinnerton. So do thousands more. We all know that we are squandering the mighty gifts that a malevolent Providence bestowed on us as a birthday present. We know that had we used those gifts to material ends we should now be enjoying greath wealth, great fame, great honours. We know that we are the greatest of all humankind, that ours are the only works of man which have any chance whatsoever of attaining immortality. There are other great artists—in painting, music, sculpture and architecture. Their fame, their works may endure for many centuries, even for a thousand years. The work and the fame of the genius in words endureth from the

* " Two Wives." By George Cornwallis-West. (Putnams.)—" Kettledrum." By Beatrix de Candolle. (Cobden-Sanderson.)—" Four Seasons." By F. E. Mills Young. (Bodley Head.)—" Females." By Jean Dewray. (Hodder & Stoughton.)—" The House of the Dey." By Florence Riddell. (Geoffrey Bles.) 7s. 6d. each.

beginnings to the terminals of this new-born cult of civilisation. Science, in the wide sense, has its little day and passes. Philosophy, poetry, story-telling, these three manifestations of the writer's art shall never pass away. And novels? What of these most recent ephemera in literature?

They only shall survive if they are novels with a purpose. All the greatest novels, all the novels that have achieved resounding popularity, have been novels with a purpose, and that purpose not wholly and solely the beguilement of an idle hour.

Here are five novels, four of them very good in their kind, and the fifth— well, negligible. " Two Wives " is a commonplace story, pleasantly told. The same story has been told countless times, and almost without variation. Here we have the usual seduction of the usual perfect maiden who never existed. We have the usual heart-broken lover marrying the usual coarse, up-to-date daughter of the usual horrible old war profiteer. All the minor characters are moulded to the usual pattern. Then come the usual wild coincidences, improbable happenings, and the providential deaths of all the inconvenient people. To savour the dish there is a seasoning of elementary French to flatter the reader into believing that he is really quite a linguist. But, one outstanding merit: the book is clean. Yet, despite even that handicap, it may still become a best seller.

" Kettledrum " is a first novel, and a very good one. To quarrel with the technique would be to deal unfairly with this most promising work of a new writer. But, in the author's own interest, might I point out that it is a mistake to introduce a whole crowd of characters in the first chapter? It is also a mistake to be too consciously clever, though this is a fault soon outgrown. Nor is it wise to write in this strain: " I never read novels, but can't avoid hearing their titles. His last sounds like a second edition of his first hot-pot! Why can't these young authors leave off boiling up stuff that has been on the boil for centuries and will boil on till the end of time? You'd think they thought they had discovered vice! Why lunatics with *cacoethes scribendi* are allowed loose beats me." As I have hinted, it beats both Mr. Swinnerton and me too. But surely the expression of that sentiment is out of place in a first book? Yet I think we would both sincerely praise this novel and urge the author to go on.

Now hear another modern maiden speaking: " After all, there's more in life than just this sex business. Falling in love and all that. I don't want to fall in love. I haven't any urge that way." Thus Diana at the crossways, in Miss Mills Young's new novel " Four Seasons." Of course Diana falls in love and marries in due course: which is to say, after many setbacks and other obstructions. A delightful book in this accomplished novelist's best vein, tender, humorous, well conceived and well ordered. The thumbnail studies of Devonshire peasant types are particularly diverting.

And now here at last is the novel with a purpose. I have not read a more original or pungent book than " Females " since Gissing's " Odd Women " came my way. It is concerned with the same theme of frustrated womanhood. But here we view the problem from a totally different angle, and in a clearer light. We are introduced to a dozen or more women, only one of whom is married. The rest are just wasting their sweetness on the desert air for lack of men to come along and fertilise them. Each one of the younger generation is in some sort a careerist. Only one of them finds even an illusory satisfaction in her career. The rest, in the words of the wildest and wisest among them, declare boldly that women do not want freedom, as freedom for women is understood nowadays. " They want men and they want marriage, a better, freer marriage . . . but they want it just as their mothers wanted it "—with all its implications. A novel full of force and fire, of passion and revolt, deeply pathetic, profoundly tragic, and yet not altogether gloomy, never at any time morbid. To miss " Females " is to miss a very masterpiece of realism, idealism, revelation.

I have too little space left in which to do anything like adequate justice to " The House of the Dey." It is another most original novel and at the same time a consummate work of art. It is also a tale of tremendous thrills. It gripped me fast throughout. The period of the story is a hundred years ago, and yet its general tone is up to date as the latest thing in winter wear. I can aver with conviction that this is the most legitimately exciting novel I have read for years, and at the same time one of the most finely imagined and splendidly wrought.

EDWIN PUGH.

TWO ESSAYISTS.*

In the lightest of the essays contained in this volume Mr. Huxley confesses that " I find nowadays that I simply don't want to be up-to-date. I have lost all desire to see and do the things, the seeing and doing of which entitle a man to regard himself as superiorly knowing, sophisticated, unprovincial." The confession is rather surprisingly naïve in a writer who throughout the rest of the book devotes himself, to the exposition, from various angles, of a philosophy of life. Yet ingenuousness is no less a characteristic of his philosophy than of this personal aside.



Portrait by E. O. Hoppé. **Mr. Aldous Huxley.**

Mr. Huxley shares with Mr. D. H. Lawrence and many other sensitive critics of the modern world the conviction that " circumstances have led humanity to set an ever increasing premium on the conscious and intellectual comprehension of things. Modern man's besetting temptation is to sacrifice his direct perceptions and spontaneous feelings to his reasoned reflections; to prefer in all circumstances the verdict of his intellect to that of his immediate intuitions." And he is certain that " a life lived, as far as may be, exclusively from the consciousness and in accordance with the considered judgments of the intellect, is a stunted life, a half dead life."

The growth of science, and the mechanisation of life which has derived from it, provide the most obvious proof of the correctness of his diagnosis. But science itself, like industrialism, derives from the Protestant impulse, with its assertion of the rights of individual will and judgment, and the authority of the mind in determining truth. So far as Protestantism has encouraged an exclusive intellectualism and an acquisitive individualism, it deserves Mr. Huxley's condemnation, although his judgment of " the Bible-reading Protestants," who introduced into Europe the idea that " there was only one God, and He existed primarily to see that the virtuous were successful," is superficial and one-sided. He assails however not only Protestantism, but monotheism, and he claims that " monotheism and polytheism are the rationalisations of distinct psychological states, both undeniably existent as facts of experience, and between which it is quite impossible for us, with the merely human faculties at our disposal, to choose." Elsewhere he writes that " one psychological fact is as good as another; there is no conceivable method of demonstrating that God is either one or many." This assertion of the equal validity of all psychological facts is repeated several times throughout his essays, and his whole philosophy is based upon it. But in accepting it as adequate

* " Do What You Will." By Aldous Huxley. 7s. 6d. (Chatto & Windus.)—" The Balconinny and Other Essays." By J. B. Priestley. 5s. (Methuen.)

he shows that he himself is limited by the scientific attitude of which he demonstrates in other ways the defects.

To the detached observer one psychological fact *is* as good as another. But those who have striven, however imperfectly, to cultivate the spirit, to deepen their perception and to harmonise their being, know that experience has degrees of value, of meaning and of reality. The problem which life presents to such is that of reconciling the One and the Many, of being consistently one and inwardly free amid all the diversity of moods, and of transcending the duality of the mind and the senses in an achieved wholeness of being.

It may be, as Mr. Huxley contends, that " people will cease to be interested in unknowable absolutes," but a philosopher who lightly rejects the possibility of experiencing the timeless within time and the absolute in the relative, merely betrays his own incapacity. And he betrays it equally closely when he describes the saints as representing " *but one aspect of human life* —the ' spiritual.' " For him in short the spiritual is one psychological state, the intellectual another and the sensational another. And each may and should be enjoyed independently. Hence the philosophy which he defines in his essay on Pascal as " Life-worshipping," or more simply in the title of his book. Essentially it represents a sanctification of immediate impulse, of living alternatively and to the full on each plane of the being without necessarily either evaluating or relating them. He admits indeed that " men must organise their diversity into some kind of singleness," but the process, so far as he defines it at all, is external and superficial. The inadequacy of such a Protean philosophy hardly needs stressing. It is enough to say that true spirituality, far from representing one aspect of human life, informs and includes them all. The senses are elements in it no less than the mind, and a perfected personality is its ideal expression. Mr. Huxley indeed champions a " humanity perfected and consummate " as the ultimate ideal, but his free-and-easy life-worshipper could never in our opinion perfect his humanity, because he could never subordinate his diversity to a really significant unity.

Mr. Huxley therefore has value chiefly as a critic of all the dualistic perversions, the false denials, the diseased self-destructiveness in which the pursuit of the spiritual has involved men in the past. But as an expositor of the laws governing true creativeness he can offer little more than the psychoanalyst who confines himself to the resolving of complexes and the loosening of inhibitions.

Mr. Priestley, by contrast, has no explicit philosophy to offer his readers, but he has, what is perhaps even better, an implicit humour. At the same time we cannot wholly acquit him of being one of those who, in Mr. Guedalla's words, tend to establish a standard psychology for essayists by handling filmy themes " with an arch modesty and a shy obtrusion of their private characters." Certainly if he is never quite guilty of shambling forward with a shy grimace which serves to tell us that he is a friendly creature with a world of small human weaknesses and a whole host of minor (but strictly reputable) failings, he seldom quite succeeds in making us forget that he is the professional entertainer, even when his confidences are most intimate. The entertainment however is as good as it is various.

HUGH I'A. FAUSSET.

THE UNIVERSE AROUND US.*

From all time the science of astronomy has dealt with immensities vast enough " to tease us out of thought," to bewilder the intellect, to baffle the imagination. Even Ptolemaic astronomy had its vastitudes. And to-day modern telescopes and modern mathematical methods have revealed immensities behind immensities, and depths beyond depths, till figures and measurements have ceased to have any definite intellectual meaning, and have become little more than symbolical or emotional expressions of the inconceivable and transcendental.

In his last remarkable book, " The Universe Around Us," Sir James Jeans—perhaps the most distinguished of living mathematicians—gives us the modern view of atom and star, and overwhelms us with a sense of the " boundless inward in the atom, boundless outward in the whole." He reveals to us a universe with infinitudes of space, eternities of time and omnipotencies of energy—a universe where electrons a millionth-millionth of an inch in diameter fly round their infinitesimal orbits, several million million times a second, at the rate of hundreds of miles each second—a universe where each nebula in space has in it enough matter to make 2,000 million suns—a universe where there are nebulæ so distant that light travelling from them at the rate of 186,000 miles a second, takes 140 million years to reach us—a universe so large that all the million stars in it are as little crowded as would be six specks of dust in Waterloo Station. Figures like these stultify themselves and amount to little more than a string of superlatives, though they at least make us realise the inconceivable size and complexity of our environment. But Sir J. J. Jeans deals with more than figures: he gives dramatic pictures of the dynamics of the universe that the imagination *can* grasp, and he reaches the great conclusion that must affect a man's whole outlook on life, and time, and eternity. He deals at length, for instance, with the theory, now universally held, that matter is not eternal but can be converted into radiant energy. Every planet, every sun, he tells us, is melting away into radiant energy and is in course of annihilation. To give us heat and light the sun is losing weight at the rate of a million tons a second, while the star S. Doradus in the Lesser Magellanic Cloud is wasting away at 300,000 times that rate. The energy given off in the course of this annihilation or transformation of matter is tremendous—" Annihilation leaves nothing behind ; it is a combustion so complete that neither smoke, ash nor cinders is left. If we on earth could burn our coal as completely as this, a single pound would keep the whole British nation going for a fortnight, domestic fires, factories, trains, power-stations, ships and all ; a piece of coal smaller than a pea would take the *Mauretania* across the Atlantic and back." The sun had once a hundred times its present weight, and it had lost ninety-nine hundredths of its weight before life appeared on the earth. Most of the matter in the other planets of the Solar System has also been annihilated. So that life would seem to be merely the produce of a cinder heap.

This theory of the annihilation of matter naturally leads to the question of the beginning and end of the universe. Had it a beginning and will it have an end ? This question Sir J. Jeans answers without hesitation. He maintains that " probably about 200 million years ago matter which had not previously existed, came, or was brought into being," and that the universe cannot go on for ever—" With universes as with mortals, the only possible life is progress to the grave." As to life on earth, Sir J. J. Jeans believes that barring accidents and any sudden shrinkage of the sun, the human race may survive a million million years.

Sir J. J. Jeans is not only a great man of science ; he is an admirable writer and expositor. Abstruse, technical and difficult though much of his subject be, he is always accurate, lucid and interesting, and we have rarely read a more fascinating book. It grips one like a drama ; it delights one like a work of art.

R. C. MACFIE.

* " The Universe Around Us." By Sir J. J. Jeans, M.A., D.Sc., LL.D., F.R.S. 12s. 6d. (Cambridge University Press.)

A LONG-LIVED LORD CHANCELLOR.*

The late Lord Halsbury, in addition to his longevity and long tenure of legal offices, was remarkable as a Tory of Tories who, despite the fact that his beliefs appeared obstructive to a later and more impatient generation of political opponents (and sometimes to men of his own party), never lost their respect and affection for himself as a man. In their opinion he might be a political old fogy in his last years when, at the age of eighty-seven, he led

* " The Earl of Halsbury." By A. Wilson-Fox. 30s. (Chapman & Hall.)

the band of Diehards against the machinations of Messrs. Lloyd George and Asquith, but they respected his personal integrity, his genial personality, his tenacious memory, and his great gifts as an advocate in his earlier years at the Bar.

Born in 1823 in Penton Street, in the days when Pentonville was still a rural suburb—almost the same as Grimaldi describes it in his " Memoirs " a quarter of a century before —Hardinge Giffard was the son of a clever father, Stanley Lees Giffard, editor of *The Standard*, a member of a decayed Devonshire family who in the Middle Ages were possessed of good estates and traced descent from the Norman lords of William the Conqueror. The boy was educated at home, and when he went to Oxford in 1842 great expectations were entertained for his future by reason of his brilliant gifts. It was a disappointment therefore when he only took a fourth class, the reason being, according to his biographer, that his father, " Dr. Giffard, had never taught him the meticulous criticism, the 'art' of emendation, or the rare rules of grammar which University examiners in their quaint wisdom consider so vastly important." For the next five years Hardinge Giffard assisted his father with *The Standard*, writing for it regularly on every variety of subject. Mrs. Wilson-Fox gives a pleasant glimpse of this period :

"Every morning two strong, thick-set figures the editor in his full-skirted frock-coat, double-folded stock, fob and high hat, and his son probably less conventionally attired—would set out from the Pentonville house to *The Standard* office. In 1845 a few omnibuses were running in London, but the Giffards liked to go on foot. They were always great walkers. Now, however, the green fields of twenty years back had gone for all time, though the old rural names remained, and all about them had sprung up narrow, ill-paved streets of mean houses. They would march along Coppice Row, down Saffron Hill . . . and so past the New Model Prison to Holborn. There they would cross into Farringdon Street, where the Fleet river—little more than a sewer—still waited to be hidden away from the eyes and noses of men, and so into New Bridge Street, whence *The Standard* still fulminating against Radical iniquities, kept on its respectable way."

At length Hardinge Giffard resolved to become a barrister. He was called to the Bar at the age of twenty-seven. His success was immediate ; within a year prosperity was attained, and he found himself in a position to marry and take a house in Gloucester Place, Portman Square. " There was a virile force about him, a combativeness, a strength of conviction and a pertinacity which carried all before him. And he knew the right moment for the employment of a quick daring, which time and again gave him the victory." One of his early successes was in securing the commutation of the death sentence passed on Thomas Smethurst (and his eventual pardon), accused of poisoning Miss Bankes. Arsenic and antimony were found in the body, and Giffard turned the tables on the prosecution by advancing that these poisons could have been introduced into the dead woman's body by means of the copper used in the analysis of the organs. In 1869 Giffard defended Lord Carrington (the late Marquis of Lincolnshire) on a charge of assault, he having horse-whipped Grenville Murray for an article, published in *The Queen's Messenger*, attacking Carrington's father, who had died the previous year. The case ended with a free fight in court, black eyes and bloody noses.



The Lord Chancellor in Peer's Robes.

From "The Earl of Halsbury Lord High Chancellor," by Mrs. A. Wilson-Fox (Chapman & Hall).

Hardinge Giffard attained great prominence as counsel for the Claimant in the original case of Tichborne *v.* Lushington (1871), a *cause célèbre* whose reverberations still sound ; but when the Claimant in turn became defendant, in a charge of perjury, Giffard no longer appeared for him, for he had lost faith in Orton or whoever the man actually was by birth. In 1876 Giffard was appointed Solicitor-General, and in the following year he was elected M.P. for Launceston. In the House he was active in the measures against Bradlaugh and his method of taking the oath, for Giffard was ever a fervid Protestant. He became Lord Chancellor for the first time in 1885, at the age of sixty-two, when he also was created a baron ; the earldom of Halsbury followed in 1897. His greatest achievements as the head of the legal profession are associated with the Bill which enables an accused person to give evidence on his own behalf, and the establishment of the Court of Criminal Appeal. Although these measures were primarily of benefit to ordinary, and often criminal, men, Lord Halsbury had but little sympathy with democracy. As an ultra Tory he believed that only men of birth and breeding and culture were fitted to rule and hold high offices ; he expressed his view that ignorant and undisciplined minds " will always act either to favour some doctrine in which they fanatically believe, or to serve the most obvious interests of the moment." In his home life he was genial and fond of children and cats. His keen sense of humour is aptly illustrated by extracts from letters.

Mrs. Wilson-Fox has done her work well in a simple, straightforward, narrative manner, without any literary pyrotechnics. She supplies excellent résumés of legal and political cases in which Lord Halsbury was concerned. It is a pity that she needlessly went out of her way to make one erroneous statement, namely that in 1848, when Hardinge Giffard was a special constable at the time of the Chartist Demonstration, " there were only two bridges spanning the Thames in London." Presumably she means

London Bridge and Blackfriars Bridge; without making any research into the question of how many bridges there were actually in 1848, one may safely advance the belief that Westminster Bridge and Waterloo Bridge were most certainly in existence then, and most probably also Southwark Bridge and Vauxhall Bridge, to say nothing of the old wooden bridge which spanned the Thames at Battersea.

Lord Halsbury died in 1921, at the age of ninety-eight. Born in the reign of George IV, he was one of the few men who could remember the whole of the Victorian Era and survive it for twenty years. He knew the best days of the horse-coach; he witnessed the rise of the railway and the decline of the horse. He lived to see the roads again bustling with the motor-car, and above them aeroplane and airship. Truly a marvellous retrospect.

S. M. ELLIS.

TALES OF TO-DAY AND YESTERDAY.

If Miss Tennyson Jesse's[1] characters do not stand out with sufficient distinction from the background of gilded glory that was the Palace of Royal Mandalay in the latter half of the nineteenth century, it is because that background is painted in such gorgeous colours, is such a pageant of flashing gems and glittering wonder, that we are perhaps a little too dazzled to look with sufficient intensity at such unattractive people as the pious Agatha, and shallow little Fanny Moroni, whose fatal love affair brought about the British conquest and the overthrow of Burma in the year 1885. The background is a prodigious and brilliant piece of work; the atmosphere of the court, with all its Eastern barbarities and extravagances, is conveyed with a wonderfully realistic touch, and the book only fails in that it does not arouse our sympathy for any one of its characters. It is not that they are too human, but that they are not human enough. Miss Tennyson Jesse regards humanity with a cynical eye, and is so anxious to guard against sentimentality that she rules out sentiment. The result is that we watch the comings and goings of her men and women with interest but without emotion; we catch her habit of criticising while remaining aloof from their feelings; we laugh at them, never with them. The book nevertheless is a clever blending of history and fiction; it was a stupendous task to undertake, and deserved to be singled out by the Book Society.

Miss Netta Syrett, in her "Portrait of a Rebel"[2] also takes us back to the Victorian age, but her background is a conventional English one, and her lovely, passionate, intelligent Pamela is a very different being from the sly, supple, dark-skinned Fanny who flitted through the Palace of Mandalay. Pamela was born a rebel against the restrictions imposed on women and the hypocrisy that hemmed them in. Her bohemianism coupled with ignorance led her to a disaster that, in those days, might be considered the greatest disaster a woman could encounter—but, with her dominating temperament and aided by circumstances, she overcame it and sheltered herself from disgrace. We get the whole story of her long life—for she lived long enough to see her granddaughter enjoy the freedom she had striven for—a poignant, arresting story, quietly told yet always interesting.

Quiet too, in its way, but a book of such singular merit that it is difficult to speak too highly of it, is "The Necessary Man,"[3] by Miss Agnes Logan—a first novel of unusual strength and beauty. The beauty is not so much in the telling—the style is simple and straightforward—as in the whole scheme, in the author's intimate understanding of ordinary folk and in the philosophy she brings to bear on life with its tragedies and comedies. Sandy Brocklebank, eldest son of a Bedfordshire farmer, is believed by his family, and believes himself to be indispensable to the farm. He sets aside personal ambition for it, it comes between him and the girl he wants to marry, it prevents his going to the war; and yet in the end, when an accident forces him temporarily to surrender his authority, he discovers he is not indispensable, the farm goes on without him, another steps into his place. And he finds something else too—that all his sacrifices have not been sacrifices to the extent he imagined; it was not the farm he hated, but having his liberty curtailed; when he knows himself free to go, he loves it and stays. This summary gives no adequate idea of the charm and delicate skill of the book, nor of the naturalness of that Bedfordshire family. It is a sincere and satisfying piece of work.

Mrs. Kate Whitehead, whose first novel, "The King's Legacy," was published a short time ago, has now written another, "For Prince Charlie."[4] That the author has suffered all her life from the severe disability of total deafness, gives perhaps significance to the fact that in "For Prince Charlie," a story full of romance and action, she introduces among other personages from real life, Henry Baker, whose astonishing power of teaching the dumb to speak stirred London in the eighteenth century. Mrs. Whitehead is to be congratulated on a very interesting tale.

ALMEY ST. JOHN ADCOCK.

[1] "The Lacquer Lady." By F. Tennyson Jesse. 7s. 6d. (Heinemann.)—[2] "Portrait of a Rebel." By Netta Syrett. 7s. 6d. (Geoffrey Bles.)—[3] "The Necessary Man." By Agnes Logan. 7s. 6d. (Nisbet.)—[4] "For Prince Charlie." By Kate Whitehead. 3s. 6d. (Sharp.)

BROWNING AS GUIDE.*

The idea that poetry has any "moral" or "message" is one that is indignantly rejected by the fashionable poets and critics of our own day. It will be remembered that the foxes (in the fable) which had lost their tails attempted to exalt taillessness into a virtue in order to hide what was really their jealousy; and we sometimes suspect that the modern impatience with "teaching" in poetry has a similar explanation. Too many of our contemporary poets have nothing of importance to say; they are almost wholly preoccupied with mere rebellion or mere moods; and consequently they denounce as a vice what, if we could read their secret minds, they probably envy as a virtue. At all events, most of the great poets of the past have been philosophers as well as singers. In the highest poetry of course the philosophy and the song are inseparable, and the "message" is implicit in the music. But that is a perfection to which even the greatest poets have only attained in their most inspired moments. In the majority of great poets there is both implicit and explicit "teaching," and it is only a kind of æsthetic snobbery or logic-chopping that declines to recognise the fact. It is true that poetry, like the Bible, has suffered many things at the hands of the commentators, who are often not merely a self-important but a perverse race, darkening what is clear instead of lightening what is dark. Nevertheless, there is room for the good commentator; and such Dr. John Hutton again proves himself to be.

Twenty years ago Dr. Hutton wrote a book called "Guidance from Robert Browning in Matters of Faith." That little volume still maintains its popularity throughout the English-speaking world, and its numerous admirers will now welcome the sequel which lies before us. In this "Further Guidance" Dr. Hutton concentrates his attention upon the series of poems called "Ferishtah's Fancies." Ferishtah, it will be remembered, is an Eastern sage, to whom the most varied people turn for companionship and friendly counsel, and who talks to them in stories and parables drawn from the observation of homely, daily commonplaces, from which he carries their thought by easy stages to the infinite. The setting is Oriental; but Ferishtah is after all but another of those dramatis personæ through whose lips Browning discusses his own views of man, God, and destiny. Browning was often a man talking, through an assumed character, to himself. His philosophy was frequently experimental, and Dr. Hutton warns us against accepting it as final or dogmatic. Dr. Hutton himself never dogmatises. All he says in effect is: "This is what this or that poem means to me"; and he

* "Further Guidance from Robert Browning in Matters of Faith." By John A. Hutton, D.D. 3s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

says it in such a way as to inspire us to seek if possible another and equally clear meaning for ourselves :

"The justification of Browning, and of any man who presumes to have a formula for life, is that for him it is not always a formula. What we want when we go to another for guidance is not so much light or an answer to our question. We know that no other can ever answer our question. At best he can only find an answer to his own. What we want, and what we are in need of, whether we are aware of this or not, is *sympathy with our condition*. We want some friendly mind not to despise us, but to share with us our sense of the problem, or our dullness to evidence which is sufficient for others."

These words are as applicable to Dr. Hutton himself as to Browning. Dr. Hutton is no prosy, didactic commentator. He is a true and sympathetic interpreter. Nor does he forget that if he is interpreting a philosopher he is also interpreting a poet. His paraphrasing of "Ferishtah's Fancies" admirably captures the spirit of the original. It is full of terse, vivid word-painting, of mingled vigour and tenderness, of humour and satire ; and the "guidance" emerges naturally and incidentally from a retelling of the stories. This is a wise, helpful, human little book, which the most careful student of Browning need not despise, and which should prompt many new readers to turn to a poet who is "too big a man to belong to any one generation." Dr. Hutton's advice to readers, when confronted by the critic who declares Browning out of date, is that given by Isaiah on a famous occasion : "Answer him not."

GILBERT THOMAS.

"MR. JUSTICE DARLING."

It is a fact that no judge in our time has captured the imagination of the public and the respect of his colleagues of bench and bar in quite the same fashion as the subject of this biography.* Predecessors of his, the legal luminaries of an age when newspapers printed news and "publicity" remained an undiscovered art, never of course had the chance. It is certainly not his fault, and perhaps slightly his misfortune, that from the moment of his first judicial appointment "Mr. Justice Darling," as he must affectionately remain in the thoughts of his contemporaries in every walk of life, should have been marked down by the reporters as "good copy."

Luckily Lord Darling is too great and good a lawyer and man to have his excellently balanced head turned by consciousness of his own vogue as a "card," if the epithet can be applied to so august a personality as that of one of His Majesty's puisne judges. Humour, fancy and scholarship have never ceased to grace his judicial utterances when the occasion has allowed of their exhibiton, continuing to bubble from him spontaneously, though some might say he was overdoing it. And when, as too often was the case, gravity was the proper note, he saw that it was maintained. No judge has supported more becomingly the dignity of the bench, displayed a more scrupulous fairness to the defendants and prisoners who have come before him in their hundreds, none has surpassed and few approached the logic and poise of his summings up, the sagacity and clarity of his charges to innumerable juries. It is doubtful even if a condemned murderer ever left his court nursing a grudge against the man who had just sentenced him.

Such a man deserves a biography above the ordinary. Views may differ as to Mr. Graham's tribute being an entirely adequate one, but if his work lacks the high distinction demanded by the subject it remains a vivid and convincing piece of portraiture possessing all the merits that industry, enthusiasm and careful documentation can impart. His own comments are lively enough without being too showmanlike, and frequently he applies with effect the device of letting Lord Darling paint his own portrait in his own words, resurrected from the records of a score of famous cases.

The text is abundantly illustrated with line drawings, caricatures and contemporary photographs. Such care as has obviously been taken in preparation of the material (supervised to some extent, one gathers, by Lord Darling himself) is a little detracted from by slipshod proof-reading. "Brodstays" for Brodzkys, "Crauford" for Cranford are instances, and it is a little odd to encounter an interpolated [*sic*] after the expression "forcible feeble" in a quotation from some editorial diatribe of the eighties against Mr. Darling's first promotion.

Many a *cause célèbre* over which it was Lord Darling's lot to preside in the course of the last thirty years is here graphically summarised, to recall for those of us who remember most of them the intense public interest aroused at the time by such human dramas as the Crippen, Stinie Morrison, Armstrong and Seddon trials or, in refreshingly lighter contrast, the famous Romney Picture case, which, apart from its interest to connoisseurs and the artist community, provided Lord Darling with the happiest vehicle for display of his facile wit and quite amazing memory and erudition. Quotations and apt similes rained from the bench in a positive barrage, wits were fired among learned counsel in the court below, even in the witness box into which eminent experts tripped on each other's heels, to a general give-and-take of allusive aphorism and persiflage that dispelled like a tonic breeze the musty and somnolent atmosphere usually overhanging the Court of King's Bench. The newspapers enjoyed a long drawn out field day through the entire week of the tourney, Mr. Lewis of Bond Street undertook to take back his pseudo-Romney from Mr. Huntington of New York, repay the £20,000 expended on it, plus interest, shoulder the staggeringly heavy costs of the trial, and as a final flourish present the original bone of contention to the National Portrait Gallery or the Royal Academy as "practically the only important work in oils surviving from that artist, Ozias Humphrey."

MR. JUSTICE DARLING (*intervening*) : He has not thought whether the Law Courts have a claim.

Sir JOHN SIMON : We might have a "knock-out."

A. G.

* "Lord Darling and His Famous Trials." By Evelyn Graham. Illustrated. 21s. (Hutchinson.)

THE AUTHOR OF "DISENCHANTMENT."*

A host of people in Manchester, to whom the thrill of seeing the initials "C. E. M." at the foot of countless articles in the principal newspaper of the city will be for ever remembered ; a host of people who regard "Disenchantment" as the book of books on its subject, one that will survive when much catch-penny writing about the War is forgotten ; and a later host, to whom the name of Charles Edward Montague became known only when he gained his sunset fame as novelist and writer of short stories : these and a number of friends and fellow-players who rubbed shoulders with him in what he affectionately called "the writing game," will assuredly wish to read Professor Elton's memoir and treasure it for the fragments of letters and diaries that intimately reveal the genial, generous-souled man behind the pen.

But whether or not the volume will attract further readers, outsiders who know nothing of its subject and who might be led thereby to a study of his fascinating work, is another question. We live in a time when biographies are written with enthusiasm, often embarrassing enthusiasm, and rarely nowadays do we encounter a biography so dispassionate, so obviously "official" as this by Montague's old colleague. It is as spare and unemotional as though it had been done in late Victorian days, under the supervision of rationalists and positivists. Leslie Stephen, who was memorialised after the same pattern, would have greatly admired it.

With commendable though, as we think, over-modest purpose, Professor Elton has kept in the dim background. Of course all the facts are in his memoir. Montague was born at Ealing, London, in 1867, the son of Irish parents. He was educated at the City of London School and Oxford University. He arrived in Manchester in 1890 as a probationary member of the staff of the daily newspaper with

* "C. E. Montague : A Memoir." By Oliver Elton. 12s. 6d. (Chatto & Windus.)

which he was closely connected for the remainder of his life. He married the daughter of that great editor and journalist, Mr. C. P. Scott, and enjoyed an uncommonly happy existence as husband and father. He served in the War, although he was over military age, dyeing his hair in order to pass the inquisitors. While stationed abroad he was appointed to the post of "assistant press officer" or assistant censor, and as a consequence he came into close contact with men like Shaw, Wells, and Tomlinson. At the end of 1925 he retired from active journalism in order to settle in Oxfordshire and devote himself—at the age of sixty, if you please!—to fiction-writing, but died from acute pneumonia, three years later, at the Manchester residence of Mr. Scott.

Among the speakers during the farewell dinner to Montague when he left his beloved "M. G." was Mr. Scott himself. He recalled Montague's first days in Manchester, and dwelt on "his comradeship, his soldiership, and his sportsmanship and love of cricket and football. . . . Montague had lived both lives, the life of the journalist and the life of the author—he had lived them both, and he had lived them together.

> "The paper of the day might die with the day, but its work, if well done, as Montague had done it, did not die; it entered into the life of the nation and helped to direct its mind and shape its destiny."

These fine words adequately sum up the career of C. E. Montague as a contributor to newsprint. His career as novelist is not so easily surveyed. "A Hind Let Loose" and "The Morning's War," his first two novels, appeared in 1910 and 1913 respectively. But his next work of fiction was not written until ten years later, and in spite of a pathetic note to his brother in which he announces that he has retired "from the daily round of fixed-hour professional toil while still young and skittish enough to kick up our heels in the meadows to some purpose," the delay was fatal. His response to the call of his creative genius was made too late. He had no longer the tremendous energy needed to carry a long imaginative work through consistently, triumphantly. "Rough Justice," that would have stirred critical readers to a lively anticipation if it had been written by a younger man, begins with that tremendous energy apparent in every page, but it fades into insignificance—artistically speaking—long before the conclusion. That is why some of the short stories in "Fiery Particles" and "Action" are Montague's best work.



Mr. Reginald L. Hine,
Author of "The History of Hitchin" (Allen & Unwin).

As an artist, then, Montague's career was a failure. But do not imagine that it is one of the depressing failures. Rather may we call it a sunlit failure, for he was a man who lived and had all his being in sunlight. His letters are boyish, jolly, manly. Those of his friends who received them are privileged beings. "God bless you," he writes to Mr. H. M. Tomlinson—at the age of sixty-three—"wherever I've lived among common men I've been much the commonest among them. It's the well-educated, with their appalling omnisciences and contempt, that I can't get into any sort of comfortable touch with. They find out at once that I've not read any Balzac or Sainte-Beuve or Coleridge or Bergson or somebody and I have to sneak out."

Of course he was a better scholar, and a more highly equipped man of knowledge than all those omniscient and contemptuous ones. His book of "Dramatic Values" is ample proof of that. This little volume, by the way, has not been superseded as a criticism of the modern theatre by the writings of any of the critics who are dealing with the drama to-day and who have openly expressed their antipathy to Montague's point of view. The explanation is probably that they have not the humour for it—even if they have the scholarship, of which so far they have given no indication. "C. E. M." was just overflowing with humour:

> "I don't give a hang for all the sound intellectual reasons for devotion to a country—pride in its greatness or its blasted 'rough island story,' or the pedigree of its kings. As far as I can tell, my own regard for England is almost wholly sensuous. My England is the Strand and Waterloo Bridge, and all the Thames and the Pennine Hills here, and the crowd at a League football match, and Midland farmers talking like Shallow and Silence about the price of beasts, and the look of the common soldier in France at anything new, and the special *kind* of good temper and humour and relenting decency that the man of the working classes has here."

There are many passages as self-revealing as this in the fragments which Professor Elton has printed from Montague's letters, especially in those addressed to his distinguished and equally famous "M. G." colleague, Mr. Allan Monkhouse. Indeed it is easy to understand that the biographer has thought it wiser, as far as possible, to let Montague's own words speak for him. But it we would have rejoiced in a fuller and more warmly drawn portrait to accompany them, we have at least the compensation of finding at the close that Professor Elton has said the very best thing about his old friend, after all. He speaks of him as an artist who had surmounted the risks of his trade and would not be forgotten, and says a clear and high spirit lay behind his art. And then, in conclusion, he says: "Charles Montague may have been fortified by a favourite author, Shakespeare, in his conviction that with common luck, and with effort, and with the spirit of youth and courage, life, however it be swept by tragedies, may be found excellent, ever fresh, and ever entertaining; and also in the conviction of what he calls the 'inherent decency of things.'"

THOMAS MOULT.

HITCHIN.*

Mr. Hine set a very high standard in the first volume of his History of Hitchin, a standard which is in no degree lowered in the second volume just to hand, rather the reverse. In size, number of illustrations and cost of production it certainly exceeds the former, but we would be chary of adding attractiveness, having such pleasing recollections of his deft manner in handling his material. The first might be said to have taken a broader sweep, to have painted, as it were, a little world in miniature, if the two words do not clash with each other; while in the present

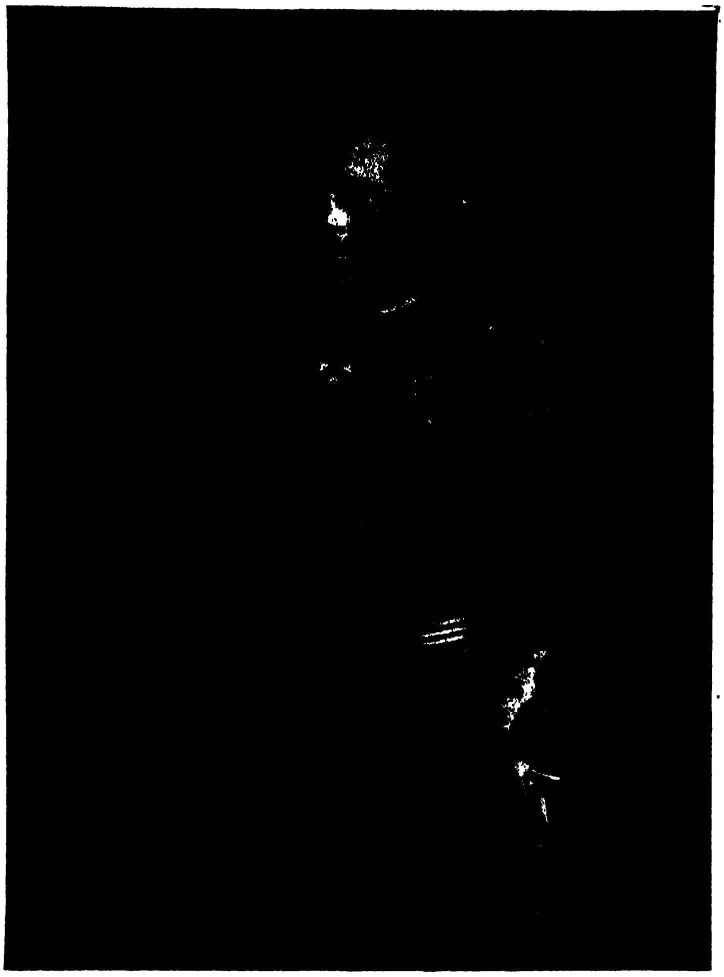
* "The History of Hitchin." Vol. II. By Reginald Hine. 16s. (Allen & Unwin.)

volume the attention is more concentrated on certain outstanding phases and interests, and here, naturally, a more human note is struck.

Belonging to a long dead past is that peaceful, deserted ruin, Minsden Chapel, two or three miles out of Hitchin, where the more derelict the chapel became, the keener grew the romantic desire to celebrate marriages there. At the last ceremony in 1738 " a piece of masonry fell and dashed the service book out of the curate's hand." The historian in Mr. Hine gives place to the poet as, working under the spell of Lionel Johnson, he resuscitates in glowing imagery its one-time beauty and atmosphere. Considerable space is devoted to the history of the Hitchin Baptists, Congregationalists and Quakers, taken from their own records, which have not been fully explored before. " Bunyan was constantly in these parts. The good people at Hitchin would steal away and meet him either at Bendish, five miles away, or Wain Wood, two miles away, and usually at dead of night." Speaking of the latter place, " If it drenched with rain, there were four devoted women ever at hand to hold an apron above his bare head as he preached." It is interesting to recall the debt to the Quakers : " It was they who founded the hospitals, the libraries, the friendly societies, the penny savings banks, gave land for new roads and open spaces, and projected the Corn Exchange and the Old Town Hall." With what a whimsical pen is the picture drawn of their tentative quest for relaxation and recreation : " some had taken to cutting silhouettes, some to chess, bowls, others to walking, while some even ventured so far as to visit Brighton (then Brighthelmstone) every year." In 1771 it is intriguing to find in Mercy Ransom's book of recipes one for lip-salve, and a little later we read of " an apologetic compromise of whist and Bible-study," quaintly assisted by the playing cards decorated with biblical scenes, Genesis, Exodus, Samuel and Kings serving for the four suits, with mock elucidatory couplets scribbled underneat .

" Sports and Pastimes " and " Crime and Punishment " are two more headings under which a lot of entertaining facts are marshalled, those under the latter being principally drawn from the Petty Session and Quarter Session Rolls, while the former give occasion for many curious and characteristic drawings by Samuel Lucas. Intimate glimpses into the domestic life of the townspeople are given in " Wills and Testaments " and " Place, Field and Surnames," where we find a hint that indefatigably and fully as Mr. Hine has pursued his task, he has not yet said the last word. The rousing of Hitchin from its inertia by the Fire of London opens up another interesting phase of the story. A chronology of principal events from 55 B.C. to A.D. 1929, as well as a number of appendices, a bibliography of fifty pages and an index which covers both volumes, rounds off a record as complete as any we have seen. As a result of his fourteen years' labour Mr. Hine has placed an amazing compilation of facts on record, and, what is a great deal more, he has invested them with a vivid reality, a real flesh and blood quality, which will serve as a criterion for many, and be the delight of many more.

L. O.



R. N. G. Scott, Captain R.N.

From "Captain Scott," by Stephen Gwynn (John Lane).

CAPTAIN SCOTT.*

The story of Captain Scott can never grow stale nor lose the glamour of romance, and it is fitting that this account of his life should be included in " The Golden Hind " series, alongside such names as Drake and Ralegh and other famous explorers. Having his own letters and diaries to reveal him the interpretation of his character is not made difficult for his biographer ; we know him for what he was—a brave, simple, modest, unselfish man whose heroism and zest for high adventure belong to all time.

Yet Mr. Stephen Gwynn, by a careful selection from those writings and by the graphically told story of Scott's youth, has strengthened our knowledge, and presented to us a vivid and unforgettable picture. He tells of early ambitions, ungrudgingly relinquished because of money difficulties at home ; of the need to economise which haunted him for many years and made him fearful when, nearing his fortieth year and anxious to marry, he contemplated bringing poverty upon another. His marriage, as happy as it was brief, preceded his last voyage, and letters to his wife add a poignancy to the dramatic tale. This is a book to stir the imagination ; for remembrance of the epic venture to the South Pole—that most glorious failure—must always move us deeply, as it moved the whole world at the time of its happening.

* " Captain Scott." By Stephen Gwynn. 12s. 6d. (Bodley Head.)

WORTH WHILE.

Of these translations from Russian, French, German and Scandinavian literatures, one- a fine book in itself—is also welcome for the light it throws on the position of immigrants in the United States ; three more are creditable work, while yet two make the reader wonder why they should have been done into English. Four out of six is, however, good measure.

" Peder Victorious " [1] was written in Norwegian which, considering the content, is curious. O. E. Rölvaag, himself

[1] " Peder Victorious." By O. E. Rölvaag. (Harper.)—[2] " Goldman's." By Sigfrid Siwertz. (Allen & Unwin.)—[3] " Short Stories of Soviet Russia." (Dent.)—[4] " The Dark Journey." By Julian Green. (Heinemann.)—[5] " Zero Hour." By Georg Grabenhörst. (Brentanos.)—[6] " The Master of the Day of Judgment." By Leo Perutz. (Mathews & Marrot.) 7s 6d. each.

an emigrant from the three million who inhabit Norway to the three million Norwegians who have made their home in the States, relates the history of a settlement of his people. By so doing he incidentally reveals a factor in American life which differentiates it from Europe. What happens here when a Czech, Magyar or other group finds itself on alien soil? The original owner of that territory does his best to compel the new-comer to adopt his speech and creed. Sundry hard-pressing laws with regard to schools and printing are imposed, with the result that the stranger is made ultra-conscious of his nationality. America does the opposite. Her immigrants are left to their own devices, and the consequence is that although the original immigrant clings to his native speech, his children adopt that of the country in which they have settled. America absorbs her immigrants. They learn English, they intermarry with other races, and the result is a fresh infusion of blood, an enrichment and that amazing energy which has given her so large a place in the sun. The people who rushed in large numbers to a new world before the immigration laws were passed are responsible for present-day America, and the country, in preventing the flood by barriers, is turning aside one of its sources of genius. In "Peder Victorious" Norwegian children, growing up in the United States, are shown breaking, of their choice, with the traditions of the land from which their parents came. The eager reader hopes O. E. Rölvaag will show in another book the result of the intermarriage of Norsk and Irish.

With this Norwegian story, almost cosmic in its breadth and understanding, can be placed "Goldman's,"[2] by Sigfrid Siwertz, the human and humorous story of a department store in Sweden. This ripe book is the work of an artist sure of himself and deeply wise. Goldman, the little Jew, whose life is the store, whose affections are centred on the people who manage it, who is the whining, shrewd and kindly king of the world he has created, is an admirable study. Twelve points of view, in twelve short stories, give us the store in the round, from the dancing golden slippers which are its sign to the stealthy raids of its proprietor on the Strasburg pies. Said the night-watchman when he caught Goldman in the delicatessen department and was ordered back to the gold and pearls: "'Scuse me, Chief, the managing director he said to me to look up here from time to time; 'Some of the finer food-stuffs disappear,' said he . . . 'especially the goose-liver.'" "Jasā! All right, sergeant; be getting on with your job," murmured his discomfited employer.

In almost all translations words are used which cannot be found in the Concise Oxford Dictionary, but with one exception these volumes are adequately done, and the English of one is outstandingly good. Mr. Cournos being himself a sensitive artist is the right person to interpret for us the tales of his fellow-countrymen,[3] and we have only to compare his translation of "Babel" with that in "Red Cavalry" to realise the difference between the work of a cative mind and that of a mere journeyman. It is to be hoped Mr. Cournos will find time to give us more stories from the literature of new Russia.

Julian Green is a writer who has been much talked of, and it is interesting to find that although he writes in French his quality is English, or perhaps it would be more correct to say American. "Leviathan," translated under the title of "The Dark Journey,"[4] is the book of an immature but sombrely rich and powerful mind. It deals with unusual people, and vile people, but endows them with reality, and the first half of the book is convincing. With Gueret's attack on the woman he loves, however, it drops broken-winged, never to recover itself. The nervous and emotional storms so ably indicated would not have led that hesitant and weakly creature into violence. They might have carried him over the edge into self-destruction, but no farther. Mr. Green has not yet attained the sureness of touch of the two Scandinavian writers, although when he comes into his own he will probably give us more penetrating studies than either have done.

Georg Grabenhörst's "Zero Hour,"[5] when compared with "All Quiet on the Western Front," is but the pale shadow of a book. The artist who went through the War feels he must put his experiences into words, and as a consequence book after book appears. They are mostly well written, but the background of horror is not one that appeals to the ordinary reader. "All Quiet" gave us an unforgettable picture of war conditions, its material was excellently handled, the impression it made was deep. On finishing it the ordinary person has had as much as he wants, as he can take in, and he flees all other books on the subject. "Zero Hour" is one of those other books and that "All Quiet" should have been written is its misfortune.

Why should "The Master of the Day of Judgment"[6]—which it is to be hoped is not the Continental idea of a good murder and mystery story—have been printed in such unusual type? The flourishes distract the attention from the tale, and the tale is not sufficiently interesting to stand it. Certain persons commit suicide, being influenced to do so by the spirit of a malevolent Italian, long since dead. On the last page we are informed that this is not however the true explanation, and another is given. The publisher informs us the author is famous. Perhaps this is a poor specimen of his work.

On the whole the northern nations have given us the books which were most worthy of translation—at least as far as these six are concerned—and the best, "Peder Victorious," is an enrichment of American literature due to the pre-immigration-law liberty which she is now restricting. Short views and fear may eventually affect the States as injuriously as the Inquisition affected the empire of old Spain.

C. A. DAWSON SCOTT.

WOLFE.*

The reader who takes up Colonel Whitton's "Wolfe and North America" expecting to discover in it a new "life" of the victor of Quebec will soon find himself disillusioned. The limits or, if you will, joint purposes, of this wide-ranging book are confessed in its double title. The author might have given us one of two things—either another historical survey of the conquest of Canada or a fresh critical estimate of the character and career of James Wolfe; instead of confining himself to one or other of these tasks, he has compromised between them, sandwiched slices of biography between slabs of political and military history, with the disadvantages that must accrue of divided interest, hurried treatment, so far as the human side of his work is concerned, and defective artistry.

It is easy to see where his heart is really engaged. The growth of the British Empire, the fortunes of the British Army—these are the themes that stir his enthusiasm. An admirer of Sir John Fortescue, a writer in whose ears Captain Mahan's famous doctrine of "sea-power" rings like a blessed word—the phrase serves as a sort of refrain throughout this volume—he is caught by the spectacle of the long struggle between England and France for mastery on the North American continent; he is attracted by the contrast between the adventurous voyageurs and centralised government of French Canada on the one hand, and the home-keeping habits and jealous rivalries of the American colonists on the other; he is interested in the geographical features, especially the waterways, of this "new world"; above all, he is preoccupied with the military problems involved in the campaigns he discusses.

Yet, it would seem, he could not altogether resist the glamour that attaches still to the name of Wolfe, he could not wholly rule out the personal element in his book, and so he supplies episodic chapters summarising that genius's all too brief life. This, despite the fact that Colonel Whitton thinks, with Sir John Fortescue and others, that both Wolfe's contemporaries and posterity for long afterwards overrated his achievement at the

* "Wolfe and North America." By Lieut.-Colonel F. E. Whitton. 21s. (Ernest Benn.)

expense of others—Amherst, his nominal commander, and Sanders, his naval colleague, for instance—and wrongly magnified his victory at Quebec into a conquest of the whole of Canada. To hold such views and yet to employ Wolfe's name as part title of a book which goes some way towards reducing his stature is to deal, to say the least of it, a little hardly by that hero.

Not that Colonel Whitton denies the brilliance of Wolfe's triumph, not that he does not in his biographical interludes throw into piquant relief some curious features of the man which merit notice as make-weight to his gallantry. From youth up Wolfe was delicate; soon he became a victim to a form of tuberculosis and other bodily afflictions. It is hardly surprising then, that racked as he so often was with illness, he should betray irritability in his correspondence. But he even permitted himself to indulge in spasms of rash censoriousness! Of his fellow officers he said at twenty-one, "Few surpass me in common knowledge, but most of them in vice. I dread their habits and behaviour." That sounds almost priggish. Glasgow folk he found "civil, designing and treacherous." Poor Scotland! Four years after Fontenoy he writes of the British infantry, "I have but a very mean opinion of the infantry in courage. I know their discipline to be bad and their valour precarious." These were the men who were to fight like lions for him on Abraham Heights. He was as harsh in speaking of Americans, "the dirtiest and most contemptible, cowardly dogs that you can conceive." So high strung a man had his fits of depression, as in the famous dispatch sent to Pitt within a fortnight of his great victory, in which he talked despondently of "a choice of difficulties," and added, "The courage of a handful of brave men should be exerted only when there is some hope of a favourable event." Pitt's nerve in publishing that dispatch had of course its reward.

For Wolfe had the fire and the daring which atoned for these black-dog moods and the great Minister's special choice of him was not mistaken. Nor was the public of the day in error, despite all that our military historians may say, in hailing Quebec's fall as the death-knell of French hopes in Canada. The city was nearly lost again —but it was not lost, largely because it had lately been won, as well as because of the arrival of the British fleet. It took another year for Amherst to conquer Canada, but he was undoubtedly helped by the despair which affected the French after the loss of their Canadian capital. Yet if Canada was not wholly won at once, what a marvellous year for Great Britain was that year 1759. From all over the world came news of victories—in India, in Canada, on the high seas. The country, to be sure, had got all it needed to implement victory—a Minister of wide vision, and generals and admirals he could trust. But miracles could not be worked. Two years and more he and his people had to wait for the harvest; 1759 brought the harvest. Is it any wonder that when English folk learned of Wolfe's success bonfires blazed in every town and village? Popular instinct over these matters is not often at fault. Quebec was a symbol and it was also a tonic. The victor had died in the hour of his triumph, as was to be Nelson's fate later; he was given an apotheosis. It was rough no doubt on Amherst that too little acknowledgment fell his way, but while Wolfe was dead, he, like Sterne's fat scullion, could rejoice in being still alive. The historians at any rate—Colonel Whitton among them —are making him recompense to-day.

F. G. BETTANY.

EUROPEAN LITERATURE.*

It is becoming increasingly difficult to keep pace with even the modern literature that is produced. Authors, fashionable and popular for a decade or so, are forgotten so quickly that even their influence on younger men passes unnoticed. Who for instance has called attention recently to the obvious effect that Frank Wedekind's plays have had on the modern theatre, especially on such authors as Eugene O'Neill and Sean O'Casey? Who indeed remembers Wedekind to-day, or could name more than one of his plays? It is obvious to any student of the newer movements in literature—the movements once represented by *The Little Review*, and now by *Transition* and *This Quarter* and many small American publications—that the young author is a diligent reader. The merits and the faults of many of the more extravagant books published to-day are dependent on the fact that they are written by men who, in an age of films and automobiles, still prefer the ancient and honourable sport of reading: their originality is like the originality of the Elizabethan poets; they are excited by the prospect of bringing to life the incredible services of literature. It is no use saying, in the face of the enormous amount of old literature and of modern, that the best will always get to the front. It is simply not true. There is no time for most of us to read even those masterpieces of the world's literature which were written before the century began. We need not go back to the seventeenth and sixteenth centuries. Who to-day reads Goethe? or Carlyle? or Schiller? Who reads Addison? or Pope? or even Molière? Of course these great authors have some readers; but with the increase in amount of modern literature, it is inevitable that many of the old masters should be ignored. Yet the professional students of literature continue, either with histories or criticisms; and I for one am very glad that they should. For though I shall never read all I should like to, it gives me pleasure to know that others are reading authors which I—perhaps through ignorance of the language or through lack of time—will never be able to study. With the subjects of Mr. Janko Lavrin's new book I am moderately well acquainted. He writes separate essays on Balzac, Heine, Turgenev and Baudelaire; and a series of Plutarchan studies on Ibsen and Shaw, Huysmans and Strindberg, Tolstoy and Nietzsche, Tchehov and Maupassant, Dostoievsky and Proust. I find his approach to his authors a little too solemn, a little too much the approach of a man who has not sufficiently considered life apart from books (which is quite a different thing from not considering life apart from literature). For instance in his essay on Baudelaire Mr. Lavrin makes a surprising statement:

> "When the boy was six years old, Mme. Baudelaire was already a widow. She soon married the utterly respectable M. Aupick, who became later an ambassador and a general. This step of hers affected the young boy in quite an unexpected way—it aroused his jealousy."

The most disastrous consequence of the spread of psycho-analysis among the literary class is that it produces a sort of mental inertia; its formulæ are used without intelligent examination. What is more expected, more natural than that a petted, adored, spirited child of six should be furiously jealous when presented with a rather dull stepfather, lose the daily and hourly companionship of his mother, become instead of her comrade and friend, simply "the child" again? It would have been unexpected had Charles Baudelaire not been jealous. At times also Mr. Lavrin does not explain his meaning sufficiently. I can attach no precise meaning to his statement: "It is now generally agreed that Tolstoy is not a religious, but only a moral teacher." There have been in the past some ethical philosophers who contrived to persuade themselves that you could have an ethical system without a religious one; but of these surely Tolstoy emphatically is not. His whole ethic depends on his acceptance of a certain view of the Christian philosophy, especially as he found it in the synoptic gospels. Or does Mr. Lavrin simply mean that as a religious teacher Tolstoy is not satisfactory? For I should have thought that this objection was valid also against his ethic.

Again I rub my eyes in amazement when Mr. Lavrin writes of Proust's skill in dealing with sex:

> "In the analysis of this appetite (whether normal or abnormal)

* "Modern Spanish Literature." Two volumes by L. A Warren. 30s. (Brentanos.)—"Studies in European Literature." By Janko Lavrin. 5s. (Constable.)

Proust has no equal. His favourite heroes are either sentimental sensualists like Swann, the young Robert and Proust himself, or sexual inverts like Baron de Charlus. Albertine and a long gallery of other characters. It is only fair to say that although gloating at times over such dangerous themes, Proust treats them with great tact and with great objectivity."

" Objectivity ! " If there is one book which is from beginning to end a riot of subjectivity surely it is Proust's great masterpiece : its very form is a piece of sublime egotism. Mr. Lavrin is however a pleasant critic, and beginners may find him useful as a guide to authors they will then desire to read.

It is such a guide I welcome in Mr. Warren's magnificently complete handbook to Spanish literature from the eighteenth century to our own day. Recently there has been, largely under American auspices, a great revival of interest in Spanish authors, especially in the dramatists. Benavente, Sierra, Quintero—are all names familiar to students of the modern theatre ; and at the end of last century Edmund Gosse included novels by Valera and Valdes in his series of Continental novelists edited for Heinemann. Unfortunately the one Spanish author who earned world-wide fame was that late pursuer of Hugo romanticism, Blanco Ibañez. His war novel had real merits ; but his general level was far below that of other Spanish novelists who are almost unknown to those who are unacquainted with the language. Baroja, who is not without a naturalistic strain, is worth ten of Ibañez, while Azorin's highly individual, reticent style reveals a new capacity in the Spanish genius. Mr. Warren seems to know almost every Spanish author of importance. He is perhaps a little hard on reputations of yesterday—I should not rate Echegaray as low as he does : his theatre is no doubt rather melodramatic, but it does not, I think, deserve Mr. Warren's violent condemnation : it is a grave error in criticism to decry as unreal feeling which is expressed in such a way that it seems unreal to you. The " Great Galeoto " is an extraordinarily effective piece of writing, when it is acted well ; and that is a not unimportant test of the merits of a play. Mr. Warren is as well acquainted with Spanish life as letters, and this gives his book a singular value. Its utility would be greatly increased however by the addition of a bibliography of translations.

R. ELLIS ROBERTS.

NINETEENTH CENTURY ENGLAND.*

Mr. Freemantle, in " England in the Nineteenth Century," has made an extremely important contribution to modern history. The title of the book is a misnomer, for Mr. Freemantle's four hundred and fifty-three well printed pages contain, not a textbook résumé of a crowded century, but a wide and comprehensive view of England in the years when, under the leadership of the dying Pitt, she was saving her self by her exertions and Europe by her example. In his survey, alike imaginative, scholarly and impartial, the author has performed a real service, not only to students of history, but to everyone who wishes to understand the problems of modern civilisation.

The first decade of the nineteenth century has lately become the battle-field for those historians who view the past merely as a storehouse of political arguments. The old school, who could see in these years only the stately Pitt and the heroic Nelson, have been challenged and put to rout by those who, judging the past always by the light of the economic and social ideals of the present, behold in the England of our great-great-grandfathers a savage prison in which a few icy aristocrats oppressed a vast multitude of suffering and wretched toilers. To this new school history appears to be nothing but a long story of injustice, and the early nineteenth century the culminating epoch in Mammon's despotism of the poor.

Mr. Freemantle has come to our rescue with a book which one trusts is only the first of a long series that will give us a complete and balanced picture of a great age. In this, his first volume, he covers the years from 1801 to 1805. He begins with a survey of the England of town and country, left by the old century to its successor. We are introduced in a series of pictures to the growing towns of the industrial areas. We see Manchester where the " respectable males of the town met for conversation, news and a sixpennyworth of punch every day after dinner in a dark dungeon of a public-house, kept by one who punctually cleared them out at closing time with the words : *' Past eight o'clock, gentlemen ! '* enforced by a whip with a long lash " (" It is not surprising," comments the author, " that masters who submitted to this should have employed the same means in their factories with children who dawdled on their way to work ") ; Liverpool, with its docks and windmills between the Mersey and the Lancashire foothills ; canny Newcastle, with its rough, well-to-do, independent colliers ; the charlatan Brummagem, where " crusty knaves that scud the streets in aprons seem ever ready to exclaim : *' Be busy and grow rich.'* " Beyond the newer England he paints the older, " the land of the edge of the moorlands and the rims of forests," and beyond that again, in the west, a secret, green Wales, whose largest town, Swansea, then only boasted six thousand people, and where the miners still believed in fairy knockers, wh revealed to them the hidden seams of coal.

In front of this background Mr. Freemantle has drawn us, with a breadth of vision worthy of " The Dynasts," the great figures and events which form the real foreground of these momentous years. The rival forces in Parliament and their leaders are introduced (the author has not mastered his Iliad for nothing), and the scene shifts across the far-flung battle line to Abercromby in Egypt, the roar of the guns at Elsinore, and the long lines of tossing men-of-war in the rolling Atlantic swell off Trafalgar. The description of Nelson's death has been told, and worthily told, many times before ; the author makes no attempt at originality, but we rise from his rendering of the scene with something of the emotion with which we leave the theatre after witnessing the performance of a great drama, grateful that it has been given us to receive, from the pen of the great grandson of one of Nelson's captains, the most splendid and gracious story of our annals. " History," he well says, " loves to linger over a scene so touching and so glorious."

Mr. Freemantle thoroughly understands the age. His book is worthy of recommendation to all students of literature as a companion volume to Jane Austen's novels. He sees, loves and comprehends his world in little things as well as in big. The whole age is here. He devotes several pages to a discussion of the early nineteenth century view of marriage and seduction. The latter, he tells us, " had succeeded hard drinking as the fashionable vice of the last quarter of the century." In his study of Robert Owen and his contemporaries he gives us something of the spirit of the earlier, Homeric Forsytes : " getting on and growing rich was in the air." His vision is wide enough to include the whole of an age, richer in contrasts and contradictions than perhaps any other. There was in those days, as he sees, breathing space. " The factory worker of 1801," he writes, " still smacked of the country-side from which he came, and was one whom it was not safe to make into an enemy. Lancashire at this time bred the roughest men in England. . . . If the masters were hard, they had good need to be."

Such a book as this, though written in a laconic, scholarly and ever slightly humorous style, is never far from poetry. It enables one to understand so much, without which the nineteenth century is a riddle, for the drawing-room of Jane Austen, the teeming life of Dickens's street, the report of the first Royal Commission on the Coal Mines, the fantastic glories of Scott and Wyatt, the rich inhabited country-side of Borrow, all so contradictory to each other, have their roots in the England which Mr. Freemantle has made it his task, and I think his joy, to reveal.

ARTHUR BRYANT.

* " England in the Nineteenth Century." By A. F. Freemantle. 16s. (Allen & Unwin.)

CÆSAR REMEMBERS.*



Mr. William Kean Seymour.

A new volume of poems by Mr. William Kean Seymour has been overdue for long. Even his irreverent parodies of contemporaries in *Punch* have not reconciled us to the silence of his own authentic voice. At long last "Cæsar Remembers" appears, published in an extremely tasteful form, and is sure of a grateful welcome. From a repeated perusal of Mr. Seymour's new poems, and from a recollection of his earlier work, it would appear to the present reviewer that his ideal of poetry is the rhythmical expression of Beauty and Emotion. In spite of a general sympathy with the aims and methods of modern poets, Mr. Seymour yet walks securely on traditional paths. His subjects are such as are congenial to poetry, and not more appropriate to prose. The themes which occupy his attention are the beauties of this material world where he moves and has his being; and he writes really of emotions which are permanent and fine experiences, and not of moods which are cheap and transitory, and go at four a penny. From this summary of Mr. Seymour's qualities it will be apparent that he is seldom austere. His Muse may be radiant and adorned without, but the hair shirt is worn less frequently next her skin. Without hard thought poetry devoted to beauty frequently has a tendency to cloy. This penalty Mr. Seymour's Muse does not always escape. His sensitive appreciation of beauty is sometimes overstressed and gaudily coloured, and then it falls from beauty into mere prettiness, which is a very different thing.

These common characteristics of Mr. Seymour's poetical work can be illustrated more particularly from the book under notice. The poem, "Cæsar Remembers," giving its title to the collection, must be familiar to many readers of anthologies. With careful simplicity the poem describes a Roman camp in the Chiltern Hills, and Cæsar amongst his legions building dyke and rampart against the Britons, but in thought far away.

> "Soft in the shadows
> He saw, and heard,
> A Roman garden,
> A Roman bird.
>
> "Soft in the shadows
> The tired man heard
> A woman's laughter,
> A woman's word.
>
> "Cæsar, shivering,
> Heard repeat
> Spades on the hill-side,
> Sentries' feet."

This is sensitively felt and realised and expressed. There is nothing too much. The author, obviously, is pleased with it himself, quite justly, for he tries to repeat his first fine careful rapture both in "Semiramis" and in "Cortez." In these two poems, more particularly in the latter, the experiment does not quite come off. "Semiramis" very nearly catches the earlier accent, for metre and poem are extremely charming. In the opinion of the present writer it is less satisfying by reason of a fault occasionally apparent in Mr. Seymour's poetry, the sin of excess. An outstanding illustration of this tendency may be found in the poem which stands first in the collection, entitled "Siesta." I have a disquieting fancy that the author has placed it in the position of honour because he appreciates it unduly. It is an extremely clever piece of work, but cleverness is not required in poetry, but rather intensity. The "properties" accumulated by Mr. Seymour, the desperate effort to make the poem riot with colour—the oranges on blue china, the jade and silver spoon, the melons on chrysoprase—seem meretricious, and compare unfavourably with the quiet loveliness of his finer things. In criticising this proneness to excess I would not for one moment seem to suggest that Mr. Seymour should distract his eyes from the pageant without him and look at the world within. He can do this on occasion, as I gladly admit, for instance in the delightful free verse poem "Weeding," with its peculiarly characteristic touch of humour at the close. But his essential gift is that of a man for whom the visible world exists, and who is capable of expressing what he sees from a glowing palate. When this gift is exercised in moderation and with restraint he is capable of such a poem as "Fruitage," which lovely phrasing and lively emotion make a thing of enduring value.

It is to be hoped that the fine qualities which are the notes of Mr. Seymour's verse—his technical dexterity, his sense of beauty, his sensitive feeling for nature, his capacity for emotion—will ensure "Cæsar Remembers" the attention it deserves. Probably more talent is expended in poetry, with less recognition from the public, than in any other art. It is fortunate that poetry is its own reward, for it seldom has any other. From these poems it is clear that this exceeding great reward is already Mr. Seymour's. We can but trust that a more material success will be added to him also.

EUGENE MASON.

* "Cæsar Remembers: Poems." By William Kean Seymour. 6s. (Gollancz.)

THE UNDYING WAR.*

Mr. Compton Mackenzie served in the Dardanelles in 1915 until he was invalided in September. After that he was Military Control Officer at Athens and, later still, Director of Ægean Intelligence Service at Syra. His book, as the title indicates, deals with his experiences in the Gallipoli campaign; it has been acclaimed by the Book Society as "The Book of the Month," an honour, in our opinion, well deserved. The volume may be reviewed under two aspects. In the first place it may be considered as a series of pen pictures of the campaign, the incidents of which were noted by a quick-witted observer gifted with immense literary power; and also as a description of the personal traits and characteristcs of many who served on the peninsula. As regards the pen-pictures, we feel that the expectations of Mr. Henry James were fulfilled when he wrote to Mr. Mackenzie on June 18th, 1915, "I confess I take an enormous pleasure in the fact of the exposure of the sensitive plate in your imagination, your tremendous attention, to all these wonderful and terrible things." As regards the descriptions of persons

* "Gallipoli Memories." By Compton Mackenzie. 7s. 6d. (Cassell.)—"The Wet Flanders Plain." By Henry Williamson. 5s. (Faber & Faber.)—"The Forbidden Zone." By Mary Borden. 6s. (Heinemann.)—"The Soldier's War." Edited by John Brophy. 6s. (Dent.)

these range from what is akin to hero-worship, in a few cases, to what is decidedly the reverse in several others. In the case of the latter there is nothing of the " pease-cod of anonymity " for the victims. Their names are given, and although the mocking irony is often irresistible, it shades off at times into cruelty marked, we feel, now and then by something not in very good taste.

In its second aspect the book may be regarded as a review of the campaign as a whole, with emphasis laid upon what, in Mr. Mackenzie's opinion, might and ought to have been achieved. Mr. Mackenzie was much struck by the amateurishness of the whole organisation. While waiting for news on that dark night of the Suvla landing the thought " went singing through my head. *We have lost our amateur status to-night.* It was foolish for me who had been old enough to remember the muddle of the South African War to go on believing in the practical value of the public school system." Yet in nothing does the amateurishness of Gallipoli show itself more clearly than in the circumstances which led to Mr. Mackenzie's own presence at G.H.Q. on the peninsula. On March 23rd, 1915, he received a letter from his friend Orlo Williams, from which the following is an extract:

> " I noticed a day or two ago that he (Sir Ian Hamilton) had brought Vol. II of ' Sinister Street ' to read. So when I was in conversation with him I told him I knew you, etc. and that you had tried for a commission in Egypt. So he said at once: ' Write to him and tell him to get into communication with Eddie Marsh and get sent out to me as a Marine or anything and I will find him a job of some kind. . . .' "

And that was that.

As regards the campaign as a whole, Mr. Mackenzie was, and still is, a pronounced Easterner. " I believed from the beginning of the War that our best policy was to attack Constantinople." Again and again in the volume there is insistence upon the " might have been " had it not been for " the insurmountable mental barrier " presented by all the politicians at home, except Mr. Winston Churchill, and for the futile operations of the misguided people on the Western Front. But as Napoleon says, the moral is to the physical as three to one, and here the author of this review will say what he has never said in print before. It happened that a wound kept him in a military hospital practically the whole of 1915. It was the year of Gallipoli. It was the year, on the Western Front, of Second Ypres (with the first gas attack by the Germans), of the dubious victory of Neuve Chapelle, of the disaster at Aubers Ridge and of the bloody non-success of Loos. To that hospital came scores and scores of wounded officers. But whereas the present writer can never remember any officer from France who was not serenely confident that we would eventually win, he can never remember any officer from the Dardanelles who was not firmly convinced that there was in that region " no earthly." The unanimity manifested on each side was extraordinary. This recollection is given merely for what it is worth, but it seems worth something in a review of " Gallipoli Memories." Mr. Mackenzie's book is a fascinating one, even if his views do not command the acceptance of the reader. The absence of any reference to the sketch map in the Contents should be put right.

Mr. Williamson's slim volume is also one of reminiscences, but of an entirely different kind. He served in France and, as a *soldat retourné*, recently made a nine-days' pilgrimage over the Western Front, starting from Calais, revisiting the salient with " Pop," Vlamertinghe, Goldfish Château, and of course Ypres as well, thence east *via* " Plugstreet " to Arras and the Somme. There is very little about the actual fighting which Mr. Williamson went through, but so subtle is his skill that by suggestion rather than by description he conveys to us in many places the horrors of his war years The note of the book is one of disenchantment—greedy Belgians, surly and grasping French peasants, and the new generation of objectionable young men flocking to *estaminets* from which come the blare of an American automatic hurdy-gurdy and over which is the sign " Grand Anglais Jazz Balle every Sunday Night wellcome." Mr. Williamson gives the impression of a man asking himself, " Was it worth while, for this ? "

Miss Borden's book is not a novel, but " a collection of sketches and prose poems written when I was at the front with my hospital," which was just behind the French lines. The sketches are not entirely medical, for there are vivid descriptions of French scenes and French soldiers. But it is in the sketch, " In the Operating Room," that Miss Borden comes into her own. For technique and economy of phrase this extract is worth quoting:

> 1ST SURGEON: Quick, a basin! God! How the blood spouts. Quick, quick, quick! Three holes in this lung.
>
> 2ND SURGEON: Take that leg away, will you? There's no room to move here.
>
> 3RD SURGEON: Take this dead man away, and bring the next abdomen. Wipe that table, mademoiselle, while I wash my hands. And you there, mop up the floor a bit.
>
> (*The doors open and shut. Stretcher-bearers go out and come in. A nurse comes from the sterilising room with a pile of nickel drums in her arms. Another nurse goes out with trays of knives and other instruments. The nurse from the corridor comes back.*)
>
> NURSE: Three knees have come in, two more abdomens, five heads.

It was the German ex-Crown Prince, we think, who once spoke of the late madness in Europe as " This jolly old war."

Messrs. Dent are to be heartily congratulated upon " A Soldier's War." It is a prose anthology containing fourteen tales by different writers of three nationalities—French, German and British, and of varying temperaments; and the names of Henri Barbusse, Edward Thompson, and Fritz von Unruh, taken at random from the list, are guarantees of the high literary value of the book. There is a thoughtful introduction in which the editor points out that in Germany the reaction of a violent pacificism is producing a reaction against reaction. Men write articles and even books to declare that they personally enjoyed the War. If only some manager would have the courage to stage " In the Operating Room " !

F. E. WHITTON (LIEUT.-COLONEL).

AMBITION.*

We open every new book by Mr. W. H. Davies with a certain amount of anticipation, and especially a new book of verse. Years ago he had the desperate idea of calling one of his many collections " Farewell to Poesy," but she could not take the hint. Twice he has issued Collected Peoms, as if that were final; and still he has found it in his heart to sing the world a few more. He calls his latest volume " Ambition," after one of the poems. Ambition should be made of sterner stuff.

> " I had Ambition, by which sin
> The angels fell;
> I climbed and step by step, O Lord,
> Ascended into Hell.
>
> " Returning now to peace and quiet,
> And made more wise,
> Let my descent and fall, O Lord,
> Be into Paradise."

This poem is perfect—the shape, the rhythm, the natural plainness, the orderly advance of thought and phrase together, the native wit, the easy art of it. Throughout the book in the best poems (more than two-thirds of it) there is this notable ease of execution—not a change of Mr. Davies's style, but a refinement of it—and my own opinion is that when some as yet unborn anthologist of discrimination makes a final selection from the many little volumes, some of Mr. Davies's best will be found in " Ambition."

While acknowledging with all gratitude the charm of Mr. Davies's earliest poems, and the new and individual note which it was his skill and pleasure to give, we have to admit that there was a certain rawness—a quite unstudied imperfection—often a natural charm like the

* " Ambition." By W. H. Davies. 3s. 6d. (Jonathan Cape.)

childishness of children. It appeared in an excessive use of monosyllables and a curious lisping rhythm due to the (theoretically) wrong stresses on naturally unstressed words. This lent his poems a newness which perhaps he did not always intend; and a less sincere poet might have exploited the faculty dangerously and played the artless child of nature to monotony, purposely avoiding smoothness and technical perfection. But Mr. Davies has never done so, and in this book he attains to an almost classical skill at times. The last poem in the book, "My Life's Example," or the first, "Friends Unborn," or this, called "Day or Night," are all examples of his finished *skill.*

"Again I wake and cry for light!
My golden day has gone,
And looking through my window now,
I see the stars and moon.

"Which shall I sacrifice to sleep,
With both beyond my praise?
So lovely are these silvery nights,
So bright these golden days."



R. C. Lehmann.
From the portrait by William Logsdail (Hill & Saunders, Eton).
From "Selected Verse," by R. C. Lehmann (Blackwood).

The quotations I have used do not, it is true, show the typical W. H. Davies, but he is there. His surprising childlike fancies—"How merrily this bantam world, Can clap his wings and crow," or the stars that "peep out like timid mice," are to be found still, and still surprise; though they are not so much relied on.

There are also a few, though least successful, poems of maxims or conclusions. The prevailing mood of the book is of one whose senses still delight in the small beauties and creatures of the world, one whose love of joy and content as age advances only grows deeper roots in earth. Mr. Davies has loved wild nature with his whole heart and she has never failed him; he is as loyal, sincere and happy now as he ever was; but now he knows the fullest meaning of joy and seeks and finds content. I know of no book new this season which can give as much joy and content to the reader at so modest a price.

FRANK KENDON.

LIGHT VERSE.*

It is sometimes asserted that it is more difficult to find rhymes in the English language than in most.

Be that as it may, the fact remains that a neat way with rhymes is a rather special characteristic of our best makers of light poems, to say nothing of the ingenious feats of some of our more serious writers. Byron enjoyed playing with rhymes, Browning had a decided leaning towards the ingenious in this direction, and finally we come, by way of Calverley, Gilbert and Austin Dobson, to our present-day writers in this manner.

Here are three books by three modern authors (though one, alas, is no longer with us) whose happy felicities of rhyme take the ear with their pleasing cacophonies no less than the mind with their nimble wit.

But although the writers of these three books of poems have certain traits in common, they have each a very distinctive character.

In Mr. Lehmann's "Selected Verse" there is a tenderness, a delicate undertone of wistfulness which permeates his work and sweetens it as the scent of potpourri will sweeten the atmosphere of a house.

This does not mean that he is a sentimentalist; far from it. His rowing and cricket poems, his college poems, his delightful animal poems are expert, crisp, vigorous and essentially common-sensible in their outlook.

Again and again one finds oneself chuckling over their excellent funninesses and their quite extraordinary cleverness. "Lans Remigii" is a little masterpiece of clever versification, with its amusing triple rhymes:

"But now each college resident, Dean, Master, Provost, President,
By every word he says identifies himself with oars. . . ."

That sort of thing takes some doing, especially when it is kept up for six verses.

But again and again too one comes across the romantic note, the touch of sincere feeling (none the less sincere because it is so graceful) which enabled Mr. Lehmann to write so engagingly and tenderly of dogs, of children, of old friendships. Everyone who has ever loved a Pekingese will adore the lines to "Sooti," and I think it would be a hardened soul indeed that did not respond to the account of "Rufus" awaiting his master on the Stygian shore. And isn't this a charming quatrain at the end of "John"?:

"Gives one long sigh of unalloyed content,
Over a day so well, so proudly spent;
Resigned at last to listen and obey,
And so begins to breathe his quiet night away."

The last line contains the whole essence of sleeping childhood.

I think the nicest thing about Sir Owen Seaman's "Interludes of an Editor" is the fact that Sir Owen is not afraid of laughing at himself. Lots of us can make fun of politicians and modern fashions and Mussolini (though we can't do it one hundredth part as deftly), but when it comes to our own weaknesses . . .

And what a satisfaction there must be in turning out poems as artlessly intricate, as unpretentiously perfect as these. Often the technique is so good that one might easily forget how clever it is if one had never tried one's hand at verse-making.

There is in these verses just that kind of witty funning that has given *Punch* its unique position in the world of literature, and *Punch* is fortunate indeed in having an editor who sets his contributors so high a standard of craftsmanship.

Looking through the book a second time, I tried to decide which poem I liked the best, but couldn't make up my mind between the "Oxford Dictionary" one, the charming "Memories of the South," and the grave "In

* "Selected Verse." By R. C. Lehmann. With an Introduction by Alfred Noyes. 5s. (Blackwood.)—"Interludes of an Editor." By Sir Owen Seaman. 7s. 6d. (Constable.)—"Blue Feathers." By E. V. Knox. 6s. (Chatto & Windus.)

Memoriam " to George Meredith. There is a verse from the last which will show the fine, high qualities of Sir Owen at his best:

> " Long Time initiate in her lovely lore,
> Now is he one with Nature's woods and streams,
> Whereof, a Paradisal robe, he wore
> The visionary gleams."

Mr. Knox, best known as " Evoe," is great fun. He writes with such an infectious gusto, with such a jolly, headlong zest.

The " Invocation " (to the Spirit of Financial Prosperity) is delightful.

It goes bursting along in a wild, high-spirited, youthful, *larking* sort of manner which is irresistible; and " 'Tis Winter-time in Podmell," written in the Belloc-Chestertonian style, is a most engaging piece of work.

" Evoe " sings his gleeful rhymer, and all of a sudden one realises that hard beds and youthful " movie " stars and photographs in the illustrated papers and passenger flights in aeroplanes and other unpromising subjects are really very funny indeed. And to be able to make commonplace or tiresome things very funny indeed is surely an achievement at least equal in value to that of the constantly-held-up-to-our-admiration benefactor who makes two blades of grass grow where only one grew before.

ROSE FYLEMAN.

DEATHS IN FRANCE AND SPAIN.*

"Death of a Hero " is a volcano of a book. Mr. Aldington's native skill and long practice as a writer ensure something more than adequacy in the choice and arrangement of words, but it is quite clear that in writing this book his eagerness to get down all that he had to say would brook no timidity, restraint or consideration for the rules which usually guide the professional novelist. Indeed " Death of a Hero " is not a novel—it is a document, obviously based on incidents in which the author took part, with a running commentary in which the narrator speaks in the first person. As a method it is not one lightly to be recommended, for a writer less well equipped would undoubtedly fail to make it convincing.

In the prologue the author declares his intention of writing the life of one George Winterbourne, a soldier killed during the Great War, a man whom he met for the first time in the army, a soldier like any other, and unlike all others; became his friend, confided his troubles and presumably a good deal of his past. By making George a " real " person about whom he could only have such information as he acquired, Mr. Aldington robs himself of the novelist's privilege of omniscience, and if in reading the book one bore this in mind, one would be frequently compelled to ask: " But how does he *know* that George thought thus, felt thus and behaved in such a way? However confiding, such and such things no man confides, or indeed can. Fortunately, however, except at those moments when the author avowedly sheds the omniscience which he had assumed in spite of himself, one is far too absorbed in the narrative itself to be much concerned about method.

Part III, which deals exclusively with the War, is in its directness and freedom from rhetoric as devastating an indictment as I have read; but although some details of war's beastliness and horror are given, it is less those than its stupidity, its futility and its squandering of fine emotions which remain in my mind as I close the book. " Death of a Hero " is a war book, but at least half of it is concerned with the lives of the hero's parents before he was born, and with his own life and love affairs before the War broke out. Mr. Aldington inveighs against all the cant, hypocrisy, stultification, affectations, shams, greed and humbug with which public and private life is pitted and scarred. Sometimes his generalisations are unfair and undiscriminating, but for the most part his judgment is just and his analysis of causes shrewd. So full is his book of bitterness that a pessimistic frame of mind would seem to be an inevitable reaction to its perusal; but in fact, like all true satirists, he evidently has an unquenchable belief not only in the fundamental fineness of humanity but even in the possibility of happiness. He—to quote the poem which serves as an epilogue—may walk away from contemplation of the War:

> " In an agony of helpless grief and pity."

as we, after reading the almost unbearably poignant last few pages of his book, do; but he will not give up his faith in humanity, because he has beheld its potential nobility in a vision, and communicated the vision to us.

After the unbridled passion of Mr. Aldington's book, Mr. Osbert Sitwell's new novel seems curiously restrained. Here is the story of a handsome, charming and talented man who in his youth was an author with a rare and individual gift of expression. He has a love affair in which—for once—he is unsuccessful; he takes his ruptured heart to Spain, recovers, has a strange quasi-psychic adventure in which he is apparently confronted by himself when old; suffers a complete mental metamorphosis; abandons highbrow literature for lowbrow; marries well; becomes rich, is knighted, and then in old age once more suffers a change and desires to regain his earlier highbrow gift. He goes to Spain, to the scene of his early quasi-psychic adventure, and his life is rounded off by a vision of himself when young. A Poe-esque story, written with a regard for circumstantial detail not unlike Poe's own, with one eye on the ways of certain French writers. Mr. Sitwell, very deliberately employing a method which he claims to have originated in his first novel, achieves many admirable things; his sentences frequently attain a rhythmic beauty not unlike music itself, and his method of building up atmosphere—not least the atmosphere of Spain—is extremely effective; and if we only ask of a work of art that it shall be true to its own principles, " The Man Who Lost Himself " is entirely successful. Doubt only assails me when I find Mr. Sitwell, in a preface, seeming to suggest that his story might be a true story. Perhaps, in the second edition, the greater part of the preface might be omitted without loss.

Both of these books are delightfully produced.

HERMON OULD.

* " Death of a Hero." By Richard Aldington. 8s. 6d. (Chatto & Windus.)—" The Man Who Lost Himself." By Osbert Sitwell. 7s. 6d. (Duckworth.)

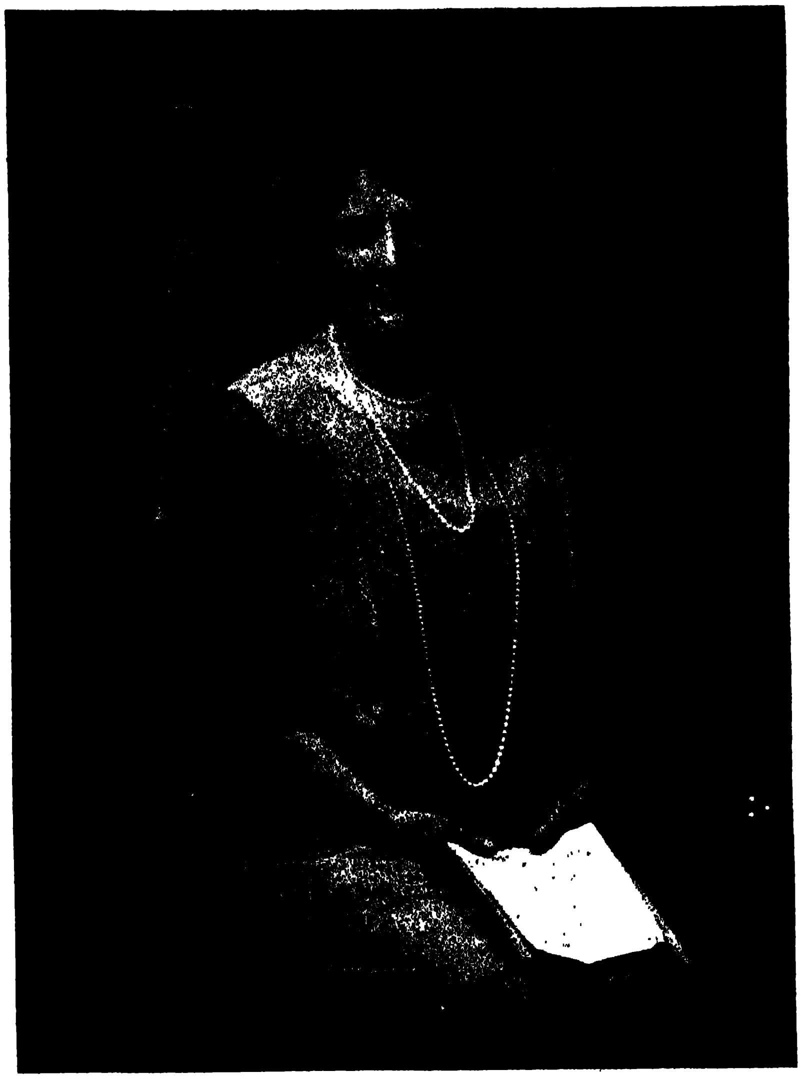
MADNESS IN SHAKESPEAREAN TRAGEDY.*

Shakespeare, like so many other literary people, has not failed to note the dramatic possibilities of insanity; and he has therefore on a number of occasions introduced insane characters—or rather it should be said some who are undoubtedly insane, while in others the supposition is that madness in some degree existed. As might be expected it was the tragic aspect of insanity which appealed most to him; and it is with his tragic mad folk that Dr. Somerville deals in his interesting and most readable book. In passing it may be noted that apparently it was Mr. Wyndham Lewis who made the discovery " that Shakespeare was particularly prone to the description of demented persons." Dr. Somerville has given Mr. Lewis his benison in this respect: adding that he (Mr. Lewis) " looks upon madness as being an essential factor in the construction of a Shakespearean tragedy." The latter statement is certainly contentious: but that either of them is the first to point out that Shakespeare or for that matter his contemporaries, took a great interest in depicting insanity, is by no means so. It would indeed be strange if so obvious a point had passed unnoticed. As a matter of fact it is seventy years since for example Dr. Bucknill wrote his " Psychology of Shakespeare "—the later edition of which was entitled " The Mad Folk of Shakespeare "—a book which may still be commended to

* " Madness in Shakespearean Tragedy." By H. Somerville. With a Preface by Wyndham Lewis. 6s. (Richards Press.)

their notice, or to that of anyone else interested in this topic. Dr. Bucknill deals with Macbeth, Hamlet, Ophelia, Lear, Timon of Athens, Constance—among others; and with these characters Dr. Somerville is concerned, while he studies also Othello, Goneril and Brutus. It may be of interest also for Dr. Somerville and Mr. Wyndham Lewis to know that a very valuable study of "Elizabethan Drama and its Mad Folk," by Mr. Edgar Allison Peers, was published in 1914. There are numerous references to Shakespeare therein.

Both Dr. Somerville and Mr. Wyndham Lewis are inclined to lay too much stress on the importance to be attached to insanity, or, as the lawyers would put it, the "alleged" insanity in Shakespearean tragedy. Indeed Mr. Lewis has given it as his opinion that "Shakespeare, like Cervantes, was occupied always with cases of insanity." Dr. Somerville quotes this apparently with approval, and adds "for in truth the principal characters in Shakespearean tragedy are all *more or less* mad." Coming on pronouncements such as these, a stranger to the plays might reasonably and shudderingly assume that their author was but an exploiter of the unreason of Bedlam. It is notoriously difficult to draw any line between sanity and insanity—though, in practice, it is not quite as difficult as might appear; but if we are to adopt the Somerville-Lewis criterion, which of us can escape unscathed! True it is that Shakespeare commented on this "mad world" and if he held "a mirror up to nature" he would certainly find reflected there a sort of mad folk. Yet the point is that Shakespeare —myriad-minded—was not obsessed with the idea of madness.



Lady Simon,
whose remarkable book, "Slavery," is published by Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton.

Again it is to be doubted if it is possible on all occasions to arrive at a satisfactory diagnosis of the particular forms of insanity from which the characters suffered. Though Dr. Somerville gives quite explicitly his reasons for the conclusions at which he has arrived, it does not follow that these can be accepted. It is but common fairness to emphasise the difficulties which he has had to face and to commend his courage in overcoming them as ably as he has done. Dramatic dialogue does not give as clear an indication of the "patient's" condition as it is possible to obtain from the description given by a novelist—provided always that the novelist knows what he is talking about! He has to observe his "case" correctly and in addition to describe the important and typical symptoms. As excellent examples of this verisimilitude there may be mentioned Mrs. Rochester in "Jane Eyre," Prince Muishkin in Dostoievsky's "The Idiot," and some of the characters depicted by Zola and by Dickens. Writing at a later date their descriptions tend to reflect the more advanced knowledge of mental disorders. Only too often writers are too prone to trust to "imagination for their facts"! But knowledge regarding insanity does not unfortunately come from inspiration—even to a Shakespeare. And in any case it would be the dramatic aspect of insanity that would appeal to him. It would not greatly matter to him if he mixed up the symptoms of different forms of insanity so long as he got his effect. This is not said to diminish in any way appreciation of that marvellous mind but merely to remind us that some sense of perspective is necessary when considering even Shakespeare.

This is not the place to consider the diagnoses at which Dr. Somerville has arrived; but a word may be said as to the "still-vexed" question of Hamlet's insanity. Dr. Somerville regards him as a case of manic-depressive insanity, a condition in which there are marked alternations of excitement and depression. Even from some of the symptoms which Dr. Somerville notes this seems unlikely; and it is to be remembered that in "The History of Hamlet" upon which, as pointed out by Payne Collier, Shakespeare is supposed to have founded his tragedy, Hamlet is stated to have feigned insanity. On the other hand, Shakespeare made the character one of his own: and we may agree with Dr. Connolly who, in his lengthy essay on "Hamlet," says: "There is assuredly sufficient foundation for believing that the mind of Shakespeare, exercised on the old story of simulated insanity, imagined the finer outlines of a mental condition in which there is a partial disturbance of reason."

It is a fascinating problem—or series of problems—and we are grateful to Dr. Somerville for recalling this aspect of Shakespearean lore to public attention in his able and penetrating study.

HUBERT J. NORMAN.

PHILIP SNOWDEN—AN INCOMPLETE PORTRAIT.*

Mr. Bechhofer Roberts's previous work gave us a right to expect something better from him than this "impartial portrait" of Philip Snowden. There are certain essential requirements for a good biographer. The first and chief is that he should understand the aims and the principles dominating the actions of his victim. It is not necessary that he should possess special knowledge about him—this "Ephesian" obviously lacks—but it is necessary that he should at least try to comprehend him.

Much of this book is extreme partisanship thinly disguised as impartial biography. Mr. Snowden was for many

* "Philip Snowden: An Impartial Portrait." By "Ephesian" (C. E. Bechhofer-Roberts). 7s. 6d. (Cassell.)

years a leading advocate and organiser of Socialism. "Ephesian" tells us that, "The history of Socialism in England . . . has been honeycombed with hysteria and folly, jealousy and self-seeking and every form of degeneracy and incompetence." A note of naïve and probably quite unintentional condescension towards working class politicians runs through the pages. But a still more serious fault is that "Ephesian" has not really mastered his brief.

The greatest event in Snowden's early life was the bicycle accident which left him maimed and a semi-cripple. It altered his whole future. For years he endured long spells of physical torment which would have warped a less fine character. "Ephesian" dismisses this accident in a couple of inadequate paragraphs.

The second pivotal point in Snowden's life was his marriage to the clever and beautiful young Yorkshire school teacher whose fame now rivals her husband's. There was real romance in their years of hard struggle in their little Midland home, but it has escaped "Ephesian." There is a real life of Philip Snowden to be written. It will show how this semi-invalid, without means, and with nerves rasped and frazzled by pain, yet forged his way to the foremost rank in British political life by his honesty, sincerity and Yorkshire "grit." It will show how he learned from experience, how he acquired his amazing powers of persuading and influencing others, and how he was able in the vital hour to rise above party and worthily and successfully uphold the cause of the nation against the furious attacks of the politicians of half Europe. But that biography is not here.

F. A. MACKENZIE.

AND AGAIN, THE CROOK STORY.*

Another batch of stories of fantastic crime prompts further reflection on the technique with which such tales are presented. I stress technique advisedly; the subject-matter of crookery (if I may hark back to a recent article) hovers pretty constantly along the border-line between the improbable and the impossible; the writer's prime task is to make such things plausible; and herein what matters is the degree of art (and also the varieties of the art) with which he sets about it.

One does not easily recede from one's contention that the highest rank of novel writing—the most intelligent and the most interesting, even in the commercial field—is the character story. And yet, so infinite is the variety of the novel to-day—here come for example Messrs. Rohmer and Radcliffe, with two tales of continuous and gripping interest; well written moreover, but with as little concern for the portrayal of character as they have for probability. Even the plausible with these two goes hang; their aim, first and last, is to maintain so rapid a fire of thrills that the reader's criticism is in abeyance. "The Emperor of America" is a nightmare of scientific organisation run mad; in "The Flower Gang" I cannot guess how many people are killed (I started without a score pad), but they must reach well into double figures. Yet both books succeed, within the limits of their kind; one would never reread them certainly; but at least while one is at them one cannot stop.

And indeed it may be that the whole-hogging thriller is a better proposition, commercially anyhow, than the sort of giddy-hermaphrodite which tries to combine the sensational with delineation of character; thus falling between two stools. A good thriller need be no more than plausible; but a good character story must be inevitable—a very different affair. The latter therefore is no medium for an illogical plot; in fact the more it stresses character the more dangerously are the improbabilities of its plot revealed. In "The Secret Hand" love-making clogs the progress of a tale whose love interest is not its chief concern. In "The Merrivale Mystery" there is a good character story latent in the group of eccentric degenerates, leading their communal existence in a grim atmosphere of hatred at the big country house; but since the author's main concern is with a murder mystery, he has too little scope to do his characters justice; they are not suffered to be interesting, save as potential victims of the next outrage. With these two must be included "The Yellow Rat"—a story of incident rather than of mystery, since its secrets are never long withheld; on the other hand, its character interest is too slight to dominate the reader's attention, and so serves rather to accentuate than to conceal a certain poverty of action.

Are we then driven to admit that character (the backbone of serious novel writing) is in the thriller more a handicap than a help? So far it seems like it. Either "The Emperor of America" or "The Flower Gang" is in its crude way better reading than these other three, despite their greater pretension to character. Each defies tedium better, each takes the attention more triumphantly by storm. Yet happily there remain two novels of this batch in which the character method is vindicated. One feels that both "The Box-Office Murders" and "The Crying Pig Murder" are on an altogether higher level of intelligence—a feeling mainly induced, I think, by the more logical and inevitable characterisation of their protagonists. They have other virtues too—since a shrewd eye for character must necessarily connote a more intelligent standard in other particulars. Mr. Crofts's plot-development is first-rate—the skill with which he reduplicates his threatened box-office girls, without either confusing his story or distracting attention from the one girl who matters; the skill with which he lets the coining clue seem to peter out, when the suspected coins are passed by the experts at the Mint. Mr. MacClure, working on somewhat different lines, is no less effective; he plays the most difficult of all mystery-gambits—giving his reader every clue as fast as his hero discovers them eliminating his suspects one by one in a logical sequence, and yet contriving to maintain his suspense to the end; and his handling of the successive scenes in court—coroner's, magistrate's and the Old Bailey—is exceptionally well done. In brief these two novels tower above the rest; "The Crying Pig" particularly is the best mystery tale that I have read for a long time.

One further point. Is it coincidence, I wonder, that these two finer tales are each presented subjectively—that is from the investigators' angle only? In "The Box-Office Murders" there is no narrative of the gang's secret movements till a short section near the end, when the heroine is in their power. In "The Crying Pig" the problem is viewed step by step through the young barrister's eyes, with a nine-page confession from the murderer by way of epilogue. It may be that this method, with its sharper limitations, demands from the novelist a finer and more intelligent attack, in the crime story or elsewhere. But my space runs out. I submit the technical point for consideration; perhaps in some future article the question of subjective or non-subjective story-telling can be more fully thrashed out.

GRAHAM SUTTON.

* "The Emperor of America." By Sax Rohmer. (Cassell.)—"The Flower Gang." By Garnett Radcliffe. (Thornton Butterworth.)—"The Merrivale Mystery." By James Corbett. (Herbert Jenkins.)—"The Yellow Rat." By Francis Grierson. (Collins.)—"The Box-Office Murders." By Freeman Wills Crofts. (Collins.)—"The Crying Pig Murder." By Victor MacClure. (Harrap.) 7s. 6d. each.—"The Secret Hand." By C. G. L. Du Cann. (Methuen.) 3s. 6d.

Novel Notes.

MARGARET DASHWOOD—OR INTERFERENCE. By Mrs. Francis Brown. 6s. (John Lane.)

This charming story, continuing the life-story of that Margaret of whom we are told in "Sense and Sensibility" that "she had reached an age . . . not very ineligible to be supposed to have a lover," is by Miss Austen's great-grand-niece. Mrs. Brown has borrowed, with a modest nicety, her manner and not a few of her characters from her illustrious relative's book; and no one who enjoys

1830 1930

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DEGENERATE OXFORD?
BY TERENCE GREENIDGE

Crown 8vo, 7s. 6d. net. There is a rumour abroad that since the War Oxford is not the place it was, that it has lost its traditions, missed its bearings, and is generally drifting into apathy and disaster. The author of the present book was scholar of his college, and the son of a distinguished Don. He has only recently come down from Oxford, and having been a success in the schools, on the running track and in the drama, has claims to speak for more sides of University life than most men. The theme of his book is a defence of Oxford against its critics, while he frankly faces up to some of its worst foibles. This is a book which should make a sensation, because it is both honest and fearless.

7s. 6d. NOVELS

VILE BODIES

By EVELYN WAUGH, author of "Decline and Fall." Probably no book published since the War caused more genuine delight among sophisticated readers than Mr. Evelyn Waugh's first novel "Decline and Fall," which is still enjoying a steady sale in Great Britain and abroad. In "Vile Bodies" Mr. Waugh has wisely avoided the pitfall of imitating his own success. Admirers of "Decline and Fall" will find the same sense of humour at play. For Captain Grimes and Dr. Fagan we can offer them Colonel Blount and Mrs. Crump, but Mr. Waugh's new book marks an important stage in his development as a serious artist. It may be described as a tragedy in which comic relief overwhelmingly predominates.

THE BRIDGE IS LOVE

By C. A. NICHOLSON, author of "Hell and the Duchess," etc. "Was her mother among the damned? . . . For all these terrible days and nights Claire had been waiting to ask, and now she had been rushed into marriage, had taken vows in a strange church. . . ." The young bride, daughter of Adrienne de Trigues, tragic duchess and courtesan, plunges through a network of intrigue, of forms and ceremonies, social and religious, in quest of a clue to her mother's death and future state. Clinging to the essence of a faith, unhampered by conventions of Church or creed, of atheism or spiritualism, Claire seeks, also, the ultimate purpose of existence: the reconcilement of love, human and divine.

DEAD MAN'S QUARRY

By IANTHE JERROLD, author of "The Studio Crime." Miss Jerrold's first mystery story, "The Studio Crime," was acclaimed as an unusually fine piece of work, and her publishers consider her new story to be even better. It deals with the amazing murder of a young man who is one of a bicycling party on a holiday in the West of England. His body is found in a quarry close to the tavern where the party had just been taking tea. The clues are so intertwined that almost every member of the party in turn appears likely to prove the murderer. The final solution is among the most surprising in fiction.

THE CROOKED EYE

By KATHERINE VIRDEN. Miss Katherine Virden is an American novelist who has had a vivid experience of life, and also unusual opportunities for knowing what the public wants, during her career in a publishing house. She ranks as one of the most remarkable of American writers of criminal fiction. It has been her object to fill her stories of crime with real characters and, in her own words, to depict an actual criminal or two, for whom even the softest hearted reader could not find an excuse. "The Crooked Eye" is a mystery which no reader will penetrate until he reaches the last chapter.

FROZEN SLIPPERS

By MRS. C. N. WILLIAMSON, author of "Children of the Zodiac," "Hollywood Love," etc. Mrs. Williamson's new novel takes her readers, once more, into the cinema world at Hollywood, and reveals her lively acquaintance with all the ins and outs of cinema life. Few writers keep a plot moving more quickly than she does, and her large public will not be disappointed with her latest offering.

PAGETT CALLING

By LIEUT.-COL. W. P. DRURY, C.B.E., author of "The Flag-Lieutenant in China," etc. Private Pagett is one of the most popular characters in fiction, and his capacity for self-exaggeration and self-glorification has made him a hero in many a ward-room. Colonel Drury's new volume of short stories contains several examples of Pagett's wit, and others of a sterner and more tragic element. There is plenty of variety between the two.

FANTOCINNI

By COUNTESS BARCYNSKA, author of "He Married his Parlourmaid," etc. Countess Barcynska is reckoned among the most popular short story writers of the day, and this new volume is full of variety, both of character and incident. The book contains such an infinity of different emotions that it can be recommended for reading under almost any conditions.

CHAPMAN & HALL, LTD., 11, HENRIETTA STREET, LONDON, W.C.2

Miss Austen's particular outlook on the world can fail to be entertained by this account of Margaret's adventures. There is a curate who might be Mr. Collins's cousin, and in her portrayal of Sir John and Mrs. Jennings the authoress is never at a loss to invent incident, behaviour and conversation in keeping with these figures of Miss Austen's creation. The final elopement is perhaps a little lacking in dash ; but Mrs. Brown is at her witty best in the battles between Marianne and the elder Mrs. Ferrars.

THIS POOR PLAYER. By Shirley Watkins. 10s. 6d. (Mathews & Marrot.)

Ambitious in scope and in style, this long novel is amateurish in its long, turgid sentences and laboured psychology. The theme is a fine one. This is the story of Alexander Birney who, endowed with the finest intellectual gifts and a high philosophy of life, was yet made of poor vain stuff. The slow tale of the warping of his brain and soul by praise too easily acquired and criticisms too bitterly resented, is an engrossing one to readers who are not checked by the book's heaviness. One is surprised at the almost divine patience of Birney's patron, Charles Sedley, who maintains him in comfort—and even luxury ; but one realises, at the same time, Birney's curious attraction for many people. When Charles's sister Eliza literally flings herself into Alexander's arms, he knows, and we know, that she is preluding intense misery for both of them. Birney's initial proud, even arrogant hopes, and his final utter failure to do anything fine with his life, are the beginning and end of a study, powerful if a little unwieldy. Miss Watkins must learn to simplify herself.

KEERBOSKLOOF. By Norman Giles. 7s. 6d. (Collins.)

The steady downpour of detective fiction is constantly refreshing virgin soil ; and although so far only this planet is involved with perennial storms, if Mr. H. G. Wells could be induced to join the ranks of those serious novelists who now relax into thrills and mysteries, no doubt astral murders and lunar robberies would enrich our lending libraries with depressions from the skies. " Keerboskloof," " the very title, sinister yet romantic," as the fly-leaf so aptly puts it, is a first-rate thriller in a novel background, even though the detective does win his case only through the voluntary confession of the criminal, and then proceeds to make everyone happy by " faking " this confession. However, the character studies are unusually well drawn for this type of writing, and the reactions of the Kafirs to the whites make interesting reading. Staged in Dutch-African soil, the novel is an arresting one, despite the introduction of native words and phrases, which fill one with doubt as to their meaning and pronunciation.

THE RAVELLED SLEEVE. By Betty Inskip. 7s. 6d. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

A book of youth, with youth's buoyancy and tragedy, is Miss Betty Inskip's first novel. It is usual to speak of the promise of a first book, but " The Ravelled Sleeve " is an actual achievement. The characters are handled with delicacy, understanding and not a little humour, and the dialogue is particularly good. In the beginning we meet Dinah on the verge of leaving school, half child, half woman, ready to fall in love with an unknown young man who speaks to her in the train, yet as ready to abandon that love when the young man eventually proposes to her elder sister. Love comes to her in due course, strangely interwoven with and interrupted by her friendship with Flavia, whose youth has been spoilt by the discreditable publicity attached to her mother's name. Flavia feels that she has inherited nothing but badness and is constantly fighting against it, till in the end the chance comes to her to make atonement. Miss Inskip has a sure touch when dealing with the younger generation ; she knows this generation and presents a true and arresting picture of the sunnier aspect of life—the aspect of a fresh, healthy girl who has just left school and is eager for romance and quickly responsive to beauty.

WHATEVER GODS MAY BE. By André Maurois. 7s. 6d. (Cassell.)

This ingenious and light novel is so well done that it is saved from being a flippant trifle, and almost turned into a significant picture of the sentimental male heart by the author's sensitive touch. We know that M. Maurois can say wise and semi-wise things gracefully, so that the neat aphorisms to be found in a rather complicated love story are not surprising as they would be in an English novel. Even if Dr. Joseph Collins had not done the translation into such clear and easy English, one would not think that " Whatever Gods May Be " was other than a novel by a Frenchman. From the self-revelations of the man who tells a woman he has fallen in love with (all the story is told in diaries and letters) of his sentimental debut as a fifteen-year-old schoolboy in love with a married woman, to the last phase, which is described by his wife (and second love), it is Gallic. The frail fabric of the story indeed could not have been sustained except by a manner. When the sentimental egoist dies, his loving wife writes : " It had been soon, Philippe, just as you had wished and it was a great pity, my dear love. Had I been able to keep you I believe I could have made you happy. But our destiny and our desires rarely play in unison." That is the last paragraph of the book. True love thwarted never becomes more than " a great pity."

The Bookman's Table.

ODDS AND ENDS OF MY LIFE. By Ann Estella, Countess Cave. With illustrations. 7s. 6d. (John Murray.)

This is a comfortable book, as personal as a letter to a friend, wise from experience, kindly from memories, shrewd from observation, and charming from an instinctive knowledge of salient details. The trials and joys of childhood are as vividly recounted as the larger doings of later life. Lady Cave declares that her ultimate destiny was settled by a remark made by her Aunt Elizabeth : " To think that after all these years in our service Emma should leave me to marry a barman, and be constantly demeaning herself by drawing beer for drunkards." This remark lived in the child's memory and was astonishingly quoted a year or so later when her father was regretting that he had not gone to the Bar. " To be constantly demeaning yourself by drawing beer for drunkards," she mused aloud. There followed an explanation, and the Bar career looked so rosy that the child determined to marry a barrister and aim at the Woolsack. The ambition was achieved in 1922. In twenty-two chapters Lady Cave writes about her young home life, her love of collecting, her relatives, servants, dogs, dreams, of dress and of gardens. Half a dozen illustrations add charm to a book which itself has all the interest of a vivacious conversation.



The Palace of Westminster.
From "Odds and Ends of My Life," by Countess Cave (John Murray).

AFGHANISTAN: FROM DARIUS TO AMANULLAH. By Lieut.-General Sir George MacMunn, K.C.B., K.C.S.I., D.S.O. 21s. (Bell.)

Popular ideas on the smaller countries of the East are so fallacious and reveal so complete an ignorance, that one welcomes the publication of any such book as this. Afghanistan indeed has been unusually lucky in its present historian, for Sir George Macmunn not only is thoroughly acquainted with his subject, but he possesses an unpretentious and exceedingly readable literary manner. The author gives us here a brief historical sketch of Afghanistan's troubled past and a detailed account of its more recent history, especially in reference to the reign of King Amanullah and the last revolution. The book is indeed quite astonishingly up to date. Sir George writes with an open mind and with an attractive frankness where his personal opinions are concerned. He is particularly enlightening on the subject of the religious and social reforms which King Amanullah tried to introduce, and he defends Anglo-Indian policy on the North-West Frontier in an acute and broad-minded statement. The book is one that should be read by all who are interested in Asiatic problems.

MISS BARRETT'S ELOPEMENT. By C. Lenanton. 7s. 6d. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

When this kind of book is well done, it holds in its pages far more than the interest of a novel. "Miss Barrett's Elopement" is the story of the early life of Elizabeth Barrett Browning, her family surroundings, her invalid years, her courtship and marriage; and to us in this later century it comes as a fascinating chronicle and a revelation. We knew Robert Browning's poems, we knew Mrs. Browning's poems. We vaguely knew that Elizabeth Barrett wore drooping curls, was a comparatively helpless invalid, and had a stern father. We had read that Robert Browning and she loved one another, and that she rose from her couch, eloped with him, lived afterwards in Italy, and was never forgiven by "Papa." But Mrs. Lenanton makes of the lay figures of brothers and sisters living beings with emotions, hopes, disappointments, pretty frocks, romances, friends, and the occupations and amusements enjoyed by young men and women when Queen Victoria was young. Such attractive glimpses she gives us too. We see Elizabeth (before her invalidism) attired in a white muslin gown sprayed with rosebuds, a pelerine of moss-green cashmere with *imbecille* sleeves, and a French cottage bonnet tied with pink ribbons, standing on the pavement, outside the Barrett home in Wimpole Street, with Miss Mitford and William Wordsworth, preparatory to stepping into the hired carriage to drive to see Hogarth's house in Chiswick. We see her, standing by the table in her room, in a white dress, arranging flowers, to surprise Robert Browning when he called. He had never before seen her stand, and did not know she could. We learn that she took drives and even little walks, to train herself as it were for her desperate elopement, revealing her secret to nobody but her faithful maid, Wilson. We leave her as she reaches the arms, at last, of the husband she had stolen out to marry a few days before. Mrs. Lenanton has handled a difficult piece of work with great success. She holds us intensely interested fro. the first page to the last, and sends us to the poems of these great lovers with renewed interest.

Books of the Month.

From November 15th to December 15th.

(*Books reviewed in this Number are not included in list.*)

ART

DENT.—Artwork. Edited by D. S. MacColl. 2s. 6d.

FABER & FABER.—The Book of Blokes. William Nicholson. 2s. 6d.

HUTCHINSON.—Art Treasures of the Nation. Sir Cecil Harcourt-Smith. 21s.

ILIFFE.—Photograms of the Year. Edited by F. J. Mortimer. 5s. and 7s. 6d.

SOPISTOCLES PRESS and WERNER LAURIE.—Baudelaire—Fleurs Du Mal. Beresford Egan and C. Bower Alcock. 42s.

WARNE.—Fra Angelico: His Life and Work. Paul Muratoff. 31s. 6d.

CRITICISM AND BELLES-LETTRES

ALLEN & UNWIN.—The Solitary Warrior: New Letters by Ruskin. Edited by J. Howard Whitehouse. 7s. 6d.

CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY PRESS.—Studies in Literature. Third Series. Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch. 10s. 6d.

CASSELL.—Art-Nonsense and Other Essays. Eric Gill. 21s.

HARVARD UNIVERSITY PRESS (Cambridge, Mass.).—The New Word. Charles Hall Grandgent 11s. 6d.

NEWNES.—Letters to John Doe. "Old Fag." 2s. 6d.—The "Ifs" of History. F. J. C. Hearnshaw, M.A., LL.D. 2s. 6d.

OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS.—Tradition and Experiment. By Various Authors. 7s. 6d.

PRIVATELY PRINTED.—A Sheaf of Essays by a Sheffield Antiquary. Charles Drury. 5s.

UNIVERSITY OF DAYTON, OHIO.—Reading. The Essence of Poetry.—Standards of Value in Fiction.

FICTION

(Price 7s. 6d. each, except where otherwise indicated.)

ARCHITECTURAL PRESS.—The Honeywood File. H. B. Creswell ("Karshish").

BRENTANOS.—The Virtue of This Jest. James S. Montgomery.

COLLINS.—Rainbows and Railings. L. B. Dufty. 3s. 6d.

PETER DAVIES.—Siberian Garrison. Rodion Markovits. 8s. 6d.

DENT.—Under Fire—Light. Henri Barbusse.

DRANE.—The Gift of a Son. Clarice Rowland Porter.

HAMILTON.—Was It Yesterday? A. M. Bown.

HODDER & STOUGHTON.—What Happened to Forester. E. Phillips Oppenheim. 3s. 6d.—Artificial Silk. Christine Orr.—To-Day's Daughter. Berta Ruck.

HUTCHINSON.—The Green Ribbon. Edgar Wallace.

JOHN LANE.—Margaret Dashwood, or Interference. Mrs. Francis Brown. 6s.—The Way of Ecben. James Branch Cabell.

LIPPINCOTT.—The Prodigal Girl. Grace Livingston Hill.—Triple Murder. Carolyn Wells.

MACMILLAN.—The Wasted Island. Eimar O'Duffy.—Messalina of The Suburbs. E. M. Delafield. 3s. 6d.

PICKERING & INGLIS.—Her Husband's Home. E. Everett Green. 2s. 6d.—Neta Lyall. Flora Berry. 2s.—For Coronet or Crown. Grace Pettman. 1s. 6d.

NASH & GRAYSON.—Pebbles. F. Fielding-Ould.

QUOTA PRESS.—Shifting Winds. Kay Saul. 5s.

RICHARDS & TOULMIN.—Tales of The Little Sisters of Saint Francis. Shaw Desmond.

ALSTON RIVERS.—Blackmail. Alexander Bennett.—If. George Tweed.—Magic Mating. G. de S. Wentworth James.

ROBERTS.—Noreen. Garrett O'Driscoll.—Through a Glass Darkly. Betty A. M. Byard.

STOCKWELL.—The Elvin Court Mystery. A. I. Etheridge. 6s.—Skim Milk. Maud J. Crew Gee.—The Hectic Age. J. W. Hunter. 6s.

TALBOT PRESS.—The Rocky Road. Bernard Duffy. 5s.

FOREIGN BOOKS AND TRANSLATIONS

LES EDITIONS RIEDER (Paris).—Turner. Marcel Brion.

UNIVERSITY OF LONDON PRESS.—Anonymous French Verse. N. Hardy Wallis, M. A. 12s. 6d.

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BRENTANOS.—Romantic Recollections. Lydia Kyasht. Edited by Erica Beale. 15s.

CONSTABLE.—The Stricken Deer, or the Life of Cowper. David Cecil. 15s.

DRANE.—Through the "Sheeres." Alfred Ernest Beckett. 7s. 6d.

HARLEIAN PRESS.—Ten Ladies of Joy. George Ryley Scott. 21s.

HEINEMANN.—Malta of the Knights. E. W. Schermerhorn. 25s.

HODDER & STOUGHTON.—In Quest of the Sun. Alain Gerbault. 20s.

JOHN LANE.—The Black Forest. Christopher Marlowe. 8s. 6d.—A Detective in Kent. Donald Maxwell. 6s.

MARSHALL.—Jane Austen. C. Linklater Thomson, F.R.Hist.S. 10s. 6d.

NASH & GRAYSON.—Leaves from the Greville Diary. With Preface by Philip Morrell. 21s.

PASMORE.—Successors of Alexander. C. A. Kincaid, C.V.O., I.C.S. (retired).

RICHARDS & TOULMIN.—Robert Edwin Peary. J. Gordon Hayes. 15s.—Calverley and Some Cambridge Wits of the Nineteenth Century. Richard B. Ince. 12s. 6d.—The Autobiography of a British Yarn Merchant. W. F. M. Weston-Webb. 10s. 6d.

ROBERTSON & MULLENS (Melbourne).—The History of the Fourteenth Battalion, A.I.F. Newton Wanliss.

SHERRATT & HUGHES.—Mrs. Gaskell. George A. Payne. 3s. 6d.

TALBOT PRESS.—George Moore. Susan L. Mitchell. 2s. 6d.

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BALE, SONS & DANIELSSON.—Mother England. Edited by Dr. Marie C. Stopes. 10s. 6d.

BRENTANOS.—The Mystery and Romance of Astrology. C. J. S. Thompson. 15s.

THORNTON BUTTERWORTH.—The New Nature Study. F. J. Wright. 5s.

CALDICOTT (Bath).—Values of Antiques. J. W. Caldicott.

CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY PRESS.—The Scottish Book of Common Prayer. 4s.

ESSON (Johannesburg) and SIMPKIN MARSHALL.—And the Laity Laughed. C. S. Stokes. 5s.

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HERBERT JENKINS.—The Print Collector. Muriel Clayton, M.A. 10s. 6d.

JOHN LANE.—A Vernon Lee Anthology. Irene Cooper Willis. 3s. 6d.

LONGMANS.—Makers of Scottish Education. Alexander Morgan. 5s.—Growth and Tropic Movements of Plants. Sir Jagadis Chunder Bose. 21s.

METHUEN.—More Gleanings From Nature's Fields. W. P. Pycraft. 7s. 6d.

MORING.—St. Joseph of Arimathea. W. E. C. Baynes. 2s. 6d.

MOWBRAY.—The Churchman's Year Book. 1930. 3s. 6d.

NEWNES.—1930 Tit-Bits Year Book. 1s.—Who Was ——? Gabrielle and Kenneth Chesterton. 2s.

CECIL PALMER.—The Irish Future. C. J. O'Donnell. 5s.

RICHARDS & TOULMIN.—The Young Person's Complete Guide To Crime. C. G. L. Du Cann. 3s. 6d.

RIDER.—Modern Psychic Mysteries. Gwendolyn Kelley Hack. 18s.—Atlantis in Andalucia. E. M. Whishaw. 15s.—Sound and Number. Mabel L. Ahmad. 7s. 6d.

ALSTON RIVERS.—Pantry Pages. A Parlourmaid's Diary. 2s. 6d.

ROBERTS.—How to Study for Profit. J. H. Burton. 2s. 6d.

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SKEFFINGTON.—Fame and Faith Rev. F. T. B. Westlake, D.D. 7s. 6d.—Ten Years In a London Slum. Rev. Desmond Morse-Boycott. 18s.

STOCKWELL.—Round the Vestry Fire. Rev. J. Sadler Reece. 3s. 6d.

TALBOT PRESS.—The Glamour of the South. D. L. Kelleher. 3s. 6d.
TARAPOREVALA (Bombay).—Women In Modern India. Edited by Evelyn C. Gedge and Mithan Choksi, M.A. Rs.4.
UNIVERSITY OF LONDON PRESS.—Youth. Olive A. Wheeler, D.Sc. 5s.
WATKINS.—Christos. William Kingsland. 2s. 6d.
WATTS.—Tommy Brown's Schooldays. W. Margrie. 6d.
WERNER LAURIE.—Word Games and Word Puzzles, with Their Answers. A. C. Stevenson Ashmore. 1s.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA

BESANT.—Excursions in Comedy. Harold Simpson. 3s. 6d.
RYERSON PRESS (Toronto).—Judas Iscariot. J. Lewis Milligan. 50 cents.
SECKER.—Art and Mrs. Bottle. Benn W. Levy. 5s.

POETRY

CENTURY CO. (New York City).—Seed of the Moon. Cale Young Rice.
DENT.—Beyond the Road's End.—Warwick Chipman. 3s. 6d.
HEFFER.—Songs For Sixpence. By William Empson, Julian Bell, T. H. White, John Davenport, Michael Redgrave, J. Bronowski. 6d. each.—Prayers for a Two-Year-Old. J. S. Hoyland. 2s. 6d.
JUTA (South Africa) AND WALKER (London).—A Sunset Sanctuary. Herbert Tucker. 2s. 6d.
MATHEWS & MARROT.—Selected Poems. John Todhunter. 6s.—Sprigs of Lavender From Algiers. Mary M. Curchod. 3s. 6d.
MITRE PRESS. Tam O'Shanter Poems. Beryl M. Jones. 2s. 6d.
CHARLES MURRAY. Sonnets of the Christian Year. Arthur Cleveland Downer. 2s. 6d.
PALATINE BOOKS CO. (Blackpool). Rhymes of Times and Climes. E. G. Clerk. 2s. 6d.
OLOIA PRESS. A Leaf in the Wind. Patrick MacDonogh.
ROBERTS.—Louis d'Or. T. H. R. Orde. 5s.
RYERSON PRESS. The Celtic Heart. Constance Davies Woodrow.
SHERRATT & HUGHES. The New Lyric Book: The Handbook of the Manchester Lyric Club. Edited by Francis T. Houghton Turner.
STOCKWELL.—A Reed in the River. John Jefferies. 1s. —Dartmoor Lyrics. John Aston. 3s. 6d.
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SOME NEW YEAR GIFT-BOOKS.

ARTHUR MEE'S JOHN BUNYAN.

7s. 6d. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

With this third book—the story of the "Wonderful Tinker and His Three Great Books, in His Own Words," Mr. Arthur Mee completes his Children's Library, in which we have already his "Children's Bible" and "Children's Shakespeare." The Bible, Shakespeare and Bunyan he groups together as "a trinity of books unmatched in all the world, a shining and immortal possession." He says, "There has been no other literature so rich as ours, so universal, so unfailing, and there are no three books in all the literatures of three thousand years to stand by these." After giving briefly the story of John Bunyan and his world, he goes on, using Bunyan's own words, to present to children "The Pilgrim's Progress," "The Holy War," "The Story of His Own Life," "Grace Abounding," and finally rhymes, sayings and stories from Bunyan's half forgotten books. There is a coloured frontispiece and seventy illustrations in gravure—the whole making a beautiful and intensely interesting volume that is certain to be one of the most popular of this season's gift-books.



Mr. Arthur Mee.

WILLY POGANY'S MOTHER GOOSE.

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All the favourite nursery rhymes are here, with numerous additions and adaptations, also a rhymed and illustrated alphabet. But the chief glory of the book is the large number of delightful coloured illustrations, large and small, as well as many black-and-white by Willy Pogany. That such a distinguished artist should devote so much time to the youngsters' entertainment is evidence of the importance they have achieved in the great festival of Christmas. The quaint characters, fantastic houses and intriguing animals are joyously depicted, and many of the pictures are a sheer delight in their excellent finish and delicate colouring.

TOO BIG FOR THE FIFTH.

By R. A. H. GOODYEAR. Illustrated by FRANCIS C. HILEY 5s. (Ward, Lock.)

Sidney Frond has the originality to argue that games at public schools should not be compulsory. He often shirks them, and this habit involves him in a good deal of unpopularity. However he has an excellent reason for his frequent disappearances from the playing field—a reason which we shall certainly not give away—and he is reinstated in the good graces of his fellows when it is discovered. Mr. Goodyear is always well worth reading and his somewhat unlikely story is told with so much spirit that it is not until one has come to the end that one begins to feel some doubts as to its probability.

CAPTAIN ALLEN GARDINER, OF PATAGONIA

By JESSE PAGE. 2s. Illustrated. (Pickering & Inglis).

This new addition to Messrs. Pickering & Inglis's Bright Biography series tells the inspiring story of Captain Gardiner's missionary services and his heroic death "on bleak Fuégia's strand." Gardiner had many affinities in character with General Gordon and, as Mr. Page says, "it was his destiny, as it was Gordon's, to deal single-handed with the wild children of barbarism," and to perish at his post waiting for the rescue which came too late. A Life worth writing and worth reading.

MORE HEROES OF MODERN ADVENTURE.

By T. C. BRIDGES and H. HESSELL TILTMAN. With 32 illustrations. 7s. 6d. (Harrap.)

The success of Messrs. Bridges and Tiltman's earlier "Heroes of Modern Adventure" has, one is glad to note, encouraged them to produce a companion volume. These extraordinary records of human bravery and endurance are in the highest degree inspiring and the new book is at least on a level with its predecessor in the quality of the adventures dealt with. Here are the tales of the attempt to climb Mount Everest, of Sir William Seagrave's motoring "record," of Bert Hinkler's lonely flight to Australia, of Frank Sutton's exploits as a Chinese general, of the crossing of the Kalahari Desert, and a dozen more. Among the lesser known exploits one of the most striking is the story of "Dad" Fairbanks, known as the "Saviour of Death Valley" in California, a dreadful waste for which the authors make the claim that it is the hottest spot on earth. These true stories are all excellently well told.

THE RIVALS OF THE CHALET SCHOOL.

By ELINOR M. BRENT-DYER. With 4 illustrations by NINA K. BRISLEY. 3s. 6d. (Chambers.)

Miss Brent-Dyer has had no little success with her stories of a school in Switzerland, and it is not surprising that her book this Christmas is in the same vein. Her present tale describes how the Chalet School found a rival in a new establishment purely for English girls in the same place and how the Chaletians managed to expose the plot of St. Scholastika's to ruin them. It is written with much brightness and with complete knowledge of local colour. Here is a girls' school story with a difference.

JOHN TRUSTY.

By S. G. HULME BEAMAN. With 12 illustrations in colour and many in line by the Author. 7s. 6d. (Collins.)

In "John Trusty" Mr. Hulme Beaman introduces a book of a new and original kind that will surely delight all its child readers—and, besides, every sensible adult who comes across it. The story, which describes the farcically improbable adventures of a boy in Elizabethan times, is good and one that keeps you entertained from start to finish. The illustrations, drawn to a strange but extraordinarily effective convention of woodenness in the characters, are even better. They are not only delightfully funny but sometimes really beautiful. In every way "John Trusty" is a satisfying and satisfactory book—one of the jolliest creations of which it is possible to conceive.

THE THIRD ROBIN FEATHERSTONE.

By L. C. DOUTHWAITE. With 4 illustrations by PERCY TARRANT. 3s. 6d. (Chambers.)

Mr. Douthwaite's new public school story possesses an originality of a somewhat uncommon kind. His hero is a Canadian, and the author describes the humiliations into which his ignorance of English customs involves him with sympathy and insight. Young Robin Featherstone's school life was not made any easier by the additional fact that he appeared to be involved in the misdemeanours of a senior member of his family. The ensuing mystery and the way in which it is cleared up show the author's resource and ingenuity. "The Third Robin Featherstone" is an effective and readable school story with greater literary pretensions than most of its kind.



"Elizabeth and Me."
From "The Sweep and the Daffodil. By Mabel Constanduros (Alston Rivers).

DUDLEY AND GILDEROY.

By ALGERNON BLACKWOOD. 8s. 6d. net. (Ernest Benn.)

One thing is certain—you can never have read a book anything like this before. To say that it is the entertaining adventures of a parrot and a cat who run away from their home in a manor house to London conveys no idea of the freshness and charm of "Dudley and Gilderoy." The story is written with great distinction and skill, and wit and humour, and Mr. Algernon Blackwood shows a rare understanding and sympathy with the two whose biographies he has chosen to write. "Dudley and Gilderoy" is a remarkably fine piece of work.

THE LAND OF LET'S PRETEND.

By CLIFFORD CARTER. 2s. 6d. (Quota Press.)

Devoted little listeners to the Children's Hour on the B.B.C. will be glad to possess some of the stories about the Mabel they know so well on the wireless—Mabel "of the little snub nose which gets ink at the end in cold weather just like yours or mine, not very tall, not very short, in fact just like most other little girls of eight." These are fairy stories; bright and simple. We like the description of the basket full of things that Red Riding Hood brought from the Fair. "There's an alarm clock for the Sleeping Beauty, some arrows for Robin Hood, some oil for Aladdin's Lamp, and some magic for the Fairy Queen."



The Messenger of the Moon.
From "The Meeting Pool." By Mervyn Skipper and R. W. Coulte (Mathews & Marrot). Reviewed in the October BOOKMAN.

BOYS AND GIRLS WHO BECAME FAMOUS.

By AMY CRUSE. 7s. 6d. (Harrap.)

What an excellent foundation is laid by gaining the children's attention in the attractive way Miss Cruse has adopted. No child could fail to be fascinated by these stories of the early days of twenty-seven famous men and women. The interest so caught is not likely to be easily lost, but rather to remain, and prove a real source of inspiration to them as they grow older. We would like to have mentioned all twenty-seven, but can only name a few in order to give some idea of the diversity of interests represented: Thomas Edison, Madame Curie, J. M. Barrie, Booker Washington, Charlotte Brontë, Bertrand du Guesclin, Helen Keller, Dickens, Sybil Thorndike. With each in turn the reader enters the magic circle and shares their difficulties, joys and problems in the most intimate way.

THE WRENFORD TRADITION.

By DOROTHEA MOORE. Illustrated. 3s. 6d. (Nisbet.)

It has been said that while writers for boys can be easily found, the writers of stories for girls are difficult to

discover. It is obviously a problem to fit the modern schoolgirl into any of those well worn romances which did good service in the days before the War, but Miss Dorothea Moore succeeds in painting the girl of to-day and making her adventures emotionally interesting. "The Wrenford Tradition" is the last of a long series of girls' books, which now runs to nineteen volumes, from her pen. Miss Moore's values are the right values, and this story is free from any mawkish sentiment and entirely devoid of snobbery. A delightful tale and Chrys Stannard a most lovable heroine.

SILVER MAGIC.

Edited by ROMER WILSON. Illustrated in colour and line by VIOLET BRUNTON. 7s. 6d. (Jonathan Cape.)

There used to be a comic song in the nineties, when songs, at least seen in retrospect, were comic, the burden of which declared that "you shouldn't judge cigars by the picture on the box." How often has the publishers' description of a book on the dust-cover misled the hungry reader! Mr. Jonathan Cape however, in his description of "Silver Magic," has not said a word too laudatory. Last year Miss Romer Wilson produced a collection of fairy stories, taken from all countries, under the title of "Green Magic." "Silver Magic" is the second volume of the series. It is "a collection of the world's best fairy tales from all countries," and though this may sound almost blasphemous, we think it is even better than the similar volumes Andrew Lang used to issue. There are twenty-two stories in all, with a very charming introduction on giants and dwarfs. It would be difficult to speak too highly of Miss Brunton's illustrations.



The Sheltering Hills.
From "When He was Just a Little Child." By Lucy Diamond (Oxford Press).

CAPTAIN COPPERNOB.

By LAWRENCE R. BOURNE. With frontispiece in colour and many line drawings. 2s. 6d. (Oxford Press.)

Mr. Bourne has a real gift for the story of full-blooded adventure and in his third volume recounting the adventures of his hero, Walter Buckland, he is in admirable form. "Coppernob" is now master of a sailing-ship bound for Australia via Panama. Japanese and Russian villains have invented a directional ray which they intend to use in a private war of their own against British power in the Pacific—and have taken passage on the ship. How they are outwitted by that lusty fighter Coppernob makes an engrossing melodramatic tale which many fathers will not be content to allow only their sons to read.

RIVALS OF THE REEF.

By PERCY F. WESTERMAN. 6s. net. (Blackie.)

Shortly after Colonel Bambrough became the tenant of Trewarro House, an ancient mansion on the Cornish coast, he discovers an old chart made by Amon Dry, the buccaneer who built Trewarro, showing the island where he had concealed his treasure. The colonel is severely injured in a motor accident, but he sends out an expedition under Joshua Dry, a descendant of the buccaneer, including his son Nigel, his chum, Dick Lavington, and their tutor. The treasure is brought home after many adventures with sharks, giant apes and storms, and after the many plots of clever rivals have been circumvented. Mr. Westerman tells his story in admirable fashion, the characters being pleasantly natural, and an underlying vein of humour serves to relieve the tension of the more desperate moments. Altogether a rousing yarn.

THE BOOK OF THE CAT JEREMIAH.

(Animal Folk-Tales)

Edited by FRANCESCA CLAREMONT. Illustrated by GLADYS M. REES. 3s. 6d. net. (University of London Press.)

A book of short folk-tales about animals that teachers will find useful is "The Book of the Cat Jeremiah." Besides a number of folk-tales including "Why the Owl does not come out in the daytime," "Why the Sole has its Mouth on one side" and "How the Robin got his Red Breast," there are descriptions of games like "Fox and Goose" and "Tiggy, Tiggy Touchwood," and a number of rhymes about animals. Gladys M. Rees's illustrations are charming.

THE SCOUT'S LIFE OF BADEN-POWELL.

By W. J. BATCHELDER and DAVID BALFOUR. With an introduction by LORD HAMPTON, D.S.O., and 12 illustrations from photographs. 5s. (Collins.)

However great may be his shrinking from personal "advertisement" and his ability to put his wishes in this direction into effect, it is nevertheless an extraordinary thing that so little has been written about the life of one of the most remarkable living Englishmen, the author of a movement which even before the War was world-wide and which now possesses flourishing organisations in every civilised country and in many that are still considered savage. If "B. P." had been any other than what he is, one can imagine how the market would have been flooded with "lives" and character sketches and general laudations. While one admires the mental attitude which has produced this restraint, it is good that the silence should have been broken. Messrs. Batchelder and Balfour have tackled their subject most tactfully and have produced an excellent and very readable book. We can heartily recommend their "life." It is altogether an inspiring story.

DUSTY: The Story of a Dog and his Adopted Boy.

5s. (Nash & Grayson.)

Dedicated "to all dog lovers, especially those boys who have been adopted by dogs," this story of Dusty, told in pictures by Carl Anderson, with a few comments by Isaac Anderson, shows that he took his responsibilities seriously, and provides the merriest entertainment for young and old, whether dog-lovers or not.

The Bookman

"I am a Bookman."—*James Russell Lowell.*

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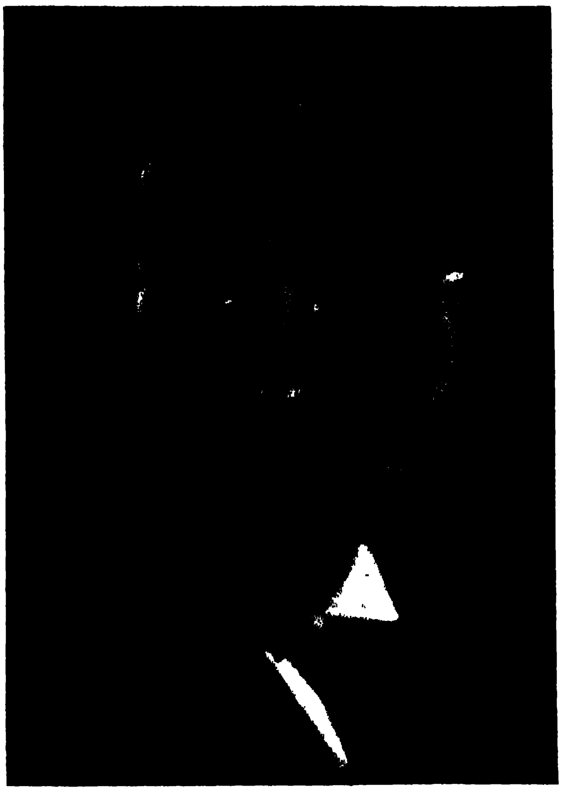
LITERATURE IN NEW ZEALAND.

By W. S. Dale, M.A.

It is but some seventy years since the first verse of any real merit was published in New Zealand, and a very much shorter space marks the publication here of the earliest novel. There are moreover several other unique phases of our literary life which must be considered. To-day most of our authors of any worth are women—a striking contrast with the middle nineteenth century when, despite the necessity for pioneering effort, the laurels rested with the men. As sociologically New Zealand attempts many experiments, it may be that in the field of authorship we are following precedent, but of this the future must judge.

In making a brief survey of the verse of this little land, an indication of the attitude and outlook in the sixties may be obtained by realising that some of the settlements in the South Island were simply a section of the strata of English society transported hither. It is because of this that Alexander and Currie, in their little volume, "New Zealand Verse" (1906), say: "There existed a tradition that it was a good thing to write poetry." To-day it is safe to say the tradition persists even more strongly than in those pioneering days. The adherence to this axiom however has not produced a consciously united effort to develop a school of style such as is so noticeable in Australia. The whole corpus of English literature, with its myriad influences, has directed the genius of our writers who have given response as best suited their character. Finally it must be realised that while the North Island was embroiled in conflict with the Maori, the settlement of Canterbury was free to indulge in literary work unfettered or uninfluenced by the new movements of the later fifties.

Of these early Christchurch writers Bowen is probably the best. His verses are not free of a tinge of homesickness noticeable in "The Old Year and the New," while in "Battle of the Free" there is a marked patriotism finding tongue in the final stanza. Following hot upon this came the work of the squatter-governor Broome, who of all our poets captured the Pre-Raphaelite sentiments of the sixties. In "A Temple Service" his style is well sustained, but the modern palate does not appreciate the cloying voluptuousness of "women large-lipped and long-eyed; their damsels dear with loves beyond our own," hence he has been relegated to a minor place in our poetry.



Portrait by Howard S. M. Coster **The Hon. W. Pember Reeves,** author of "The Long White Cloud; A History of New Zealand," etc.

Towering above these like a mighty Colossus is Domett, politician, poet and friend of Browning. Because of "Ranolf and Amohia" he must always be reckoned a New Zealander, though he had written three books of verse before coming here. The idyll is unfolded in some five hundred pages, but alas! the reading is not easy, for the machinery clanks too loudly through long metaphysical musings; Homeric conflicts are spoilt by useless philosophical digressions, but ever and anon shine out gems descriptive of that wildly impressive scene round Rotorua. With strong, deft strokes he paints the everlasting beauty of the bush; he catches the cadences of waterfall and the sweet lilt of the forest birds only to weave them into a warm, rich thing of beauty. His idyll won instant recognition at the hands of both Browning and Longfellow.

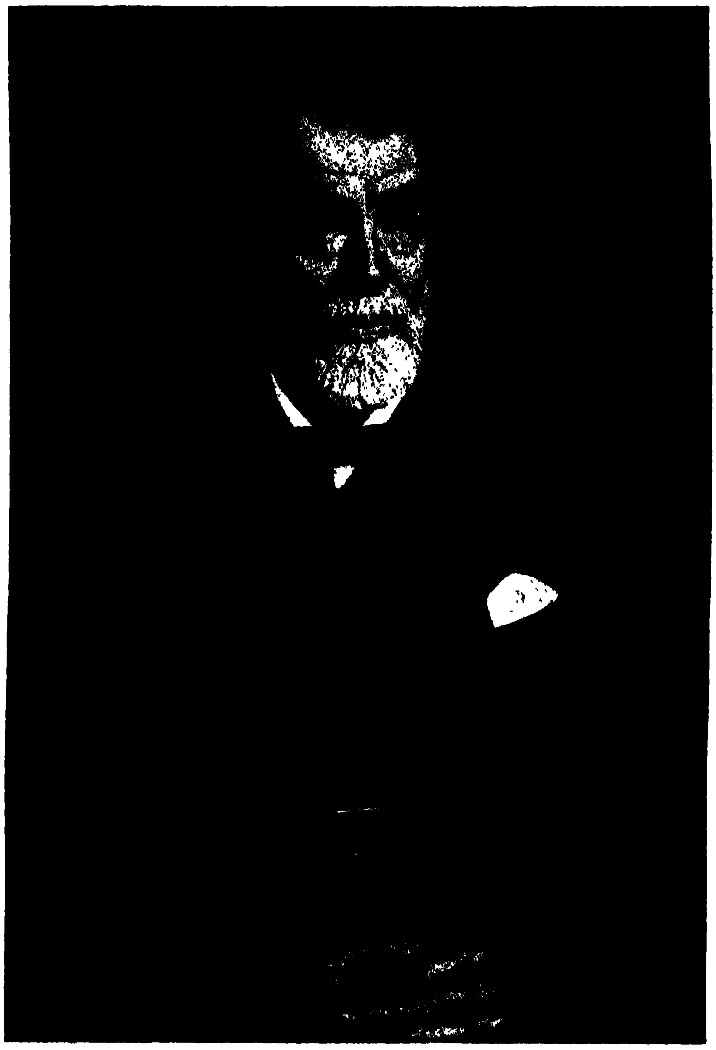
The last of the poets of our nonage is Bracken. He made use of a variety of style and of subject. Unfortunately, like many more of our minor poets, he does not manifest any ability to maintain true style throughout, often descending to mere verbiage in the latter phases of his poems. "Not Understood," which has a certain popularity even to-day, is of all his works the only poem which is readily linked with his name.

For a period there appears to have been a lull in

our literary world. Effective settlement in the North was being accomplished. Nature thus assumed, for the time being at least, a kindlier aspect. No longer a covering for the marauding Maori, it whispered to the native-born of strength and beauty. Responsive to these influences, the reaction is recorded by Anne Glenny Wilson, McKee Wright, Mary Colborne-Veel, O'Regan, Adams and Reeves; and in this transition period women's names appear for the first time. Anne Glenny Wilson is reminiscent of Thomson, especially in "A Winter Daybreak":

> "Now from the shuttered East a silvery bar
> Shines through the mist, and shows the mild day-star.
> The Storm-wrapped peaks start out and fade again,
> And rosy vapours skirt the pastoral plain."

Pember Reeves gave us that intensely patriotic song, "New Zealand," but he too felt the call of the bushland. "The Passing of the Forest" and "The White Convolvulus" breathe that abiding love of Nature that time and space cannot efface. The delicacy of treatment suits the theme most admirably; moreover the personal note indicates the close kinship with his native soil which earlier writers did not so clearly show.



Portrait by Alfred Emery Cal..e. **Samuel Butler.**

Arthur H. Adams (gone to Australia and unfortunately now lost to us), inspired by filial affection, does battle royal in defence of our changeless bush. Our seasonal passings a e marked by no falling leaf or vivid green bud. This very fact did not ease the heart weariness of the earliest settler, but with youthful arrogance "The Dwellings of Our Dead" rings out on a triumphant note:

> "Our brooding bush shall fold them
> In her broad bosomed peace."

Differing completely in style and treatment is Adams's prelude to "The Nazarene." Almost an ode, the nobility of theme demonstrates that here is a poet of no mean order. As Bracken and Domett had used native historical material, so did Adams and, like Bracken, his efforts were not quite successful. For some strange reason Maori lore loses much of its beauty as soon as the natural poetry of the language is broken up. If therefore we are disappointed in "The Coming of Te Rauparaha," we must blame philology rather than the poet. O'Regan, whose best verse is found in his sonnet, "Life's Vigil," reveals a delicacy of conception and a trace of mysticism which maturity might have strengthened. Potentially a genius (his work was unusually promising for the work of a boy), he died at the early age of twenty-one.

David McKee Wright, poet and parson, was the precursor of the "up-country" school of which B. E. Baughan was a most able exponent. His work is shot through with that genial camaraderie so typical of station life. "In Town" serves as a mask to recall those happy days of rabbiters in Otago; wistful regrets, as the old runs are broken up into smaller farms, find voice in "Arlington." There can be no doubt that his influence on his contemporaries was not inconsiderable, for his style was simple and direct; he wrote of the things he knew and so glorified them.

Mary Colborne-Veel's work is marked by a personal tone "A Song of the Sandhills" is probably one of the best things she has written; it is a direct contrast to "Her Secret," in which the theme is similar to Drinkwater's "Mrs. Willow" but not so well done. Tuneful on a melancholy note is "Saturday Night," when,

> "Far from the haunting shadow of pain,
> Two by two, again and again,
> Strephon and Chloe together move,
> Walking in Arcady, land of love."

These writers of the second phase of our literary life show distinct promise; it is true that some scarcely rise above "minor" place, but they serve to show the changing attitude in relation to subject matter. At the time the colony was gravely vexed with the activities inseparably connected with pioneering work; our literary life was in a backwater; the eddies which were then apparent have now grown bigger, bearing seaward those who to-day are establishing firmly both poetry and prose upon these early beginnings.

Blanche E. Baughan developed the earlier work of Wright, seeking inspiration in the struggles of the early settler. Thus "The Old Place" is the reflection of the titanic efforts of fifteen years brought to naught, and is typical of pioneering life. There is not visible however any concerted or spontaneous effort to carry this



Portrait by Buckner, Sydney. **Mr. Arthur H. Adams.**

phase forward. The charming little lyric, "The Greatest Gift," is worthy of mention if only for its beauty of conception. Like most writers, she felt the call of the sea, but no one, strangely enough, has felt the inspiration so entirely as Will Lawson, whose "Red West Road" should live long in anthologies; "Greasin'" shows the influence of Kipling and should not escape notice. But while we read his lines we feel that the scene and the subject are not applicable alone to New Zealand—the new note is perceived—that of a universality. As this grows, we find within the last two decades a lack of national stamp upon our poets which has been transferred in part to the novelists. But it is safe to say that there has been an equivalent gain because of this essentially British influence. Eileen Duggan who, like all true poets, writes but seldom, has given us in "Sea Prayers" a very gem in conception; it comes to one like a whispered orison, stealing down the aisle of some old-world village church. Both Dora Wilcox and Isabel Maud Peacocke exhibit a predilection for this cosmopolitanism. The former's "The Last of the Forest" bears no inherent stamp of New Zealand; it could conceivably have been written of Canada or of America. Bearing company with these two is another woman, Jessie Mackay, whose "For Love of Appin" is one of the finest pieces in Scottish dialect published in this country. "A Folk Song" is well done, the spirit has been caught in a charming manner, while "Slumber Song," a lullaby, shows that the Gaelic spirit is still blazing within.

Arnold Wall, in a volume, "London Lost and Other Poems," makes his verse appeal equally to the Old World as to the New. "Reform" and "Under Which King" were in fact first published outside New Zealand—the former in Sydney, the latter in London.

To Anderson there must be paid a tribute for his exquisite vignettes of bird and bush; they are delicate things meriting wider reading. Alice Kenny, whose work has attracted attention for its style and treatment, shows in a clear-cut manner the desire to write for people rather than for a country. This sentiment is made explicit in the preface to Alan Mulgan's "The English of the Line." The author "has never seen England," he says, and notes that too seldom have we appreciated the men of the Old Land in attempting to write of the new. He typifies the trend of to-day when communication is quick and our population has become "a-travelled." Poetry must appeal to the whole of the English-speaking world; there cannot be built upon the columns of the last century an entablature to suit our Anglomania. "To L. H. B.," by Katherine Mansfield, is symbolic of this wider outlook, this firmer touch, this great awakening to the world claim of genius wheresoever it may be found.



Mr. David McKee Wright.
By courtesy of the Mitchell Library, Sydney.

There is no wealth of material in the dramatic world as in that of poetry. Four dramatists claim New Zealand origin, but of these, two—namely Rex. Hunter and Arthur H. Adams—are no longer living in New Zealand, so that they do not really represent our playwrights. Mona Gordon, an Auckland writer, sought inspiration in the Punic Wars, publishing as a result "Sophonisba." Mulgan, whose verse has been noted for its virility, has written and published "Three Plays of New Zealand." These are distinctive because they deal with the social problems of this country. It is indicative of the power



Portrait by G. P. Andrew, Wellington. **Miss Jean Devanny.**

of this writer that he successfully wrote round the social values in their transition as represented by colonisation. The possibilities of the future cannot be gauged; much manuscript exists but, as in our early poetry, the material used is essentially local. Whether there is sufficient genius in this to warrant world-wide recognition must remain, for the time being at least, a moot point.

If our poets trick out in a new dress the sentiments of the Old World, if there be but few playwriters in New Zealand, our novelists, at least in their first works, manage to give a new turn to the story. They have no tradition to follow; they identify themselves with the land; the necessities of the environment are



Portrait by Hay Wrightson. **Miss Jane Mander.**

adapted to meet the demand of the plot. Some will continue to be read; other novels will suffer the fate of countless thousands and perish within a short space. In prose as in poetry the tide flowed from the South Island northward. So slowly indeed has the tide flowed that only in comparatively recent years have the writers of Auckland become known.

The first contribution New Zealand made to literature was indirect and traceable to Dumas, who obtained from a Doctor Maynard his diary after a voyage to these waters in a whaling vessel. The material so obtained was utilised in "Les Baleini." Samuel Butler, in "Erewhon" (1867), idealised the new country. "Beyond the Ranges" was a dream, Utopian perhaps, but nevertheless a dream holding possibilities which yet may be fulfilled. Wellington was associated, as early as 1845, with Charlotte Brontë through Mary Taylor, the "M. T." of "Mrs. Gaskell's Life" and Rose York of "Shirley." She was probably the first to enter the field of Letters, for from her little shop she wrote interesting and amusing letters to Haworth Parsonage, telling stories of the little struggling colony, receiving replies by the infrequent and unreliable sailing ship.

The first novel of any real merit dealing with the "earlies" is "The Greenstone Door." It is semi-historical in its setting, and is of not inconsiderable merit. The tale of the pioneers has been taken up by Jane Mander, who wrote "The Story of a New Zealand River," as well as two other volumes. Her style is virile as befits her subject, and while the plot is not complex there is sufficient to maintain the interest throughout.



Elizabeth Milton (Mrs. Lusk),

whose new novel, "Wand'ring Wood," has just been published by Messrs. Mills & Boon.

"A prophet is without honour in his own country" is demonstrated by the fact that, receiving scant support from her own people, she left for America with the avowed intention of writing no more of New Zealand. With her departure it may be said that there are none now writing novels of New Zealand life.

Rosemary Rees, who has some four or five novels to her credit, is a writer of a different calibre. She has not the virility of Jane Mander or the scintillation of Katherine Mansfield. Her fiction is really the conventional story in a setting suitable to our conditions. She desires neither to propound a theory nor to depict pioneering life, and because of her ability to avoid preciosity she has been well received. Jean Devanny, who sprang into prominence overnight, saw her first novel, "The Butcher's Shop," banned in her native land. She has the cosmopolitan touch which is so necessary if social problems are to be discussed. There can be little doubt of her claims to celebrity. Incidentally, she was included in the "best" short stories of 1927. A lack of polish in her style has provoked our critics, hence the assertion of grossness and realism, but social topics are not as a rule discussed by enthusiasts in "drawing-room" style. She too is leaving for England shortly, and so another gem is lost from our literary diadem. Bolitho, whose first novel, "Solemn Boy," also failed to please the critics here, has shown that England offers what these islands grudge. It must be admitted that he is at times provocative, even arrogant, both in his style and in his assertions, but there is a freshness and vigour which cannot be ignored. The trend his work is taking will, however, prove of inestimable value in bringing the literature of the colonies



Dr. A. J. Harrop,

whose "England and New Zealand," was published here by Messrs. Methuen.

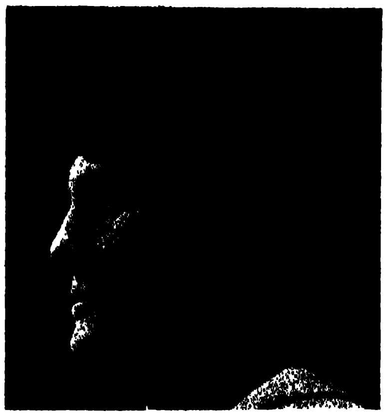


Portrait by Reprograph Studio. **Miss Rosemary Rees.**

before England, and for that service alone he deserves thanks.

Indication of the power to assimilate local colour is amply shown in "Waif's Progress," the first novel of Isabel Maud Peacocke, known hitherto as the author of most delightful kiddies' books. She has absorbed the "spirit of the place," and her book contains some excellent vignettes of people and character. She is thus typical of our present writers who aim at giving a series of clear-cut, well drawn impressions rather than to write with a certain impersonality and with rushing action—they are writers of the mind rather than of the body.

The fixed star in the literary firmament is Katherine Mansfield, the able exponent of the short sto:y. Fame came to her too overseas. But there is yet left a large number of writers who will demand attention. Our progress in this form of fiction is actually sounder and more solid than that across the Tasman Sea, where the trend is to polish less and give fuller, more obvious action. From the point of view of subject matter our short story might have been written within the purlieus of London or New York. It is an error to assume that we are bounded mentally by the broad belt of sea which washes our shores. In variety it is safe to say that our writers have explored all fields with a goodly measure of success. The style is brilliant with polish ; there is a more subtle appeal because of a certain keen psychology behind the work. It is modesty alone that does not display 'o a larger reading public the easy, skilful style where the mechanism and technique are more often of greater worth than the content. Strange though it may seem, the writers of this school display far less action than their confrères elsewhere ; they are content to study the emotions and their reactions rather than to give vivid, swiftly moving scenes so loved by certain writers. The truth of these opinions will be tested shortly when an "Anthology of New Zealand Short Stories" is published by Messrs. Dent. Our essayists are few. The press represents to a considerable extent the scope for such writers, and as a direct result the newspaper columns are of true literary merit. Dr. Rutherford Waddell has given us from these sources some ten booklets, lofty in style and established in popularity. Outstanding as an essayist is Charles Wilson, whose "Rambles in Bookland" and "New Rambles in Bookland" won instant recognition and appreciation. They represent the high-water mark in their kind, for he has the mature mind, able to criticise, withal to temper his criticism with considered praise. He writes of "Master Novelists" with the same facility as he discourses on types of books.



Portrait by Nellie F. Ferner, Auckland. **Miss Isabel Maud Peacocke,** whose "Tatters" and other books for young readers are published by Messrs. Ward, Lock.

"Home," by Alan Mulgan, the playwright and poet, is destined to live beyond our time. These impressions of England, as a colonial sees it, rank him as an essayist worthy to keep company with Guedalla and G. K. C. Containing more than mere sentiment, these essays reveal a sincerity and much of the artist. Bolitho's classification of Mulgan as "as good as the second average in England" must be discredited when it is remembered that J. C. Squire saw fit to write the preface to this book (published by Longmans), and the press hailed it with delight. Mulgan's consummate skill will influence those who enter the field of belles-lettres, for his scholarly articles in the press are models of style.

There remain two women who have made a mark in this field and who cannot be ignored. Isabel Maud Peacocke has long been recognised as our premier essayist among women. Her work will stand closely critical examination ; there is an attention to detail and some pretension to a style not generally seen in the newspaper world. Her contemporary, Elsie K. Morton, has published her articles in a volume, "Along the Road." They are excellent descriptive work, showing an eye for beauty and sureness of touch, while a gentle philosophy tinctures the whole.

This purview of the literary field will, I think, show that our women have done and will continue to do much to mould form. The production of fine literature demands not only thought and imagination, but a meticulous care in choice of phrase ; it needs the analytic mind in which detail and exactness of expression are properly weighed. All these are attributes of the mentality of



Katherine Mansfield.

women and (our society as yet having no leisured class), it has fallen to them, even more than to men, to bui'd up our literature. Of the thirty-one authors represented in Messrs. Dent's forthcoming book of "New Zealand Short Stories" thirteen are women, and though Katherine Mansfield remains chief among them, there are stories by Winifred Tennant, Esther Glenn, Helena Henderson, Nora McAuliffe, Lucie Wynne, and others that would give distinction to any anthology of this kind that even the old country could produce. The



Mr. Hector Bolitho.

contributors of the other sex include Arthur H. Adams, B, E. Baughan, Sir George Grey, Pat Lawler, and Will Lawson, and the general level of these stories is remarkably high. Year by year there is an ever increasing number of graduates of potential genius leaving our universities. The contacts of that life of learning, of culture, must be reflected in a broader vision, a more scholarly outlook, which shall in due season enrich the literature of New Zealand, and give it beauty and splendour as well as its own distinctive character.

THE ELDERS, OURSELVES, AND OUR CRITICS.

By William Gerhardi.

CRITICISM is among the most satisfying activities in life. It enables, among other things, an inferior to look down upon his superior. The range of criticism is indeed unlimited. The critic, if he so chooses, can inquire into the private life of the author under examination in order to substantiate a theory: this, he may point out, argues an early frustration; that, some potent humiliation; this is the consequence of sexual excesses in middle life; that, of some secret inhibition. The critic, while he metes out punishment for an author's literary failings, can exhort him to turn a new leaf morally. "Drop the gin, my boy," he says, in so many other words, in the obscure and decorous language of criticism.

The lot of a great artist is truly terrible. While he lives, his life is deduced from his works. When he dies the procedure is reversed, and his works are illuminated by an unsparing inquiry into the life he has led. And all the time the critic, a self-appointed little god, sits in judgment of him. The corpse of a giant like Goethe or Beethoven has fattened many a critical worm.

By a curious paradox, all writers, professors, scholars, students of literature, bookish persons who have a general interest in, a universal love for, books are the hangers-on of literature; while the great masters who hate most books which differ from the kind which they are passionately eager to impose upon the world, bad judges, blind judges, propelled by a sense of beauty so strong that they are unwilling to be deflected from their course, are the life and spirit of literature, but for whom the others would have no plausible justification for pursuing their vocation. A professor's opinion, according to Tchehov, was that not Shakespeare but the commentaries on Shakespeare were the thing. And I remember how my tutor at Oxford, whose subject was English literature, inquired one morning of his pupils what they intended to do when they went down, and being told that, like himself, they intended to teach other men literature, looked really shocked: as if he though they were not making proper use of his instruction.

Now, though it is true that great artists, by virtue of the fact that their heart is in their work, are more prejudiced judges than intellectually leisured consumers and tasters, it is nevertheless true that the opinions of those who can themselves do something are alone interesting. What Goethe said about Byron; Tolstoy about Tchehov; Byron about Wordsworth or Keats is, in the enlightened opinion of posterity, more than a little unsound. But it is interesting. It is more interesting than what even the ablest of professional critics might say, though his estimate is likely to be nearer to that of the future, when, however, to discover his writings among a pile of forgotten criticism will be one of those obscure curiosities indulged in by students incurious of contemporary realities. What happens is this: the opinions of mere critics may survive as they approach the opinions of another thousand of their tribe, all of whose names do not survive their opinions. But Tolstoy's absurd opinion of Shakespeare would have perished but for Tolstoy, who survived to rescue an opinion in itself not immortal.

It is a common complaint of critics that contemporary literature is in a bad way. But do they realise that critics of every age have made the same complaint? Goethe had been writing thirty years when Wieland, an older man, complained that German literature was in a bad way. The same was written at the time of Pushkin and Gogol. It only proves, I think, that criticism is chronically in a bad way.

The function of criticism is to discover new facets in a work of art, of which the author himself is but dimly conscious. A discovery which, when it is brought to his notice, makes him say: "And that's true too." It must be admitted, however, that controversial and intellectual literature, such as that of Swift or Shaw, does not offer such opportunities to the critic. The tradition of Butler and Shaw, which mistakenly identified sociology with profundity and utilitarian economy with natural grace, is, however, beginning to wear a little thin.

Close on Mr. Shaw's heels came Mr. Wells, the most richly endowed of that generation but intimidated by the utilitarian example of the other. Which in Mr. Wells is double the pity. It was natural for Mr. Shaw to disdain art for art's sake, since his art was a whip which he could not reasonably flourish for its own sake. Mr. Wells was different. Here was a rich, human, essentially poetic nature, simple, profound, humorous. But he chose to force it, harness it for social service. With paradoxical results. His hasty temper would get away with him while he was proving his point and by

exposing his bias defeat his own end and all but ruin the general artistic effect of a novel. On the other hand, such felicities, beauties and profundities as emerged inadvertently, while Mr. Wells was not looking, would not only save his books but would prove of greater sociological value than his more conscious attempts in that direction.

And this is the double justification of authentic literature: that while giving pleasure it cures. Gogol and Dickens, at their artistic best, accomplished more for social reform than all the social reformers of their time put together. Genuine literature resents conscious intimidation, and unless a poet is sincerely one-sided (like Kipling) he fails at being a poet at all. The great poet is concerned with one thing and one thing alone: the mystery which envelops the human soul into whose caverns he descends unconsciously, noting the strange things he finds there. "And," says Proust, "around such truths reached in oneself there will always float an atmosphere of poetry, the softness of a mystery which is but the vestige of the penumbra we must have traversed, an indication, marked exactly as by an altimeter, of the profundity of a work."

The quotation is a piece of poetic criticism. It is poetry in a sentence designed to define poetry. It gives us the feeling which he wishes such methods might yield. "For," he explains, "such profundity is not inherent in the subject, as some materialistically spiritual novelists imagine who are unable to penetrate beneath a world of appearances and whose high-minded intentions, like those virtuous tirades one is accustomed to hear from people who are themselves incapable of the smallest effort of kindness, must not blind us to the truth that they have not the strength of spirit even to rid themselves of the banalities of a form acquired by imitation."

Schiller, while writing talented poetry, was urged by high-minded philosopher to bear in mind philosophical and sociological considerations, the claims of the Absolute and the needs of mankind. Feeling that such intrusion of the conscious would spoil the quality of his poetry, he wrote to Goethe desiring the great man's opinion on this question. And this is what the great man wrote in answer, confirming, so to speak, Proust's view a hundred years before Proust arrived at it: "The art of literature requires from its practitioner a naïve, easygoing attitude confined to, and in love with, the things of this world, beneath which the Absolute lies concealed. Demands from on high destroy this naïve and fecund state of mind and pass off for literature something which, once and for all, is not literature."

It is indeed hard even for a born poet to keep to literature, for there is a curious blight on all creative activity: a tendency to dream rather than do. Though he feels it is his one means of being equal to himself, a writer involuntarily postpones his real work, clutching at every irrelevant task but his own (his own being, according to Proust, to decipher the inner book). "Every outward event," says Proust, "whether the Dreyfus Case or the War, has furnished writers with an excuse for not deciphering that book; they had wished to ensure the triumph of right, to refashion the moral unity of the nation, and had no time to think of literature. But these were nothing but excuses, for they had no genius, or not enough of it; that is to say, no instinct. For it is instinct which dictates the true task, while the intelligence supplies the pretext for eluding it. But no excuse avails in art; good intentions count for nothing. At all times the artist must obey his instinct; which explains why art is of all things the most real, the most austere school of life, and the true Last Judgment."

And now having fortified literature as literature against assaults from writers with an *arrière pensée*, let us inquire historically and sympathetically into the causes of this failing in our immediate predecessors. Mr. Wells flowered at a bad time, being caught in the reaction against what then was mistakenly believed to be "Art for art's sake." Now for any normal healthy artist, devoid of political ambition, it would be difficult to conceive for what other sake but that of the art in which he finds his happiest expression he should write, paint, build, sculpt, or compose (and if he aspired to sell his commodities to sell them on the best available terms that did not, in spite of Mr. Bennett's cherished notion, make him primarily a merchant). But the men who took the name of art in vain—Stevenson and Wilde and Pater and George Moore—indulged in something so superficial that there would have been no visible art about their performances did they not take a proper pride in polishing their surfaces, since they had no depths to descend to. This strenuous floor polishing, an infinite capacity for taking pains to make their surfaces as shiny and slippery as possible, they called "style." And since one kind of varnish is so like another and will suit any flooring, they would take a side glance, learn the trick from a neighbour, imitate, compare—which they called "playing the sedulous ape." Had there been any depth in them, any real value, they would have known that there is but one thing an original artist can have in common with another—originality. They would have known that style is the leaves of the tree. No tree, no leaves. A writer's style is the measure of his personality, and cannot be acquired consciously. It shows unmistakably what you are: gives you away for what you are. Mr. Churchill's style, for example, full of bombast and armageddons is a platform style which, when you read it in a book, makes you smile. Lord Birkenhead's style, so agreeable and effective when listened to at a public meeting, shows up pitilessly the stuff he is made of when examined in an article. Only a great comprehensive spirit will produce a great comprehensive style. No ornament from outside will hide a man's nakedness. After Shakespeare, after Goethe, Tolstoy, Tchehov, Proust, this is obvious. But it must have been less obvious when Mr. Wells, who wanted to shake up England, stir up the world, was requested to lower



Mr. William Gerhardi.

his voice in the temple of art so as not to disturb the floor polishers, and he gazed down on them, a little awed, a little amazed, on the men who would not look up because their devotion to art was so great that they must remain on their knees, polishing, polishing, till the style of their piece of parquet outshone that of other competitors. And that astute, competent man, Arnold Bennett, also looked, and I dare say it was one of the many " things that have interested him." To such early intimidation by the stylists we must ascribe Mr. Bennett's exaggerated admiration for Mr. Shaw's " English prose style " as a thing-in-itself, and Mr. Bennett's frequent assertions that so-and-so either can or cannot " write English "—as if there were a certain way of writing English. Mr. Wells, who more often than not is inclined to praise a novel on sociological grounds for the " waste " or " incompetence " in certain quarters which the author (all but unaware of it himself) is assumed to be exposing, nevertheless has his queer literary moments, as when, in the course of attacking Mr. Shaw's irresponsibility in the columns of the *Sunday Express*, he has a word of praise for the beauty of Mr. Shaw's English prose style : " I know enough of it to know how well Shaw does it " (or similar words), as if there were a definite, special way of doing it suited to everyone. This from the most gifted writer of the day. Mr. Bennett, who has a rich nature of nicely balanced qualities, reflects a smiling style flexible with tolerance, tenderness and gentle humour, only spoilt by a sort of perky knowingness, but redeemed again to some extent by the kind of irony which insists on the dire seriousness of these remarks of his while also laughing at himself or any man who would speak thus seriously. Whereas Mr. Shaw's nature expresses itself in more or less good humoured invective confined to showing up persons who are more fools than knaves. His style, limited to the purpose, is a cold, rigid, colourless, strait-laced, but a persistent, long-armed style which reaches out and gets the culprit by the throat.

Enough, then, of style ! It is the nature of the man which is his style. The more facets he has to his personality, the more facets there will be to his style. But there are innocents who when they say " So-and-so cannot write English " mean that he is apt to make slips in grammar. I have heard two distinguished novelists say this of each other, each unaware of what the other had said of him. There are at least three replies to make to such a charge. Ask the ass who makes it to correct your grammar for you ; it is probably his strongest point. Further, grammar has been made for writers ; not writers for grammar. By all means break it, when it proves inconvenient. Goethe, in his old age, confessed that had he been able to start all over again he would have paid no heed to grammar, but would have concentrated on the most vivid and flexible expression possible. And it may be a comfort to writers accused of bad grammar to know that they are in good company. Among those accused by the critics of their day of faulty syntax are Goethe (who, with Luther, is the founder of modern German), Pushkin (the founder of modern Russian), Gogol, Tolstoy, Tchehov, Gerhart Hauptmann, Proust, Conrad. None of them apparently could write German, Russian, French, or English. They are read all the same ; but where is the irreproachable prose of their critics ? We can barely remember their names.

But literature, whatever some readers may think, has not ended with Mr. Galsworthy's " Swan Song." The untimely death of Katherine Mansfield, who had such an eye for the vivid, the living, the humorous, the essential in life, real simplicity and a deep feeling for the universal current which feeds the individual, expressed with a sensitive, a beautiful economy of language—her death, at the age of thirty-three, is an irreparable loss to literature. But no one who reads, for instance, Mr. Hugh Kingsmill's " The Return of William Shakespeare " (recently published by Duckworth) need mourn the past when our own generation yields fruit like Mr. Kingsmill's.

The Germans use the word " Dichter " to distinguish an imaginative writer of prose whose imagination is of a quality to engage the forces of the soul and who is thereby lifted to the rank of poet—a term formerly confined to writers of verse. I wish somebody—Mr. Bennett understands this best—would popularise the use of the word " poet " to designate the poetic quality in English prose writers, as a substitute for the unpalatable " creative writer," " literary artist," and so forth. It would help distinguish authentic literature from so much which is merely controversial and intellectual.

NEW ZEALAND FICTION.*

New Zealand is turning out a type of fiction all its own, and good robust fiction it is, full of the atmosphere of wide spaces, soaring mountains, galloping horses, courageous women and strong, hard-working men. Mr. Walter Smyth's " Bonzer Jones " is the story of a girl whose father dies, leaving her an impoverished sheep-station. A syndicate is trying to get the land, a man in the township of Henderson wants it for himself, and the girl is surrounded with enemies when a stranger, sent by her uncle, comes to her rescue. Her conflicts with this man, who is fighting her battles and whom secretly she loves, make a first class romance. " The Girl from Mason Creek " is also an open-air novel, brimming with adventure. But Miss Elizabeth Milton, another New Zealand novelist, whose " Love and Chiffon " has met with such success, writes more in the sentimental vein, and her new book, " Wandring Wood," shows how a girl from the Bush came to London and was stranded there all alone—inexperienced in the ways of a big city, a prey to its many dangers. Her own wisdom and pluck brought her safely through, however, and " Wandring Wood " should please those readers who enjoyed the author's earlier work.

A. A.

* " Bonzer Jones." By Walter Smyth. 7s. 6d. (Mills & Boon.)—" The Girl From Mason Creek." By Walter Smyth. 7s. 6d. (Mills & Boon.)—" Love and Chiffon." By Elizabeth Milton. 7s. 6d. (Mills & Boon.)—" Wandring Wood." By Elizabeth Milton. 7s. 6d. (Mills & Boon.)

ISLE OF ILLUSION.

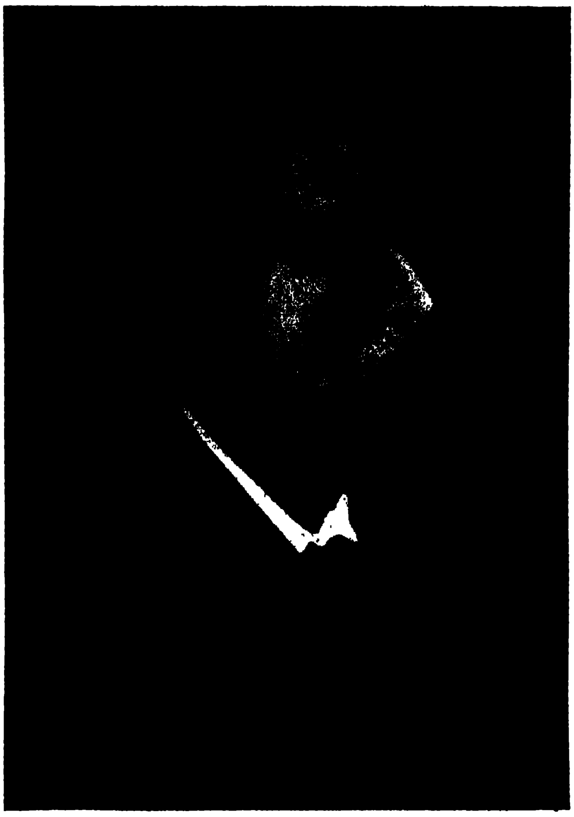
By George Gibbs. 7s. 6d. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

For writers and readers alike the lure of the uninhabited island and the cast-up lovers remains as powerful as ever. In his " Isle of Illusion " Mr. Gibbs gives the idea a decidedly novel twist and springs an ingeniously dramatic development upon us. Phil and Rita are both victims of an overwhelming Mississippi flood which flings them ultimately on to a hillock containing a deserted clapboard house. In these strange surroundings their love romance grows apace until at the moment of rescue Rita learns that Phil is the man who has imputed forgery to her late father, and is trying to filch his lands. Mystery and romance are deftly interwoven in the ensuing story.

LAFCADIO HEARN.*

BY EDMUND BLUNDEN.

THE Japanese are grateful to the memory of Lafcadio Hearn, not because he was a perfect professor or a consistent friend of individuals, but because he produced more and better books on Japan than most sojourners have done. It is many years since he died (the twenty-fifth anniversary is just past) and he has become almost legendary. Whether young Japan will enlarge the legend I do not know; I did not notice that it was being assiduously cultivated by the average student with his eagerness for new heroes and books. Meanwhile, Professor Ichikawa, of the Imperial University, Tokio, a master of the art of book-collecting, is forming a Hearn library as a memorial in the scene of his chief professorship, and besides has edited, with his characteristic minuteness of research, some unpublished writings by Hearn. The volume which he now sends out contains not unpublished writings but what were almost as closely concealed—articles from the New Orleans *Item* and *Times-Democrat*, of 1878 and following years. There is a sense in Japan, I fancy, that England does not esteem Hearn as highly as he deserves, and the endeavour to do him honour is the keener on that account.



Lafcadio Hearn.

One thing about Hearn is certain. He was capable of hard work. The occasional sickliness of his taste did not prevent him from persistent industry. Whole masses of lectures, cleverly taken down from his dictation, have been and are to be published in Japan. His second son, Mr. Inagaki—there is a photograph of him in Miss Bisland's "Life and Letters of Lafcadio Hearn" (1906)—who teaches English himself, has edited a series on Shakespeare, given in 1899. Hearn came early into his field, and his friendly, fluent method was valuable. The main point was the human interest of a literature so far away, in several points, from the youth of Japan, and he did not lose sight of it. He was able to drop in at intervals a hint from Japanese life or literature, well calculated to make his hearers more at home. Sometimes his explanations are garrulous without much else, as when he interprets the notion that Shakespeare's father sold gloves: "You may ask perhaps what people in a country place could want with gloves. Very probably there were gentry in the neighbourhood who might have needed gloves of a stylish sort; but it is likely that most of the gloves were leather, and archers' gloves may have been part of the stock-in-trade. But this is theory." He generalises: "The playwrights before Shakespeare nearly all wrote immoral or brutal plays. The dramatists after Shakespeare cannot be called, with few exceptions, moral dramatists at all."

The disadvantages of Hearn's wandering life and perplexed temperament are apparent in his writings on English literature. He worked with incomplete information. It is the fate of all of us, but Hearn particularly had small chance of reading steadily and widely before making a statement. He accepted what he thought "a working knowledge," and the effect is seen in hasty paraphrases of erratic "literary history." In that, Japanese scholars of English literature have often followed him, and his guidance has led astray. The intense and charming reliance which the pupil in Tokio places on his teacher, when he has once convinced himself that the teacher is in earnest, has that danger in it. Here again the new generation may have a new habit of mind. There are those in Japan who have not only the cordiality of approach which Hearn so notably laboured to communicate, but a strong wish to master the whole of a subject; those who have looked into Marlowe and Peele, and could explain what gloves are used for in English hedgerows and gardens. If Hearn were to lecture to-day and refer to "Shakespeare's ordinary work—a work teeming with faults, faults of a hundred kinds, faults such as no Victorian poet would dare to make," he would be buttonholed as he walked between the gingko trees by a couple of students inquiring what "faults" were meant, and what laws of art Shakespeare finally breaks.

It may have been a little hard to persuade Hearn, once outside his class-room, to give these further enlightenments. Behind the legend there still exists the biographic recollection of a doleful little man, preferring to pace up and down in the rain rather than enter the restaurant of the professors, noisy with conversation and laughter.

Among the American writings of Hearn sent over to Japan by Professor Mordell and accompanied by his introductory essay and Professor Ichikawa's preface, a

* "Lectures on Shakespeare." By Lafcadio Hearn. Edited by Iwao Inagaki. 1 *yen* 80. (Tokio: Kanda. Hokuseido Press.)—"Essays on American Literature." By Lafcadio Hearn. Edited by Sanki Ichikawa. 4 *yen* 50. (Tokio: Hokuseido.)

review of "Leaves of Grass" may be mentioned. It is Lafcadio in wrath. "Mr. Whitman's Muse is at once indecent and ugly, lascivious and gawky, lubricous and coarse."* I hardly like to run the risk of shocking the pious shade (for THE BOOKMAN is to be seen in the room of his old English Department at Tokio), but I will whisper it: one of my students possessed a copy of "Ulysses," and thought Mr. James Joyce an eminent author! And Whitman was the sort of subject that the most rural student would choose for his thesis.

But you never know where to have Hearn. Despite his counterblast to "Leaves of Grass" you find him in a letter of 1883 saying: "I have always *secretly* admired Whitman," and blaming the newspaper proprietors for his secrecy, which took so odd a form.

The Hokuseido Press issues these volumes of Hearn, I understand, without the usual motive for publishing—a profit; in honour of him rather, and towards the completion of a general idea of his works. They are evidences of the progress of Japanese book-production on Western lines; the printing, with its American characteristics, is sound, and in Professor Ichikawa's volume especially it is handsome. Few misprints have been allowed to slip by. One trouble exists at present in respect of books in English published in Japan. They cannot easily be procured here, and letters to Japanese booksellers do not always make the desired contact. An effective agency is required; for there appear from time to time in Tokio books, such as those noticed now, likely to be required in English libraries.

VIRGINIA WOOLF.*

By R. ELLIS ROBERTS.

THERE are few things in criticism which puzzle me more than the demands that novelists who are women should respect the limitations of their sex. The advice seems to me strictly meaningless; and yet like so much nonsense difficult to rebut with precision and propriety. It is either a platitude or an impertinence. It may mean that a woman novelist had better keep within the range of her own experience, fancy and imagination—that is, had better do what a novelist who is a man will be advised to do; or it means that women are by nature less fitted to generalise from their personal experience than are men, that therefore they had better remember their inferiority, or, by Gad, sir, we'll stop reading them. It would, of course, be foolish to deny that women, as men, have the limitations ot their sex; it would be foolish to deny that women are less given to philosophic generalisation than are men: but there is no evidence that this failure—if it is a failure and not a quality—is due specifically to the fact of their feminity. And if we are to stress thus ridiculously the physical facts of an artist, it must be obvious that women will always have a greater range of intensity than men, for no man can have a physical experience comparable to child-bearing. "But," argue the anti-feminists, "no woman can draw a man; no woman can do this or the other." Investigated, this charge generally dies down to the fact that a great many men, including this speaker, do not like women's novels; the mere fact of their disapproval has obviously no critical value. It is a mere admission of the critic's that he is so ridden by sex-prejudice that he cannot conceive it as possible that, to take an extreme instance, Charlotte Brontë's Rochester is no more essentially ridiculous than Thackeray's Amelia. There is no reason in nature why Jane Eyre's ideal strong man is any sillier, any falser than the ideal dewy, rosy girl of hundreds of men novelists. A man may disapprove of a rhinoceros, but his sternest disapprobation will fail to make the beast a myth. At the moment the anti-feminist will be well advised to drop this particular demand; for if he persists he will not unfairly be liable to the accusation that his attitude is one of masculine envy, for of modern English novelists, if one named the first dozen, not a small proportion would be women.

Of these certainly one would be Mrs. Woolf. Her position is unchallengeable, and at the outset it should be said that no man novelist of her generation has so succeeded in uniting the claims of tradition with the need for experiment. Her first novel, published fourteen years ago, showed this distinctly. She had not in "The Voyage Out" found her medium; the tradition is accepted a little too deliberately, the experiment has at moments the air of being made for its own sake; but the book showed, and was commonly admitted to show, that we had in Mrs. Woolf a novelist who was as sensitive to the demands of her form as she was exigent about the content of her story. For Mrs. Woolf always has a story to tell. For the essence of a story is suspense; and I know few modern books which give one a greater sensation of suspense than "Mrs. Dalloway," "Jacob's Room" and "To the Lighthouse." Of course suspense may be caused by very different things. We get dulled, if we live in cities, to the daily suspense of the traffic; and the most magnificent omnibuses may pass us, and we get nothing but a sensation of noise or annoyance. I suppose those of us who lived in London from 1914 to 1918 knew no suspense, outside the world of the imagination, like the suspense of the air-raids. Where would the bombs fall? Would any airplanes be hit? Would our men crash? And the answer—sometimes a great, hideous noise almost beside us, sometimes a falling flame in the distant sky, was greeted with the shock of suspense relieved. There is something in Mrs. Woolf's work of the celerity and the remoteness of an air-raid. We do not always see whence the stroke comes, how her suspenses are resolved and her surprises effected. There is an admirable example of the aeroplane resolution of suspense in "The Voyage Out." Mr. and Mrs. Dalloway, people who are public personages and so escape self-examination by continuous self-exposure, have come on to the boat where are Mr. and Mrs. Ambrose, Pepper and Rachel, Helen Ambrose's niece; there has been enforced juxtaposition, and the storm, and then the Dalloways leave the ship. On the night before they disembark Richard Dalloway kisses Rachel, and we are left,

* "The Voyage Out." "Mrs. Dalloway." "Jacob's Room." "The Common Reader." By Virginia Woolf. 5s. each. (Hogarth Press.)

disturbed, wondering; and the problem is resolved in the liveliest way by the conversation of Rachel and Helen next day. Suddenly and with an exquisite swoop the book, which is a history of people's souls, is advanced, amazingly advanced on its way; and we learn to know Rachel better, and Helen better just as we should if we were travelling with them. Helen, with her imaginative realism, treats and enlightens Rachel's distress and romanticism. And with what exquisite humour and tact is the final word uttered: Helen's



Mrs. Virginia Woolf.

"conclusion was that she would very much like to show her niece, if it were possible, how to live, or as she put it, how to be a reasonable person. She thought that there must be something wrong in this confusion between politics and kissing politicians, and that an elder person ought to be able to help. 'I quite agree,' she said, 'that people are very interesting; only— —' Rachel, putting her finger between the pages, looked up inquiringly. 'Only I think you ought to discriminate,' she ended. 'It's a pity to be intimate with people who are— well, rather second-rate, like the Dalloways, and to find it out later.' 'But how does one know?' Rachel asked. 'I really can't tell you,' replied Helen cordially, after a moment's thought. 'You'll have to find out for yourself. . . . D'you think me very unsympathetic?' Rachel reviewed the points which Helen had certainly failed to understand; they arose chiefly from the difference of nearly thirty years in age between them, which made Mrs. Ambrose appear too humorous and cool in a matter of such moment. 'No,' she said, 'some things you don't understand, of course.' 'Of course,' Helen agreed. 'So now you can go ahead and be a person on your own account.' The vision of her own personality, of herself as a real everlasting thing, different from anything else, unmergeable, like the sea or the wind, flashed into Rachel's mind, and she became profoundly excited at the thought of living."

"The confusion between politics and kissing politicians"—there at its plainest you have the point on which the anti-feminists rage. They enjoy and profit by that confusion, in its infinite variation and complexity. "He for God only, she for God in him," is their real creed, the creed which Christ and St. Paul denied, the creed which is so strong that it still gets heart-allegiance from Christians. Of course it is true that a man could not have written Mrs. Woolf's books - but would he not be proud if he could!

This new uniform edition is to consist of at least eight volumes; I hope we shall soon have another volume of criticism from her, and perhaps one volume might include "Mr. Bennett and Mrs. Brown" and "A Room of Her Own."

PULLING STRINGS IN CHINA.

By WM. F. TYLER. 15s. (Constable.)

Few men who have qualified in our Navy in early days and gone on to help a foreign Power like China have retained the sense of adventure, and a true faculty of expression. Mr. Tyler, after serving in the China revenue fleet under the late Sir Robert Hart, joined its Navy, then its Customs Marine Department, and wound up as an adviser to the Chinese Government. He has much of interest to tell concerning the country's collapse in the war with Japan, especially the battle of the Yalu River, the siege of Wei-hai-Wei, and the Boxer rebellion. He follows these first-hand experiences up with valuable accounts of the Chinese revenue system which has caused so much trouble in the past, but may prove a steadying influence once more for putting this unhappy land on its feet again. But for the general reader, the book will prove absorbing because of Mr. Tyler's appreciation of the human element throughout; and the many astonishing episodes he gives us from real life show what a knack he has of seeing drama in unexpected ways.

MR. CROFTS, THE KING'S BASTARD.

By LEWIS MELVILLE. With 23 illustrations and a map. 18s. (Hutchinson.)

One of the earliest mistresses of Charles II was Lucy Walter, a handsome young Welshwoman whose easy morality had led her to Holland, then the hiding-place of the royal house of Great Britain. The son born of the union was acknowledged by Charles, who, in rather a haphazard way, afforded him patronage and protection throughout the remainder of his life. Thus arrived on the scene the subject of Mr. Lewis Melville's latest historical study. Better known as James, Duke of Monmouth, he is a figure gallant enough to outward seeming, but an unlucky man—and a singularly unsuitable champion of Protestantism. Mr. Melville's story of his life is carefully compiled and is written with the readableness that the public has come to expect from him. The pathetic failure of the rising in the west has been well handled, in a couple of chapters presenting the military point of view, by Major Reginald Hargreaves, M.C. Here is an excellently produced volume that should appeal as much to the curious general reader as to the historical student.

THE BOOKMAN PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

FEBRUARY, 1930.

Answers to these Competitions (each on a separate sheet bearing name and address of sender) must be received by the Editor not later than the 14th of each month. A Competitor may enter for all the seven Competitions, but must cut out coupon below and send this with each answer or group of answers, and address envelope:

"The Prize Page," THE BOOKMAN, St. Paul's House, Warwick Square, London, E.C.4.

That they may be available also to Overseas Competitors, Competitions I and II will be the same each month until further notice, but the subjects for all the other Competitions may each month be changed.

Competitors must please keep copies of their MSS.: the Editor cannot undertake to return them.

THE PRIZES OFFERED THIS MONTH ARE:

I.—ONE GUINEA for the best *original* lyric.

II.—HALF A GUINEA for the best quotation from English verse applicable to any review or the name of any author or book appearing in this Number.

III.—THREE NEW BOOKS for the best Limerick beginning: When the wind blows in March, the March hare . . .

IV.—HALF A GUINEA for the best sentence of not more than two hundred words into which the largest number of book-titles mentioned in this issue is intelligibly introduced.

V.—HALF A GUINEA for the best enigma on any letter of the alphabet after the manner of Catherine Fanshawe's famous enigma on the letter H: "'Twas whispered in Heaven, 'twas muttered in Hell," etc.

VI.—HALF A GUINEA for the best review, in not more than one hundred words, of any recent book. Competitors should give names of Book, Author and Publisher at head of each review.

VII.—THE BOOKMAN will be sent post free for twelve months to the sender of the best suggestion for a Competition.

RESULTS OF COMPETIONS FOR JANUARY.

I.—THE PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA for the best original lyric is awarded to Eadgyth Sowter, Hill View, Banbury Road, Stratford-on-Avon, Warwickshire, for the following:

SECRET BEAUTY.

Hugging this secret beauty to my heart
I walk in joy;
The mortal fret is banished far apart
No longer to annoy;
And trumpet calls from height to height are hurled
Across the shrinking darkness of the world.

Oh but to stay and dwell a little space
With such content.
Never to lose the land of light and grace
In frequent banishment,
Ever to feel the flame of beauty burn
And never, never, never to return!

Yes, for our beauty's hidden, day by day,
Too shy, too rare,
In gentle words we think and cannot say,
In dreams we cannot share:
And we must walk our several ways apart
And keep the secret beauty in the heart.

We also select for printing:

"A DAY."

Thank You, God,
For a day to remember
All my life—
A day in September.

For the hills,
And the haze,
And the smell of the sea,
And the air
And the way it has with me.

For white sails on the sea,
And white clouds on the sky—
For a day to remember
Till I die.

(Jenny Pollock, Carlisle Road, Londonderry.)

"IT'S AN ILL WIND . . ."

My love is coming! Oh, how sweet,
How bright she looks to-day!
My love is coming down the street
To meet me on the way!

Blow, blow, cold wind: your freezing powers
Still have some saving grace—
Your breath, that is the death of flowers,
Brings roses to her face!

(John Bellchambers, 40, Highgate Hill.)

SEA MEMORIES.

When only memory remains, O Sea,
I shall remember your great murmuring;
Recall your restless, boundless, energy,
The perfect rhythm of your symphony.

In fancy see your tremulous breast aglow
As though a host of jewels glittered there,
Emerald and Sapphire playing hide-and-seek,
Diamonds imprisoned in your ebb and flow.

When you lay flushed in sunset's deepest rose
A shimmering pathway to the molten sky,
The grandeur of your fleeting splendour,
I shall remember, at each day's swift close.

(Mary Burry, 9, West Road, Clapham Park, S.W.4.)

A PRAYER IN BEHALF OF ALL MINOR POETS.

(By One of Them,)

Lord keep us from the littleness
That blights another's small success.
If our poor friend should write a song
Let us not carp: "That line's too long";
Or: "Why not finish with a rhyme
The third line there which ends in 'time'?"
Let us remember always, please,
This life holds very little ease;

Nor let us ever try to spoil
The small result of so much toil.
And oh, let us remember, too,
Whatever else we may not do,
That only the completely wise
Have any right to criticise.

(Winifred M. Heath, 1005, West Sixth Street, Los Angeles, California.)

We also highly commend the lyrics by J. Kilmeny Keith (Ealing), Melfin W. Jones (Cardiff), Liam P. Clancy (London, N.W.), Madeline S. Baker (Bath), Constance Maunsell (Dublin), Vera I. Arlett (Worthing), Silvey A. Clarke (Hurlingham), Irene Wintle (Berkhamsted), Gertrude Pitt (London, N.), Marjorie Crosbie (Wolverhampton), May Herschel Clarke (Woolwich), Ella Tucker (Althorne), B. M. Beard (Bexleyheath), Sir Duncan Grey (Weston-super-Mare), Irene Hubbard (Steeple Claydon), Fredk. I. Cowles (Pendlebury), Jehangir R. P. Mody (Bombay), Emily Davis (Dublin), Ismay Trimble (Tankerton), Mrs. May Belben (Wimborne), C. Shovelton (Tonbridge), Ella Rivers Noble (Long Melford), S. G. August (Invercargill, New Zealand), Portia Hobbs (Birmingham), Margarita Yates (Haute Savoie, France), Cyrille Wright (Milan, Italy), N. Ray (Belfast), Olive F. Crowe (Hanwell), Margaret Fountain (Upton), Ann Raine (Oxted), Aileen Parker (Mitcham), J. Gedge (Taunton), George S. Astins (Hove), Ada F. Strike (West Worthing), Irene Ormsby (Addiscombe), Doris Major (Hendon), Kathleen Rice (Steeple Claydon), Thomas Culshaw (Ormskirk), Norah M. Butterfield (Westward Ho!), Margot Hentze (Sydney, Australia), D. O. Symons (East London, South Africa), Iris Ottaway (Bungay), Eleanor L. Sinclair (Belfast), J. A. Jenkins (Liverpool), Campbell H. Wilson (Bellshill, Lanark), Diana Koop (Brighton), John P. Coghlan (Dublin), Dorothy Bryant (Worcester), F. C. Bell (Ipswich), Margaret Grace Hughes (Hemel Hempstead), Ann G. Williams (Middlesbrough), M. E. Siggers (Bury St. Edmund's).

II.—The Prize of Half a Guinea for the best quotation is awarded to K. M. Sanders, Tamworth, Bridport, Dorset, for the following:

THE NEW WORD. By Charles Hall Grandgent.
(Harvard University Press.)

" Passion-fraught, it throws
O'er the dim page a gloom, a glamour:
It's sweet, it's strange; and I suppose
It's grammar."

Charles Stuart Calverley, *Forever.*

We also select for printing:

THE MAN WHO LOST HIMSELF. By Osbert Sitwell.
(Duckworth.)

" He knew not where he was, nor greatly cared."

Byron, *Don Juan.*

(T. Norman Drennan, 20, Laggan Road, Newlands, Glasgow, Scotland.)

THE YELLOW RAT. By Francis Grierson.
(Collins.)

" There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,
Than are dreamed of in your philosophy."

Shakespeare, *Hamlet, Act I, Sc. 2.*

(Diana Koop, II House, Roedean, Brighton.)

TWO WIVES. By George Cornwallis-West.
(Putnams.)

" Insatiate archer! Could not one suffice?"

E. Young, *Night Thoughts*

(L. F. Goldsmid, 30, Crockerton Road, S.W.17.)

VILE BODIES. By Evelyn Waugh.
(Chapman & Hall.)

" O that this too, too solid flesh would melt."

Shakespeare, *Hamlet, Act I, Sc. 2.*

(Mary T. Forth, 10, Belle Vue Terrace, Whitby, Yorks.)

PORTRAIT OF A REBEL. By Netta Syrett.
(Geoffrey Bles.)

" He called his porridge nasty pap,
And threw it all in nurse's lap."

Norman Gale, *The Bad Boy.*

(W. L. Dudley, 4, Rufford Place, Halifax, Yorks.)

A WIFE OR TWO. By C. B. Poultney.
(Herbert Jenkins.)

" One wife is too much for most husbands to bear,
But two at a time there's no mortal can bear."

Gay, *Beggar's Opera, Act II, Sc. 2.*

(John P. Coghlan, 16, Fontenoy Street, Dublin.)

THIS POOR PLAYER. By S. Watkins.
(Mathews & Marrot.)

" For you're the juggins who caught the crab and lost the ship the cup."

Masefield, *Regatta Day.*

(Marjorie Darrah, 5, Laburnum Grove, Prestwich, near Manchester)

III.—The Prize of Three Books for the best twelve lines of humorous verse written to the given rhymed endings is awarded to Margaret Owen, Cherryoak, Whitstable, for the following:

MISS JOHNSON IS FRIGHTENED.

At darkest hour of witching night
From her warm bed uprising,
Alarmed by something flashing, bright,
And noises most surprising,

Miss Johnson searched her house in vain,
'Twas empty. What a blessing!
Yet cats outside, like souls in pain,
Are yowling. How depressing!



Ferdinand Magellan.
From the engraving by Crispin Van de Passe.
From "Ferdinand Magellan." By E. F. Benson (John Lane).

She peers out at the lonely street,
Oh, Heavens! An obese man
Is at her gate. Her heart doth beat.
Ah! 'Tis but a policeman.

Miss Johnson hears a clock strike one,
A cock crows. Oh, how splendid!
Another dawning has begun,
The darksome night is ended.

We also select for printing:

ELIXIR.

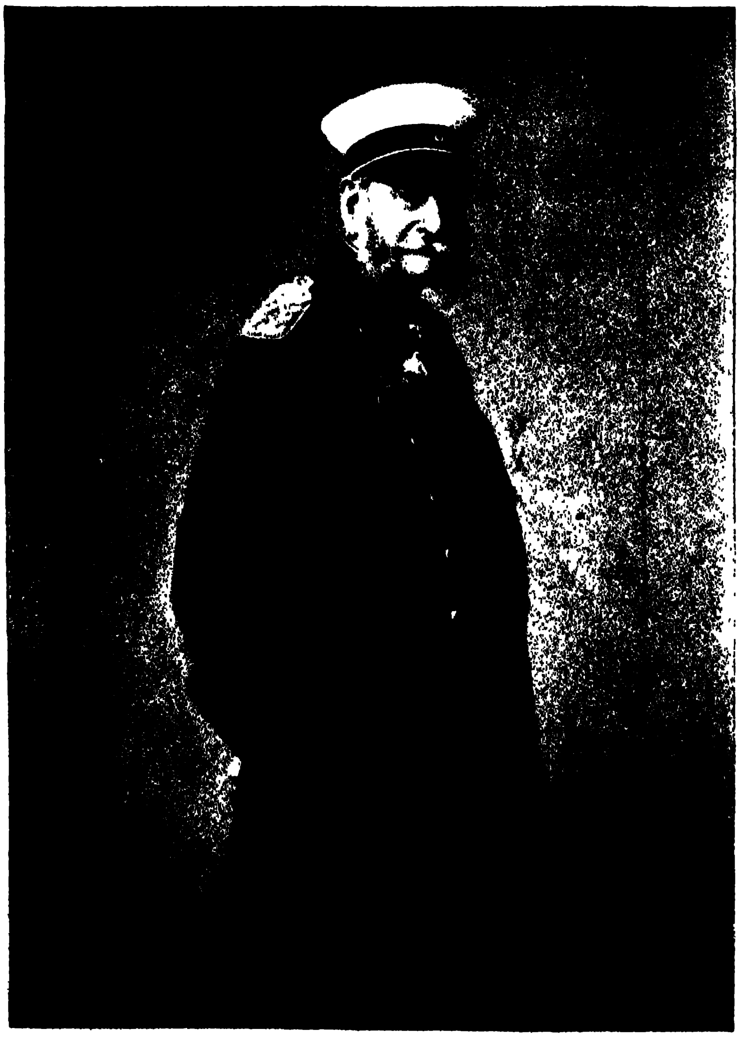
Just take one pellet late at night,
And one on your uprising,
'Twill give you vigour, health and sight,
Results will be surprising.

Your purchase will not be in vain,
But prove to be a blessing.
'Twill take away the slightest pain
And woes the most depressing.

The man and woman in the street
(Especially the obese man),
The man whose heart has ceased to beat,
The M.P., cook, and policeman;

Come along all! Just try but one,
You'll vote that they are splendid;
Rejuvenation once begun,
Continues till they're ended.

(M. E. Siggers, The Moorings, Hospital Road, Bury St. Edmund's.)



Kaiser William I in his 90th year.
From "Recollections of Three Kaisers" (Jenkins).
Recently reviewed in THE BOOKMAN.

We also mention for special commendation the verses by C. F. Adams (Eastbourne), Norah M. Butterfield (Westward Ho!), A. M. Lockley (Birmingham), John A. Bellchambers (Highgate), Ethel M. Kennedy (Southport), N. M. de Silva (Cambridge), Lilian H. Cruse (Eastbourne), Emily Davis (Dublin), M. K. Whitfield (Cirencester), J. A. Jenkins (Liverpool), Barbara Stone (Paddington, W.), B. M. Beard (Bexleyheath), Ismay Trimble (Tankerton), Campbell H. Wilson (Bellshill, Lanark), D. Parsons (Ware), B. A. Billings (Manchester), A. Davidson (Glasgow), Iris Ottaway (Bungay), K. Woodfield (London, N.), Aileen Parker (Mitcham), Isobel Simpson (Dundee), Mrs. E. F. MacDonald Smith (Colinton), R. K. Spedding (Liverpool), Mrs. Annie F. Simpson (New Southgate), N. Ray (Belfast), Mrs. Frank Jewson (Norwich).

IV.—THE PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best appreciation of any novel published last year that has not been sufficiently appreciated, is awarded to J. Kilmeny Keith, 64, Gordon Road, W.5, for the following:

THE DISINHERITED. BY MILTON WALDEMAN.
(Longmans.)

In the welter of novels dealing with sexual reactions and repercussions, it is perhaps not surprising that this notable book has escaped a good deal of the reputation it merits. It deals with the straining of a successful business man after an ideal hitherto unglimpsed and even undesired. The sudden illness of his son, and its possible fatal culmination, brings Walter Michaelson, the flourishing American lawyer, face to face with an urgent need for something more enduring than material satisfaction. He finds his answer in the Jewish faith of his ancestors, and, like all true explorers, sells all he has—wife, name, success, family—to purchase the field containing the treasure. We bid him farewell with his face turned steadfastly towards that city which is the national source and ultimate horizon of his race.

We also select for printing:

DEWER RIDES. BY L. A. G. STRONG.

This first novel, which was published last June, seems, in spite of its fine qualities, to have attracted little attention The title is taken from a Dartmoor legend of the Demon Hunter of Souls of the moor. This monster occasionally rides about with his devilish pack of hounds, and all who know the legend like to be safely indoors when he is abroad. Dick Brendon, the hero, is a queer mixture of weakness and strength, and after an unhappy love affair he degenerates in character, and dies hated by his neighbours. With remarkable skill the author has shown the power of race and of superstition upon the different characters. Rare, too, is it to read such a good description of a boxing match as that between Dick and a professional. The funeral of old Pellow reminds us of some of the best of Mary Webb's writing. "Dewer Rides" is a powerful theme powerfully treated, and the freshness of its conception places the book far above the average novel of to-day.

(N. Mackay, Whitehouse, Cramond Bridge, Midlothian.)

KITH AND KIN. BY EDWARD BOOTH.
(Duckworth.)

Fashions may alter, but elemental passions remain unchanged, and in this drama of jealousy Mr. Booth treats of a problem which has tormented mankind since the days of Cain and Abel. It is the age-old story of an Elder Son and a Younger Son, with the slanderous, rumour-rife tongues of villagers forming a Greek chorus. Rude

and uncouth though the accents of these northern countrymen be, yet their speech, shorn of artificialities, is ripe with accumulated wisdom and ancestral saws. Into the mind of each of the brothers in turn do we look, suffering with him the slights, real or imagined, which he is called upon to endure, and striving with him for the favour of a sorely-perplexed sire. Most beautiful, amid these blinding mists of hate, shines out the mutual love of the Younger Son and his wife, whose union, at its outset haphazard and earthly, becomes so refined and spiritualised, by years of adversity shared, as to reach heights little short of sublime. To the trivial-minded, or to those who seek after sensations, this book will make little appeal; but to the discerning eye and the sympathetic heart it offers riches in abundance.

(Eileen Newton, Hildawell, Southend Gardens, Whitby, Yorks.)

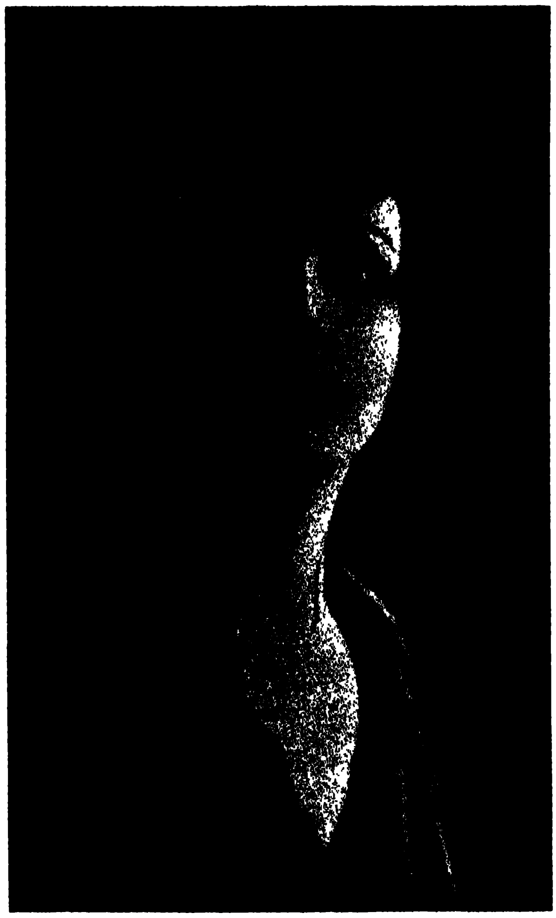
Miss Marjorie Crosbie (Wolverhampton) justly urges the claims of "Brittle Glory," by Wallace B. Nichols (Ward, Lock); Keith Baddeley (Chesham) of "Karl and Anna" (Peter Davies); John P. Coghlan (Dublin) of "Brothers and Sisters" by I. Compton-Burnett (Heath, Cranton); Clifford Bower-Shore (Stockport) of "Crisis," by Claude Houghton (Thornton Butterworth); Miss J. A. Jenkins (Liverpool), "The Sleeping Fury" by Martin Armstrong (Gollancz); Miss B. M. Beard (Bexleyheath), "An Unvarnished History," by Gordon Daviot (Ernest Benn). Several competitors think that novels by several very popular authors, and of novels that have sold from 4,000 to 6,000, and one that has sold over 10,000 copies still have not been sufficiently noticed. We also specially commend the replies of May Belben (Wimborne), I. F. Goldsmid (London, S.W.), Norah M. Butterfield (Westward Ho!), Dallas Kenmare (Barnet Green), Cyril R. Edgeley (Clapham), R. K. Spedding (Liverpool), H. Parker (Mitcham), Alice Newell (St. Albans), Marjorie Darrah (Prestwich), Fred W. Flear (Harpenden).

V. THE PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best reply to the question: "Need literature be 'literary' in order to be great?" is awarded to Emily Davis, 23, Mornington Road, Ranelagh, Dublin, for the following.

It might be argued that anything which has attained the rank of literature and greatness is, for that reason, literary. But, for the present purpose, it is assumed that "literary" means, in addition to lucidity, a scholarly, polished style of writing. What, then, is great literature? Written words in which live something of abiding human interest. And what gives the words their life? The deep feeling of the writer. Like an uncut diamond, the full beauty and worth of the work may be lost owing to the rough exterior; but no polishing will produce the lustre of the diamond unless the diamond is there. "The Pilgrim's Progress" is not "literary" in the usual acceptance of the word. It has been criticised, not only as crude both in manner and matter, but as inaccurate and inconsistent. Still, it survives as great literature, because it is the irrepressible voice of the struggling human soul. If Bunyan had waited to deliver his message until he had cultivated a style worthy of it, it is quite possible that the soul, which has made it immortal, would have been driven out in the process.

We also select for printing:

Some great books have been produced by men who neither possessed nor desired literary accomplishment, but felt it incumbent on them to make a record of events or experiences which appeared of supreme importance. Such a man was John Wesley: such events and experiences make his journal the unique production which it is.



Portrait by Vaughan & Freeman. **Miss Ursula Bloom,**

whose new novel, "The Passionate Heart," is published by Messrs. Hutchinson.

Wesley's sole object in writing the book was to preserve an unadorned statement of his daily work, and he had no wish to attract any readers who were not interested in that work. The story of his unceasing travels is so impressive, the episodes of that pilgrimage are so dramatic, so poignant, that his blunt simplicity is the ideal method for their presentation. Who can read unmoved the description of the lunatics at Kingswood, or the description of the serene, triumphant preacher, borne along by the mob at Wednesbury? Innumerable are the manifestations of that human heart to which he held so infallible a key. Not a page but reveals the man who lived, and spoke, and would gladly have died, to turn his hearers from the ways of evil and guide them to salvation and peace. This is surely Literature, however unliterary.

(G. Pitt, 86, Wyndham Crescent, N. 19.)

Many competitors name Bunyan's "The Pilgrim's Progress"; several suggest Dickens, others Marryat, "Alice in Wonderland," Dorothy Osborne's letters, O Henry, Defoe, Burns, Pepys, Mandeville, Henry Kingsley (to say nothing of others) and, rather surprisingly, the Bible, Shakespeare, Dr. Johnson, Hardy, and three or four novelists who are by some considered among the most distinguished of living literary artists. We specially commend the replies by E. Sweatman (Reading), B. A. Billing (Manchester), J. A. Jenkins (Liverpool), I Alun Jones (Quorn), M. E. Arthy (Esher), Ivy F. Sewell (Walthamstow), M. K. Whitfield (Cirencester), C. S. Stamper (Grimsby), A. M. Lockley (Birmingham), Mrs. E. S. Elton (London, S.W.), May Belben (Wimborne), K. D. Paxton (Edinburgh).

VI.—THE PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best 100-word review is awarded to B. Noël Saxelby, Saxon House, Carlton Road, Whalley Range, Manchester, for the following:

CAPTAIN SCOTT. BY STEPHEN GWYNN.

(Bodley Head.)

This book increases both one's admiration for the leader of a great endeavour and one's understanding of how the fitness for that leadership was acquired. Scott was no tough, daredevil adventurer, but a sensitive, highly-strung man, who took his apparent weaknesses and by sheer will controlled and trained them to his service. He did not dash blindly into adventure: everything was highly organised, risks were calculated—and then deliberately taken. The final disaster was mainly due to the refusal of the leaders to abandon sick comrades—an end that will be remembered longer than a triumphant return.

We also select for printing:

MISS WELBY AT STEEN. BY ARCHIBALD MARSHALL.

(Collins.)

Almost it might be called "A Good Girl's Diary," for in this her secret journal the little governess, Ellen Welby, gives us not only an attractive picture of English country-house life at its best, but also an intimate portrait of her honest, clear-sighted self. So vividly does she depict the daily round at Steen that we see it with her eyes, and bask, as does she, in its beauty and friendliness. And if Miss Welby tends, occasionally, to emphasise her own virtues, she does so with such engaging candour that she is but endeared to us the more!

(Eileen Newton, Hildawell, Southend Gardens, Whitby, Yorks.)

POACHER'S MOON. BY ALMEY ST. JOHN ADCOCK.

(Hodder & Stoughton.)

All that she wanted she had to have, and riding rough-shod over everyone, with a look of the suffering martyr on her face, Carlotta did her best to wreck the lives of everyone with whom she came in contact. When in addition to this masterpiece of a study in character, there occur those exquisite descriptions of the lovely Chiltern country, some of them well worth committing to memory, one realises the discovery of a novel extraordinary, and waits expectantly for more.

(Cecilia Naumaan, Suoxhall, Cranleigh, Surrey.)

We also specially commend the reviews by I. Alun Jones (Quorn), Kathleen Rice (Steeple Claydon), L. F. Goldsmid (London, S.W.), K. D. Paxton (Edinburgh), John P. Coghlan (Dublin), M. Relf (Edgware), Mannington Sayers (Monmouth), Aileen Parker (Mitcham), Keith Baddeley (Chesham), Mrs. E. MacDonald Smith (Colinton), Mrs. Emily E. Moore (Letchworth), J. Kilmeny Keith (Ealing), Margaret Macdonald (Dunbar), Rev. R. K. Spedding (Liverpool), Irene Hubbard (Steeple Claydon), Sydney J. Spedding (Bolton), K. M. Sanders (Bridport), Norah M. Butterfield (Westward Ho!), Ann Gibbins (Oxted), Sidney S. Wright (Bickley), G. Pitt (London, N.), Marjorie Darrah (Manchester), Margaret Owen (Whitstable), N. Ray (Belfast), B. M. Beard (Bexleyheath), J. A. Jenkins (Liverpool), Mrs. E. G. Elton (London, S.W.).

VII.—THE PRIZE OF ONE YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION TO THE BOOKMAN is awarded to M. McDonnell, Elmwood, Bothwell, Scotland.

THE BOOKMAN LITERARY CIRCLE.

See third page of Cover.

KENYA MOUNTAIN.

By E. A. T. DUTTON. Illustrated. 21s. (Jonathan Cape.)

We have Mr. Dutton's assurance that, outside the pages of the Royal Geographical Society's Journals, no previous work has been devoted exclusively to Mount Kenya which, when the attempt here described was made to reach its summit, had only been conquered once in previous history, and that by Sir Halford Mackinder thirty years ago. Briefly it may be said that the attempt made three years since by Mr. Dutton and his associates was unsuccessful in that its objective was not attained, the spoils of victory falling while the present volume was in preparation to three young Englishmen who succeeded where the author and his friends had failed. But as Mr. Hilaire Belloc testifies in a characteristically impassioned preface, Mr. Dutton writes so well that his chronicle of failure "reads better than a success; it makes one understand the heaviness of the task and the peculiar courage of the author in undertaking it." Certainly the narrative is very vivid, and the manner of its presentation framed on grandiose lines fully worthy of the subject. The *genius loci* of the peak, ofttimes referred to in the text and accepted without question by Mr. Belloc, along with a whole hierarchy of "gods below the earth also," will conceivably be gratified that the first and foremost published account of the mountain's mysteries and grandeurs should take a form so sumptuous as this large quarto, beautifully printed and produced, embellished with weighty appendices by scientific and other authorities of eminence, and illustrated with superb collotype reproductions of Mr. J. D. Melhuish's photographs.

THE LIFE OF SOLOMON.

By EDMOND FLEG. 12s. 6d. net. (Gollancz.)

A chorus of critical praise welcomed the English translation of M. Fleg's "Life of Moses." The present companion undertaking has been rendered by Miss Viola G. Garvin. She tells us that the new theme is "part history and part fable," while the previous work breathed the spirit of innumerable Talmudic legends. Both incorporate there and here from Biblical narratives; both are in the Biblical manner, or in that rather of old Jewish *Midrashim*. These characteristics are preserved in the present luminous version. M. Fleg, who is of the Jewish faith, knows the Solomon of legend, as well as of the Bible and of Jewish history, outside the sacred texts. His pages are rich in Oriental romance, in jewelled lights, in perfume and flame of thought. They are an extravaganza of magic and demonialty; the old Grimoires and Keys which pass under the name of Solomon are as faded moonlight and water before their fire of carbuncles and the reds and violets of their wines. But a golden thread of purpose draws all together into a unified whole. We see the king in his majesty of power and wisdom, in his pride and the fall of pride, in the days of evil bondage, when he "went from woman to woman, from debauch to debauch," even to the doom thereof, when a devil reigned in his stead and he himself knew beggary. But the repentance of Solomon followed, and the penitent returned to throne and palace. There came at long last his decreed day of death, when the prophet's spirit overshadowed him and he saw in a vision the invisible temple of an age unborn, and the advent of Messiah. It seems to us a very real *Midrash*.

BOOKS AND THEIR WRITERS.

TRADITION AND EXPERIMENT.

By St. John Adcock.

NO young optimist should blot the word "impossible" out of his dictionary until he has tried to compile an anthology that will satisfy everybody. Then he will feel modest enough to acknowledge that the lexicographers knew best and have furnished him with a word that is at times indispensable. Mr. Harold Monro has bravely attempted that impossible task in " Twentieth Century Poetry,"* and if he had entirely succeeded might have credited himself with the performance of a miracle. He has done so well, anyhow, that many will be contented with what he has achieved. Having read or reread " about six hundred volumes," he has chosen seventy-seven poets, and winnowing out of each from one to nine poems has brought together a total of two hundred and forty as a harvest of what seems to him best in the poetry of this century. For the new issue of his welcome and admirably edited annual, " The Best Poems of 1929,"† Mr. Thomas Moult has found that during a single year seventy-two poets have written verse well worth preserving; so the fact that from the larger area of thirty years Mr. Monro has selected only seventy-seven should indicate that he is not easy to please. And certainly among the poems of his choice there are many charming, many beautiful things, with not more than a just proportion of such as are at least remarkable for those experimental, revolutionary qualities of structure and utterance which have come to be recognised as peculiarly characteristic of really " modern " verse. There are poems that may not, to your private thinking, be of undeniable merit —there were bound to be—but it is an interesting collection, and if it does not strike you as being thoroughly representative of the century, that may be either because Mr. Monro's taste is too delicate, is not sufficiently catholic, or your own not sufficiently exclusive. Perhaps an anthology of this comprehensive cast, if it is broadly and fully to represent the poetry of a period, rather than the limited personal preferences of the anthologist, could be more impartially compiled by a critic who was not also a poet, and so would have no very natural bias toward a kind of poetry he wrote himself nor against a kind he could not or did not write.

However this may be, when you have learned from Mr. Monro's introduction that, in order to settle his chronological boundaries, he resolved on " a general rule, with the elder poets, to include those only whose Collected Works had been published within the century," it is unsettling to discover that he includes seven poems by Dr. Bridges, whose Collected Poems appeared in the nineteenth century, and none by Kipling, Arthur Symons or William Watson, though their Collected Poems were not published until after this century began. It is true that one learns too from the introduction that Mr. Monro classes " some of the more famous poets of the moment " as poets of a decade and not of the century: " so to each decade its poet; centuries think in different terms." An impressive dictum, but I fear this classification ought to have proved fatal to the claims of several who are enshrined as century poets in this Valhalla. As specimens of last century poets whom he dismisses as belonging to a decade, Mr. Monro names, among others, Alexander Smith, and is not deterred by his knowledge of either from linking him with the egregious Tupper. The maturer work of Smith has had to suffer from the popularity and half-deserved ridicule he won with the boyish stuff he wrote when he was twenty. But one or two of his lyrics—" Glasgow," say, and that passionate, strangest of love-lyrics, " The Night Before the Wedding "— would make not a few of Mr. Monro's selection seem by contrast anæmic and inconsequent. For all that, I do not deny that Alexander Smith was only the poet of a decade, but his acceptance as such, if we test some of this " twentieth century poetry " against his, carries obvious implications.



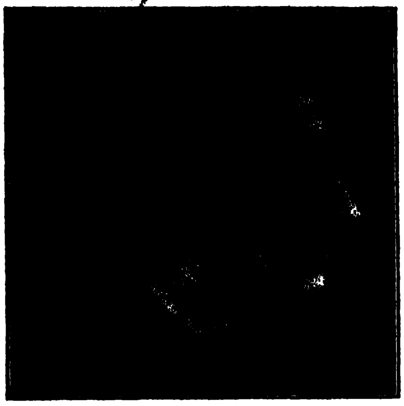
Mr. Harold Monro.

I should misrepresent it however if I did not emphasise that, taken simply as a collection of recent verse, a collection of Mr. Monro's favourite poems, there is very much in this book that is well and sensitively chosen and will give delight to all discriminating readers. Indeed, it goes without saying that an anthology containing poems by Rupert Brooke, Masefield, de la Mare, Alice Meynell, John Davidson, W. H. Davies, Siegfried Sassoon, Gerard Hopkins, Elroy Flecker, Abercrombie, Ralph Hodgson, Humbert Wolfe, Hardy, Yeats and, to say nothing of others, a sonnet and a brief poem by Wilfrid Gibson, one exquisite lyric by Noyes (whose " Bird-Song," by the way, is technically, and in thought and feeling, about the best of Mr. Moult's " Best Poems of 1929 "), one by A. E. Housman, one by Edmund Blunden, one by Gordon Bottomley, one by John Drinkwater, one by John Freeman, one by Chesterton, eight by a poetess of moderate gifts, and three by Mr. Monro himself, is a book rich enough in poetry to be a pleasing and a valuable possession. It is only when you come to consider it as an adequate assembly of the representative poetry of our century that you begin to hesitate and ask questions.

For instance, you read " Oread," by H. D.:

> " Whirl up, sea,
> Whirl your pointed pines,
> Splash your great pines
> On our rocks,
> Hurl your green over us,
> Cover us with your pools of fir."

* 3s. 6d. (Chatto & Windus). † 6s. (Jonathan Cape).



Portrait by E. O. Hoppé. **Miss Edith Sitwell.**

You read "Sehnsucht" (I am quoting each of these in full):

> "Because of body's hunger are we born,
> And by contriving hunger are we fed;
> Because of hunger is our work well done,
> And so are songs well sung, and things well said.
> Desire and longing are the whips of God—
> God save us all from death when we are fed."

You read "The Sunflower," by Peter Quennell:

> "See, I have bent thee by thy saffron hair,
> O most strange masker,
> Towards my face, thy face so full of eyes,
> O almost legendary monster.
> Thee of the saffron, circling hair I bend,
> Bend by my fingers knotted in thy hair,
> Hair like broad flames.
> So—shall I swear by beech husk, spindle-berry,
> To break thee, saffron hair and peering eye,
> To have the mastery?"

Poor Sir Richard Blackmore was not more banal, yet the satirists of his day laughed him into a figure of fun. Our milder age is less exacting; when some of its new poets can acquire little else it tolerantly encourages them to make virtues of their deficiencies, and, unfortunately, the large number they have of these swells them with a sense of greatness, until somebody is humane enough to puncture it. You read the twentieth century poem of "The Dead Bird," the seven lines on "Autumn," "The Horseman," and a score of others that are curiously lacking in idea, in beauty of thought or phrase, sometimes in a sense of humour which, in a flat-footed effort named "The Flight into Egypt," might have saved the poet from writing of how Mary would—

> "bare your maiden breast to his mouth,
> "The suckling, to the conscious God balanced upon your knees"

—and you wonder whether absolutely nothing finer, more significant than these tin-whistle pipings can be distilled from the pages of such poets as "A. E." (George Russell), Gerald Gould, Aldous Huxley, Crosland, Muriel Stuart, Katharine Tynan, Charles Williams, Martin Armstrong, Maurice Baring, Charles Dalmon, Belloc, Stephen Gwynn, W. M. Letts, Sidney Lysaght, Rose Macaulay, Violet Jacob, Susan Miles (decidedly one of the best of the "modernists"), Max Plowman, John Presland, Rachael Annand Taylor, Horace Shipp, Frank Kendon, Margaret Woods—who are all of this century and all ignored. Surely our century is not yet so rich in poetry that it can afford to dispense with all these, in addition to Watson, Symons and Kipling? Their absence exaggerates our poverty when one makes inevitable comparisons between the poets of this century and the one that preceded it.

An anthology covering the last thirty years of the despised Victorian era would contain the names of Browning, Tennyson, Arnold, Swinburne, Rossetti, Patmore; an anthology limited to the first thirty years of the nineteenth century would give us Wordsworth, Coleridge, Byron, Crabbe, Shelley, Keats and something of Blake—though as the critics had not then made up their minds about Blake and Keats we might have been given Mrs. Hemans and Rogers instead. Which thought should chasten us and make us the more careful in these days not to let our sleeping judgments betray us into similar errors. Mr. Monro's anthology is, once again, excellent in many respects, but, if I may be forgiven for expressing what, rightly or wrongly, I honestly think, by several of his inclusions and several of his omissions he makes our twentieth century poetry in the bulk, beside that of those other two anthologies, appear smaller and more inferior than it actually is.

Following passing fashions in literature, for fear of not seeming up to date, all we like sheep have gone astray at times, but that will not excuse us for condoning mistakes, even when they are not our own. So let me confess that I have been appalled at the gush of extravagant eulogy divers of our leading and lesser critics have lavished on a recent book of measurable merits by an established writer eminent enough to overawe the lesser ones, but not to mesmerise the others, so I am driven to account for it by assuming that their standards of criticism have fallen into disrepair and let them down. There has been too much lately of this rapturous hailing of important geese as swans, and it behoves each one of us to look into himself severely and put right what is wrong with his works. If our standards were not defective we should not—some of us—be troubled with such confused notions of what we mean by "modern" poetry. You will notice we have what are called very advanced poets who write deft little snatches of verse in the tradition of the very ancient poets of China; while others who write in the more recent tradition of our own greater poets are labelled old-fashioned.

There is a lot of sad nonsense of that sort talked about these matters, and for a corrective you should read (and you will read with enjoyment) the sound, sensible, lucid exposition of the virtues of tradition and of experiment in poetry in the essays contributed by Edmund Blunden and Edith Sitwell to "Tradition and Experiment in Present-Day Literature."* There you will find Miss Sitwell, perhaps to your surprise, judiciously crowning Tennyson's "Tears, Idle Tears," as "one

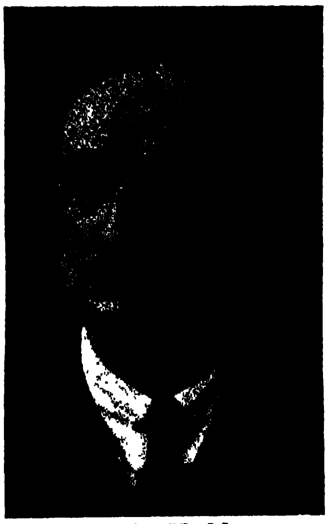


Mr. Edmund Blunden.

* 7s. 6d. (Oxford Press).

of the loveliest short lyrics in the English language." She is not invariably so orthodox, but is as candidly and fairly critical of experimental as of traditional verse. To illustrate one phase of her argument Miss Sitwell quotes a long eccentric poem " about an elephant," and you may think she is unduly lenient when she admits that it is " not a first-rate one," and is " fearfully obscure " ; you may think it illustrates the vices only and not " at once the virtues and the vices of modernist poetry " ; but her argument is now and then happier than her illustrations. She says an illuminating word, though not the last word, of Matthew Arnold when she refers to his " chilblained mittened musings " ; and submitting certain " modernists " to drastic scrutiny she remarks that they have discovered many things, " but not poetry." On the whole Miss Sitwell puts the case for experiment forcefully and well, and ends by defining poetry as " not the result of reason nor of intellect. It is the flower of magic, not of logic." No rational being is opposed to experiment ; he only protests when he is asked to admire quite raw experimental poetry as if it were the finished article, and will not blindly receive pretentiously crude verse as poetry when the modernist seeks to do the trick by clever conjuring, instead of by magic, with intellect instead of with feeling and imagination. All verse-writing is, in fact, an experiment, and only when the experiment succeeds is the result a poem.

That, I take it, is the sum of Mr. Edmund Blunden's teaching in his discerning and ably written chapter on " Tradition in Poetry." He concludes by indicating the influences that, consciously or unconsciously, aided Coleridge in the fashioning of " Kubla Khan," and shows that, for all its inspired originality, it was an experiment that had its roots in tradition. The *Quarterly* sneered at the poem as without genius and " utterly destitute of value " ; but later critics have arrived at a different opinion, and now, adds Mr. Blunden, " we may stand looking for a ' Kubla Khan ' of our days, and if our poets are as traditional as Coleridge, we may receive one."



Mr. R. H. Mottram.

In the past, at all events, the poets of a century, or part of a century, have never spoken all in one manner, or with one voice ; little groups have flocked together and done so, but they have always been of a minor order. Wordsworth was a great experimentalist ; he broke the tryanny of the Georgian formalists and restored to poetry its old beautiful simplicities of movement and of language ; but in all his greater work he exercised that freedom gloriously within traditional limits.

In this same volume tradition and experiment in the novel, in the drama, biography, and criticism are dealt with by R. H. Mottram and J. D. Beresford ; by Ashley Dukes and C. K. Munro ; by A. J. A. Symons and Osbert Burdett ; by Rebecca West and T. S. Eliot. I like the uncompromising boldness with which Mr. Mottram declares himself " incapable of dealing with the novel as though it were some recondite literary form existing only in the world of art. To me, the novel is not only a literary form, but an article of merchandise and an item in the well-estimated family budget, where it figures under the heading of ' amusements.' " He tells you what brought him to that point of view, and of course it does not involve a denial of the art of the novelist—but he is too natural an artist himself to treat it fussily or portentously —and he traces the development of that art from Richardson down to Wells, Bennett and Galsworthy, who continue to practise it, he observes, within the lines of a tradition that " is by no means ossified and insular." All these essays on tradition and experiment in the literary arts are suggestive, provocative, interesting, and tend to convince you, if you are not convinced already, that it is as foolish to despise tradition as to discourage experiment ; though all experiment is a waste of energy unless it is an intelligent extension of tradition and not merely an ignorant departure from it. No doubt it is possible for the ingenious to cultivate blue roses and black lilies, so the gardener who feverishly digs and waters his plot and tries to grow such flowers without seeds is not a subject for unkind criticism, but for medical attention.

ANOTHER DAY.

By JEFFERY FARNOL. 7s. 6d. (Sampson Low.)

Mr. Jeffery Farnol may choose for his literary domain a somewhat artificial type of romance, but within that domain he certainly rules supreme among modern writers. The hero of his latest story is a young man who, bereft of memory, is found lying unconscious across the corpse of the man he had threatened to murder. He is also a champion boxer and a fearless breaker of horses. The goddess of his destiny is a Sussex beauty whose face is " deep-eyed, vivid of mouth and framed in bronze-gold hair cut close, sleek and shining like a gold helmet." A pale and wistful American woman is her rival ; while in Derek Ryerson there is a thoroughly hard-boiled villain, in Uncle Ted a lovable old American gentleman, and in the wee Patience, sister of the golden goddess, a very attractive, if somewhat precocious, child. With these characters, and with scenes ranging from the Sussex Downs to the underworld of New York, Mr. Farnol succeeds in giving us another good mystery yarn.

HETTY'S SON.

By FLORENCE KILPATRICK. 7s. 6d. (Collins.)

It would be surprising to learn that Mrs. Florence Kilpatrick had not one eye on Mr. Ivor Novello and the talkies when she wrote this dramatic account of a handsome young man's fortunes and misfortunes. The beginning of the story, when John Tredegar, on the eve of leaving school to go up to Oxford, is expelled because of his association with a girl, is strongly reminiscent of a film in which Mr. Ivor Novello starred not long ago. But the story of course continues differently, and John's adventures as library steward on the *Andalucia*, and later in South America, would give any movie hero plenty of chances for first-class acting. This is the third " Hetty " book ; at the end of the previous one Hetty died at the birth of her son, but to this son she has bequeathed much of her wild, warm nature, and so her spirit lingers, running like a will-o'-the-wisp through the history of his growth from boyhood to manhood, his love for three women and his ultimate reconciliation with his father and stepmother.

THE BOOKMAN'S DIARY.

NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor of THE BOOKMAN, ST. PAUL'S HOUSE, WARWICK SQUARE, LONDON, E.C.4.

A preliminary letter of inquiry should be sent to the Editor before any manuscript is submitted for his consideration.

Two of the greatest War novels we have had so far are the two latest—Mr. Tomlinson's "All Our Yesterdays" (reviewed on another page) and Mr. Richard Blaker's "Medal Without Bar" (Hodder & Stoughton). Both have a breadth of vision and sympathy, an understanding of the real significance of things, and a sure artistry in the handling of their material that make much in our recent ultra-realistic War books—which apparently cannot achieve effects without overloading their pages with crude details of abhorrent sights and obscenities of dialogue—seem hysterical by comparison. You have enough of the visible horrors of war, the shattering of human creatures by scientific methods of slaughter in "Medal Without Bar" to turn the most stupidly rampant non-combatant into a confirmed pacifist. But these things are here the more poignant, more terrible because you are brought to such an intimate acquaintance with certain of the men who are thus ruthlessly smashed and blasted out of existence. If you want to be convinced of the sheer brutality and insanity of war, read "Medal Without Bar." It confirms all we have heard of the muddle and incompetence in the higher commands that too often sent men uselessly to inevitable death; there is no lack of humour in it, grim and otherwise; it pictures, too, the unbreakable courage of men unused to warfare, the heroism, self-sacrifice, the wonderful comradeships that were fostered among the insensate carnage of battle and touched the whole shameful business at times with something beautifully human and ennobling.



Portrait by E. O. Hoppé. **Mr. Richard Blaker.**

One suspects that, like Mr. Tomlinson, Mr. Blaker is autobiographical; that though his principal character is not modelled on himself he has given him his own experiences. When the War broke out Charles Cartwright was a solicitor, aged thirty-six, and partner with his father in the firm of Cartwright, Mollison and Cartwright. His wife was old Mollison's daughter. He knew that if he joined up the Old Boy and Mollison could carry on without him; his wife and two sons would be provided for and, things being so "convenient," the idea that he might try to keep out of it was unthinkable. He joined an Officers' Training Corps, where the Adjutant was a young Mons veteran, minus one eye and one hand. The Adjutant, Henderson, and Cartwright grew very friendly and, having influence in high quarters, Henderson is prepared to get him a permanent "cushy" job in the home service. Cartwright is opposed to this, and after delays, for which the intriguings of his wife and Henderson's are responsible, he is sent to France as lieutenant in a battery of artillery. The story that follows of the Somme fighting is the vividest, most grimly realistic story I have read of what was done in that direful sector by the men behind the guns. But the interest of it all takes hold of you chiefly because of the quiet cunning with which Mr. Blaker has drawn the characters of Cartwright—sensible, reliable, kindly—his brother officers, their batmen, sergeants and other of the men; you are made to know them so thoroughly and are so drawn to them, as they were drawn to each other, that you feel it almost as a personal loss when one after the other of them is suddenly wiped out, until scarcely any remain of the original battery except Cartwright himself and the boastful, likeable, superstitious Whitelaw. You fully understand how, after he has been invalided home, as soon as he is better, though he dreads going, Cartwright refuses opportunities of getting "cushy" jobs and has to go back out of a deep sense of loyalty to that glorious fellowship. There was none of the "far, far better thing" about this feeling; it was simply that he had become "something of the blood and the bone, the haunch and the hoof and the guts—of the battery."

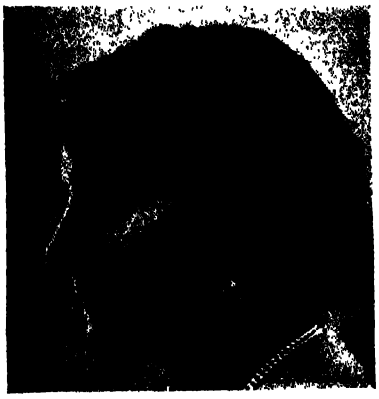
Cartwright, being older than most of the officers, is genially nicknamed "Uncle"; and one of the

things that haunts me is a saying by young Reynolds (otherwise "Renny"), who is given to quoting the poets on appropriate occasions. After a time of stress he has been drinking overmuch and will not settle down. He rouses, sits up, and addresses himself to Cartwright who is trying to sleep:

". . . 'Uncle, we've come out —of the Valley. And who are these?' He looked about the hut. '"These, sir," a fellow like you would say, "These are a lot of gunners." But the proper answer, ancient Uncle of mine, is "These are they which came out of great tribulation. . . ." What a spanking word that is, Nunks; "tribulation" . . . Uncle,' he said, 'by God, it's true! They *shall* hunger no more—neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat. . . . If we get through to the end —out of the other valleys and tribulations as we've got through this lot —there won't be a damned thing left in the world to upset us, and excite us, and make us get the wind up. I dare say we'll be able to smile at things, now and again; but it will take a hell of a lot to get a tear out of us. . . . "These are they which came out of great tribulation . . ." the generation of the broken-hearted. Men who have sighed all their sighs and shed their ultimate tear. I wish I could impress you as much as I've been impressed myself, blast you! But perhaps I'm late; it sometimes seems that you have discovered all these things some time ago. Good night, brother officer.'

"'Good night, fellow-gentleman,' said Cartwright. He too was a little thoughtful now. 'You *have* rather impressed me, if it's any satisfaction to you,' he said. 'I think that's a pretty sound idea.'

"'Good egg!' said Reynolds. 'I just shot an arrow into the air—well—good night.'"



Mrs. Aceituna Griffin,
Author of "Genesta" (John Murray).

Reynolds was one who did not get through to the end; but you can believe after reading this book that many who did have found there was truth in his rhetorical outburst. If you miss "Medal Without Bar," you will miss one of the finest, most deeply interesting of all the War books.

A collection of "New Zealand Short Stories," edited by O. N. Gillespie, will be published this month by Messrs. Dent. There is a wide variety in the stories, but every one of them is of New Zealand life and character. None of New Zealand's story-writers are better known in this country than Katherine Mansfield, but there are tales in the book by B. E. Baughan, A. A. Grace, G. B. Lancaster and others that will rank with the best work of this kind that has been done in recent years.

"Plume of the Arawas," a novel by another New Zealand author, Mr. Frank O. V. Acheson, is also to be published by Messrs. Dent this month. It is a stirring romance of the New Zealand Maori, written by one who has a lifelong knowledge of that remarkable race. An admirable account of native life in New Zealand towards the end of last century was given in "Maori Witchery," by C. R. Browne, issued by the same publishers last autumn. The author tells of his perilous adventures among hostile tribes and what he saw of the Maori people, their manners and customs, while he was engaged as a Government surveyor in opening up the "King Country" for the Main Trunk Railway.

The new novel of Major C. P. Wren, "The Mammon of Righteousness," which Mr. John Murray is publishing this month, is not another romance of India or Africa, but a mystery story of a very unusual kind.

Messrs. Eveleigh Nash & Grayson have done a good service in publishing all that is best and most interesting of the famous Diary of Charles Cavendish Fulke Greville in "Leaves from the Greville Diary" (21s.). The Diary covers the reigns of George IV, William IV, and the early years of Victoria. Greville was a shrewd observer, a witty idler, who was easily admitted behind the scenes in the best social and political circles of his time, knew all about nearly everybody that mattered, and gossiped about them in his diary unreservedly. The selection has been made by Mr. Philip Morrell, who contributes a preface and an admirable introductory essay. An appendix contains some interesting letters from Granville which have not hitherto been published.



Mr. Frank Stafford,
Author of "Beset," recently published by John Long.

Mr. Gilbert Thomas, who has done work of distinction both as poet and essayist, has completed a new volume of essays, "Calm Weather,"

which will be published shortly by Messrs. Chapman & Hall. As his title suggests, Mr. Thomas's essays are of a quiet and thoughtful cast, and deal largely with "those first affections, those shadowy recollections" which return to us, as Wordsworth says, "in a season of calm weather." It is a book of varying moods and impressions, including intimate autobiographical chapters concerning childhood, Public School life and the author's early days in London with Messrs. Chapman & Hall (who, by the way, celebrate their centenary this year). All the essays have appeared in the *Spectator*, *Nation*, *Manchester Guardian*, *British Weekly*, *Good Housekeeping*, and other journals.

I heard with great regret of the death last month of Mrs. Agnes Croysdale, the elder daughter of Mr. William Blane, C.B.E. Under the name of Agnes Blane, Mrs. Croysdale was the author of several very successful plays, including "The Half Sister," which was produced in London, at the Apollo theatre; "The Third Eye," a powerful study in the mental derangement of a famous doctor, produced at Nottingham; a comedy, "A Family Affair," which was produced with a London cast at the Theatre Royal, Manchester, and afterwards on tour with brilliant success in other provincial cities. By her early death the stage has lost one of its most promising dramatists. She had several other plays ready for production—one, a comedy, called "Sin and Angels"; another, "The Moon and the River," written in collaboration with William Holles; had dramatised two well-known novels, Dorothy Conyers's "Two Impostors and Tinker," and Gilbert Frankau's "Gerald Cranston's Lady," and was making arrangements for their production this year. Many of her plays had an African colouring, for she spent much time in South Africa, where her father, whose name is familiar in anthologies of South African poetry, lived for many years. She also wrote much charming verse and I understand a Memorial volume of this is in preparation.



Portrait by Lallie Charles.

Mrs. Agnes Croysdale.

A study of Mr. Lloyd George, by Sir Charles Mallet, has just been published by Messrs. Benn. Sir Charles writes as "a member of the Liberal Party," and, though studiously polite, his analysis of his subject's personality, record and policy is frank and searching.

I hear from Mr. Sydney Walton, of the *Yorkshire Evening News*, that Dr. T. R. Glover, the well-known scholar and public orator of Cambridge University, has written some Latin verses in the mediæval manner reviewing Miss Waddell's "Mediæval Latin Lyrics" (which we review on another page), and that the *Baptist Times* is offering a prize for the best translation of them.

The Cambridge Press has in preparation a new edition of the "Plays of Nathaniel Lee," Dryden's contemporary and occasional collaborator. This will be edited, with an introduction and notes, by Miss C. M. Maclean.

The hitherto uncollected criticisms and reviews of Katherine Mansfield are to be published shortly by Messrs. Constable, under the title of "Novels and Novelists."

Messrs. Constable are publishing also "Strength of the Spirit," a new novel by Leonora Eyles.

Emil Ludwig's "Abraham Lincoln" is to be published early this year by Messrs. Putnam; who have also in the press the Memoirs of Prince von Buelow, the German statesman and Chancellor.

A translation of "The Spiritual Writings of Charles de Foucauld," the Hermit Apostle of the Sahara, will be published this spring by Messrs. Burns, Oates & Washbourne.

The Index to Volume LXXVI of THE BOOKMAN will be given in our next issue.

BOOKMAN.

TWO CENTENARIES: HENRY KINGSLEY AND JAMES PAYN.

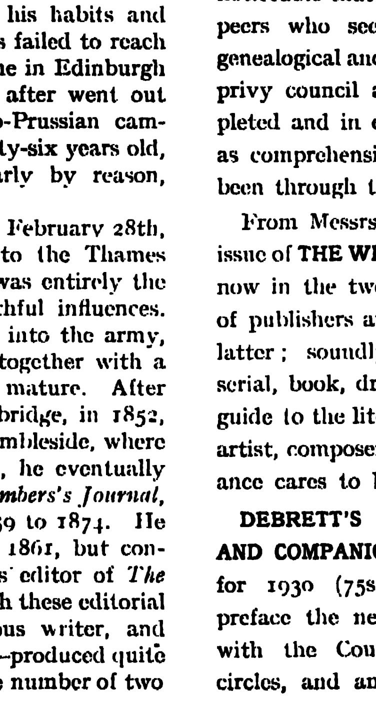
Two men destined to be notable in the annals of literature entered the world this winter-time a hundred years ago. Henry Kingsley, born on January 2nd, 1830, at the Rectory of Barnack, in Northamptonshire, was the fifth son of the Reverend Charles Kingsley; but as his father became Rector of Chelsea in 1836, Henry's youth mainly passed there amid surroundings which he excellently depicted later on in his book, "The Hillyars and the Burtons." His brother Charles, the future author of "Hypatia" and "Westward Ho!" was eleven years his senior and already a force in the religious and literary world as Henry grew

up, but very differently—restless, wild, and self-indulgent. Henry Kingsley left Worcester College, Oxford, in 1853, without taking a degree, owing to mysterious circumstances which have never transpired. The gold-digging fever had him in its grip, and he went off to Australia like so many of the muscular and unstable young men of that time. But he found no fortune in the mines, though many adventures were his in that far unknown country as labourer, stockdriver, and trooper in the mounted police. His relatives heard nothing of him for five years, and then suddenly he reappeared in England, rather to their disconcertion. But he was provided with a cottage next to the dwelling of his now aged parents at Eversley, and there he proceeded to write, or rather finish, that vivid novel, "Geoffry Hamlyn," which recounts so much of his adventurous time in Australia. By the influence of his brother Charles, the book found ready acceptance by the firm of Alexander Macmillan in 1859. It was succeeded by the even finer "Ravenshoe" in 1862. "Austin Elliot," "Leighton Court," "Silcote of Silcotes" were all good, but by 1869 deterioration in both his habits and brain had set in, and his subsequent stories failed to reach the same high standard. He was for a time in Edinburgh as editor of *The Daily Review*, and soon after went out as war correspondent during the Franco-Prussian campaign. He died in Sussex, in 1876, but forty-six years old, his bright promise extinguished thus early by reason, mainly, of his irregular habits.



Miss Georgia Rivers,
Author of "The Difficult Art" (Skeffington).

James Payn was born at Cheltenham on February 28th, 1830. His father, who had been Clerk to the Thames Commissioners, died early, and the child was entirely the son of his mother in the matter of youthful influences. He was sent to Eton, and intended to go into the army, but for reasons of ill-health this project, together with a later one to become a clergyman, did not mature. After taking his degree at Trinity College, Cambridge, in 1852, Payn adopted journalism. Settling near Ambleside, where he saw a good deal of Harriet Martineau, he eventually moved to Edinburgh to join the staff of *Chambers's Journal*, of which periodical he was editor from 1859 to 1874. He had taken up his residence in London in 1861, but continued his editorship from there. He was editor of *The Cornhill Magazine* (1883–1896). All through these editorial periods, and before, he was a voluminous writer, and between 1852 and 1890—thirty-eight years—produced quite sixty books, which at times appeared to the number of two or three in a single year; novels, poems, essays, recollections poured from his pen. Payn's most popular novel was "Lost Sir Massingberd" (1864). "By Proxy" (1878) was remarkable for its humour. "The Talk of the Town" (1885) was based on the career of W. H. Ireland, the Shakespearean forger, and describes the sensational production of his "Vortigern" at Drury Lane Theatre in 1796. There are over forty other novels by Payn. He was also for many years reader to the publishing firm of Smith, Elder, and in this capacity the unfortunate memory attaches to him that he rejected "The Mayor of Casterbridge" and "John Inglesant." On the other hand, he praised Rider Haggard's first story, "Dawn," though his firm did not publish the book. James Payn died at Warrington Crescent, Maida Vale, on March 25th, 1898, beloved by a wide circle of friends for his kindliness and charm as a man.



Portrait by Lafayette, Dublin.

Mr. Michael Walsh,
Author of "Brown Earth and Green (Dublin: Talbot Press), reviewed in this Number.

S. M. ELLIS.

NOTES ON RECENT BOOKS.

The 1930 edition of Burke's **PEERAGE AND BARONETAGE, PRIVY COUNCIL AND KNIGHTAGE** (£5 5s.; Burke's Peerage, Ltd.), carefully brought up to date, is a welcome and invaluable addition to every reference library. You get an idea of the extent to which last year's volume is now out of date when you find records here of twenty-six new peerages; twenty-eight new baronetcies; many new knights, and members of various orders, to say nothing of changes on the episcopal bench and elsewhere and, a very interesting and serviceable addition, a complete list of the present Ministry. It is noticeable that Lord Passfield is one of the very few recent peers who seem to dispense with coats of arms. The genealogical and heraldic history of our peerage, baronetage, privy council and knightage has been revised and completed and in every way the new volume has been made as comprehensive and reliable as "Burke's" always has been through the eighty-eight years of its existence.

From Messrs. A. & C. Black comes the new and revised issue of **THE WRITERS' AND ARTISTS' YEAR BOOK** (3s. 6d.), now in the twenty-third year of its usefulness. Its lists of publishers and periodicals, and the requirements of the latter; soundly practical articles of advice concerning serial, book, dramatic, film and all copyrights, makes it a guide to the literary, art and music worlds that no editor, artist, composer or writer who has once made its acquaintance cares to be without.

DEBRETT'S PEERAGE, BARONETAGE, KNIGHTAGE AND COMPANIONAGE, revised and brought up to date for 1930 (75s.; Dean & Son), gives in an ample preface the news of the year so far as it is concerned with the Court and higher social and Parliamentary circles, and among much other information includes an interesting table showing the number of hereditary and other titles that have been conferred each year for the last half-century. The largest number of peers created in any one of these years was twenty-three in 1919, though 1929 ran it close with twenty-two. Debrett has been carrying on its useful work for two hundred and seventeen years, and nothing could be more concise or complete than its genealogies and its wealth of information about those who have earned a place between its covers. The "Companionage" list alone fills nearly a thousand pages. Whatever you may want to know about the holder of any sort of title or honour is to be found in Debrett.

ART IN ITALY—AND ELSEWHERE.*

By Frank Rutter.

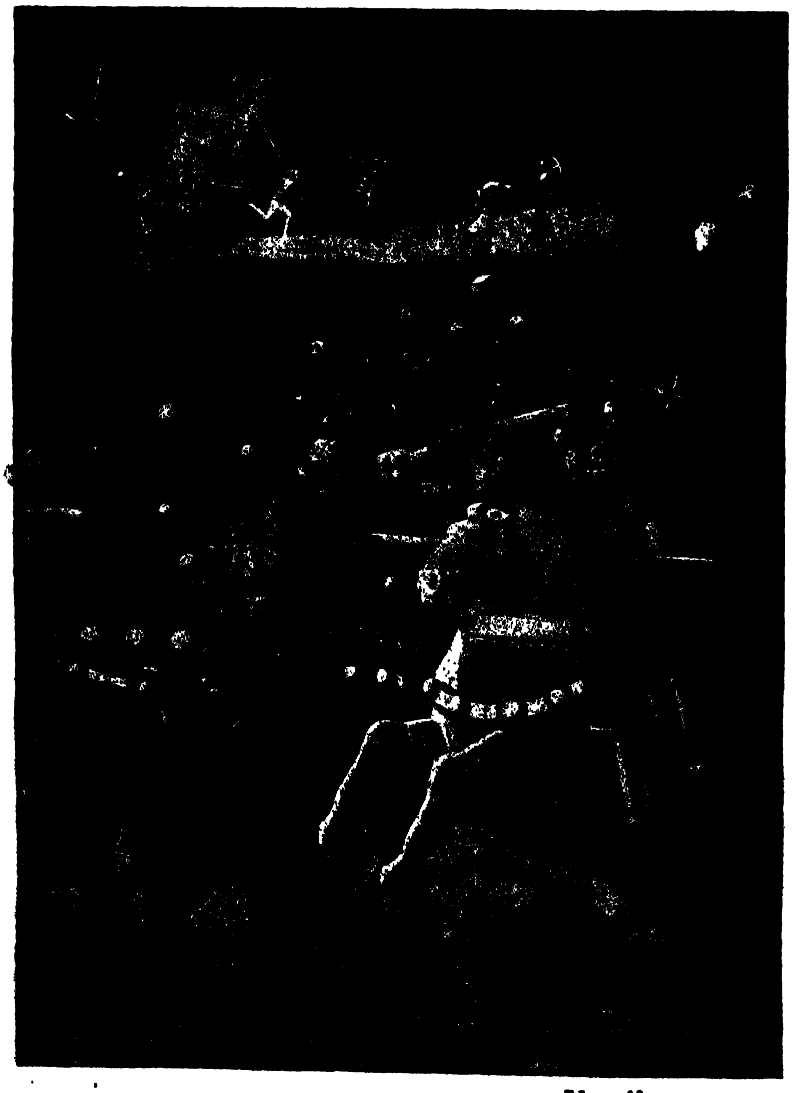
In matters of art it must be admitted that the Latin races have shown a distinct superiority over the rest of Europe; and of all the Latins the Italians have the longest and most glorious record. That is why the exhibition of Italian Art at Burlington House this month inevitably surpasses even the magnificent exhibitions of Flemish and Dutch Art previously held there.

But to enjoy this exhibition to the full and to understand it aright the visitor must have some knowledge of the conditions of life which brought these treasures of art to birth. A book which can be confidently recommended to intending visitors as a preparation for what they are about to see is Jacob Burckhardt's "Civilisation of the Renaissance in Italy." This famous classic, so delightfully written yet so instructive, has already passed through fifteen editions in Germany, and Mr. S. G. C. Middlemore's translation is from the last German edition, with additional notes. But though the text of Burckhardt's book has appeared in English before, the volume just published by Messrs. Harrap & Co. is the first to be illustrated. Valuable as the text is alone, it becomes doubly valuable when embellished with 240 well chosen and well reproduced illustrations, which are not only welcome in themselves, but supremely helpful to the better understanding of a book which is an acknowledged master-work.

A much smaller volume which is yet helpful and remarkably comprehensive in its brevity is "The Italian Renaissance," by M. Elie Faure. This distinguished French critic is apt to be more than a trifle rhetorical in his expositions, but the present work is a model of conciseness, and in the space of little more than fifty pages he presents an attractive survey of Italian architecture, sculpture and painting from the thirteenth to the seventeenth century. He ends with Tintoretto, and this leaves out Tiepolo, Canaletto and Guardi; but it is impossible to exhaust Renaissance art in fifty-five pages, and the marvel is not that M. Faure should have left anybody out, but that he should have got in so much. Further, he can legitimately claim that the later Venetians belong to the Baroque period and not to the Renaissance.

Of the extraordinary conditions of that time he has much to say supplementing his sixty pages of illustrations, and many of his sentences are as illuminating as flashes of lightning:

> "Assassination in person, or through a hireling, was an every-day occurrence. . . . In Florence there was a woman who offered an ex-voto to a saint as a thank-offering, because her lover, a monk, had been successful in robbing her husband. . . . All men distrusted each other through knowledge of their own proclivities. . . . Men's nervous systems became highly sensitive and able to react as rapidly as the harp string vibrates to the touch of the hand. Quick-wittedness is necessarily developed when it is required as a weapon . . . the general amorality matured the individual. . . . Men found they could rule by the mind as well or better than by physical force. A new passion was born, which was to know and create, and to protect those who had knowledge and the power of creating. . . . The humanities and the arts were developing by dint of the eagerness inspired by emulation, since the goal was glory. The most brutal tyrants, the Malatesta for instance, expended enormous sums on buying pictures, statues and medals, on founding libraries, on financing scholars, writers and artists."



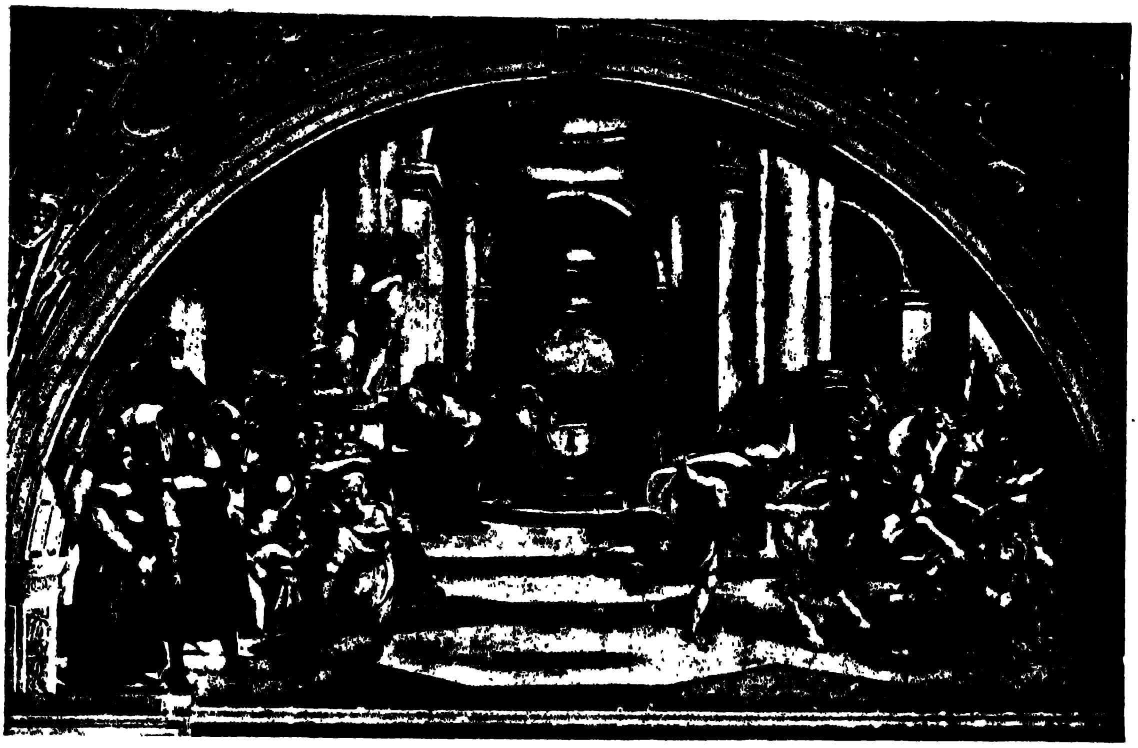
Uccello
(Detail from "The Rout of S. Romano").
From "An Introduction to Italian Painting," by Sir Charles Holmes (Cassell).

That was the Renaissance, and if its achievements were great, the price paid for them was formidable. Nobody would wish to resurrect these conditions even on the certainty of producing another Raphael or Leonardo.

But, with all respect to the Renaissance, many of us are beginning to wonder whether its achievements were really so wonderful and worthy of admiration as those of three centuries immediately preceding, say, 1450. Does not the visitor to Burlington House—especially if his taste be refined—return again and again to the first two rooms containing the Sienese and Florentine Primitives? Does he not feel, after he has passed Botticelli's "Birth of Venus" in the third gallery, that the exhibition soon begins to tail off in beauty, in exquisiteness and, above all, in spirituality?

Holman Hunt, Millais and Rossetti are quite out of date with their Pre-Raphaelitism, it is the Pre-Giottesque works which most fascinate the advanced art students of to-day. Similarly we are coming to judge a writer on Italian art, to some extent, by the point at which he begins. If with Cimabue we feel that he has left a most important, and to some the best, part of the tale untold, Mr. A. F. Clutton-Brock scores a distinct point and earns respect by starting his brief but intelligent sketch of "Italian Painting" with Giunta Pisano (f.l. 1229–1255). He is properly sceptical of "progress" in art, and in his sixty-four pages of pamphleteering he

* "The Civilisation of the Renaissance in Italy." By Jacob Burckhardt. 42s. (Harrap.) — "The Italian Renaissance." By Elie Faure. 10s. 6d. (*Studio*.)—"Italian Painting." By A. F. Clutton-Brock. 2s. (Faber & Faber.)—"The Italian Masters." By Horace Shipp. 7s. 6d. (Sampson, Low.)—"An Introduction to Italian Painting." By Sir Charles Holmes. 10s. 6d. (Cassell.)—"Studies in the Italian Renaissance." By Herbert M. Vaughan. 10s. 6d. (Methuen.)—"A History of British and American Etching." By James Laver. £3 3s. (Ernest Benn.)



Heliodorus driven from the Temple.
(From the fresco by Raphael in the Stanze of the Vatican, Rome.)
From "Studies in the Italian Renaissance," by Herbert M. Vaughan (Methuen).

studies belong to the spheres of history and biography rather than that of art criticism, Mr. Vaughan, while taking constitutional history to be the anatomy of nations, and political history to be its "organs of action," claims art history to be:

" that which in the body historical gives a sparkle to the eyes, a sheen to the hair, colour to the lips, and grace to the limbs."

This is his graceful and quite unnecessary apology

only gets as far as Domenico Veneziano (1399–1486) on page 32.

Mr. Horace Shipp, whose larger " Italian Masters " has also been written with special reference to the current exhibition at the Academy, begins early, too, devoting a preliminary chapter to a Byzantine prologue before starting with Guido of Siena, whose " Madonna " is dated 1221. Apart from illustrations, Mr. Shipp's octavo contains 170 pages; but on page 85 he is already writing about the Florence of Michelangelo; so that although he has still to tell us of the Umbrian, Milanese, Venetian and other schools, he is less disillusioned about the Renaissance than Mr. Clutton-Brock. Mr. Shipp however is admittedly catering for the " general reader," and while his book contains little serious criticism or searching analysis of the qualities which make paintings great, he chats pleasantly about the painters and usefully reminds us of the historical background to the stage on which they strutted.

Altogether in another class is Sir Charles Holmes's " Introduction to Italian Painting." It is the work of a scholar, a great expert, and a landscape painter of originality and distinction; yet for all his erudition and profound technical experience, Sir Charles tells his story in a simple and delightfully lucid manner, so that his is a book which anybody can read and understand. It is quite the best short book on the subject that has yet appeared in English, and though limited to 145 pages it has by far the widest range. In a masterly chapter on " The Origin and Methods of Italian Painting," he sums up the achievements of Byzantine art, shows us the continuity of the classical style in mediæval Rome, and lays due stress on the real turning point in Italian painting; namely the coming to Assisi, to help in painting the frescoes at St. Francesco, of the thirteenth century Roman painter Pietro Cavallini. The unreliability of Vasari is now common knowledge, and modern research has established that it was Cavallini, not Cimabue, who was the real master of Giotto. Similarly, in his last chapter, Holmes writes of the Baroque painters of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries with a rare discriminating sympathy, contriving on his last page even to pay a tribute to Segantini, the great Italian painter of the nineteenth century.

The connection between art and history during the Italian Renaissance is admirably demonstrated by Mr. Herbert M. Vaughan in one of the lectures brought together in his " Studies in the Italian Renaissance." While these

for adding to his histories of such families as the Medicis, Borgias, Farneses, etc., chapters on Fra Angelico, Cellini, Leonardo, Raphael and Michelangelo.

Meanwhile we of to-day have our own small achievements; and if we are a little uncertain how Epstein and Augustus John should rank as against Donatello and Titian, still leaving sculpture and painting aside—we have reason to be content with our achievement in etching and dry-point. Here at the present moment the Anglo-Saxon race can claim a distinct superiority over the Latins. There is no country in the world that can present so fine a quartet of living etchers as Great Britain, with Muirhead Bone, Frank Brangwyn, D. Y. Cameron and



Michelangelo.
(Uffizi, Florence. Self-portrait.)
From "The Italian Masters," by Horace Shipp (Sampson Low).

James McBey—to say nothing of Blampied, Briscoe, Brockhurst, Cain, Francis Dodd, John, Lumsden, Osborne, Rushbury, Sickert and a dozen others. All these and ever so many more are appreciated, and most of them included among the illustrations, in Mr. James Laver's book on British and American Etching. The literature of the subject is now so voluminous that collectors and students will be grateful to this alert young official of the Victoria and Albert Museum for giving in one volume so comprehensive yet concise a history. For those who desire to make further research an excellent bibliography is attached; but Mr. Laver himself covers the ground fairly completely from Hogarth to the latest American etcher of promise.

It is inevitable that opinions should differ about the choice of illustrations where the field is so formidably immense. Personally I consider the most serious absentees are Cruikshank and Wilkie among the earlier etchers, Robert Austin, Francis Dodd and Sylvia Gosse among contemporaries. There are many artists reproduced whose work is incontestably on a lower level than that of those just mentioned. But in the matter of reproducing contemporaries, Mr. Laver errs on the side of generosity rather than on that of insufficiency; and his kindness to certain American etchers closely approaches charity.

The Bookshelf.

MEDIÆVAL LATIN LYRICS.*

A translator's task is not unlike that of a miner's. A miner, surrounded by his material, enveloped in it, subdued by it, will be pardoned if he often is more aware of the arduousness of the task, the discomfort of his position, and the unnaturalness of the atmosphere than of the sheer mystic excitement of his task, the bringing to light the hid treasures which only he can see, and which, without his aid, we shall only know by lamentable hearsay. So the translator. He too must be pardoned if at times the task is too hard. Obsessed by the obstinacy of material, surrounded by words so alive and yet so inert, who can blame him if he fails to realise the excitement of his adventure and merely drags to life, for our dismayed inspection, poor little dejected copies of his startling and splendid originals? Yet how glorious it is when a translator arises who can combine utter recognition of the original with a complete power of reproducing its beauty! Fidelity is of little use unless there is love, and too many translators give one the impression that they love neither their originals nor their task. Their translations, when they are not mere journey-work, are by way of self-excuse—we, or at least those of us who are curious, want an explanation of their enthusiasms, or even of the way they spend their time, so they produce those pitiful little apologies that explain at once everything and nothing. "I have been faithful to thee, Const-rue, in my fashion," they diffidently quote; and we decide regretfully that it is not enough.

So a translator such as Miss Waddell gives to us an ecstasy of enjoyment not less acute than that conveyed by original poems. She has an elixir of life for these tattered, dusty, dishevelled or embalmed poets of the great Middle Age. They were of all kinds, saint, scholar, philosopher, vagabond, sceptic, devotee, lover and beloved—for centuries now, for most of us, they have been like those figures in glass cases which illustrate the costumes of bygone periods—perfectly deathly in their lifelikeness. The dusty, fly-specked glass is broken; and Miss Waddell has made them sing once more, as they sang, as they sing in the immortal day-spring of the poets' world. Alcuin, Abelard, Paulinus, the Archpoet, Petronius, Felix, Walafrid Strabo, the unknown lyrists of the Benedictbeuern manuscript—here are songs by all of them, and songs of earlier men who saw the false dawn in the light of the Roman Empire. Miss Waddell has been accused by some of modernising her poets. I am not a scholar, but I have enough Latin, and understand poetry perhaps rather better than the critics. I cannot always see in the Latin what Miss Waddell sees; but directly I have read her version, I can see that it is there. Others read the poet's Latin as well as she; she reads the poet, for her the strings of his harp, which were so often his heart-strings, move with a far, faint music, that can never be too thin or too distant for her ear to catch its loveliness and its rapture. And, hearing it, she can reproduce it thus:

"Summer to a strange land
  Is into exile gone,
The forest trees are bare
  Of their gay song.
The forest boughs are wan,
  Deflowered the field,
Withered that which was fair,
  Naked and bare
The happy greenwood is,
  Stripped by the cruel cold,
And silence grips the air,
  For all the birds are into exile gone."

It is a temptation to fill these pages with excerpts; but one more must suffice—these lines from the *Dum Dianæ vitrea*:

"Thrice happy sleep!
The antidote to care,
Thou dost allay the storm
Of grief and sore despair;
Through the fast-closed gates
Thou strealest light;
Thy coming gracious is
As love's delight.

"Sleep through the wearied brain
Breathes a soft wind
From fields of ripening grain,
The sound
Of running water over clearest sand,
A mill-wheel turning, turning slowly round,
These steal the light
From eyes weary of sight."

The most amazing thing about Miss Waddell's work is her infinite capacity to catch mood, rhythm and the emotional content of a poem. I will not say that she is always equally successful; I will not say that in all her versions she equals the Latin (a task not always possible in English); but there are no failures in the book, and the general level is so high that no one who knows what the difficulties are can avoid using the word genius of Miss Waddell's power as a translator.

She is also one of the most accomplished scholars we have. There may be people who know more of the Middle Ages—no doubt Mr. Coulton does, and perhaps so does Miss Eileen Power—but there is no one who knows the Middle Ages better. For Miss Waddell is a real lover—that is, she is not blind, but loves with a keen eye for imperfections, and with an understanding that knows that without proportion there is no knowledge, and no genuine affection. She can make the personalities as well as the writings of her poets clear to us; even on an author so discussed as Petronius she has something new to say. She has a delicacy of temper that is too genuine to be peevish at human imperfections, and she does not forget that saints are those whose good characters mankind has chosen to remember and sinners those whose bad deeds are kept alive by the same capricious power. This volume is the sequel to her "Wandering Scholars"; and it is to be hoped that it will have as great a success as that incomparable piece of imaginative reconstruction. With the two books near his hands, those of us who have sometimes been apt to shy at the bogy of the dark ages, will realise again and again that there was no such winter of men's minds, no time when there was no light.

R. Ellis Roberts.

* "Mediæval Latin Lyrics." By Helen Waddell. 21s. (Constable.)

WAR AND PEACE.

ALL OUR YESTERDAYS.[1]

A few years ago books about the War had fallen quite out of favour. There had been so many, and War-time miseries were still so fresh in everybody's recollection, that the public refused to go on reading about unhappy things it was trying to forget. Such a slump set in that books of this sort wandered, seeking in vain to get into print, and novelists were warned that if their novels were to succeed they must keep the War out of them. Now all that is changed. After a decade of semi-eclipse the War began to come back into popularity with the general reader. The new War books were very different from the old; they were written with a more and more daringly naked realism of description and dialogue; all the filthy things seen and heard in and around the trenches were poured into their pages unreservedly, and those that were worst in this respect became the best of the best-sellers. Reading them, one after another, left you with an impression that the whole War had been a long Walpurgis night of almost unmitigated horror and bestiality.

Into this barbaric riot comes "All Our Yesterdays," striking a note of quiet sanity, not mistaking the superficial for the essential, nor giving undue importance to essentials that belong to the background. Mr. Tomlinson does not rely for his effects on any copious and exact reproduction of that unconventional language which seems to have been common to soldiers on a campaign ever since my Uncle Toby fought in Flanders; the difference indeed between Mr. Tomlinson's work and that of the reeking War books, to which we have recently grown accustomed, is the difference between art and photography; he is more concerned to reveal the soul, the inner significance of things, than to horrify you with accumulations of raw facts such as any eye can see, or ear hear.

Beginning in East London, with the launching of a great battleship in 1900, Mr. Tomlinson pictures London during the years of the Boer War, the riotous harrying of pro-Boers, the terribly blatant glorying in victory, as on Mafeking night; and, touching in something of the psychology of that and the succeeding generation, shows the Great War as a natural growth from international ambitions, shoddy ideals, trade and territorial rivalries. You are made intimately acquainted with a group of East End characters—a revolutionary second-hand bookseller; a sturdy shipwright and his family; a kindly, broad-minded vicar; a clever, cynical, young Radical M.P.; a much-travelled journalist—and it is by following the fortunes of certain of these that, from 1914 onwards, you get the story of the War and what it meant to our own people, in the firing-line and at home. From the mud and blood and filth, the good comradeship and insane slaughter of trench and battle-field, you pass to the comfort, hospitality and dinner-table badinage of head-quarters, or the food shortage and wearing anxiety of the air-raided home folk.

Nothing could be more ghastly and terrible than some of the battle scenes. Langham, the brilliant Radical M.P., is a guest at head-quarters, come out to see something of what is going on. He suggests that the fighting men, escaped from factories and offices, are enjoying the slavery of military discipline and the adventure of it all; but Phipps, the war-correspondent, reminds him he has never seen "a casualty station on a bad day"; and one of the officers scoffs at the suggestion of adventure and declares: "The bloody war and its pus is just the outcome of the factories and the laboratories—an interlude, to fight over credits and customers—the serfs go from one part of the great machine to attend to another, by order." The edge is taken off the glory by such anecdotes as that of the girl at home, near child-birth, who as the old vicar distressfully reiterates, "died crying," when news came that her man at the Front had been killed. All through it is this larger human note that is stressed, not merely the brutal and

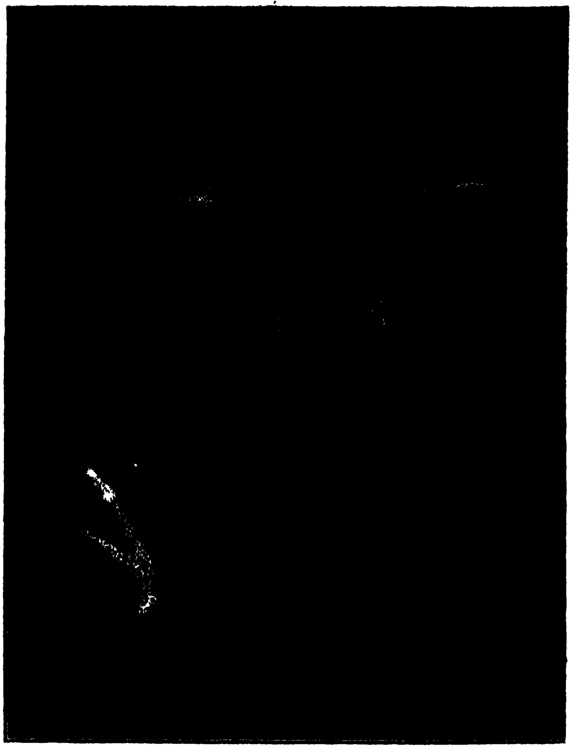


Photo by E. O. Hoppé. **Mr. H. M. Tomlinson.**

abhorrent incidents, but the far-reaching consequences of the War. The story has its moments of devastating irony and bitterness; it has also a breadth of vision and beauty, a poignance of thought and feeling and language that rank it, as a piece of literature, second to none of the greater books of this kind that these latter years have brought us.

A. R.

SHEPHERDS IN SACKCLOTH.[2]

Directly you open Miss Sheila Kaye-Smith's new book you find yourself immersed in the peace and loveliness of spring; the marshes "yellow with sunshine and buttercups," the young woods lifting "torches of green fire to the sky." But it is an illusionary peace, a peace that only externally touches the human lives of those villages on the Kentish border, shepherded by the grey-haired, kindly, simple-hearted Mr. Bennet; a peace that only externally touches Mr. Bennet himself. For Mr. Bennet is harassed by ecclesiastical differences which seem strangely trivial to the lay mind, and by his efforts to keep in with the great lady, Mrs. Millington, that his church may profit from her generosity. And there are deeper, more passionate elements at work in that tranquil setting of marsh and meadow. Theresa, Mrs. Millington's niece, a hoyden, carefree, sexless, with flaming hair and a face "in which youth and health glowed so brightly as to be almost enough beauty in themselves," is one of the most vital characters Miss Sheila Kaye-Smith has drawn. Misled by a passion she does not understand, she flickers like fire through the first half of the book, and when she dies it is like a light put out. The author goes on to tell how the young nonconformist preacher who betrayed her found redemption in scouring the country with a mission to bring souls to forgiveness, advertising his own sin, cheapening the young, ignorant, glorious love Theresa had given him, with his outcry: "O happy fault, which has brought me so great a salvation!" So tell us too of Mr. Bennet's fight over the question of the Sacrament, the sorrows and tribulations that descend on him; of theological disputes that seem —to the lay mind—singularly unessential to religion, but are important enough to Mr. Bennet and his Bishop. It is when Miss Sheila Kaye-Smith turns to the deeper, simpler aspects of life and death, we feel we are moving again among things that matter. Mr. Bennet, after his wife's death, goes for consolation to his old friend and parishioner, Mrs. Iggulsden, and they talk of their dead: "Peering into

[1] By H. M. Tomlinson. 8s. 6d. (Heinemann.)—[2] By Sheila Kaye-Smith. 7s. 6d. (Cassell.)—[3] By Edith Wharton. 7s. 6d. (Appleton.)

that invisible world, guessing and conjecturing with the simplicity of unquestioning faith, they were like two children who, their heads together, peer through the key-hole of a dark room. . . . Neither had the slightest fear or even a thought that on the opening of that door they might find only darkness." The characters are real and vivid : Poor Emily with her imaginary son, little Arthur ; Mrs. Bennet ; the old country folk with their unconscious humour and the tragedies and ironies of their lives ; not to mention Mr. Bennet himself and Theresa. And, as in life, the narrow interests of the parish mingle with and survive the soaring passions of human love and sorrow.

H. M.

HUDSON RIVER BRACKETED.[3]

The curious title of this book alludes to a form of architecture found on the banks of the Hudson River, which opens the eyes of young Vance Weston to the mystic glories of the past and to the possibilities of his own future. For Vance Weston is what we must call—for lack of a less affected, self-conscious term—a creative artist. When at the age of nineteen, to recover from an illness brought on by a thwarted love romance, he was sent to Paul's Landing on the Hudson River, it was his first glimpse of the past. He had always lived in new towns ; his father and grandfather were real estate agents ; his mother, " a small, round-faced woman with a resolute mouth, had always stayed at home, looked after her children, fed her husband well, and whenever he made a ' turn-over,' bought a picture or a piano-cover to embellish one or the other of their successive dwellings." His grandmother had a passion to reform everything and a cheerful religious zeal. Between trade and religion, " Mr. Weston making clients come to the suburbs as his mother-in-law made them come to Jesus," Vance was brought up ignorant of all that later was to mean his life. The old house on the Hudson, and the swift intelligence and flyaway humour of Halo Spear, reveal him to himself. From that time on we see him developing his powers as a writer, marrying the wrong girl, while Halo, whom he should have married, makes her own mistaken alliance to help her family out of money difficulties. It is not easy for a writer to draw the portrait of a writer, but Mrs. Wharton has done it in a masterly way, giving as background the literary circles of New York, as well as Vance's home life and, behind everything, that strangely mixed family from which he has sprung. The characterisation shows her usual skill and sympathy, and Mrs. Wharton has always a spontaneous and refreshing humour.

H. M.

JOHN TODHUNTER.*

Dr. John Todhunter, who died at the end of 1916 in his seventy-seventh year, was never a very prominent figure in literature. He had a genuine if slender talent for poetry, but no driving impulse towards it. He was a man of culture who loved the verses of the great poets and enjoyed writing verses of his own ; but though his taste was sufficiently pronounced to make him, while still quite young, abandon the profession of medicine for that of literature, he was, like many other men who were drawn into the Irish literary movement, essentially an amateur. And it is as an amateur that Mr. W. B. Yeats, who understands only a passionate and complete devotion to his art, has written of him, not without condescension, in " The Trembling of the Veil " :

> " There was [in the Bedford Park colony about 1890] John Todhunter, a well-off man who had bought my father's pictures while my father was still Pre-Raphaelite ; once a Dublin doctor, he was now a poet and a writer of poetical plays ; a tall, sallow, lank, melancholy man, a good scholar and a good intellect. . . . If he had liked anything strongly he might have been a famous man, for a few years later he was to write, under some casual patriotic impulse, certain excellent verses now in all anthologies ; but with him every book was a new planting, and not a new bud on an old bough."

Todhunter's first book of verse was published before Mr. Yeats was in his teens, but there is little in it beyond quite accomplished echoes of Shelley and Keats ; and though there is stronger imagination and more individuality in the poems which he wrote to interpret great music, no art can be very satisfactorily employed in the interpretation of another. When his first book of specifically Irish poems appeared, " The Wanderings of Usheen " was already known to the world ; so it may be that the older poet was influenced by the younger. In some of the Irish group printed in this new selection, which has been made by his widow and Mr. Alfred Perceval Graves, one seems to catch a hint of the Yeatsian cadence, and it was at Mr. Yeats's persuasion that he wrote a pastoral play, which was performed with no little success. He was too a member of the Rhymers' Club, of which Mr. Yeats was a leading spirit, and would sit at table at the " Cheshire Cheese " with men who were nearly all by many years his juniors.

Todhunter then was a sincere and graceful versifier, but definitely a minor poet ; and the question arises whether, half a generation after his death, it was worth while to revive a substantial body of his work. It may be allowed that it was, though perhaps a slenderer volume would have better served his memory ; and perhaps a reprint of the Irish poems alone, best of all. The Irish lyrics are full of that dim, sweet melancholy which, though it is the commonplace of the Celtic Renaissance, still has power to charm :

> " Oh ! the voices of the wind, the soft sweet voices,
> The melancholy voices of the wind,
> Bear me gently to the peaks of ancient vision,
> The lone and silent mountains of the mind . . ."

But the bardic tales strike an altogether more individual note. The source of these was Standish O'Grady's prose renderings of Gaelic legend, and like O'Grady himself—and unlike Mr. Yeats, who has never exactly attempted it—Todhunter did catch something of the primitive saga spirit. " The Death of Conlaoch " is a vigorous version of the legend which gave Mr. Yeats the theme of " On Baille's Strand " and is the Irish equivalent of " Sohrab and Rustum " ; but it is " The Doom of the Children of Lir " which stands out as by far the most striking thing in the whole volume. In this long tale of the king's children who were turned into swans for nine hundred years, their wanderings and sufferings and redemption, the poet achieved an atmosphere eerie and remote, of " perilous seas in faery lands forlorn." For once he came near to great poetry.

FRANCIS BICKLEY.

* " Selected Poems." By John Todhunter. 6s. (Elkin Mathews & Marrot.)

WOMEN–SAINTLY AND OTHERWISE.*

Women are decidedly the majority of the characters portrayed by Edith O'Shaughnessy and Karel Capek ; and they are viewed by the former from the American feminine, and by the latter from the Continental masculine angle. But the former characterisation is too limited ; for although Mrs. O'Shaughnessy dates her foreword from Bar Harbour, her insight is deeper and more comprehensive than any racial interpretation. Her pen is a wand, not an American writing instrument. And wands have no nationality.

On the " jacket " of " Other Ways and Other Flesh " is depicted an odd jumble of quaint yellow-roofed houses, a maze of yellow-tinged, steeply-stepped streets, all dominated by an amorphous yellow-tinged building which is obviously a church. Presumably this conglomeration is intended to suggest the dominant note of Rankweil, that " straggling, cornelian-coloured " town of the Austrian Tyrol where dwelt the " Other Flesh " of the book's title. The design was happily conceived. It does provide the reader with a helpful mental background against which

* " Other Ways and Other Flesh." By Edith O'Shaughnessy. 7s. 6d. (Jonathan Cape.)—" Money, and Other Stories." By Karel Capek. 7s. 6d. (Hutchinson.)—" The Meeting Place, and Other Stories." By J. D. Beresford. 7s. 6d. (Faber & Faber.)

to view those types of Rankweil womanhood to whom he is introduced. But why Rankweil more than any other ancient town of the Vorarlberg? The poignancy of the answer strikes the key-note of these pages:

"During a generation it was to my mother and myself a curtained corner of existence behind which lay the tragedy of a son's, a brother's, life. Thence we would go back to the company of 'captains and kings'—to that other world of ours, only again and again to return, always to return, till the last time—after which one returns no more. . . ."

From the tender memories of those days these studies of Rankweil folk have been written. Mrs. O'Shaughnessy says she does not know why she has told one story rather than another; but the explanation is simple: her sympathy has been most arrested by a saintly quality in the lives of those Rankweil people whom she has added to literature. And that also explains why the majority are women. Even in "The Doctor's Story" it is the image of the Countess which dominates the picture. Naturally the writer's mother has a place in this gallery—a portrait touched with tenderness and love. And suggesting a reflection which will move all mother lovers:

"How rarely sons and daughters think of their mother as young! Indeed who, really, wants a mother to be young? There is something cheating about those vague visionings of her youth when she was thus and so—but not for them; something hooded, unembodied about her once-separated, entirely personal life, her unthinkable loves, as they cross the memory of grown children, who consider her most preciously in her ripeness or old age, in her 'motherliness.' If there be earthly recompense for woman's vanished youth it is in this nearly universal enshrining, homaging of them when their particular and personal life is over."

What the daughter found in that mother, the supremacy of the spirit over its circumstances, she discerned too in those women of Rankweil who live in these pages—in the sisters who managed the Inn of the Trout, in the tailor's wife whose motherhood was inexhaustible, and in the nun of the hospice whose story is akin to that of Evangeline in Longfellow's poem. It is because of that quality in these studies that they constitute a book which has all the ministering solace of great poetry, for here is "emotion remembered in tranquillity."

Women too are preponderant in Karel Capek's studies; but their chief quality is far from that of saintliness. The sisters of "Money" are avid for their brother's property and lie to wrest it from each other; Helena succumbs to sex; the woman of "Three" is a mistress for mercenary reasons; the landlady of "The Shirts" is a thief; the wife of "The Bully" is faithless. There is a dramatic power about these studies which justifies John Galsworthy's "unusual" and "power" and "flavour," but they would have gained had they revealed some of the humour of "Letters from England." And inasmuch as they all merely leave off instead of ending, they are hardly truthfully classified as "stories."

On the other hand, the contents of Mr. J. D. Beresford's volume are correctly described as "stories," for they do move to a completed climax. Perhaps the title story, "The Meeting Place," has been given pride of position because it was "one of the best-paid items" in the collection, and Mr. Beresford offers it to short-story writers as an example of the popular sentimental type; but he is balanced enough in his own judgment to prefer "The Man Who Hated Flies." But readers of all tastes will find something to enjoy whether in tears or laughter.

HENRY C. SHELLEY.

ITALIAN IMPRESSIONS.*

If I were seeking a companion with whom to wander abroad I should pray for such a one as Karel Capek. I had just returned from Italy with certain unconventional reservations and enthusiasms for that country confirmed or newly discovered; I met them one by one refreshingly set forth in Capek's delightful "Letters from Italy." These impressions startle us first by their non-acceptance of the conventions, and then by their immunity from any suggestion of the "bright young thing" attitude. They are not in any way self-conscious. When the author is enthusiastic he lets it be seen; you know he is the kind of person who could be almost hurt by too poignant beauty, and hurt more by insensitive people pretending to share his admiration. So he could travel unpremeditatively through Italy and jot down his always fresh impressions, ashamed neither of his ecstasies nor of his heresies. He can laugh at things, at people and at himself.

He commences with a list of "What Displeased Me"; item four reads: "St. Mark's. This is not architecture, but an orchestrion: one looks for a chink to throw in a sixpence so that the whole machine may give out *O Venezia.*" He can create a scene or a mood in a phrase: "Vesuvius exhales a small mass of white wadding" which could hardly be bettered for description; or: "I shall not talk with you of art at Florence. There is far too much, so that the head spins round; finally one stares in stupefaction at a corner stone in the belief that it is a fresco," which cannot be bettered for impressionistic truth. This is safe from the pomposity of the ordinary guide-book, and though throughout Baedeker the stars in their courses fight against Capek one feels the soundness of his judgments. Somewhere he says: "Perhaps I have a spirit far too unhistorical; my best impressions of the antique are rather derived from the order of nature . . . a solitary *laurus nobilis* by a split column, an enormous black adder in the courtyard of the house of the tragic poet at Pompeii, the odour of mint and begonias—ah, the most beautiful and boundless in the world are not things but moments, seconds which cannot be detained."

The charm and the value of the book come from the sincerity of its spirit, and from the interwoven sanity and humour of matter and manner. When Capek says that Michelangelo fails us because he could not depict God resting upon the seventh day, or "with Botticelli there is always a deep, settled and lowering expression of colds in the head, since his angelic creations live in paradisaical coolness," there is this element of sound criticism behind the surface frivolity. His theory that Italy always swerves back to that exuberance of expression which we now call baroque is novel and worthy of serious attention.

Because of its method the style of the writing lacks that polish we ask of an artist, but its spontaneity is a compensating virtue, and Karel Capek's little book remains one of the most friendly and intimate of travel impressions. It is somewhat spoiled by half a dozen stilted little pen-drawings of places which fail to reflect the spirit of the writing.

HORACE SHIPP.

* "Letters from Italy." By Karel Capek. 3s. 6d. (Besant.)

SIX ESSAYISTS.*

Of the six volumes of essays before me, five are by well-known writers. Familiarity is the essence of friendship, and friendship is the essence of the essayist's art. It implies no deprecation of the other four authors, therefore, to say that Mrs. Woolf alone breaks new ground and gives us some surprise. I have paid tribute elsewhere to her latest book, and, in fairness to her and myself, I can only repeat in other words what I have already said. I say it the more gladly because Mrs. Woolf, especially in her novels, has sometimes left me a little uncertain about my own judgment. But "A Room of One's Own" leaves me in no doubt. It strikes me as being a book of pure and sustained inspiration, crystal clear in thought and expression, and presenting a point of view about the nature of women and the right relation between the sexes that is

* "A Room of One's Own." By Virginia Woolf. 5s. (Hogarth Press.)—"The Thing." By G. K. Chesterton. 7s. 6d. (Sheed & Ward.)—"At the Close of Day." By Richard King. 6s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)—"By Way of Introduction." By A. A. Milne. 6s. (Methuen.)—"This Other Eden." By E. V. Knox ("Evoe"). 5s. (Methuen.)—"The Toady's Handbook." By William Murrell. 3s. 6d. (Grant Richards.)

ahead of our own time, yet eminently sane and fundamentally traditional as compared with much of the hot-headed nonsense written upon the subject to-day. Mrs. Woolf recognises that the best women are those who have in them something of the man, as the best men are those who have an infusion of femininity. She believes, furthermore, that the highest creative art can only be attained by a union, in an individual of either sex, of the man-woman qualities. But that union cannot be achieved save when the man or woman is most truly, but least consciously, a man or a woman as the case may be. In other words, we need to get rid of the preoccupation with sex as sex. The sexes will, and should, be different; but we must dispel from our minds all hoary notions about superiority or inferiority. The best development of either sex depends upon that of the other. Men in theory are free, but in actual fact they are fettered by their patronising attitude towards women. Women on the other hand, though they have won political freedom, have still only begun to emerge from intellectual and spiritual bondage. Setting out to answer the question why there has never yet been a female Shakespeare, Mrs. Woolf finds the simple reason is that the highest imaginative work demands financial independence and "a room of one's own." Women as a class have hitherto lacked that independence, and the lack of it has fostered in them those mental and spiritual complexes destructive of the pure and sex-unconscious (though not sexless) harmony of being from which alone genius can come to full fruition. Mrs. Woolf raises many controversial issues, some of which might be disputed if space allowed. But her main thesis is thoroughly sound, and her method of exposition—with its semi-fictional setting, and its mingled fantasy, satire, and direct criticism—is extraordinarily charming and persuasive. "A Room of One's Own" does (only more gracefully and brilliantly) for the intellectual and spiritual freedom of women what Mary Wollstonecraft and John Stuart Mill did in earlier days for the political emancipation.

Roman Catholic propaganda has found its way by insinuation into Mr. Chesterton's more recent collections of general essays. In the present volume he has taken off the gloves and appears as a frank Catholic apologist. "I would undertake," he says, "to take any topic at random, from pork to pyrotechnics, and show that it illustrates the truth of the one true philosophy; so realistic is the remark that all roads lead to Rome." Many of Mr. Chesterton's readers will prefer the pork and the pyrotechnics to the Roman Catholicism; for, happily, if he cannot write about pork without writing about Rome, the converse is equally true. For myself, while I think that it too often obscures the pure and simple spirit of Christianity, I have an inherited or acquired passion for theological controversy, and I cannot help revelling in Mr. Chesterton's vitality and dexterity even when I most fervently disagree with him. Moreover, I admire his consistent good humour and (as controversy goes) his fairness. He has not forgotten that he once sat "at the feet of that admirable man, Stopford Brooke"; and it will interest BOOKMAN readers to know that he still has a good word to say for Bunyan, and that he criticises Mr. Noyes for his recent "excessive" attack. In a word, Mr. Chesterton—much as he will resent the suggestion—is greater than his creed, and in some of his essays (such as "The Spirit of Christmas") he raises us into a spiritual atmosphere in which Christians of every religious denomination or none may breathe.

Much oftener though I agree with him, I find Mr. Richard King a trifle flat after Mr. Chesterton. His gospel of kindliness and unsectarian spirituality is a little too serene and facile—a little too obviously adapted to the Society audience to which, in the first instance, the essays were week by week addressed. I seem to detect in it a lack of vital contact with reality. The book is more of a soporific than a tonic. Still, a soporific is the right thing "At the Close of Day." Mr. King's title is happily chosen; his pleasant, quiet philosophy is well adapted for the bedside shelf. He has, I know, many admirers, and they will not be disappointed in his new work.

In his introduction to "By Way of Introduction" Mr. Milne tells us that he no longer, as of old, writes a regular weekly essay, and he frankly explains that, in order to meet the demand of his publishers, he has collected into his new volume a number of prefaces written for other books, as well as a few book reviews and some contributions to public controversies in the Press. He deals, among other matters, with the art of Fougasse, "Saki" and Mr. E. H. Shepard; he discusses dramatic art and craft; he has much to say about (and against) spiritualism; and in lighter vein he writes about golf, village cricket and children's books. He gives us a whimsical chapter about his own poem, "The King's Breakfast," and, finally, he tells us why he has decided to write no more about Christopher Robin. Incidentally he calls our attention to the fact that Christopher Robin is actually mentioned in only three of the forty-four poems that comprise "When We Were Very Young." That book, Mr. Milne assures us, owes far more to the recollection of his own childhood and to his own later imaginings than to the observation of his son, who has attained a notoriety which he neither intended nor desired for him.

"Evoe," in his latest collection of *Punch* papers, again proves himself a sparklingly satirical and witty commentator on modern fads and foibles. He is always light and gay; but true wisdom sometimes underlies his humour, as when he exposes the fallacy that our modern inventions and "comforts" necessarily increase happiness. "The Toady's Handbook" is a clever skit on the "outline" treatises on every imaginable subject that pour so freely nowadays from the press. But Mr. Murrell, like "Evoe," is a genuine philosopher at heart. His little book is excellent fun; but behind the fun are real scholarship and a shrewd observation of human vanities.

GILBERT THOMAS.

JOHN FERGUSON.

Modern Scottish literature lost a singular and beloved figure two years ago by the tragically sudden death, at an early age, of my friend, Mr. John Ferguson, the Stirling banker-poet; and few books of poetry have ever achieved the curious and unpredictable success of his small collection of sonnets, "Thyrea," which, with a number of later sonnets, forms the contents of the welcome Memorial Edition of his work.*

Readers who saw in 1912 the first edition of "Thyrea," consisting of just seven sonnets, with the tragedies of a sanatorium for their theme, and failed to imagine the success so slight a volume was going to have, cannot be blamed. Who but Mr. Ferguson would have challenged the verdict of the reading public with a mere septet of sonnets? Yet no one perhaps was more amazed at the book's success and whimsically apprehensive of becoming a "best-seller" on the strength of it.

There *were* one or two, however, and notable amongst them the late Dr. W. L. Courtney, who discerned the uncommon quality of the tiny collection, and whose praise was in a measure responsible for the success it achieved.

> "Here," said Dr. Courtney, "is a booklet of sonnets which I warmly commend to the judicious reader. Mr. Ferguson has an individual note which gives distinction to his work. He confines himself to the sonnet form, which he handles with considerable ease and skill, and I think he is at his best when he deals with solemn themes. Read, for instance, 'L'Envoi,' or 'Chopin's Marche Funèbre,' or 'Beethoven,' and you will recognise the dignity of Mr. Ferguson's Muse and his capacity for august harmonies. But he has another aspect of his work to give us, a modern, up-to-date quality. . . . In this mood he does not hesitate to write a line like 'Twice nightly thus, for thirty bob a week,' or 'His biz and cackle done he gets a round.' . . . But to my mind he has never done better than in the last six lines of the sonnet dedicated to David Gray. I can only hope that of 'Thyrea' as well as of 'The Luggie' it may be said:
>
> "'Fragrant thy memory, and thy star shall be
> Luminous among the lesser orbs of song.'"

* "Thyrea." By John Ferguson. With Introduction by St. John Adcock. 5s. (Melrose.)

The volume speedily developed and found its public in a fashion that seemed likely to answer Dr. Courtney's hope. It ran into no fewer than fourteen editions before its author's death—each of these a genuine new edition in that it contained additions to the original contents. All of these additions were sonnets too, and Mr. Ferguson continued his innovations and added to his initial hospital theme one or two other subjects equally foreign to the traditions of his form—incidents and impressions of vaudeville, pantomime, theatrical touring in the provinces, second-hand shops, and the like. Consider some of his titles—" The Star Lead," " At a Pawnbroker's Window,' " On a Chorus Girl," " The Circus Clown," " Christ at 'Aladdin,' " " On a Low Comedian," " Mr. Vincent Crummles's Pony," " On a Gymnastic Contortionist," " The Property Man," " The Wardrobe Mistress," " The Advertisement Columns of a Theatrical Newspaper," and " On an Equestrienne," and such lines as these:



John Ferguson.

> " He doffs his sceptre when the 'tabs' descend
> And hurries homeward to a midnight meal
> —A mug of porter and a sausage roll "—

or

> " Defeat was in his eye and long despair,
> And gin-and-water written on his nose."

But compare them with the concluding lines of his sonnet on the gymnastic contortionist:

> " No proud theatric crown he strives to gain,
> Content and happy could he but remain,
> For ever lithe, if not for ever young."

If he did not hesitate to use stage and other slang, and the most deliberate prosaicisms of matter and manner, yet his final effects were always in keeping with the nobilities of the sonnet. The secret of his success in this experimentation undoubtedly lay in a very unusual understanding of the sonnet form, of which the fact that he confined himself to it was another aspect. He could not do otherwise, and understood the conditions of his power well enough never to try. Such self-understanding and restraint are literary virtues of sufficient rarity at any time.

Apart from his sonnets, Mr. Ferguson's only literary work was to edit David Gray's " In the Shadows " (work akin to his own " Thyrea," in subject if not in spirit or treatment), and do a certain amount of reviewing, mainly of poetry, for a Glasgow daily. He was a lean, tallish man who always reminded me of Mr. Cunninghame Graham in his distinction of manner and complete unlikeness to the Scot as conventionally conceived. His interests were excessively improbable in a Scottish banker; his manner, when he chose to doff his business mask and display his real character, had a volatile vivacity, a wealth of gesticulation, and a courtesy more Castilian than Caledonian; he was the soul of generosity, and many humble folks in Stirling lost their best (and least suspected) friend when he died. He had little or no opportunity for indulging his interest in theatrical life, and his literary friends were few and far between. His letters, of which I have a large collection, were written with a profusion of complimentary expressions and ceremonial mannerisms at the furthest possible remove from a business style, or any ordinary modern mode. All this was in keeping with the divers paradoxes of his personality and position—a banker and a poet (almost a contradiction in terms and certainly a very unusual combination—and in Scotland at that!); a sonneteer whose work was going into edition after edition, and yet in matter and manner was quite foreign to the preconceptions and prejudices in regard to poetry (and propriety) of the people in whose midst he was set, and concerned with kinds of experience and emotion totally unfamiliar to most of them; and one who was constitutionally incapable of taking advantage of the improbable success of his work by adding so much as one extra sonnet per annum to his slender output. " My God, Grieve," he wrote me every now and again, " my mind is a total blank. You will understand and pity."

The Memorial Edition of his sonnets will be welcomed by admirers all over the world. " Guid gear gangs in sma' buik," and of no Scottish poet's work has this ever been so true as of the poetry of John Ferguson—the only sonneteer of consequence Scotland has yet produced. Mr. Courtney hoped—and his hope was amply justified—that the second edition of " Thyrea " would enjoy a success equal to that of the first. Mr. St. John Adcock need have no fear but that his Memorial Edition will continue the process and give it another lease of life, for behind the odd themes of Mr. Ferguson's Muse a powerful and perennial appeal shows itself, just as, in his own sonnet on Blackpool, he discerned how:

> " O tinsel town, for ever clear and strong,
> Above thy halls of laughter and of song,
> Chants the portentous, the sagacious sea."

C. M. Grieve.

"MYSTERY AND ECSTASY AND STRANGE HORROR."

If we are to accept as a criterion the most widely applauded manifestations of recent months in literature the general reader is content nowadays with the mere facts of things. The spirit behind the facts, that alone makes them in any way significant, that enables us to perceive bigness and harmony where otherwise all is just discord and smallness, has been ignored and neglected. This of course is an indictment, and deliberately so, because the short-sightedness of the general reader has meant a deplorable lowering of artistic standards. It has also meant a cruel slighting of much of the contemporary literature that really matters.

Since for example the publication of " Medusa,"* by Mr. E. H. Visiak, I have carefully watched for signs that the so-called arbiters of current literature are " sitting up and taking notice," as the slang of the moment has it. But has Mr. Visiak's remarkable story been acclaimed by these super-reviewers? Have they stirred their followers to any noticeable excitement about it? Ask the publisher who was discerning enough to publish " Medusa "—the best sea-novel since Masefield and Conrad.

" Medusa " is described as " a story of mystery and ecstasy and strange horror." One need hardly add anything to that, for the imagination is stirred immediately. " Will Harvell, of Portishead," is supposed to have set down the enthralling narrative in his old age, Mr. Visiak being ostensibly the editor. The use of this ancient machinery is thoroughly justified; for it gives the real author scope for the beautiful round English with which he long since proved himself—in his well-remembered " Buccaneer Ballads " and " Flints and Flashes "—a magician. By *round* English I mean what Synge would call " full and ripe as an apple." One passage, taken at random, will illustrate it:

> " I took hold of his arm and shook him. The look upon his face was terrible to me. There was some significance in those eyeballs, that glared—or seemed to glare—on me as with some wicked and impetuous joy. My soul recoiled—yea, did start back with a loathing and shuddering motion. I violently turned from the sight. It now came into my thoughts, recollecting how I had been cast down by that monstrous savage creature into the orifice in the rock (as I have related), that this dreadful place was a sort of caravan under the sea."

The story reads warmly, strongly and thrillingly. I cannot indicate its nature in any better way than by

* " Medusa." By E. H. Visiak. 7s. 6d. (Gollancz.)—
† " Lazarus Laughed." By Eugene O'Neill. 7s. 6d. (Jonathan Cape.)

quoting a few of the chapter titles: "Strange Mysterious Adventures Before Embarking," "The Voyage Commenced," "The Ghost Scare," "Violent Strange Behaviour of Obadiah," "Astonishing Mystery of the Pirate Ship," "Appearance of Lights in the Sea," "Gorgonian Terror." Beneath all this—and the actual pages the headings prepare us for so delectably—is something else, though, and it is through his symbolism that Mr. Visiak achieves his main triumph. "Medusa" is an incarnation of the wildness, the outlandishness, which results in the primitive and fundamental passions of human beings in conflict with the elements. It is poetry as well as a rattling yarn.

Mr. O'Neill's prose, being that of dialogue and exclamatory sentences, is naturally very different from Mr. Visiak's. But in "Lazarus Laughed"† the imagination is stirred in the "Medusa" way by this tremendous epic of the New Testament character whom Christ awakened from the dead. Lazarus has been vouchsafed a sight of the Beyond, and he returns to declare to the multitudes of old Rome that "there is no death, there is only God's eternal laughter." His message and the laughing certitude with which he delivers it actually drive away from a sensual, cruel and degenerate people the fear of death, and in a play of four acts full of colour, movement and spirit we see a world transformed, and yet at the end plunged back into its ancient misery and apprehension through the enmity towards Lazarus of Caligula, who can only reign triumphantly as long as the people around him are held in subjection by his cruelty and madness. Here again we have a deeper symbolism, and it is expressed most vividly in Mr. O'Neill's unforgettable tableau to a scene in Act III.

Mr. O'Neill has written nothing finer than "Lazarus Laughed." To appreciate the height to which he has ascended in the art of the drama we need turn only to "Dynamo," the play which is bound up in the same volume. "Dynamo" could have been written by at least one other dramatist—an American—of our day. "Lazarus Laughed" could no more have been written by anyone else than its author, than anyone except Mr. Visiak could have written "Medusa."

THOMAS MOULT.

STUDIES IN LITERATURE.*

It is not perhaps altogether strange that in these islands it is the professors who save us from pedantry and professionalism. This is true in many branches of learning, but especially in the humanities—names come quickly to the mind: Verrall, R. Y. Tyrrell, Gilbert Murray, Walter Raleigh, and one who, living in the ultimate parts of the West, has always been at the centre of things—he who is King Edward VII Professor of English Literature in the University of Cambridge, Arthur Quiller-Couch. Having spent so many years in the making of enjoyable literature, Q. now spends his time in making literature enjoyable. The dumps and the glooms, the dry-acres and commaphils shall not win, if he can help it. As doughtily and vehemently as George Saintsbury, he pleads for the recognition of beauty, for the place of pleasure, for the glorious truth that all good literature is a source of happiness. In this new volume of lectures, essays and addresses, Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch's appeal is as wide as ever. There is an extraordinarily sensitive introduction to the English elegy, distinguishing nicely and justly between the elegy which is classical in inspiration—"Lycidas" or "Adonais"—and the elegy inspired by more personal emotion, "the passionate direct Elegy"—Wordsworth's "Lucy," Cowper on "His Mother's Picture": the two papers that make up the study are a model of statement, insinuation, quotation and apt proportion. Any critic who could master the manner used by Sir Arthur in these two lectures would be highly fitted for his task; they make most modern critical writings, especially of the more pretentious critics, seem fumbling and misshapen. I only wish he could have found space to mention what has always been to me one of the loveliest and simplest of the direct elegies, general though it is—Charles Lamb's: *All, all are gone; the old familiar faces.* I am grateful however that he does praise and quote from that neglected poet, William Barnes, of Dorset; how we should feast and praise him if he only had been born north instead of west, and written in that Doric instead of in the softer speech of Wessex.

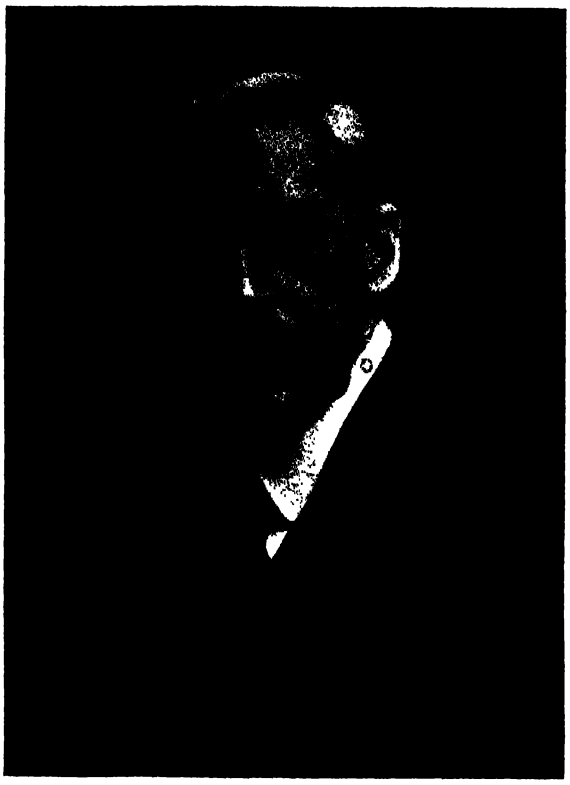


Photo by J. P. Clarke. **Sir A. T. Quiller-Couch.**

As an example of the felicity with which Sir Arthur treats subjects too often handled with an unworthy heaviness, I will quote a passage from the excellent lecture on Longinus, author of the treatise on the Sublime. The passage begins with a quotation from his author:

"As I have written elsewhere, *Sublimity is the echo of a great soul.* . . . The truly eloquent must be free from low and ignorant thoughts: since it is not possible that men with mean and servile ideas and aims prevailing throughout their lives should produce what is admirable and worthy of immortality. Great accents we expect to fall from the lips of those whose thoughts are weighty: and things *in excelsis* make a province for lofty minds.'

"Knowing this, and aware of it so well that even in the few by-ways of his tract this one truth never deserts his side, Longinus is equally sure that (whatever may be said for rhetoric) poetry is the right medium in which the greatest of souls reveal and express themselves: and his criticism of any poetical passage may equally be relied on for enjoyment (for gusto, if you will) and for sure judgment. He is not one of your finality men. For his age—whether we decide to assign him to the first century or the third—he is often quite curiously modern. To him the world owes, if by accident, an eternal debt for having preserved to it in this treatise, an exquisite lyric of Sappho's, even as it owns a like to Dionysius for having embalmed in his *De Compositione*, as it is called, that other marvellous thing of hers:

ποικιλόθρον', ἀθάνατ' Ἀφροδίτα

"But how 'modern' must have appeared, to any contemporary reader, the citation from the Pentateuch of the right way to make a God speak:

"'Similarly the legislator of the Jews, no ordinary man, having formed and expressed a worthy conception of the Godhead, writes at the very beginning of his Laws, *God said—* What? "*Let there be light," and there was light: "Let there be land," and there was land.*'"

Among the best of the other papers in this volume is an exquisite and just tribute to the genius of Dorothy Wordsworth. Lovely as these lectures are, I feel a little resentful of the limitations that this form has here imposed on Sir Arthur. I want far more. It is perhaps useless now to write at large on Wordsworth's attitude to and treatment of his sister, and Sir Arthur touches on this with the

* "Studies in Literature." By Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch. Third Series. 10s. 6d. (Cambridge University Press.)

delicacy we expect from him; but I do wish he had had room to bring on this tenderest and most self-abnegating of creatures the genius for sympathetic reconstruction that he displayed in "Hetty Wesley." Perhaps, if he can get the leisure, Q. will give us a novel about Dorothy Wordsworth. It is interesting to note that Q., in an incidental remark on the relations between Wordsworth and his sister, supports a contention recently made by Mrs. Woolf in "A Room of Her Own":

"It is not of Comedy alone that we can say, with Meredith, that it flourishes only when women are on the road to an equal footing with men in attainments and liberty. We can say of literature in general that only when women are on the road to an equal footing with men and enjoy an equal liberty, have they anything like an equal chance."

The kind of fairness, of even-minded courtesy that shows itself in such a passage as that is characteristic of Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch as a critic. I have before now reminded this generation of readers that Q. was one of the earliest of our critics to welcome the younger generation and to find merit in revolutionary kinds of literature. The readiness to do this, nay, the very power to do it, depends on a quality which we are in danger of losing in criticism, the quality of cool-mindedness. Only the other day one of the more intelligent of our younger critics stated that, in his approach to Dante, he had naturally to cope with a prejudice against Pre-Raphaelite imagery, natural to his generation. It is a good thing that he should recognise this prejudice; but he should never really have entertained it. The first rule a critic of the arts must observe is that he is the judge of all works of art with reference to their own time. It is here Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch constantly and abundantly satisfies us; he can be trusted —and it is true of not many critics—never to denounce a man for his obedience to the limitation of his time or of his culture.

R. E. R.

RE-ENTER MR. GALSWORTHY.*

Two Galsworthies are to hand: first, "The Roof," in the familiar little neat edition of the separate plays; second, more momentous, a complete volume of Mr. Galsworthy's dramatic work to date—momentous because it may imply (though one hopes not) that the author presents it as his final output in playwriting; also because it is a model of the way in which such a book can and should be produced. Readers may count themselves well served by Mr. Galsworthy's publishers—first in the two thick volumes of the Forsyte novels, and now in this collection of plays. Messrs. Duckworth's volume, at its very moderate price, is an achievement on which both the author and his publishers must be jointly congratulated.

And how well they read, these plays—both the old friends and the newer. The recent production of "The Roof" at the Vaudeville Theatre (on the not inappropriate evening of November 5th) found critics in two minds. Some were disposed to deprecate a lack of ethical ballast: as though a new "Strife" or "Justice" were demandable whenever Mr. Galsworthy re-enters the theatre. Others, contrariwise, found too much ballast—too much talk of "life," too much lurking allegory. I should be disinclined to read into "The Roof" more ethical significance than perhaps its author intended; I am not, certainly, prepared to believe that its climax of action (the heroism of the rotter Brice) is meant to sum up and to crystallise its whole moral gesture. We are given a series of vignettes, an assorted collection of characters whose common denominator is their mere accidental presence at the same hotel. We are shown them reacting in their different ways to a simultaneous catastrophe. They are interesting, entertaining, often highly amusing; need one ask more of them, or seek to cramp them too straitly into an allegorical waistcoat? I should prefer to take them realistically, rather, as little pictures of our

* "The Plays of John Galsworthy." One vol. 8s. 6d.—"The Roof." By John Galsworthy. 2s. 6d. and 3s. (Duckworth.)—"The Roof." At the Vaudeville Theatre.

civilisation, fulfilling their destiny of entertainment by their fidelity to type; for this they certainly do.

Only the frame that holds them, binding them into a play, has certain flaws in its realism. Old Gustave's bolt towards the upper regions for company, instead of towards the street for help, is the most serious of these. Another is the incredible depletion of the hotel staff at so early an hour. Another, in the last scene upon the actual roof, is the prolonged confabulation of the fugitives in mid-stage, when one feels their first impulse would have been to stampede to the parapet and shout " Fire ! " Was the producer nodding at this point? Should he not rather have let the parapet (in Shakespearean phrase) o'erhang and jutty his confounded orchestra; so that the victims could crowd towards it naturally, without giving us their backs? Firemen emerging from the orchestra, and the chute vanishing into its depths, might have made matters easier for both players and audience here.

But such small flaws on the realistic plane were more than compensated, even on that same plane, by the consummate excellence of the cast. Mr. Galsworthy has always been well served in this respect, no doubt because his truth to character inspires fine acting: and never better than here. As Gustave, Mr. Horace Hodges was consistently perfect, nor were the rest far behind. In their hands the story ran away with the allegory. I have no means of knowing if Mr. Galsworthy intended this to be so. At all events, cast and producer did: and had the last word in it.

GRAHAM SUTTON.

SAINTS AND FAIRIES.*

If you want to step into the atmosphere of Ireland, to catch the mingled fancifulness and crudeness of its peasants which, welded together in these stories, evolve a philosophy that embraces all the religions and the " Dark Gentleman " himself, you should not miss the narratives Peter Pelican the Poet, Tom the Tight-line and Rafty the Tinker have to tell. Here you will find quaint Irish humour and whimsical Irish sentiment, centred on the Convent of the Little Sisters of Saint Francis, where wandering folk of the road came and went, and where stranger things came and went also, or came and did not go—such things as the Lady out of the Sea, and the pathetic Leprehcaun who wanted a soul, and the Banshee, and the Gentleman Who Was Sorry. That indeed, the last story in the book, is one of the most charming in a collection of stories, each charming and arresting in its particular way, and each told in an easy Irish style, touched with the magic of poetry. " The Dark Gentleman himself seemed to like being in the kitchen, but whether it was because the gentle Sister Agatha was doing the cooking, or because he liked to sit by the fire looking into the glowing heart of the coals, sorra a bit of me knows."

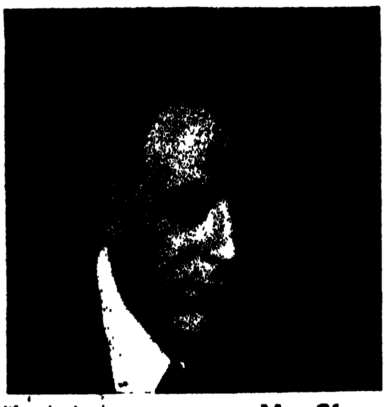


Photo by Swaine.

Mr. Shaw Desmond.

In the kitchen he encounters the Leprechaun, only visible to the sisters who have " the sight." " ' I do like to be lookin' at the sparks going up and out into the wide world,' says the Leprechaun. ' I'm rather fond of sparks meself,' says the Dark Gentleman. ' Are ye, Sir ? ' said Macdhuv, cocking one green eye up at him as though he had the understandin' of him, as they say. But indeed, right from the start Macdhuv seemed to understand the Dark Gentleman very well indeed. ' I am, that same,' said the Dark Gentleman, polishing his nails upon the legs of his trousers and thinkin' hard. ' 'Tis nice and warm down here, Sir,' said Macdhuv. ' 'Tis damned hot and lovely,' said the Dark Gentleman. . . ." Eventually the Leprechaun declares he will pray for the Dark Gentleman " ' at the gates of hell itself. . . . Sure, didn't the Good Lord give me a sowl itself and for why shouldn't I save that of another ? ' ' But not mine, Macdhuv,' said the Dark Gentleman as though he was in deep sorrow. ' Yes, even you,' said Macdhuv. ' There's hope for all, even for You Know What.' "

And in this wide tolerance, which includes the Wild Things too, you will find the summing-up of a simple yet profound philosophy.

H. M.

* " Tales of the Little Sisters of Saint Francis." By Shaw Desmond. 7s. 6d. (Grant Richards and Humphrey Toulmin.)

DURAT IN EXTREMUM.*

Reviewers of War books must be getting—one of them certainly is—sorely gravelled to find generic titles for the articles which they are called upon to pen. " More about the War," " More Soldier Stories," " The Undying War " have come and gone. Still the spate of War books roars by unchecked. *Rusticus expectat.* What makes people, ten years after the War, write these books ? Who are the people who read them ? And by what literary " law " has it come about that they seem to get better and better every day ? For " Siberian Garrison " is one of the " great " books of the War. We must of course keep our heads. We must repress those rather tiresome symptoms of hysteria brought about by a perusal of " All Quiet on the Western Front " among those simple people who felt a delicious little thrill of wickedness at seeing unprintable words in cold type, and who really thought that details of the technique of field latrines were " stark realism." " Siberian Garrison " is on the same plane as " The Case of Sergeant Grischa," although as a book entirely different, no matter from what point of view it be regarded. Perhaps we can explain ourselves better by saying that Markovits is to the author of " Grischa " as Jane Austen is to Scott; and that to compare the books is to compare " Emma " with " Kenilworth." In " Siberian Garrison " there is very little " big bow-wow stuff." The story indeed deals but indirectly with the Great War. But there are in it the delicate artistry, the flawless perfection of etching, the quiet sarcasm, the humour and the irony of " Persuasion " and " Pride and Prejudice " all fitted to a story from which women are almost entirely absent and over which hover the black clouds of war.

The story, though written in the third person throughout, is undoubtedly an account of the personal experiences of the author. The son of a small Hungarian landlord, he qualified as a Doctor of Law, but from the first regarded letters as his true profession. Called up in 1914, he became an " aspirant "—or budding officer—and was taken prisoner in the great Russian push of 1915. By slow stages he was transferred to a prison camp in the Far East on the borders of Manchuria. Freed by the Revolution and the Treaty of Brest Litovsk, he and his fellows made their way by rail to European Russia, there however to be headed off by the civil war and forced back into Siberia as far as the Yenesei once again. Here they became involved in those amazing happenings when the Czechs who had deserted to the Russians went " White," and seized the whole Siberian Railway—and when later Admiral Koltchak was involved in awful defeat. It was nearly seven years before the author saw his home again.

* " Siberian Garrison." By Rodion Markovits. 8s. 6d. (Peter Davies.)—" Her Privates We." By Private 19022. 7s. 6d. (Peter Davies.)—" Retreat." By C. R. Benstead. 7s. 6d. (Methuen.)—" Plain Tales from Flanders." By Rev. P. B. Clayton, M.C. 3s. 6d. (Longmans.)—" History of the 14th Battalion, A.I.F." By Newton Wanless. 12s. 6d. (Melbourne: Robertson & Mullens.)

In this amazingly brilliant book there are three sectors of outstanding merit. There is the time when the author was called up, and he gives us in a keen, incisive and humorous way the play of action and reaction exerted in his mind by the opposing forces of patriotism and self-preservation. There is, at first, scorn for the slackers who have the effrontery to display an ostentatious regret that their country has passed them by. We had the same humbugs ourselves. "Gad, sir! If I was only ten years younger. Not all the soda, thanks." But on the morning of the medical examination he walks hard and far to puff up his ankles—he suffered from flat feet—and is bitterly chagrined at the surgeon's imperturbable calm when the anatomical imperfection is heatedly pointed out to him. Patriotism swells again when the author is in the training camp, and there is again scorn—this time at the clerks, the employed men and all the other wanglers and lead-swingers of which there seems to have been an amazing number in the Austro-Hungarian army. But after one night under fire at the front the author is glad to take a job in connection with the officers' mess, the Silver Medal for Bravery, Second Class, being held out to him as an inducement. All this is told with a directness and an unforced humour which seem to the writer of this review to be unique among the War books he has read.

It is however in the description of the prison camp in the Far East that the author reaches the full extent of his power. Nothing could be better than the sober etching of that microcosm where regular, reservist and Honved - or militia—officers of the German, Austrian and Turkish officers were herded together. There is nothing of enemy cruelty; as a matter of fact the Russians were extremely considerate, and the prisoners enjoyed at times something between comfort and luxury, although salmon morning, noon and night, and bacon from salmon-fed swine soon palled. The pettiness and the lack of humour of the German mind and the rebellion of the Hungarian intellect against it are exquisitely portrayed. When a theatre is formed and the female parts are given to young, girlish-looking officers a horrible wave of eroticism surges over those segregated males, but the incident is handled with such delicious humour and sarcasm that vice here loses almost half its grossness. The third outstanding period is when the prisoners are forced back into Siberia and food and money are, neither of them, forthcoming. The description of the formation of a community where the officers set up shops and works outside Krasnoyarsk, including everything from a timber yard to a casino, and from a bookbinder's shop to a brothel, is extraordinarily fine. This is a superb book; but seeing that the Odyssey ranges from the Danube to the Yellow Sea, from the Yellow Sea to the Volga, and thence back to the Yenesei, a sketch map is essential. Unfortunately none has been provided.

The title of the next book on our list is one of the neatest we have ever seen—though a little daring, for of course Guildenstern did not quite mean what "Her Privates We" might here be taken to denote. The hero of the book—again it seems that it is a question of autobiography, at any rate up to the last few pages—was of the "sa'ib" class and a man of considerable culture and education. He enlisted early in the Great War, and in spite of hints, suggestions and even positive orders to take a commission, managed to defer the question until Death solved the difficulty in his own ruthless way. The best way to describe this book is to say that it is very like what "All Quiet on the Western Front" would have been had Germany been on the winning side. There is the same character study of the "cannon fodder," there is the same kind of soldier talk—but it seems more manly somehow—and the same ruthless exposure of the beastliness of war without however the atmosphere of defeatism which characterises Herr Remarque's volume. "Her Privates We" is a book of immense power. It has interested the reviewer to try and discover the literary influences under which the author wrote. Shem, Bourne and Martlow are of course Soldiers Three; Martlow is a real instead of an idealised Ortheris.

Heavens! how simple, how Early Victorian, how Della Cruscan (as the rapturous damsel in "Patience" would have put it) seem the happy warriors of Kipling compared with the hard-bitten New Army heroes of Guillemont and the Somme! Sergeant Tozer is Jean from "La Débâcle"—but a Jean in an army where men did not throw away pack and rifle and scream "We are betrayed" when some heavy stuff came along. Glazier's monologue irresistibly suggested Bob Jakin talking to the Gleggs. And in the skilful presentation of quite commonplace incidents—for in this book too there is very little of the big bow-wow stuff—there is even a suggestion of Jane Austen. It may seem odd to bracket her with a book the title of which would have made her faint, every page of which has phrases Emma never knew, and every chapter of which bristles with words which would have sent all the Bennet ladies into a decline. But the bit about "the demure little person" on page 198 is Jane to the life. In one place we had a kind of Rosa Dartle-ish feeling about the eligibility of a major for the Military Cross.

Our heart went out to "Retreat" because the publishers have pasted in the front cover a very useful map, which has even got a scale. The story is of a parson from a peaceful English rectory who comes out as a padre to the Somme front, in 1918, arriving just a few hours before the Big Push. We have seen this book called a "great" one. Not great perhaps; but very good indeed. The types are, so we think, just a little overdrawn; the "pagan" officers are just a bit too pagan, and surely no English rectory in 1918 harboured a clergyman of such abysmal simplicity and of such an entire lack of a sense not only of humour but even of proportion. His character is well summed up by one of the "pagans" towards the end: "Like many another man has done in similar circs, he's got into his head that we're all monsters and that he's a martyr, when all the while we're just ordinary human beings and he's a damned fool." If ever there was a misfit it was the Rev. Elliot Warne, the bachelor cleric of forty-two, intense in his faith but without the nerve to be able to show that his faith was sufficient in the hour of physical danger. The book "grips" all through, and apart from the story itself it is a vindication of the Fifth Army against the politician who made it the scapegoat to save his own skin.

No one ought to read "Retreat" without having by him, or her, "Plain Tales from Flanders," by the Rev. P. B. Clayton, M.C., as an antidote. It is hardly necessary to say that Mr. Clayton is the founder-padre of the famous Toc-H. There is a curious similarity between the position held by the Rev. Elliott Warne, of fiction, and the Rev. P. B. Clayton of fact, for the former was attached to the mythical 200th Artillery Brigade, while the latter was, for portion of his war service at any rate, part of a real formation of the same kind. His work can therefore be contrasted with the futility of the padre in "Retreat." *Quantum mutatus: This* was a man. His book is a bundle of a man's memories, some sacred, some jocund, drawn from the private annals of Talbot House in Poperinghe—"Toc H. in Pop." for short. Let anyone read in "Plain Tales" the moving chapter "A Pyx in Flanders" and compare it with the dreadful incident narrated in pages 136–138 of "Retreat." And then let him be thankful that although there may not have been many Claytons in the War, at any rate there were but very few Warnes.

It is just a little hard on "The History of the 14th Battalion of the Australian Expeditionary Force" that it comes up for review with a batch, the other members of which are distinguished by such high literary merit. For this pretends to be nothing else but a plain unvarnished tale. Nevertheless such books as this are the raw material from which the great War novels are written—the stuff that dreams are made on—and no one knows better than the writer of this review the hard, unrelenting toil required for the making of the history of a unit in the Great War. The 14th Battalion of the A.I.F., which formed part of the 4th Brigade, numbered originally a thousand of the very flower of the youth of Melbourne. Here is the story—well and clearly told, with satisfactory maps—of its services in Egypt, Gallipoli and France. There is a good deal about the battle of Bullecourt, where the 4th Brigade was wiped out, which will be new to many people.

F. E. Whitton (Lieut.-Colonel).

THE STRICKEN DEER.

As one who has recently travelled through the same province of life as Lord Cecil has chosen for this biography,* I have taken a particular interest in observing his reactions to the various circumstances of that life and in measuring them by my own. This however does not make the task of just appreciation and criticism easier, although it may ensure a deeper insight than a reviewer generally possesses into the difficulties with which Lord Cecil has had to wrestle in seeking not only to present in detail the facts of Cowper's life, but to illuminate them by understanding.

No one who studies Cowper's life intimately could feel anything but a deepening affection for him. This is indeed

> "a sight for pity to peruse,
> Till she resembles faintly what she views,
> Till sympathy contract a kindred pain,
> Pierced with the woes that she laments in vain."

Yet the more one loves Cowper, the harder it is to be just to those who, however unintentionally, added to his pain by inflaming his imagination or torturing his nerves. It is, in short, very difficult not to make John Newton the villain of the piece. For while admitting that he was in himself and in his dealings with many other folk a striking and estimable man, and even a great power for righteousness of a sort, I cannot but feel, after weighing all the evidence which has been advanced on his side, that the day on which he entered Cowper's life was a disastrous one. It is perfectly true that Cowper had lost his nerve long before he met Newton, and that Newton's creed did not in the first place drive Cowper mad. But in my opinion it contributed more than anything else to the return of his madness at a time in his life when he might have settled into a sanity, periodically threatened only by dark moods, and still worse it attached to this madness a theological formula from which he could never escape.

Lord Cecil however, who takes a more fatalistic view of Cowper's inherent weakness, is proportionately kinder both to Newton and the Evangelical Movement. Of the latter for example he writes: "It alone among the philosophies of its time took account of man's spiritual side, wove into the tapestry of his ordinary life his visions, his enthusiasms, his exaltations, faced and tried to explain the mystery of his existence, the omnipresence of evil, the inevitability of death. The merchant in the counting-house, the spinner in the factory, the old maid in the village, all felt themselves actors in the great drama of mankind's salvation. . . . Finally, Evangelicism—and in this also it was unique among the philosophies of its day—could satisfy the temperament of the artist. For it alone set a supreme value on that emotional exaltation in which the greatest art is produced, it alone made the imagination the centre of its system, and not a mere decorative appendage to it."

We may appreciate this tribute, while suggesting that the fundamental defect of Evangelicism was its failure to distinguish between imaginative ecstasy and sensational excitement. But a biographer of Cowper is not so much concerned with the Evangelical Movement in the abstract as with the immediate effect of certain evangelists upon an excessively sensitive and cultivated temperament. And Lord Cecil does not convince us either that Evangelicism was the only creed which could have cured Cowper's despair in the beginning or that it played so secondary a part in his return to the abyss.

But if we find in his treatment of this central problem

* "The Stricken Deer, or the Life of Cowper." By David Cecil. 15s. (Constable.)

of Cowper's life a certain want of searching force, it is the defect of most attractive qualities, chief of which are a consistent sympathy and fairness towards all the actors in this strange domestic drama, a refusal to exploit his subject, as it might so easily be exploited, in the modern ironic manner, and a talent for telling "straightforwardly the story of this extraordinary man" with a gentle animation. Few lives, as he writes, offer so much intimate detail. "From the mass of poems, letters and reminiscences that have come down to us we can reconstruct, not only the outward ordering of his life down to the way he spent each hour, but also the trend and fluctuation of his solitary thought."

And admittedly Lord Cecil's biography would have been more satisfying as a work of art, if he had selected more rigorously, not only in dealing with Cowper himself, but with his friends. Hayley's life, and to a less extent Newton's, previous to their acquaintance with Cowper, are described at undue length. Occasionally too his sympathetic touch comes dangerously near sentimental softness, in such a passage for example as the following: "Compared with her sister's vivid and definite, her personality seems curiously undefined. Her poignant figure glows through Cowper's story with a lambent light of its own; but a tender mist of love floats round it, colouring its outlines. Our rare glimpses of her detect her in some beautiful attitude of regret or tenderness; but we cannot distinguish her features. Through the haze her eyes shine out like stars, yet we fail to discern their shape and colour. Perhaps love inevitably thus cloaks its object."

If however both his fidelity to detail and his feeling for his subjects results sometimes in a certain excess of elaboration and kindly diffuseness, in which the significance of Cowper's inner life is a little blurred, his treatment of the domestic surface is generally admirable. The only mode of life that exactly suited Cowper was, as he writes, "family life," if the phrase may be applied to a life without the responsibility of a family. And of such a life he has rendered an account which will enable any reader to share both its humours and its pathos, as if he were a member of the household.

HUGH I'A. FAUSSET.

Novel Notes.

THE MURDER IN ROMNEY MARSH. By Edgar Jepson. 7s. 6d. net. (Herbert Jenkins.)

The problem which young Inspector Carthew had to solve was the mysterious murder of Robert Garfield, a prosperous City man, who was found shot in a lonely parish of Romney Marsh. Garfield, it was soon discovered, had led a double life and had been the leading figure in the wholesale importation of cocaine by aircraft. The apparent affluence of Kate Bolsover, the stepdaughter of the local vicar, gave Carthew an important clue which ultimately led him to success, but before that many false trails were followed up, and suspicion had fallen with apparent certainty on a violent-tempered local farmer who loved Kate Bolsover. The story is full of excitement and unexpected turns, and the interest is maintained to the last page.

VILE BODIES. By Evelyn Waugh. 7s. 6d. (Chapman & Hall.)

Mr. Waugh introduces us to his characters during a Channel crossing. They are all bound for London, where they indulge in endless parties of one kind or another. There are Adam and Nina; Miss Runcible; Lady Circumference; Mrs. Melrose Ape, the woman evangelist, and her troupe of performing angels who keep their wings in violin-cases; Mr. Outrage, the Prime Minister of this week, and Sir James Brown, the Prime Minister of last week, to name only a few; and there is Colonel Blount. We liked the Colonel because, for a brief page or two while we first visited him, we were hugely amused. The Colonel,

for all his "sedentary life," was far more alive than any of them. But the pursuits of Adam Fenwick-Symes and his fellow gossip-writers were really "*too* sick-making," as Miss Runcible would say. Mr. Symes first had and then hadn't money, first was and then wasn't engaged, until our head whirled. Perhaps that was all funny and we missed the point. But in one passage Mr. Waugh shows himself worthy of his title of humorist--the description of the dirt-track racing when Miles Malpractice's friend was hit on the head by a spanner and Agatha Runcible took his place. Eventually she hit a village cross and found her way to a nursing home. If only Mr. Waugh had devoted his time less to being consciously funny and more to giving his characters character, his book would have been funnier; as it was we were not sorry when Mr. Waugh found his solution to it all and "the next" war broke out over Europe. If we really believed the world was peopled with Malpractices and Runcibles we should stop wishing to league the nations at once.



Mr. G. B. Burgin,
whose new novel, "Out of the Swim," just published by Messrs. Hutchinson, is his 90th, and one of the very best he has written.

IT'S A GREAT WAR. By Mary Lee. 10s. (Allen & Unwin.)

Keen observation, tenacious recollection of a bewildering variety of minute details, and astonishing industry in recording what her eyes have seen and her memory retained, may be placed unreservedly to the credit of Miss Mary Lee. She has too a talent for little vignettes of incident or character analysis. She has certainly given her readers ample measure—nearly seven hundred closely printed pages. For the rest, it is obvious that she has written to the thesis of her own experience with the American army during the last two years of the War. And it may be granted that she has faithfully reproduced the "jerks" of her theory. Here is a sample of her manner:

> "Morning. Anne's back one long pain. Face burning. Her eyes hurt. You couldn't be sick. . . . You'd got to go on. . . . Get up. . . . She pulled herself up. 'How do you feel?' said Joan. 'Rotten.' The room swayed. It went black. Joan pushed her a little and . . . she was . . . in bed. . . ."

By far the majority of these six hundred and ninety pages are written in that manner, giving the reader the impression of riding in an obsolete bus with solid tires, bumping eternally over tramway lines or other excrescences. Hence the jerking and jolting become intolerably monotonous. And the "rhythm" which Miss Lee postulates as a necessary element in a war novel is entirely lacking. Once for a fleeting moment she does get near to the heart of things It is when she reports a conversation of a French officer who, relating his experience in dining with American officers, declared the writer's fellow countrymen to b "Barbarians" and added: "During all that repast, these American officers have not expressed one single idea." That indictment is the ultimate judgment of Miss Lee's book, which wears the golden aureole of a £2,500 prize.

CHARIOT WHEELS. By Sylvia Thompson. 7s. 6d. net. (Heinemann.)

Cressida should never have married her brilliant novelist, Lester Midge. She thought she was in love with him, but in reality she was only fascinated by his mind, and little by little she wakens to the man's essential coarseness, as for example when she reads the proof of his new novel and realises that nothing is sacred to him, not even their honeymoon: "Making a peep-show of our—love. Using it, like that in a book, for everyone to see. How could you *want* to . . . ?" Lester however drives cheerfully ahead, confident that Cressida is bound fast by affection to his chariot wheels, and it remains for Cressida's daughter, many years later, to open his eyes to the unpalatable truth. The weaknesses of Lester Midge are pilloried with much subtlety and irony, and Cressida is splendidly suggested as the type of sensitive "girlhood fostered in blinkers." An excellent novel containing many gems of characterisation.

HOW AMUSING! By Denis Mackail. 7s. 6d. (Heinemann.)

After closing this volume of thirty stories, the reader must suffer a "hang-over" from a surfeit of humour, and the unbidden thought, "What a pity that they were made into a collection," bangs on the little grey cells. This is no reflection on the lightness of Mr. Mackail's manner, which is irresistibly funny, even when serious; there is always intelligent mockery in his telling. But the author's work stands out so much better in mixed company, the little dash of bitters in our drink, which, if taken at one gulp, loses something of the zip in its flavouring, if not in its effect. Apart from this regret for a mania for collections, we are glad to meet these old friends again, and some new ones too. The rich Mr. Clements, who upsets English and Continental hotel staffs as only a millionaire would dare; the poor, unhappy Professor, who tried to pay his debts; the fiery and loyal Admiral Bonchurch; solemn butlers and ridiculous young people all succeed in living up to the volume's label.

EARLY SORROW. By Thomas Mann. 5s. (Secker.)

This is an exquisite story of a child's grief, told with imagination and no fear of being accused of over-emotionalism. Anyone who is moderately sensitive and can remember his own childhood will confess that no disappointments were so grievous, no sorrows so heart-breaking as those which visited life when he was just becoming aware that to live was to make, and break, personal contacts. That these agonies of tempestuous grief when normally short-lived did not detract from their intense and exquisite pain. Mr. Mann, before he shows his child in despair, gives us in a few brilliant pages a picture of the family she lives in—a family full of affection, full of self-interest too, when only the father can perhaps gauge the depth of his Eleanor's grief. She is five years old, and at her older sister's party, a real man has danced with her—and then left her. That is all; but told so finely, so reticently that "Early Sorrow" is a little masterpiece.

WHO ARE YOU? By Henrietta Leslie. 7s. 6d. (Jarrolds.)

The vein of romance that Henrietta Leslie struck in "The Road to Damascus" has rather petered out in "Who Are You?", which concerns the gold of ideals and the Movement—the capital letter is the novelist's. Do Socialists still talk like this?--rather than the mere tinsel of human emotion. To heighten the interest the reader is warned of a dream that terrifies the sleeping hours of the beautiful Thea ("You're a very interesting girl, Thea, and I always enjoy talking to you"), but had George appeared at the door with an axe, things might have been more exciting; and also within the bounds of possible Socialistic behaviour of quite half the characters in the book. The stage moves between such very high West End and such very low East End, while the poor "backbone of England" is despised by everyone, especially by the "Panther." It all seems rather unfair when one considers that it is the "backbone" that will buy the book, and will find it worth buying, for Mrs. Leslie writes well; she is interesting; knows how to tell a story, and it says much for her skill that, in spite of their unreality, she makes even this story and its people interesting.

The Bookman's Table.

THE BLACK CHRIST AND OTHER POEMS. By Countee Cullen. 5s. (Putnams.)

If the fact that Mr. Countee Cullen is an American negro attracts our particular attention to his poems, they keep it on their own merits. Nor though " The Black Christ " itself describes a case of lynching and there are three shorter pieces grouped together under the heading " Colour," is there much evidence of race in them. Indeed in reply " to certain critics " Mr. Cullen writes :

> " Never shall the clan
> Confine my singing to its ways—
> Beyond the ways of man.
> No racial option narrows grief ;
> Pain is no patriot. . . ."

There is certainly intense sympathy with his own people manifested in " The Black Christ," a fervent and brilliant piece of work, swiftly moving and sure-footed, but the bitterness which is a frequent mood in the other poems is that bitterness against life itself which young poets of whatever race are apt to feel. Mr. Cullen has something of Rupert Brooke's determination to rid himself of illusion, and something of John Davidson's arrogant defiance of fate. His gift however is quite an individual one. Analogies can be traced, but no direct influences. His firm handling makes him particularly successful as a sonneteer, though he manages more rapid measures with equal mastery. And he is capable of remarkable felicities of diction.

NEW VERSES. By Arthur L. Salmon. 2s. 6d. (Foulis.)

We hope in an early issue to devote an article to the work of Mr. Arthur L. Salmon. In the meantime we extend a hearty welcome to his latest collection of poems, which lovers of meditation and of quiet beauty should on no account overlook. Mr. Salmon is a traditionalist who is never derivative or imitative. His vision is as individual as it is intensely sensitive and spiritual, and his music, with its grave charm and dignity, is entirely his own. Not that he is always serious. His poems of childhood are gay and light, albeit with an underlying wistfulness. But his characteristic note is that of a deep love of natural beauty—particularly that of his own West Country ; and from the natural he is led, by a gentle but vital mysticism, to the supernatural. He sees :

> " the eternal that the transient hides—
> Beauty and love and hope, and man's desire
> Lighted at moments with transmuting fire " ;

and his book will delight, console, and inspire all readers who themselves have stood upon the mount of vision and have seen magic casements opened.

SUNG BY THE SEA. By Anne Macdonald. Illustrations by Dorothy M. Wheeler. 3s. 6d. (Black.)

In this delightful book of sea lyrics for children are to be found some of the best verse Miss Macdonald has given us, fresh and dainty and as sparkling as the sea itself on a summer day. Quaint sea fancies, stories of naughty little girls and boys, dreams of childhood down on the shore—of these and other matters Miss Macdonald writes very charmingly :

> " If all the silver fishes in the silver sea
> Came swimming through the surf to have a game with me,
> I wonder, oh, I wonder, what that game would be ! "

sighs one child. And, as children will, goes on submitting her whimsical ideas to reason, and wisely concludes that before she could join them in their play—

> " . . . I think I'd have to be
> A little silver fish, and not a child like me."

The pictures are exquisite, both the coloured and black-and-white, but especially the black-and-white.

THE RED KNIGHT OF GERMANY: BARON VON RICHTHOFEN. By Floyd Gibbons. 7s. 6d. (Cassell.)

At a time when the War as a subject for fiction has achieved such popularity, it is interesting to read a story that might well be sensational romance, but is in reality a true account of the exploits of that wonderful German airman, Baron von Richthofen. "He was young and blond, shy and handsome, proud and serious," says his biographer. "He was courageous and knew it, gloried in it, flaunted it with his challenge to the world of his enemies." With reckless daring, he shot down eighty fighting planes,



Baron Manfred von Richthofen,
author of "The Red Knight of Germany" (Cassell).

and in the end was brought down himself by a modest young Canadian, Captain Roy Brown. Mr. Gibbons tells his story briefly and dramatically. There are no waste words. In the reference to his childhood and the descriptions of his many fights gathered largely from the airman's own writings, we get a very definite picture of Richthofen's character. He was undoubtedly brave, and had too the courage of honesty, but killing was a joy to him; the War was a magnificent opportunity. When he was not killing men, he was shooting birds. From a psychological point of view, as well as for its exciting stories of air fights, the book is one of exceptional interest.

THROUGH THE SHEERES. By Alfred Ernest Beckett. 7s. 6d. (Drane.)

The "Sheeres," let us say at once for the benefit of the uninitiated, represent the whole wide world outside Sussex. If you do not belong to Sussex, then it naturally follows you are a "furriner." A pretty wide range is therefore suggested, but the Driver and Diana, in their "combination" of motor-cycle and side-car, managed to cover a very good sweep, between the time they left Eastbourne and journeyed via Godstone, Stamford, right up through Durham and Newcastle to Flodden Field, Edinburgh and back through the Lake District, finishing up at the Forest of Dean. A delightful sense of leisurely, care-free enjoyment of "the road" with all it yields of natural beauty, is mingled with entertaining associations by the way, and the various characteristic blends of hospitality. A frail craft the "combination" certainly was for some of the difficulties it had to negotiate, but by hook or by crook all were surmounted eventually, and all are related in the breeziest manner, and prove the game spirit of the doughty pair. The numerous sketches share the whimsical and light-hearted nature of the text.

BROWN EARTH AND GREEN. By Michael Walsh. 1s. (Dublin: Talbot Press.)

This little volume of mainly pictorial poetry has the gentleness of the country-side in it, the country-side which has its little cruelties and tragedies of which the poet is unaware. He has intuition, vision. He can hear the quiet heart of earth beating below the grass. He numbers none that are not gentle hours. He belongs to a sincere and gentle class, the pastoral poets who received their inspiration under the wide skies, in the fields under the mountains. Among the pastoral poets Mr. Walsh fittingly takes his place, and if he does not rise to the heights of the greatest among them, he escapes also their descents into primitive things. The book is strangely innocent with a winsome and tender pensiveness which is never melancholy. He is not wholly pastoral. He loves his fields, but he has also human loves and in so far his roots are in earth. It is a charming nature which reveals itself. Sometimes the human and the pastoral are at issue as in the tender poem to his father which opens the little book.

WHO'S WHO IN BURNS. By John D. Ross, LL.D. 10s. 6d. (Stirling: Mackay.)

ROBERT BURNS AND HIS RHYMING FRIENDS. By John D. Ross, LL.D. 3s. 6d. (Stirling: Mackay.)

The latest elucidation of Burns from the pen of that indefatigable enthusiast, Dr. J. D. Ross, a member of the New York Public Library staff, is one of the best things he has compiled on the Scottish bard. Here is a book that was much needed. To be sure, one can find most of its information in sundry other volumes, but that entails often considerable search, and the sources are not always at one's hand. This "Who's Who" has therefore made matters easier for all inquirers, and it is sure to receive a generous welcome from many for whom the life and the works of Burns are still a favourite and enthralling study. Burns formed many friendships during his short lifetime. These sketches present an accurate, if (in keeping with the character of the work as modelled on the familiar "Who's Who") somewhat brief account, of the men and women who filled so large a space in Burns's career, as well as of those who only touched it spasmodically and casually. The notices include close on five hundred names, thus constituting a very respectable dictionary and index to the numerous *personæ*, great and small, associated with the poet. There is, by the way, a curious error with respect to the blind minister, Dr. Thomas Blacklock, through whose instrumentality Burns was prevented from emigrating to the West Indies. Dr. Ross says that "after completing his theological course, Blacklock was disappointed of a charge on account of his blindness. Thereafter he made a living by teaching and doing literary work." The latter statement is correct, but not the first, for Blacklock was ordained to the parish of Kirkcudbright in 1762, and occupied that charge for the next three years. The Rhyming Friends of Burns consists of a number of Epistles inscribed to Burns during his lifetime in answer to Epistles of his own and in laudation of his genius. Bibliographical and biographical notes are provided by Dr. George F. Black, of the New York Library. There is an excellent glossary. The little volume is an interesting contribution to Burns lore.

FORTY YEARS AT THE BAR. By Edward Abinger. 18s. (Hutchinson.)

Mr. Abinger's memoirs are crowded with amusing battles of words between counsel and counsel, between counsel and judge. He himself has taken part in not a few rencontres of this kind, and he has not shunned telling us of many which brought the laugh against himself. He gives an account of one of the trials of "The Man who broke the Bank at Monte Carlo" with a fine zest; we are told of the voluble German mechanic with his "zylinders, bistons and granks," during whose evidence the prisoner "fairly danced up and down in the dock in his excitement." In order to get his notes passed across to Mr. Abinger, "Monte Carlo Wells" constantly attracted the attention of the usher "by tickling his bald head with the feathered end of a quill pen." Wells, among other things, had invented a new sardine tin-opener and a musical skipping-rope. Mr. Abinger asked the judge if he might

give a demonstration of the latter in court. "You can do anything you like, Mr. Abinger," replied Hawkins with a deep sigh. "It is all rather like 'Alice'!" There is scarcely a single celebrity in the world of modern law who escapes mention, and the book contains twenty-six admirable caricatures, mainly by "Spy."

BURKE : THE FOUNDER OF CONSERVATISM. By A. A. B. 7s. 6d. (Eyre & Spottiswoode.)

Arthur A. Baumann—he signs his preface thus, though only his well-known initials adorn his title page—is so vigorous and entertaining a writer that one could wish that he had given us more of himself and less of the *ipsissima verba* of his subject. For half this quite small volume is occupied by the "Letter to a Noble Lord" which, though it may be, as Sir James Prior (quoted with approval by Mr. Baumann) called it, "on the whole the most brilliant exhibition of powers perhaps in the whole range of English prose," is easily accessible in a variety of editions. Mr. Baumann's own essay fills but eighty pages, and that is hardly space enough in which to do justice to his theme. He has not however attempted anything like a complete study, but after a slight but suggestive *aperçu* of the life and ideas of the great eighteenth century statesman, he slips easily into an exposition of his own "thoughts on the present discontents." A. A. B., as everyone knows, is a very absolute Tory, who regards the present leaders of the Conservative party as its betrayers; and whether one agrees with him or not, there is no doubting either his sincerity or his gift for pamphleteering.

AT THE GATE CALLED BEAUTIFUL. By O. G. Whitfield. 3s. 6d. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

It was a happy decision that made it possible for a wider public to share the privileges of the boys and girls in Mr. Whitfield's congregation. Covering an infinite variety of outlook, these fifty-two talks are arranged to follow, more or less, the course of the year. In the form of spoken, rather than written talks, they are ready for any emergency, or if preferred can form the basis for a fuller development. Unpretentious and homely, their very simplicity lends weight to their persuasiveness and readiness of understanding. Mr. Whitfield is not afraid of telling incidents at his own expense, if only they will open the way to a suitable application. All the talks make a direct appeal by their winning friendliness, and carry a distinct message. We can well imagine how useful the book will be to workers among children.

HAUNTING EDINBURGH. By Flora Grierson. Illustrated by Katharine Cameron, A.R.E., R.S.W. 20s. (John Lane.)

The pen of Miss Grierson and the pencil and brush of Miss Cameron have done real service in crystallising and preserving the legacy of the centuries as they have steadily passed over that city of almost incredible contradictions. "Old Edinburgh was a city of war close-clasped in the embrace of religion. A garland of monasteries, convents and churches enclosed the royal burgh, and of these barely a trace survives." Step by step, in both mediums, the vicissitudes are depicted, the royal embroilments, the religious upheavals, together with the foreign complications, the dire visitation of the plague, etc., until the present conglomeration of ancient and modern emerges. Its odd nooks and crannies, its wynds and closes—what a halo of romance, subterfuge and storm encircles them, and what diverting stories they yield. Stories which reflect social, political, religious, literary, and all manner of interests. Both author and artist have triumphantly expressed the glamour with which this remarkable panorama is so richly invested.

Books of the Month.

From December 15th to January 15th.

(Books reviewed in this Number are not included in list.)

A further collection of Mr. W. P. Pycraft's weekly contributions to the *Illustrated London News* now appears in more permanent form in **MORE GLEANINGS FROM NATURE'S FIELDS** (7s. 6d.; Methuen). The remarkably wide scope covered in this little volume will prove a no less attractive factor than the author's delightfully persuasive and easy manner of imparting the extensive knowledge he possesses. The everyday life of the garden, the seashore and the country-side, all come within his range, as well as several more obscure but vastly interesting problems, such as that of ancient "Rhodesian Man," a subject to which he has given a long and exhaustive study. The hundred illustrations are excellently produced and add considerably to a further enjoyment of the text.

Out of the cramped beginnings of a narrow Victorian home, Miss Ursula Bloom has, in **THE PASSIONATE HEART** (7s. 6d.; Hutchinson) developed the usual accumulation of complications. "Mamma," for it is impossible to call her anything else, was the orbit within which hovered her second husband, Mr. Jones, and her children Mary and Johnnie. To Mary belonged the passionate heart, and the reader follows her torments through a loveless marriage with an insufferable curate. Johnnie too makes a *mésalliance*, and continually interposes with his entanglements. There is good character drawing, but the story is rather tiringly sordid.

THE DIFFICULT ART (Georgia Rivers; 7s. 6d.; Skeffington) that Anna Maddox found so difficult was that of overcoming a morbid sensitiveness and "growing up" in a natural manner. Bereft of her mother when a baby, she had developed an unnaturally introspective mind. Miss Rivers's delicately whimsical pen carries her through the varied experiences of a business career, with all its entertaining friendships and activities, and the various romances which develop out of them. With unflagging pace this spirited story moves buoyantly and picturesquely through its vivid Australian setting.

Such a practised hand as Mrs. Victor Rickard may be very sure of hitting on the right elements for a mystery story that will send shudders down the spine, and she has done so in **THE EMPTY VILLA** (7s. 6d.; Hodder & Stoughton). An empty villa in the dead of night, a storm that drives a young man into it for shelter, a loose shutter knocking with "maddening regularity," and the eerie sense that he is not alone. And then a beautiful girl fleeing from—what? If the story does not quite live up to the promise of its opening chapters, that is because it depends a little bit too much on coincidence to render it convincing, and because the opening chapters are so enthralling it would be very difficult indeed to keep up the tension for over three hundred pages. Enough that it is an excellent story of its kind, as skilful and exciting as one would expect it to be with Mrs. Victor Rickard's name on the cover.

CRITICISM AND BELLES-LETTRES

CHATTO & WINDUS.—Cross-Currents in English Literature of the Seventeenth Century. H. J. C. Grierson. 15s.
CONSTABLE.—Dostoyevsky's Letters to his Wife. 21s.
OXFORD PRESS.—About English Poetry. G. F. Bradby. 2s. 6d.

FICTION

(Price 7s. 6d. each, except where otherwise indicated.)

ARROWSMITH.—Urgent Private Affairs. H. Fletcher Moulton.
BLACKWELL (Oxford).—Gorse, Heather and Peat. Alfred Percivall.
BRENTANOS.—See How They Run. Helen Grace Carlisle.
THORNTON BUTTERWORTH.—American Beauty. Arthur Meeker.—Trip No Further. Jane Lindsay.
CASSELL.—The Black Camel. Earl Derr Biggers.—Difficult Women. Katharine Brush.
CHAPMAN & HALL.—Frozen Slippers. Mrs. C. N. Williamson.—Pagett Calling. Lieut.-Colonel W. P. Drury.
CHATTO & WINDUS.—Rhododendron Pie. Margery Sharp.—Slowbags and Arethusa. Adrian Alington.—Stone Daugherty. John P. Fort.
COLLINS.—The Playful Double. Frank Romer.
CONSTABLE.—The Clock. Guy Rawlence.
DENT.—Oliver's Daughter. Richard Church.
HAMILTON.—The Fifth Tulip. Donald Deane.—The Cobra Candlestick. E. Barker.
HODDER & STOUGHTON.—The Avenging Ray. Seamark.—Cock Crow. Anthony Carlyle.—The Runner. Ralph Connor.
HURST & BLACKETT.—The Joss Sticks of Chung. Oscar Asche.
HUTCHINSON.—Silence. Andrew Soutar.—The Murder on the Bus. Cecil Freeman Gregg.—The Murder at Avalon Arms. Owen Fox Jerome.—Through the Eyes of the Judge. Bruce Graeme.—Gold. Kenneth Perkins.—Piping George. Jan Gordon.—The Hundred Days. Talbot Mundy. 6s.—Step-Sisters. Isabel C. Clarke.—Poor Nigger. Orio Vergani.—The Hidden Hand. Carroll John Daly.—Man of the North. James B. Hendryx.—Flight Errant. Laurence Kirk.—Cold Surge. Maboth Moseley.
JARROLDS.—The Class Reunion. Franz Werfel.—Children of the Earth. Ethel Mannin.—Mystery Mile. Margery Allingham.
HERBERT JENKINS. The Rose in the Dark. Roy Vickers.—Wither Thou Goest. William Le Queux.
KNOPF.—The Dain Curse. Dashiell Hammett.
JOHN LANE.—Beyond the Swamps. Robert Tarnacre.—The Case of Robert Robertson. Sven Elvestad.—Don Juan's Daughters. Irene Forbes-Mosse.—The Broken Magnet. Brenda Muir Mackenzie.
WERNER LAURIE.—The Crimson Smile. Maurice Dekobra. 3s. 6d.—The Sale. Joan Conquest.
JOHN LONG.—The Dream Murder. Edward Charles Reed.—The Green Bungalow. Fred M. White. 6s.—Oriflamme. Shirley Seifert.—Rustlers and Ruby Silver. Charles H. Snow.
JOHN MURRAY.—Passion Flower. Kathleen Norris.
STANLEY PAUL.—An Eye for an Eye. Frances Hickok.
SELWYN & BLOUNT.—Exits and Farewells. Marjorie Bowen.
SKEFFINGTON.—The Cluster of Gems. Ray Carr.
TARAPOREVALA (Bombay).—Baladitya. A. S. Panchapakesa Ayyar.

FOREIGN BOOKS AND TRANSLATIONS

ALLEN & UNWIN.—The Evolution of Modern Marriage. F. Müller-Lyer. 12s. 6d.
JOHN DAY (New York).—The Trophies. José-Maria De Heredia. $3.50.
HODDER & STOUGHTON.—Poems. Henrik Wergeland. 10s. 6d.

HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY AND TRAVEL

JONATHAN CAPE.—From Quebec to Piccadilly. Beckles Willson. 12s. 6d.
CHAPMAN & HALL.—The British Edda. L. A. Waddell. 21s.—The Coloured Countries. Alec Waugh. 18s.
CONSTABLE.—Around the Coasts of Arabia. Ameen Rihani. 21s.
PETER DAVIES.—The Trial of Count Königsmarck. Edited by the Hon. Eveline Godley. 7s. 6d.
DENT.—Among the Franciscan Tertiaries. Nesta de Robeck. 10s. 6d.
HURST & BLACKETT.—The Autobiography of a Wanderer. Major A. Radclyffe Dugmore, F.R.G.S. 18s.
HUTCIHNSON.—Among Prisoners of War in Russia and Siberia. Elsa Brandström. 18s.—My Married Life with Ludendorff. Margarethe Ludendorff. 18s.
JARROLDS.—Pilsudski.—Rom Landua. 18s.

JOHN LANE.—Turkey and Syria Reborn. Harold Armstrong. 15s.
MACMILLAN.—The Endless Adventure. F. S. Oliver. 15s.
HOUGHTON MIFFLIN (Boston) and CONSTABLE.—Colonel William Smith and Lady. Katharine Metcalf Roof. 24s.
NASH & GRAYSON.—The Gay Victorians. Ralph Nevill. 21s.—Balzac: The Man and the Lover. Francis Gribble. 21s.—Veiled Mysteries of India. Mrs. Walter Tibbits. 21s.
WARNE.—The History of the *Worcester*. Frederick H. Stafford. 7s. 6d.

MISCELLANEOUS

ALLEN & UNWIN.—The Craftsmanship of Books. J. Howard Whitehouse. 3s. 6d.
CO-OPERATIVE WHOLESALE SOCIETY (Manchester).—The People's Year Book, 1930. 3s.
FLEET PUBLICATIONS.—The Fleet Street Annual, 1930. Edited by Harold Herd. 3s. 6d.
HUTCHINSON.—Lord Henry Bentinck's Foxhounds. Compiled by Lord Charles Bentinck. 21s.
HERBERT JENKINS.—An Angler's Corner. Arthur Sharp. 3s. 6d.
JUTA (South Africa) and WALKER (London).—The Men in the Line, 1916-18. V. Walpole.
JOHN LANE.—Ju-Ju and Justice in Nigeria. Frank Hevis. 12s. 6d.
SIDGWICK & JACKSON.—Prefaces to Shakespeare. Harley Granville-Barker. 9s.
WATTS.—An Outline of Humour. Compiled by W. Margrie. 3d.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA

DUCKWORTH.—The Flirt and the Flapper. Elinor Glyn. 5s.
ROBERTS.—Who Will Kiss Cinderella? J. Bernard MacCarthy. 3s. 6d.—The Manderson Girls—Young Mrs. Greenshaw. Bertha M. Graham. 3s. 6d.—Mother's Brother George Elton. 2s. 6d.—The Key. W. Skene Laurence. 2s. 6d.—The Gull's Way. Gerald Wynne Rushton. 2s. 6d.—Spirit-Free. S. France. 2s. 6d.—The Magic Piper. E. N. Fawcett and E. M. Eccles. 2s. 6d.—The Mourner. G. H. Murphy. 1s. —Windmill Cottage. Julian Thorpe. 1s.—Alcestis, Roland Sutton. 1s.

POETRY

ARNOLD.—Modern Poetry. Edited by Elizabeth D'Oyley. 2s.
BLACKWELL (Oxford).—Poems, Old and New. E. M. Rudland. 7s. 6d.
DANIEL.—To the Living Dead. Elsie Paterson Cranmer.
FALLON (Dublin).—Life and My Life. Felix Harte.
GARDNER (Paisley).—Poems and Songs. J. M. Knox Welsh. 7s. 6d.
OXFORD PRESS.—Hemlock Wall. Frances M. Frost. 6s. 6d.
PALISADE PRESS (New York).—Bird Rhymes. Bert Dayton. $0.75.
SELWYN & BLOUNT.—The Quest Unending. Geoffrey Johnson. 3s. 6d.

RELIGION AND PHILOSOPHY

ERNEST BENN.—The Present and Future of Religion. C. E. M. Joad. 10s. 6d.

REPRINTS AND NEW EDITIONS

DENT.—Percival Keene—Joseph Rushbrook or The Poacher. Captain Marryat. 3s. 6d. each.—The Golden Book of Modern English Poetry. Arranged by Thomas Caldwell. 7s. 6d.
DUCKWORTH.—Vainglory.—The Princess Zoubaroff. Ronald Firbank. 3s. 6d. each.
JORDAN.—Reminders for Company Secretaries. Herbert W. Jordan. 2s. 6d.
JOHN MURRAY.—Beau Ideal. P. C. Wren. 2s.

The Collector

"Let not the collector, therefore, ever, unless in some urgent and necessary circumstances, part with any of his treasures."—Burton

THE PLAN.

THIS new section of The Bookman will not only interest a great number of those who are regular readers, but it will have a special value for all who are collecting first and rare editions of old and new books.

The outlook of "The Collector" will in no sense be only commercial. But we might be suspected of some unctuousness if we claimed that our object was to advise about collecting, pure and simple, without reference to money-values. There is always the happy medium between the love of books for their own sakes and for their monetary value, and to strike that medium is our aim.

In a word, our guiding principle is writ at the head of our page. Let us emphasise it: "Let not the collector, therefore," said Richard Burton, "ever, unless in some urgent and necessary circumstances, part with any of his treasures." That was, and still is good advice, and yet there is no sin in selling your books at a profit. We might almost say, that to hold a book that has advanced in price, shall we say from 1s. to £100, is uneconomic. But there is a holy voice in the soul of some book-collectors which says "Hold." We do not despise one or the other. Both are within their rights. But our voice is with Burton, of delightful memory. If you would know a little, a trifle more of his mind, let us tell you that he went on to say, "Let him"—the book-collector—"guard his treasures as things too sacred for commerce."

There it is. We leave it with you.

Our pages will try to give you, not only encouragement in the exquisite pursuit of the gathering of first editions, but they will provide real practical help and guidance in the details of the business. Of one thing the reader may be sure: book-collecting can never be entirely mastered. Even the experts are caught in pools of ignorance at times. No one knows everything. We are always learning something new. All we can do is to be as intelligent, as acquisitive, as understanding as we can. This way, and with diligence, we may muster a vast amount of knowledge.

These pages will give the reader some idea of what we have outlined in these opening paragraphs. We shall print articles of a general book-collecting character. There will be information of all kinds; stories of book-collecting, notes on catalogues, news about auctions, the rise and fall of prices, announcements of sales, advance news about limited editions, books to buy, authors to watch—everything, in fact, that the experience of the writer can conceive for the benefit of his readers.



Lord Byron

as he appeared after his daily ride at Pisa and Genoa.
From Messrs. Elkin Mathews' "Byron and Byroniana: A Catalogue of Books"

THE POPULARITY OF BOOK-COLLECTING.

There are those who say that the present intense interest in the collecting of modern first editions will pass; if not entirely (which of course is both an absurd idea and an impossibility) that at least it will fall away. We have no belief at all that this interest will moderate to any great extent. That it will fluctuate there is no gainsaying. There will be phases of almost extravagant enthusiasms; there will be other and quieter phases—but always there will be an average level of interest, with a general tendency to an increase.

We have wondered, frequently, just why so many people are concerned in the business. There are many reasons, and in spite of what the cynic says about the majority engaging in it because of the abnormal profits that are to be found in book-collecting, we are of the sure and definite opinion that the majority of book-collectors are chiefly concerned in it for the sake of a happy participation in this delectable business.

For, after all, the collecting of books is encompassed with as pleasant an environment as you may discover or desire in this rather hustling world of to-day. Just as so many men, and an increasing number of women, turn their evening minds to a mystery story for entertainment, as a means of forgetting the day's jars and vexations, so do many folk indulge their cultured fancy in the affairs of book-collecting. They study books about the subject; they scan with spiritual pleasure the many attractive catalogues of first editions that are now broadcast by all the intelligent booksellers up and down the country. Next to having a book, give us a nicely made catalogue; and there is no cold wind in

the world that will shrivel and pinch us. Then there are the many good articles about the business featured in the press for the wise ones to read and enjoy and ponder over. And what stories we learn from accounts of the fine books that are sold at auction, while the fabulous prices that are paid for them sometimes take away our breath.

This is the high purpose, the gospel of true book-collecting—for, an we have enough of the world's goods, we soon proceed to a modest—for most of us—possession of some of the precious things of the world of books. And, though we may think in the second sense, of the profit stored up in the purchases we have made, if we have gone about the business with wisdom and shrewdness, we shall find, if necessity ever made it essential—which God forbid—that there is an insurance against a rainy day in those purchases of earlier times.

Modern book-collecting is popular, and we welcome the increased interest with open heart and mind for, peradventure, out of the widening army of good people who may be drawn to it by reason of the large profits that are said tc be made, there may often come a true bookman. Having come to a right understanding of them, he will remain to become a true lover of books. Then it will go hard with him to part with them for even a large mess of potage. We hail and welcome the merchandise for this reason.

STORIES ABOUT COLLECTING.

There is a wealth of good stories about this intriguing and fascinating affair of book-collecting, both old and modern. Somehow, books always carry with them a romance of fact, and at times of fiction. These stories are always readable and entertaining, and bear repeating. The chances are, that some of the following may possibly have been printed before, but they are good, and lose none of their point by again being set before you.

There was once a youngster who had started out in the business of life at a rather early age. He had been brought up in a home where books were accepted almost as a sacrament, rather than a passing fancy. It was natural, therefore, for him to find his opening in the great affairs of life in a bookseller's shop. You may be sure that, in his innocence of the experience of life, he felt that heaven had begun. He revelled in the good fortune that had come to him. Books were real things —things to revere, and possess. But money was limited: just a few shillings came his way each week. How could he ever own books? He watched—and waited. He learned things. And one day the gods blessed him. There came to him a knowledge that he could buy John Addington Symond's prize poem, "The Escorial," for sixpence, and he knew where he could sell it for a pound. He bought a few copies of it, and the run of the story goes that he used the profit to buy for himself the books that he had coveted. That was a delightful gesture, and I hope the lad did well as the years rolled by. He certainly deserved to—for a prettier story of book-loving combined with a shrewd business sense, I have never heard.

Then there is another story of a perfect piece of honesty, in which there was no guile. It concerned some very valuable Thackeray items. A certain book-seller had put these volumes in his shop window, in the hope of catching the eye of a collector. And no long time passed ere someone came in. When he began to

talk about them, the good bookseller thought that he was about to make a sale. What was his surprise, however, when his visitor told him that the price—a few shillings or so—which he had marked on the ticket, was a ridiculous price, and that they were worth many, many pounds. The shopkeeper's chagrin may be imagined. His gratitude to his caller may also be imagined. I wonder how many of us would have done such a thing? It shows that even the experts—which is perfectly true—are sometimes without the necessary knowledge. In fact, the myriad facts and figures that book-collecting demands, makes it almost impossible for anyone, expert or not, professional or layman, to possess all the necessary knowledge about old and rare and new and scarce books. The book business, in all its varied aspects needs, more than any other, in addition to an instinct for it, as complete a collection of reference books as may be possible.

It may be assumed that everyone knows the time honoured story about a simple copy of the "Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyám." Once, somebody found a copy outside Mr. Quaritch's shop in Piccadilly for twopence. Not so many years since, one was sold in New York for $3,200; in June last, one was sold by Messrs. Hodgson for £1,410; and in one of Messrs. Quaritch's recent catalogues a copy was offered for £2,250. In this copy is inserted a letter from Swinburne to A. C. Benson giving an account of the circumstances in which Swinburne purchased copies of FitzGerald's poem from the box outside Mr. Quaritch's shop. It was a small pamphlet, and bound in the original brown paper covers.

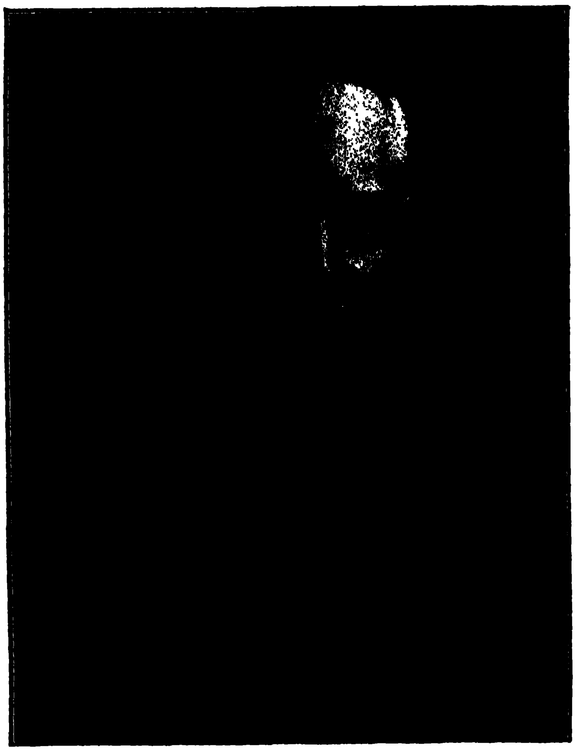
THE MARKET.

The Auction Mart.

Just at the moment, not a great number of sales are taking place. Libraries come into the market in no regular manner, as may be imagined. Sometimes there is a series of important sales, and then there is a period of slackness. There is no doubt that we shall see a number of valuable libraries put up for sale this year, including both old and modern books. Many of the latter are appearing in sales in these days, which is a definite sign that modern book-collecting is being pursued with a greater persistency than heretofore.

Prices.

One or two notable volumes have fallen in value. We have noticed one particularly. This is the first edition of the ordinary edition of Mr. Galsworthy's "Forsyte Saga." A month or two since, a fairly good copy was sold at auction for £25; now anyone who wanted a copy in first-class condition could obtain it for about £16. Although this book has depreciated in its collecting value, we have not the slightest doubt it will appreciate again before long. We must not forget that several thousands were printed of this ordinary edition. Immediately after the copy was sold at auction for £25, no end of other copies at once appeared on the market and, of course, the price at once came down. It is our belief that the volume is worth while holding on to; in fact, as time passes, it ought to become a scarce and valuable Galsworthy item. The limited, signed edition of this fine work sells for something like £50. It is not easy to find a copy of this edition.



Mr. John Galsworthy.

Catalogues.

Lists of modern editions, issued by the antiquarian booksellers, are becoming works of art. We have received a large number during the past few weeks, and some of them are very readable. We can call attention to two only, but we shall hope to find more room available as the months pass, for consideration of current catalogues of old and rare books and modern first editions. The two lists that we have selected are "A Catalogue of Fifty Famous First Editions," issued by Elkin Mathews, and "English Literature of the Nineteenth and Twentieth Centuries" which comes from Maggs. The "Fifty Famous First Editions" is a fascinating issue, and our mouth waters as we turn over the pages. Whoever produced this list has a pretty taste in manner; for the title and description of just one book only are printed on each page. The fifty first editions are all books of the past, excepting Mr. Kipling's "The Jungle Book" and "The Second Jungle Book." These are priced at £90. Another precious work is an association item: "Waverley; or 'Tis Sixty Years Since," in three volumes, by Sir Walter Scott. One or two of the first editions of Scott are very scarce, and "Waverley" is one of them. This particular copy contains the signature of Henry Mackenzie, to whom Scott dedicated it: "These volumes being respectfully inscribed to our Scottish Addison, Henry Mackenzie, by an unknown admirer of his genius." Elkin Mathews' have marked this at £560.

The other catalogue is one of those magnificent lists issued by Maggs. Their catalogues are of extraordinary value to bookmen. This one is numbered 531. A full file would be worth a good deal, and we wish we had all of them. We would use up a few columns of this magazine in describing the books mentioned in the new one. There are 2,266 items of unusual interest, and a number of valuable autograph letters. It is difficult to single out any particular entry. We are especially attracted by the Hardy collection, which includes first

editions, association copies, and a fine manuscript of "Notes on Stinsford Church." It is typewritten, but signed and subscribed at the end, "Yours very truly—Thomas Hardy." The work is written in the form of a letter to the Restoration Committee of Stinsford Church. There are four pages of this manuscript, including a pen and ink sketch by Hardy. Some idea of its value may be gathered from the fact that it is priced at £250.

A POEM BY LERMONTOV.*

Lermontov is by common consent the greatest Russian poet except Pushkin; and Mr. John Cournos, in the interesting biographical and critical note which he has appended to this translation of one of his finest works, says that "in some of his poems he is fully Pushkin's equal." The present poem is one of a series of realistic pieces begun in 1837, when Lermontov was twenty-three and had only four more years of his stormy life to run.

"In these poems," says Mr. Cournos, "he manages admirably to combine that incurably romantic spirit of his which formerly, after the manner of the Romantics, tended towards melodious vagueness, with a new manner, which is both realistic and precise. In the 'Song of the Merchant Kalashnikov' the poet has wisely adopted the style of the old epic folk-songs, with the result that it is one of the most vigorous and moving things in the Russian language. I use the word 'moving' in its precise sense, and not in any sense implying pathos. It has a martial air, it marches, it moves. . . ."

These qualities are all evident in Mr. Cournos's version, which one takes to be close to the original, not only, as he says, in rhythm but in manner and spirit. The poem is written in a sort of free verse, with a fairly constant rhythmical beat and only occasional rhymes. It is a vigorous and barbaric piece of work, as befits a story of the days of Ivan the Terrible, and tells of how Kiribeyevitch, a noble youth of that monarch's bodyguard, makes an attempt on the virtue of a merchant's wife. He is unsuccessful, and the frightened lady runs home and confesses to her husband, who, like his would-be betrayer, is a "sturdy lad." Next morning the Court is assembled by the Moskva to watch the bodyguard in single combat. Kiribeyevitch challenges all comers, but none answers his challenge until the merchant Stepan Paramonovitch steps into the ring. The two men fight—apparently with armoured boxing-gloves—and Stepan slays his rival with a single blow:

"The young bodyguard softly groaned,
Reeled, fell dead,
Rolled upon the cold snow—
Upon the cold snow, like a sapling pine,
Like a sapling pine of the virgin wood
Cut where the sap flows, at the root."

Stepan, confessing that his intention was death, is condemned to execution, but, by way of compensation, his wife and kinsfolk are rewarded from the royal treasury.

This is a handsome edition, limited to seven hundred and fifty copies, printed on Maillol handmade paper, and in special type, a sort of black letter, occasionally rubricated. Mr. Paul Nash has supplied some decorations, which may be symbolical, and also designed the binding, which is of orange morocco.

F. B.

YOUNG WERTHER.†

It is surprising that this very famous book has not been translated into English for a hundred years; but we are now rewarded by having an admirable rendering from

* "A Song about Tsar Juan Vasilyevitch, his young bodyguard and the valiant merchant Kalashnikov." By Mikhail Yurievitch Lermontov. Translated by John Cournos. 31s. 6d. (Aquila Press.)

† "The Sorrows of Young Werther." By Goethe, newly translated with an Introduction by Dr. William Rose. 10s. 6d. (Scholartis Press.)

The Collector.



Lotte cutting bread for her brothers and sisters
(Daniel Chodowiecki).

From "Sorrows of Young Werther." By Goethe (Scholartis Press).

Dr. William Rose. He also provides us with an introduction wherein the book is placed in its proper environment. Those who have not yet read it, under the impression perhaps that it is a mere orgy of sentimentalism, are recommended to ascertain that this is not the case. No doubt "Werther" will not make its appeal to the same circles as it did in 1774. We who, at any rate in regard to literature, are more sophisticated, do not accept such writings in the naïve spirit that prevailed in the eighteenth century, and our sense of humour also obtrudes itself. In this respect Goethe was in a peculiar position; both before and after the appearance of "Werther" he gave evidence of a highly developed sense of humour, and occasionally in this book he cannot refrain from laughing a little at his hero (who of course is himself), when his introspective methods and his love-lorn soul make him rather ridiculous. But on the whole "Werther" is for Goethe a tragic interlude. Many thousands of his contemporary readers wallowed in the book, with no afterthoughts whatever. They sobbed and enjoyed themselves thoroughly.

Of all the sentimental novels of the eighteenth century this is undoubtedly the best, if we except Sterne. But Richardson and Rousseau are very much more diffuse, though this was not considered at the time to be a handicap. Probably in fact there were many who regretted the terseness of Goethe, as one might deplore a too rapid reciting of a church service on the part of a clergyman. It did not occur to them, as it did later on to the two Wellers when they sat composing the love-letter, that one does well to let the reader long for more. Goethe is terse, rapid and natural. His explorations into Werther's mind and his various philosophical meditations are the reverse of heavy, even when they are profound. He illustrates them with pleasing examples, and altogether gives them a lightness and elegance which they had in other hands not possessed. And particularly in German hands, for the language did not seem capable of depicting such things lightly.

Everyone knows that "The Sorrows of Werther" is founded on fact. Goethe, a young lawyer, had betaken himself to Wetzlar, where the supreme court of judicature of the Holy Roman Empire was situated. He made the acquaintance of a number of people, both at Wetzlar and in the neighbourhood, and among them was a girl, some eleven years his junior—Charlotte Buff, the daughter of the bailiff who managed the estates of the Teutonic Order. She managed the household and looked after the numerous younger children of her widowed father. Before he knew that she was already betrothed to one Johann Christian Kestner, of Hanover, who was a very conscientious and industrious Secretary of Legation, Goethe was extremely attracted to Charlotte and, when Kestner appeared on the scene, there was a kind of idyllic *ménage à trois*. Kestner came to perceive that Charlotte might enjoy greater happiness with the brilliant young author; he offered to release her from the engagement, averring that he could not do without her, but that if she would be happier without him he would prefer her happiness to his own. He then advises her (referring to Goethe) that all is not gold that glitters, and he asks her to burn his letter as soon as she has read it. The extraordinary thing was that he and Goethe remained good friends, save for a moment after his marriage to Charlotte, when Goethe sent each of them a copy of "Werther," which obviously contained their portraits; and then Kestner, immortalised as "Albert," protested that the latter was a wretched creature. Kestner got over his bitterness very soon, and Goethe, though he did not see him again and did not see Charlotte until both he and she were over sixty years of age, was always interested to hear that another child had been born to them: they were blessed with a great many.

Objection was at the time taken to the book on the ground that it was morbid and that it was a plea in favour of suicide—for such is Werther's end. But Goethe, who fundamentally was a very well-balanced person, was only showing how his desperate love might affect someone else, especially one who felt too much and acted too little. In the book he warned the youth of his generation against the perils which he himself could overcome. In his case the relating of his troubles was to get rid of them.

Goethe says that he wrote this book in a month, during which he lived as a sleep-walker in a trance. He managed not only to endow his age with a novel whose influence spread far and wide in European literature, but to show us that, as Wagner afterwards said, the greatness of a poet is measured by what he refrains from saying. In other words, "Werther" contains no dullness, no *longeurs*. It is, if we attune ourselves to Goethe's age, a most absorbing book even for us. And how interesting it is to see a new feeling for Nature introduced into German literature! Thus there are many reasons why one should read this new and excellent translation.

HENRY BAERLEIN.

A DICKENS DISCOVERY.

To "HAMPSTEAD," England.

In the July BOOKMAN I read with great interest your story of your find of the early excerpts of "Pickwick," printed in English in a German publication (*The Englishman*). The thorough search you made impressed me, and I now make free to ask if you happen to know something about a similar Dickens item, which, so far, I have found no mention of in bibliographies, auction catalogues, etc.

I have just found in an old shop two volumes, No. 1 and No. 5, of a weekly publication, *The British Museum* (Vol. V, 1841, New British Museum). It was devoted to a choice selection from the works of the most celebrated English authors—just as I understand your unique volume was (and printed in English).

Volume V, title page 1841, consists of sixty-five weekly Numbers*, bound in boards, 4to, each part 8 pages, run from January, 1841, to March, 1842, with a *purpose*, because the first two Numbers and last fifteen Numbers, and many more (80 per cent. of the volume in fact) are filled with "The Old Curiosity Shop," by "Boz"—that is, from page 1–515. All the Master Humphrey stuff, which Dickens regretted and buried, is here omitted.

The first complete "Old Curiosity Shop," according to my search, came also out in 1841, but "made up" from the *Clock*, its running headings, and of course odd, irregular pagination. Dickens himself had some similar presentation copies *made up*, and apologised for them, saying, in

* 52 Numbers for 1841, 13 Numbers for 1842. Volume evidently bound this way to gather the complete "Shop" within two covers.

The Collector.

May, 1841, that no *separate* edition of the "Shop" was likely to appear for some years. In fact, the 1848 edition, with Dickens's preface, seems to have been this belated one.

Curious then, that these German publishers picked this classic, out of the *Clock*, issued it in parts before even Dickens had arranged for a separate edition. Bibliographically—may we not say that this German-English version is the first intended, deliberately planned issue of the "Shop" *in separate* form? As a piece of publishing history, it certainly is highly interesting—as in your instance—the Germans "picked a winner," and early at that.

Since the nature of our volumes seems to be closely related, I believe my *Museum* must be very scarce. The New York Library has never heard of it, and it is not at present in their extensive Dickens exhibition. Do you know of any published reference to my item! Has it ever been classified as some kind of a first edition? Was the story pirated! Did Dickens take some notice of the foreign entrepreneans? Perhaps you know and, if so, would you be so very kind as to enlighten me?

(Signed) THOMAS SCHREINER (New York).

P.S.—My volume is in beautiful condition. I suppose it is most unlikely that the sixty-five unbound, uncut parts of my series exist anywhere? The next best would be a volume like mine.

15th November, 1929.

To the Editor of THE BOOKMAN,

In reply to the American correspondent's letter respecting his discovery of the complete story of Dickens's "Old Curiosity Shop" in a magazine entitled *The British Museum* for 1841–2, and his comparison of this with the subject of the article in the July BOOKMAN, the following may be of interest.

The article in question was written to call attention to the reprinting of excerpts from "Pickwick" in the German *Englishman*, solely because they are believed to be the earliest instance of any of the work of Charles Dickens being reproduced outside this country. Dickens was only brought prominently before the English public by this book, and the popularity beginning with parts IV and V grew as the work progressed. "Pickwick" was not completed until November, 1837, and the first extract was reproduced in the *Englishman* on July 5th, 1837. These extracts therefore stand out by themselves as the first publication of the sort, as the earliest recognition of the author upon the Continent, and as having appeared so very quickly after he had attracted any particular notice in his own country.

After this, during the years 1838 to 1841, piracies and imitations were so numerous that a determined fight was made against them. Any reproduction as late as 1841, the date of the periodical mentioned, would be regarded as a late example in a long series of such reprintings.

As for the suggested acumen of the editor of the periodical in separating the story of "The Old Curiosity Shop" from the other matter which appeared in *Master Humphrey's Clock*, the last instalment of the "Shop" appeared on February 6th, 1841, or very shortly before it was begun in the pages of *The British Museum*. It would have been strange if the editor had allowed the miscellaneous contents of the early issues of the *Clock* to interfere with the sequence of the story. As to its recognition as a first separate edition of "The Old Curiosity Shop," the serial issue of a book in a magazine never ranks as the first edition. "Hard Times" and "The Tale of Two Cities" both first appeared as separate tales in serial form, but the recognised first editions of both are the issues in volume form.

The volume published in 1841, in green cloth, ranks undoubtedly as the first separate complete edition of the book. Although the pagination in one or two places is irregular, and the stereotyped plates of the *Clock* were used in printing it, the book consisted of nothing but "The Old Curiosity Shop"; it was complete, it was published under that title, and that name appeared upon its cover. Moreover, at the end of Chapter I, twenty-nine

The Collector.

additional lines appeared for the first time in order to fill up what would have been an almost empty page. This volume was published the year before the serial story referred to was completed. "Hampstead."

A book that collectors should look out for is "Dorando: A Spanish Tale," by James Boswell, which Messrs Elkin Mathews & Marrot are publishing in an edition limited to six hundred copies. This work by Dr. Johnson's biographer has never appeared in any form since its original publication and only one copy, from which this reprint was taken, has so far been discovered. Another important and interesting limited edition announced for publication on February 6th by Elkin Mathews & Marrot, is "A Rambling Discourse," by John Galsworthy, which was delivered by him to the Associated Societies of Edinburgh University as their President in 1926.

"The Siege of Malta," an unpublished novel by Sir Walter Scott, which has been lying at Abbotsford for nearly a century, was recently sold by Scott's grandson, General Walter Maxwell Scott, to Mr. J. T. Sheed, of the publishing firm of Messrs. Sheed & Ward. Mr Sheed is at present in America and whether or not he is arranging for the publication of "The Siege of Malta" is matter for speculation. The price paid for it is said to have been the highest ever given for any Scott MS.

The Bookman

"I am a Bookman."—*James Russell Lowell.*

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THE ORIGINALITY OF DOCTOR JOHNSON.*

By Alfred Noyes.

THE modern man, having lost his roots, tends to forget that originality is a matter of origins, not of superficial effects. Origins are not of to-day, or yesterday. It was one of the most individual personalities of the eighteenth century—Doctor Johnson—who said that originality had nothing in common with mere novelty. There are hosts of running readers at the present day who, being unable to grasp the connection between the beginning and end of a sentence, would misinterpret that statement as a defence of the dullest conservatism, though of course it is exactly the opposite. It is a defence of the true originality. We may turn the sentence round and say "mere novelty has nothing to do with originality." The truth of that statement has been recognised in every age and in every nation, except when the age was corrupt and the nation dying. The death and dissolution of Athens are described in a single sentence in the Acts of the Apostles. "All the Athenians and strangers which were there spent their time in nothing else, but either to tell, or to hear, some new thing." Paul accused them, not of intelligence, but "superstition." The recognition of the true nature of originality is the master-key to the character of Johnson, and to all real greatness of the intellect and the spirit, which comes not to destroy, but to fulfil. It is no paradox to say that real originality is fundamentally incompatible with mere novelty; for everything that is creative is rooted in a common ground of reality and develops its future out of its past. Growth, growth, and yet again growth, is the law of the arts and of the intellect; but there is no growth without roots, and the roots run back through the ages.



Dr. Samuel Johnson.
After the portrait by James Barry, R.A., in the National Portrait Gallery.

Novelty can easily be achieved by the simple method of telling a lie. You may say that horses have five legs. It is new, but of no value. You may paint, or write, in a way that is equally false, equally new, and seems very effective to a certain kind of jaded mind, especially if the lie be concerned with things a little less obvious. But the artificial novelties that are stuck into the ground to startle and trick the hasty observer into a foolish momentary admiration will perish and leave no memory behind them. There is perhaps no single truth of which the full realisation would be more salutary at the present time. Johnson returns to it again and again. He opens his great preface to Shakespeare with it: "That praises are without reason lavished on the dead, and that the honours due only to excellence are paid to antiquity, is a complaint likely to be always continued by those who, being able to add nothing to truth, hope for eminence from the heresies of paradox." He makes of course due allowance for mere prejudice, and remarks that "while an author is yet living we estimate his powers by his worst performance, and when he is dead, we rate them by his best," but he returns to his text again and again. There is a hint perhaps, here, of his own vanity of human wishes. "Nothing can please many," he says, "and please long, but just representations of general nature. The irregular combinations of fanciful invention may delight awhile, by that novelty of which the common weariness of life sends us all in quest; but the pleasures of sudden wonder are soon exhausted and the mind can only repose on the stability of truth."

Again, in dealing with the metaphysical poets, in his Life of Cowley, he says: "Their thoughts are often new, but seldom natural. They are not obvious, but neither are they just; and the reader, *far from wondering that he missed them*, wonders more frequently by what perverseness of industry they were ever found."

Far from wondering that he missed them! This great man, through all the ponderous trappings of his age, by dint of sheer sincerity, was on the verge of a critical discovery here of the very first importance—a theory of art that Plato would have understood, before him; and Wordsworth after him; but very few others in the history of literature; a theory that fully accounts

* A Presidential Address to the Johnson Society.

for the dilemma in which modern criticism finds itself.

On a subsequent page he says of the same metaphysical poets: "As they were wholly employed on something unexpected and surprising, their courtship was void of fondness and their lamentation of sorrow. Their wish was only to say what they hoped had never been said before. Nor was the sublime more within their reach than the pathetic; for they never attempted that comprehension and expanse of thought which at once fills the whole mind, and of which the first effect is sudden astonishment and the second rational admiration. Those writers who lay on the watch for novelty could have little hope of greatness; for great things cannot have escaped former observation. Their attempts were always analytic. They could no more represent by their slender conceits and laboured particularities, the prospects of nature or the scenes of life, than he who dissects a sunbeam with a prism can exhibit the wide effulgence of a summer noon."



Photo by C. S. Sargisson.

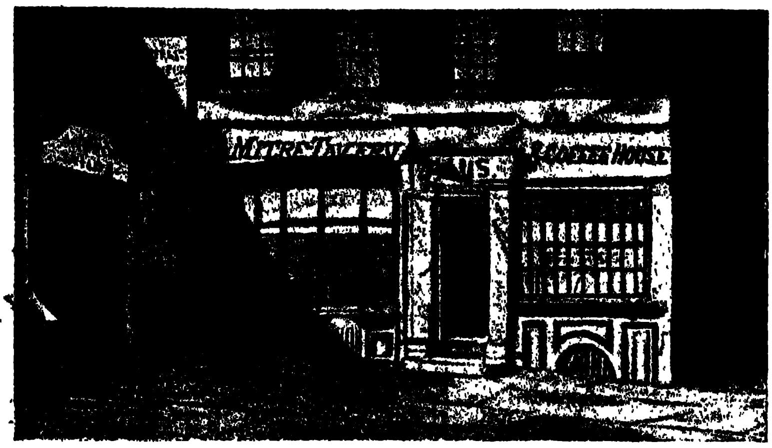
From an old print.

Lichfield Market Place as it was in 1709, the year of Johnson's birth in that town.

This, we may say, in flat contradiction of the stupid contempt of Macaulay, is great criticism. It is great in its grasp of first principles. When Johnson praised or blamed particular poems in detail the prejudices of his age made him an unreliable judge, especially of the technique of verse. But whenever he wrote of general principles, his own sincerity led him directly to the heart of the matter. Perhaps the most significant sentence of all for my present purpose is that in which he says of the same hunters for novelty, "it will be readily inferred that they were not successful in representing or moving the affections."

Johnson himself has moved the affection of all those who care for English literature. He has moved them through heavy disadvantages, with all the odds against him. Born in poverty, scarred with disease, uncouth in person and manner, the wielder of a literary style that even to his own contemporaries seemed occasionally to be making little fishes talk like whales, he nevertheless ruled the literary world of London for a third of a century as no man has ever ruled it before or since, and he has been loved almost as a personal friend by thousands of readers down to the present day.

Although Johnson was dogmatic almost to the point of arrogance, he was able to compel all kinds of persons, no matter what were their views, to like him. Boswell's Life has given us more opportunities of liking him, but it would be a mistake to attribute too much to the instrument on which the great personality of Johnson played his sonorous voluntaries. We have long ago ceased to believe that Boswell was the kind of inspired idiot depicted by Macaulay. Boswell had a singular talent for collecting and arranging his material; but, even for the sake of an antithesis, we must not regard him as in other respects a fool. Nor need we attribute inspiration to him. The simple straightforward talent was his own, but the material, and whatever inspiration was to be found in his work . was Johnson's. Take away from Boswell the prayers composed by Johnson, the letters written by Johnson, and, above all, the sentences spoken by Johnson, and there is not much left. But one faculty Boswell had that was essential to his task, a faculty that all lovers of Johnson must have—it accounts to a great extent for their love of him—the ineradicable delight of human nature in playing the game of "let's pretend." All through his life, although he was one of the sincerest men in the history of literature, Johnson asked his friends to come and play with him at the splendid game of "I'll be dictator, and you shall be my court." In boyhood, we are told, he frequently rode to school on the back of a school-fellow, who seemed to have taken his own ignominious part for granted; and one of the chief ingredients in the delicious dish provided by Boswell is just this spice of humour which enters into some of the gravest passages in the book. How far it unconsciously entered into Boswell's description of Johnson's interview with the King, or perhaps we should say the King's interview with Johnson, it is difficult to decide. In any case the modern reader is asked to play his part of "let's pretend" in a very delicious little comedy. Johnson, surrounded by an awestruck crowd of friends after the great event, gravely informed them that, on the whole, he was very well pleased with his Majesty, both as to what his Majesty said, and as to his Majesty's manners, which he commended as really quite excellent. It was implied, too, that his Majesty probably felt the intellectual strain to a certain extent, and that this was probably the cause why his Majesty did not seek a further interview with his august subject. Again



The Mitre Tavern.

From an old wood engraving.

and again, too, there were occasions when the most amazing questions were asked of Doctor Johnson, not with a view to discovering his real opinion, but with a view to discovering what might be called the absolute truth on the most recondite subjects. Questions, for instance, like: "Will you inform me, sir, whether God created the onion before He created the potato." On which, Johnson, if he were in an amiable mood, would sometimes deliver judgment; but if he were a little tired of play, would say peremptorily: "That, sir, is a question which I am not bound to answer." Or there was that extraordinary letter which he wrote to Boswell on the eve of one of Boswell's journeys abroad, to something like this effect: "Pray, sir, take careful note, when you are in Holland, of the following matters, on which I require more information:

"(*a*) Whether in Holland there is much orange peel used for medicinal purposes;

"(*b*) What do they do with the pips;

"(*c*) Whether a Dutch duck is larger than an English duck;

"(*d*) How many Scotchmen there are in Antwerp."

A mysterious purpose was implied in many of these requests which one feels sure were never carried out; and, occasionally, when Dr. Johnson was in a mischievous mood, he delighted in shattering the very illusion he had created, as when—at the very height of his autocratic fame—he stood, in all his immense bulk, at the top of a gently sloping hill and remarked: "I have not rolled down a hill since I was at school, and I intend to do so now." Whereupon, despite the earnest solicitations of his attendant friends, the great man did, then and there, lie down and roll from the top to the bottom of that hill like a human avalanche.

In another way, there was the same feeling of "let's pretend" about his poetry, which is considerably underrated at the present day. There was of course a good deal of very direct humour in his verses, as in:

"If a man who turnips cries
Cries not when his father dies,
'Tis a proof that he had rather
Have a turnip than his father";

"Hermit hoar, in solemn cell
Wearing out life's evening grey,
Strike thy bosom, sage, and tell
What is bliss, and which the way.

"Thus I spoke and speaking, sighed,
Scarce represt the starting tear,
When the hoary sage replied:
'Come, my lad, and drink some beer.'"

The burlesque solemnity of this strikes one as more genuine than the tragic tones of that modern Professor of Latin, in lyrics of a similar brevity and exactly the same rhythm, who seems to take the hangman's noose and malt as the best answer to life's riddle.

But there are subtler effects which have been deliberately reproduced by stylists like Stevenson. It is the same sort of "let's pretend" that we get in Stevenson, who always had something up his sleeve, although it was rather a larger something and a more portentous sleeve. Who for instance could be quite sure that the following lines were by Johnson and not by Stevenson? They were lines written to Miss —— on her giving the author a gold and silver network purse of her own weaving:

"Though gold and silk their charms unite
To make thy curious web delight,
In vain the varied work would shine
If wrought by any hand but thine:
Thy hand that knows the subtler art,
To weave those nets that catch the heart."

In other ways, too, he transcended his own age and "dipt into the future." There is a curious anticipation in "Rasselas" of Tennyson's prophetic vision of the airy navies grappling in the central blue.

"You, sir, whose curiosity is so extensive, will easily conceive with what pleasure a philosopher, furnished with wings, and hovering in the sky, would see the earth, and all its inhabitants, rolling beneath him. . . . How must it amuse the pendent spectator to see the moving scene of land and ocean, cities and deserts. . . . How easily shall we trace the Nile through all his passage; and



The Thrales's Summer-house at Streatham, 1773.

After the drawing by C. Stanfield, R.A.

examine the face of nature from one extremity of the earth to the other. . . . I have considered the structure of all volant animals, and find the folding continuity of the bat's wings most easily accommodated to the human form. Upon this model I shall begin my task. . . . If men were all virtuous I should with great alacrity teach them all to fly. But what would be the security of the good, if the bad could at pleasure invade them from the sky? *Against an army sailing through the clouds, neither walls, nor mountains, nor seas could afford any security. A flight of northern savages might hover in the wind, and light at once with irresistible violence upon the capital of a fruitful region that was rolling under them.*"

It is true that his philosopher came to grief; but this was the eighteenth century. In the same fable, in his own massive way, Johnson anticipates an imagination of a very different kind.

In the matter of literary "origins" there are few "discoveries" to be made nowadays among the more famous works; yet one of the most curious "origins" of all is to be found, I believe, in "Rasselas, Prince of Abyssinia." The wild romanticism of "Kubla Khan" seems, at first sight, to be remote indeed from the stately prose of Johnson's Eastern tale; but I should not be surprised to hear that Coleridge had been comparing it with Purchas's Pilgrims before he fell asleep and dreamed that broken and many-coloured dream. Johnson's description of the happy valley in which the palace of the prince was built, gives us a daylight picture of the very scene that Coleridge saw by glimpses of the moon. There are the "gardens bright with sinuous rills," and there the "sacred river" that escaped through "a dark cleft of the mountains, and fell with dreadful noise from precipice to precipice, till it was heard no more"; unless it echoes again through "the caverns, measureless to man" of "Kubla Khan." In the happy valley:

> "The shadow of the dome of pleasure
> Floated midway on the waves,"

and in the palace of Rasselas, too, which was raised about thirty paces above the surface of the water, "all the artificers of pleasure were called to gladden the festivity." If Purchas be the common origin of both there are still touches in the tale of the Prince of Abyssinia which seem to reappear in "Kubla Khan," and are not to be found in the "Pilgrims."

It will be remembered that the wildest and most musical passage in "Kubla Khan" was inspired by a dream within the dream, and that this was not of Xanadu.

> "A damsel with a dulcimer
> In a vision once I saw.
> *It was an Abyssinian maid* . . ."

It would be to consider too curiously to trace these suggestions beyond their own flying gleams of indirect light into the caverns of Kubla Khan; but it seems probable that, in the strange fashion of dreams, the colours of "Rasselas" had somehow got interwoven with the more obvious colours of Purchas in the poem of Coleridge.

The deepest note stressed in "Rasselas" is again the note of human affection, which was the origin of all Johnson's groping after a world of more permanent values than are to be found in the world around us.

His own extraordinary power over the affections of others, in turn, was due to the true originality and force of a character rooted in those permanent realities. He was and is loved, in a large measure, because he was the exact opposite of the false novelty hunters whom he criticised. His "conservatism" draws its strength from the unfailing springs of truth, and was therefore a part of his real originality. For, in many respects, it was opposed to the whole spirit of his age. Its veracity made short work of cant, in literature, as in life; it was the formal Johnson who, when Voltaire attacked Shakespeare, gave the complete answer to the formal theory of the ancient "unities." Voltaire whenever he is mentioned by Johnson seems to shrink to the dimensions of a dancing-master. In the essay on Milton, discussing the sources of "Paradise Lost," Johnson wrecks Voltaire in a single sentence. "Voltaire," he remarks, "tells a wild and unauthorised story of a farce seen by Milton in Italy which opened thus: 'Let the Rainbow be the Fiddle-stick of the Fiddle of Heaven.'" And there Johnson leaves it. Yet in his criticism of the defects both of Shakespeare and of Milton he is far shrewder, far truer and far more independent of authority than any later critic. Macaulay, when he poured contempt on Johnson's critical powers, was the conventionalist, Johnson the original thinker. Johnson's remark that Shakespeare "threw away the world for a quibble," not only goes to the heart of the chief fault of Shakespeare but suggests the greatness of that capacity which alone prevented that fault from becoming intolerable. There are whole speeches in Shakespeare which are nothing more or less than bad punning, and Johnson had the courage to say so.

No other critic of Shakespeare has so completely maintained his own intellectual balance, both for praise and for blame. Take for instance his comment on some of the most famous lines in "Hamlet":

> "For who would bear the whips and scorns of time
> The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,
> The insolence of office and the spurns
> That patient merit of the unworthy takes?"

In themselves of course they are great poetry. They are lines that, in every syllable, would strike home to the author of the "Vanity of Human Wishes," and, perhaps for that very reason, he lays his finger on their dramatic weakness. "It may be remarked," he says, "that 'Hamlet' in his enumeration of miseries, forgets, whether properly or not, that he is a prince, and mentions many evils to which inferior stations only are exposed."

Again, in his comments on "Macbeth" there is an extraordinary breadth of view. He quotes the passage:

> "Here lay Duncan
> His silver skin laced with his golden blood
> And his gash'd stabs looked like a breach in nature
> For ruin's wasteful entrance."

"Mr. Pope," he says, "has endeavoured to improve one of these lines by substituting gory blood for golden blood; but it may easily be admitted that he who could on such an occasion talk of 'lacing the silver skin,' would lace it with 'golden blood.' No amendment can be made to this line, of which every word is equally faulty, but by a general blot." Yet even here he is not dogmatic, and is prepared to state the other side. "It is not improbable," he adds, "that

Shakespeare put these forced and unnatural metaphors into the mouth of Macbeth as a mark of artifice and dissimulation to show the difference between the studied language of hypocrisy and the natural outcries of sudden passion." That is of course the answer, and would be adopted at once by the conventional enthusiasm of the ordinary commentator. But Johnson bends his great brows over it like a thunder-cloud, gives us both aspects of the matter in two strong, terse paragraphs, and refuses to decide between them. Why? His mind was ranging, far and wide, over the poet's works. He knew that Shakespeare was one of the immortals, so he would not lightly decide against him, but he knew that Shakespeare was often guilty of a certain fault, on occasions when it could not glibly be turned into a merit. He simply could not be sure; and there, being a very great critic, and having cleared his mind of cant, he left it, for his readers to brood over, as they brood over Shakespeare himself. Others abide our question. It was Johnson, on this occasion, that smiled and was still.



Dr. Samuel Johnson.

From an original drawing by T. Trotter, formerly in the possession of the Rev. Dr. Farmer.

But what an example to the hasty judgments of those critics of the present day who, having no standards of judgment, deliver their arbitrary blame and praise, mistaking the chatter of the hour for fame, and the novelty of the hour for greatness. It did not prevent him from writing:

> " When learning's triumph o'er her barbarous foes
> First rear'd the stage, immortal Shakespeare rose;
> Each change of many-coloured life he drew,
> Exhausted worlds, and then imagined new;
> Existence saw him spurn her bounded reign
> And panting Time toiled after him in vain."

It is not what the later romantic poets would regard as the highest kind of poetry, yet that last line has been incorporated in the language. Neither that line nor its predecessor means quite what the critics who have quoted them suppose; but we must not expect too much. There is, of course, a rather subtle reference to Shakespeare's disregard of the classic " unities " of Time and Place. The passage is perhaps the truest single thing that any poet has ever said in verse about Shakespeare. When Swinburne, for instance, wanted to write about Shakespeare, he simply went into a religious ecstasy, and wrote lines like:

> " All stars are angels, but the sun is God."

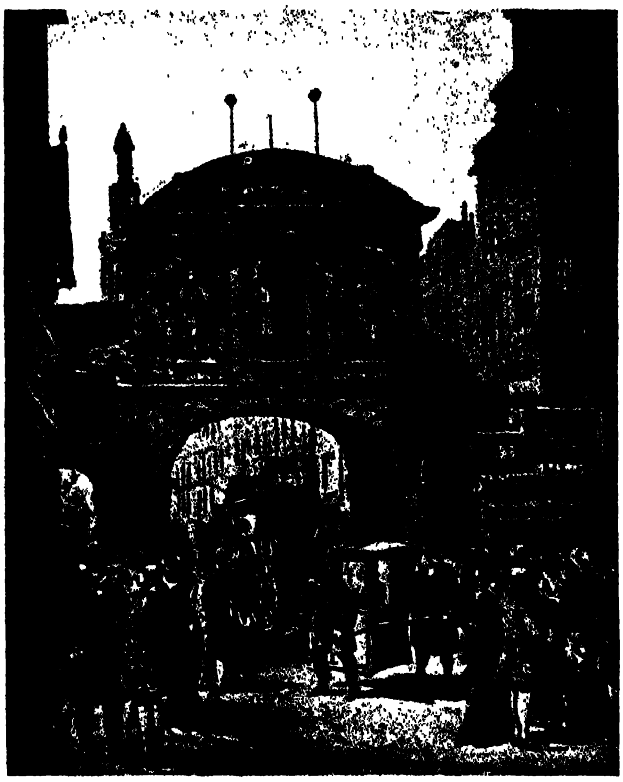
Swinburne thought he had no religion, and his own nature as a poet revenged itself by forcing him, when he attempted to write about Victor Hugo or Shakespeare, to write an unconsciously religious poem. Johnson, on the other hand, had a religion, and he saw terrestrial things in a just proportion.

It is equally to be remembered by those who think that Johnson was unable to appreciate the beauty and power of Shakespeare that, shortly before he died, he repeated to his own physician those lines which so poignantly express his own lifelong torment of the mind:

> " Canst thou not minister to a mind diseased,
> Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow,
> Raze out the written troubles of the brain,
> And with some sweet oblivious antidote
> Cleanse the stuff'd bosom of that perilous stuff
> Which weighs upon the heart? "

It is one of the most grimly ironical characteristics of almost every generation that the crowd, following the latest fashions of the hour with perfect unanimity and complete conventionality, regards the lonely rebels, who refuse to follow, as representatives of the conventional mind. The ground shifts with each generation, and each forgets that what was glorious and lonely rebellion in a former day may be merely fashionable in the next. Voltaire was the spirit of the age of Johnson: and, in the age of Voltaire, this great, uncouth, pugnacious leader of English literature worshipped at St. Clement Dane's and knelt at his bedside, as humbly as a child, to say his prayers, remembering always in them poor " Tetty," as he called her, the wife who had been his best and only real friend in his younger days. This, in another man, might have meant little; but in Dr. Johnson, with his range of intellect, in the age of Voltaire, it meant that he was one of the loneliest figures in the world. Lonely, in spite of his love of children; lonely, in spite of the gaieties of Mrs. Thrale; lonely, in spite of the amazing collection of helpless and half-witted creatures with whom he filled his house. Loneliest of all, perhaps, in those hours when to escape his own brooding thoughts he talked to the friends who wondered whether his preoccupation was due to his personal fear of death. Like all men of genius, he had to wrestle with a dark angel, and there was none to understand him.

It is the custom to-day to accept the shallow judgment of Macaulay on Johnson's own writings; yet, in some of the essays of the *Rambler* there are passages of prose infinitely finer than anything that Macaulay ever wrote, passages that give the clue to his own carelessness of fame, his indolence, and his brooding upon



Temple Bar,

As it was in Johnson's time.

death. The style is of his own day; but it is only a narrowly time-bound critic who will accept (for instance) the involved periods of Henry James as excellent, and will dismiss the balanced and lucid prose of Johnson as worthless. It has a grave elegiac quality, the slow waves of it breaking in measured cadences, and through their very regularity somehow conveying the immeasurable sadness of the great Roman soul that breathed through them. Listen to this:

"When a friend is carried to his grave, we at once find excuses for every weakness, and palliations of every fault. We recollect a thousand endearments, which before glided off our minds without impression, . thousand favours unrepaid, a thousand duties unperformed, and wish, vainly wish, for his return, not so much that we may receive, as that we may bestow happiness, and recompense that kindness which before we never understood."

When he began to publish his *Rambler*, his wife had said to him, quietly: "I knew you could write, but I did not know you could write like this." It was probably the happiest moment of his life. The last number of the *Rambler* was dated with the day of her death. Mrs. Meynell, in the beautiful essay in which she defended Mrs. Johnson against the brutal ridicule of Macaulay, has said well that her real epitaph is not that which is inscribed on her tomb. It is hidden, as it was hidden in Johnson's heart, yet it beats, as that great heart beats, through every syllable of the masterpiece of English prose in which he declined the favour of Lord Chesterfield. Almost the saddest words in our tongue, I think, are those terrible phrases: "It comes too late. I am solitary and cannot impart it."

Their formal balance gives them the strength of a terrible restraint, a dreadful reserve which, if it were broken down, would show a great soul upon the rack, but a soul that, even upon the rack, is its own master: "It comes too late. I am solitary and cannot impart it." *Cannot impart it.* What does that mean? It might have pleased *her*. They would have talked about it, had a pleasant little gossiping time over their fourth dish of tea. "When the book comes out, we will do this and that and the other." But now—too late——

"I am solitary and cannot impart it."

But the realisation of his loss was no new thing to him. He had never lived merely in the present, and he was acquainted in youth with every grief that might befall him, though he did not know when or where. It was this "awareness" that gave to his writings a quality that has never been fully appreciated, an undertone of the music of eternity. Again and again, in the *Rambler* we hear that note.

Some of those classic essays, with their great measured cadence, have a place in English prose very like that of Gray's "Elegy" in English verse; and, if he did not altogether appreciate Gray, it is perhaps in part because he knew beforehand—only too well—what Gray had to tell him.

> "Can storied urn or animated bust
> Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?
> Can honour's voice provoke the silent dust,
> Or flattery soothe the dull, cold ear of death?"

It is a continuation of his own "Vanity of Human Wishes," and he had explored it all again and again in his prose. Compare for instance those verses, with this passage from the *Rambler*, taken almost at random:

"The influence of greatness, the glitter of wealth, the praises of admirers, and the attendance of supplicants, appeared vain and empty things when the last hour seemed to be approaching. . . . His friends expected to please him by accounts of the growth of his reputation, but they soon found how vainly they attempted by flattery to



8, Bolt Court.

Here Johnson lived from 1776 till his death in 1784.

relieve the solicitude of approaching death. Riches, authority and praise lose all their influence when they are considered as riches which to-morrow shall be bestowed upon another, authority which shall this night expire for ever, and praise which, however merited, or however sincere, shall, after a few moments, be heard no more. Everything that terminated on this side of the grave was received with indifference. It had little more prevalence over his mind than a bubble that had now broken, a dream from which he was awake. His powers were engrossed by the consideration of another state."

It was not the personal fear of death that oppressed him—as some of his lighter-minded friends supposed. It was the awful presence of the eternities and, in part, his dread of severance from what seemed dearer than life, "the loss of those whom we have loved with tenderness." "Friendship between mortals," he wrote, "can be contracted on no other terms than that one must some time mourn for the other's death; and this grief will always yield to the survivor one consolation proportionate to his affliction; for the pain, whatever it be, that he himself feels, his friend has escaped."

He was never able to put these thoughts aside. They were true; they besieged him with their truth, their dreadful original truth; and sometimes, in spite of their truth, they were too much for him. This was why he distracted himself with his friends, and disliked to be alone. But even when he was with his friends he would sometimes be overheard murmuring a prayer to himself. His sympathy with Catholicism was partly due to his intense realisation of the naturalness of "praying for the dead." His sacraments were summed up in the idea of communion, with those he loved, and with God. He had greater affections than he ever displayed, and they were made all the more poignant by his preoccupation.

> "The dusky strand of death inwoven here
> With dear love's tie, makes Love itself more dear."

Boswell writes, with innocent vanity, how Johnson travelled down to Dover to see him off on his European travels. But he misses the almost pathetic wistfulness of that great figure standing on the shore, and gazing after the ship. It probably never occurred to Boswell how greatly Johnson would miss him. Johnson writes to him, formally enough, asking for certain information that could be of no possible use to him; and Boswell is again flattered at the request, not seeing that the pathetically comic list of things about which Johnson required to be told conceals the simple affectionate desire of the arrogant old emperor of English literature to get a message from his little friend, a message of any sort.



Johnson in 1777.

From the bust by Nollekens.

Yet, in all this brooding over the inevitable end, there was an infinite courage. One remembers how, at the end of his life, when the surgeon was trying to relieve him of his dropsy by an incision, Johnson urged him to cut deeper. There was courage in this desire to live; courage, and the pathos of courage in his desire to see Rome before he died; courage, and the deep root of all true courage, in his contemplation of that other state, and that other City, eternal in the heavens, which illumined all his prayers. "The Vanity of Human Wishes" ends with a glimpse of the Abiding beyond the transient; and of that which enfolds all changes and can never change. Whole volumes of theology are compressed into one of its couplets:

> "Safe in His power, whose eyes discern afar
> The secret ambush of a specious prayer."

The superficial contradiction between the prayer "Thy will be done," and the very act of praying is transcended in the depths of the Divine wisdom; and, in that noble conclusion of the poem, if it be read aloud in the right way, there is a slow, deep pulse as though the great heart of its author were throbbing through all the iron restrictions of the eighteenth century. It is customary almost to ignore Johnson as a poet; but, behind all the dignity and formality of those lines, there are tears hidden; pangs of mortal grief, and the passion of an immortal and unconquerable spirit, gazing through Life and Time and Death, into the depths of the Eternal.

> "Still raise for good the supplicating voice,
> But leave to Heaven the measure and the choice.
> Safe in His power, whose eye discerns afar
> The secret ambush of a specious prayer;
> Implore His aid, in His decisions rest,
> Secure whate'er He gives He gives the best.
> Yet when the sense of sacred presence fires,
> And strong devotion to the skies aspires,
> Pour forth thy fervours for a healthful mind,
> Obedient passions, and a will resigned;
> For love, which scarce collective man can fill,
> For patience, sovereign o'er transmuted ill;
> For faith, which panting for a happier seat,
> Counts death kind Nature's signal for retreat.
> These goods for man the laws of Heaven ordain;
> These goods He grants, who grants the power to gain;
> With these celestial wisdom calms the mind,
> And makes the happiness she does not find."

The language and the manner are far removed from those of our day. Many poets have written couplets which may strike us as more "brilliant"; but I know of none in the language which, if read with the simple integrity of spirit that is their due, are so likely to fill the reader's eyes with unexpected tears.

SEVENTEENTH CENTURY LITERATURE.*

By GEORGE SAINTSBURY.

IT is not always that a title really contributes to the understanding of a book; and there have been—yea, and are—instances when such information is deliberately withheld by it. Professor Grierson's case is not one of these latter. It is a good many years since, by his work on Donne, he established not merely a foothold in but a holdfast upon the English literature of the seventeenth century; and there is perhaps no century in the history of the world's literature which offers such greatness and such variety to those who deal with it. As is pretty clearly explained by the title itself, it is "applied" rather than "pure" literary history with which he has chosen to deal—the extreme width of the prescription of his subject allowing this. And he has taken advantage of the double meaning assigned by high authorities to the word "humanism." He had a perfect right to do so, though some argument might be made for limiting it to the best known use, connected with *literae humaniores*. This meaning is not entirely excluded from the book; but the other is its main subject. He means by "humanism" due respect for human nature in all its fullness, therefore including "our natural desires and instincts as distinguished from the claims of the divine," and he deals with this subject in lectures or chapters more especially devoted to "Renaissance and Reformation," "Spenser," "The Drama," "Love Poetry," "Humanism and the Churches," "Milton," "Commonwealth and Restoration," with one on "Dryden" to finish.

It will be obvious at once that any amount of good discussion—shall we say good fighting?—is possible under these headings. There is not one of them that doth not make the mouth of the reviewer to water. But in a short review he cannot of course gratify his will to comment. It will be perhaps really the wisest way, though it may seem too obvious, to confine remarks to the treatment of the three great individuals of the century itself, leaving out with regret Spenser but taking Shakespeare in "Drama," Milton and Dryden.

It is difficult to say anything new about Shakespeare unless you talk nonsense, for "divine Nonsensia" has this of divinity about her, that she is quite inexhaustible. But Professor Grierson does not talk nonsense, though he does talk something a little surprising; that is to say, he does not seem to accept quite comfortably the absence or very occasional presence in the bard of "moral and political principles." The interest of "Julius Cæsar" is "purely human," and so is that of "Antony and Cleopatra," which however he elsewhere gratefully and most truly allows to be "a magnificent apotheosis." But why should Shakespeare deal with moral and political principles if these are things that he does not want to write about? Professor Grierson finds it a strange thing to his mind that Margaret in "Much Ado About Nothing" should feel "no inhibitory impulses" and that "her conduct should have provoked no disapproval." Wicked people might suggest that "inhibitions" did not exist in the seventeenth century and add that Margaret's conduct—a mere frolic which half accidentally lent itself to mischief—*is* disapproved of.

> "But Margaret was in some fault for this."

In fact, interesting as the whole thing is, one cannot help thinking that Professor Grierson has a little forgotten the great Aristotelian prohibition of "trespassing on another kind."

No such remark need be made on his dealings with Milton, which have the merit, partly it would seem helped by M. Saurat, of showing acquaintance with the *De Doctrina*. There is perhaps a very little touch of that curious dealing with poor Mary Powell which is almost universal with Milton's apologists, though Professor Grierson can hardly be called this in any excessive sense. They usually forget wholly, and he seems not quite constantly to keep in mind that we have no *evidence* against her whatever. They construct from Milton's writings on Divorce the image of "a dull and common girl" (that was Mark Pattison's, was it not?) and then take this for Mary. A judge might almost as well stop a case after counsel for the plaintiff had opened it and let the jury decide on that. Putting this aside however, Professor Grierson's chapter, though dealing less with literature than with character and religion, is more than well worth reading; in fact it should not be neglected by anyone who desires to know what this wonderful poet and most disagreeable man was like.

Not quite so much can be said of the treatment of Dryden, though it also should by no means be neglected. It seems to be "great*est*ness" rather than "greatness" which Professor Grierson cannot allow to Glorious John. And this itself seems to be due to a general conception of poetry which, while it may be some people's, is not that of others. He in one place even denies bare greatness to Dryden because he "believed in nothing." There is more than one thing in which no doubt it is better that any man should believe, but what particular connexion belief has with poetry will take some working out. Professor Grierson himself quotes not a few passages which, if they are not poetry, are verse-rhetoric of the very best, and if verse-rhetoric of the very best is not the highest poetry, it can demand to be bracketed as not high but real. Nay, if the opening of "Religio Laici" and the eight (it was eight, wasn't it?) best lines in "Aurengzebe" which Miss Kitty quoted are not poetry, it is rather difficult to know what is. Nevertheless here, as in the other places, suggestion of disagreement by no means implies rejection. On the contrary, there is no book known to the present writer which has made the reading of this superfluous: and a little disagreement need only serve as salt and pepper and mustard to season the consumption of it.

* "Cross-Currents in English Literature of the Seventeenth Century, or, the World, the Flesh and the Spirit: Their Actions and Reactions." Being the Messenger Lectures on the Evolution of Civilisation, Cornell University, 1926–27. By H. J. C. Grierson, LL.D., Litt.D., F.B.A. 15s. (Chatto & Windus.)

MASARYK AS A BOOKMAN.

By Henry Baerlein.

ONE of the most remarkable of men, Thomas Masaryk, President of Czechoslovakia, celebrates his eightieth birthday on March 7th, having been born in the little town of Hodonin in Moravia in 1850. Moravia, with Bohemia, was then a part of the Austro-Hungarian Empire. It is now a part of the flourishing new Republic. This consummation was undreamed of in 1850, and it is improbable that the Imperial coachman's wife, dreaming, as mothers will, of her son's great future, ever fancied that he would be largely instrumental in overthrowing the Imperial *régime* and become the Chief of the State. Bohemia was an independent kingdom five centuries ago; now, joined by the kindred Slovaks, she has once more entered the ranks of independent nations.



Prof. Dr. T. G. Masaryk, President of the Czechoslovak Republic.

But in this article we will occupy ourselves with Masaryk, not as a parliamentarian and a statesman, but as a writer. His literary works are so numerous that they occupy ten pages of a catalogue. He has dealt with the most diverse subjects, ever since the time when he began to lecture at Vienna University and when, as professor of philosophy, he proceeded to the famous University of Prague, the town which is now the capital of Czechoslovakia and where the venerated ex-professor dwells in the Hradshin, that castle of the Habsburgs which looks down upon the panorama of the city.

From 1883 onwards Masaryk edited the *Athenæum*, a periodical devoted to criticism. Subsequently, being elected to the Vienna Parliament, he founded a newspaper, the *Cas* (*Time*), to ventilate the views of his small but zealous Czech party. He wrote a great many pamphlets, brochures and books, among them a large work dealing with the subject of suicide, which he classified as a disease. His examination of it was masterly. One of his life-long loves has been logic—as one gazes at the shelves of his private library to-day one finds books on this subject by his English, German and French colleagues, all of which he reads, as he does Russian, Italian and other books, in the original. His own writings on logic have been of great interest. Talking of Russia, this also is one of his chosen subjects. Foreign affairs began to fascinate him in the early days, and Russia, as the largest of the Slav countries, naturally claimed much of his attention. He travelled up and down the Tsar's huge empire, disapproving of many things and making many friends. His book on the Spirit of Russia is a monumental work. Later on, when he found himself in that country, during the Kerensky *régime*, his knowledge of it was of the utmost service to the cause which he had then at heart, the consolidation, amid the crumbling away of Russia, of the Czechoslovak legions.

Perhaps Masaryk's most noteworthy book is "The Making of a State" (Allen & Unwin). The English translation has an introduction by Wickham Steed who acknowledges that "partiality may, it is true, affect my judgment. For twenty years Masaryk has allowed me to think of him as a friend; and though, from the spring of 1907 onwards, I have sought coolly to estimate the man and his work, I may be biased by personal affection and admiration." How can one help admiring such a man, who, a frail and elderly professor, abandoned everything and went out into the world to fight for his beloved Czechs and Slovaks? He is indeed the Father of his country, having done more than any one man to establish its independence, then being called to preside over its destinies and then tracing the whole development in an epoch-making historical work. It is as if Lincoln had written the tale of his achievements; it is indeed of Abraham Lincoln that one is reminded when in conversation with Marasyk, for he talks English with rather an American accent; his wife, who died a few years ago, was American.

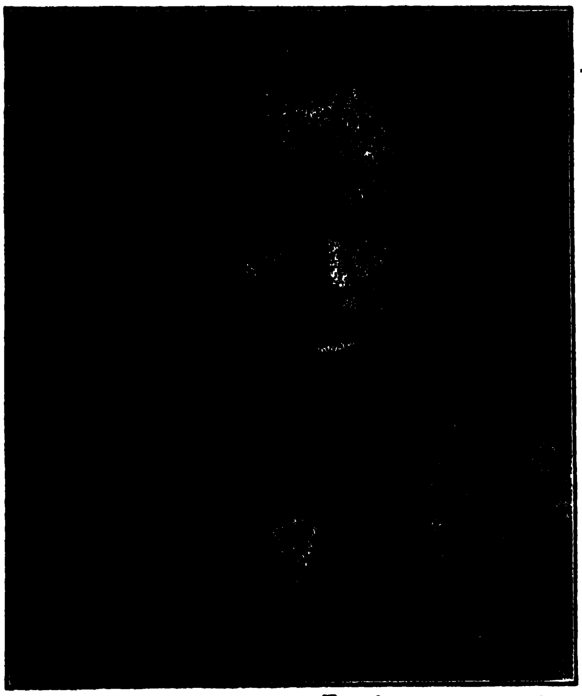
Every page of "The Making of a State" holds our attention and there are more than 440 large pages. Here we see what happens when a sage devotes himself to the world of politics. We have had, among ourselves, the example of Professor Bryce; but of course Masaryk's political career has been by far more dazzling. Here we have the Head of a State who says that "if the new diplomacy is to be a diplomacy of the whole people, its representatives must be accredited to peoples, not merely to heads of states. Logically this would imply that a diplomatic envoy should uphold the interests and the policy of his country in foreign parliaments. Relations between states and nations might thus, in course

of time, be usefully supplemented by inter-parliamentary intercourse." It is impossible here to give any adequate account of this very remarkable book with its philosophic meditations, its shrewd pen-portraits of men and its description of all the thrilling events in which the author had his share. Among his visitors in America was a Montenegrin general "who wore rather too much gold braid and made, in consequence, a doubtful impression upon the Americans." This book is not without its lighter side. It is, as Wickham Steed remarks, "a greater testament to the people he redeemed, a testament written in every line and between the lines of one of the most notable interpretations of past and contemporary history."

DOSTOIEVSKY'S LETTERS.*

By Wilfrid Gibson.

TENNYSON long ago protested, in vain of course, against the "love of letters overdone" that urges posthumous appreciators to activities which threaten to "swamp the sacred poets in themselves." But if critics and commentators, and the pickers-up of unconsidered trifles, were a menace in his day, they are a catastrophe now; the river that seemed likely to burst its banks has become a veritable deluge; and it will be a marvel if any reputation survive the unceasing wash of words about it and about! Tennyson himself is one of the latest victims. As if his published collected works were not, in all conscience, voluminous enough, I see that a play which he wrote at the age of fourteen has just been dragged to light and printed. But it is not only the reputations of the sacred poets that are the sport of injudicious and undiscriminating enthusiasm; it would seem that anyone who has ever made any mark in the world of letters is at the mercy of the literary scavengers, to whom neither the waste-paper basket nor the secret drawer in the bureau is sacred; and, at the moment, the reputations of the great Russian novelists, Tolstoy and Dostoievsky, are going through a terrible ordeal. These two writers are of course peculiarly tempting game for the book-makers, because they, in spite of temperamental differences, had one thing in common—each had a real personality at least as interesting as that of any of the fictitious characters he created, and each, in his measure, lived a life more thrilling than that of the average man of letters. So doubtless we are fated to hear their "story" told again and again; and no lightest scribble of their pens will be allowed to remain unprinted.



Fyodor Dostoievsky (1821-1881).

If we may judge from the number and volume of works on these two novelists that have been issued recently, the appetite for posthumous bits and scraps would seem to be insatiable; and yet I fancy that even that curious public which would always rather read about a writer than read him; which, ignoring the poet, will lap up greedily any chatter about Harriet—I fancy that even the amateurs of intimate revelations of the private life of public characters will find this formidable volume of the letters of Dostoievsky a tough morsel to swallow. On second thoughts, however, "tough" seems hardly the word to use; for the writing has neither fibre nor muscle; I should have said, rather, that they will find the book a stodgy mouthful. Dostoievsky was not a good letter-writer; and the letters in this book are the letters of a sick man consumed by a morbid apprehensiveness and an hysterical fretfulness over domestic details. Why it should ever have been thought worth while to print them, even in the original Russian, I cannot conceive; still less can I imagine why anyone should have set about the positively Herculean labour of translating them into English. It must have been a task as tedious as it was thankless. True there is some interest in being assured that Dostoievsky was an affectionate husband and a devoted parent; but who can be expected to read with avidity pages and pages of this sort of thing in endless repetition:

"You promised in your last letter to write to me on Tuesday, and in that case your letter should *definitely* have reached me yesterday, i.e. Saturday. I was astonished that it didn't come. But that isn't all, for I went to the post office to-day, Sunday, at eight o'clock (the post comes from Berlin at 10 p.m.) thinking your letter might have arrived last night, but again I was told: 'Nothing for you.' I confess I was anxious and God grant nothing has happened to you. I slept badly last night, for I kept thinking you had fallen ill and you hadn't, therefor, been able to write. I am also wondering if anything has happened to the children and you don't want to write and frighten me. Oh, Anya, if nothing has happened then it is wicked of you, darling, to miss writing after having promised to write regularly. If only you knew how it all affects my nerves! Here am I reproaching you but at the same time thinking: 'What if she is lying ill in bed at this minute?' There is a confounded arrangement in Ems that the post office is closed on Sundays from 9 a.m. and only opens in the evening, and then only for an instant. And here I am free on Sundays and not once have I been able to get there at that instant, because the

* "Dostoievsky's Letters to His Wife." Translated by Elizabeth Hill and Doris Mudie, and with an Introduction by Prince Mirsky 21s. (Constable.)

exact time is never fixed; when you get there in the evening you are told: 'It has just been open, but it is closed now until to-morrow.' That is their idea of a system, and with so many visitors here too! So at this moment I am doubly sad. Perhaps I shall not get your letter to morrow either, even if it does arrive. What if I don't hear from you to-morrow or the day after? Then I shall wire. I shall go to the telegraph office to-day and see if there is a telegram for me. The whole of to-day will be torture for me until I hear from you. . . .'

And so on, page after page! All of which Anya may or may not have found very touching; though I doubt if even the most devoted of wives would not have been impatient of this sort of thing in letter after letter. To the outsider this kind of maundering seems unspeakably dreary; and Dostoievsky's very faithful accounts of the weather, and of the course of his treatment at Ems, are scarcely more thrilling. Letter after letter is written in the same strain, and almost in the same words. In fact all that this huge book of nearly four hundred pages, all written in an equally undistinguished style, tells us about Dostoievsky could be conveyed to us in a sketch of half a dozen pages, or indeed in a sentence. Dostoievsky was a very sick man, much harassed by money difficulties—that is the gist of this voluminous correspondence.

Somebody has said that whenever two or three poets are gathered together they talk about money; and as most poets are doomed to live a hand-to-mouth existence, who can blame them? I at least have enough of a fellow feeling for Dostoievsky, in his struggles to make ends meet, to resent the remarks of a reviewer of this volume who considered Dostoievsky's preoccupation with money matters "sordid." It is not sordid surely to want to earn enough to keep your children from starving? And yet, though the reviewer got hold of the wrong word to express it, I can quite understand his irritation. Surely nobody wishes to listen to a phonographic reproduction of the intimate conversation of poets in financial difficulties; and however hard up we may be ourselves, and however much interested we may be in our own ailments, even the most altruistic of us cannot help being bored by an interminable recital of the monetary embarrassments and bodily afflictions of another; and this volume offers us little else. It tells little of Dostoievsky as a writer, and even less of anyone else. The egotism of the artist, plus the egotism of the invalid, produces a sum of self-importance which it is difficult for the most sympathetic mind to regard with tolerance. But then we have no business to be poking into this private correspondence, have we? Let us confine ourselves to the fare that Dostoievsky so lavishly provided for us; let us read what he meant us to read, and acknowledge his genius with ungrudging gratitude.

THE MAN—AND THE MANIKINS.*

By Alfred Tresidder Sheppard.

ONE might find many sobriquets for Gabriel Honoré de Riquetti, Comte de Mirabeau, who, after all, said when taunted about his title that anyone who cared might take it. "The Devil's Nephew" was what his astounding father, who lacked humour, called his son in a letter to the boy's uncle. He was "M. L'Ouragan" or "Mr. Hurricane," "Comte de la Bourrasque" or "Count Caprice"; he was "The Titan" and "the Hercules" of the earlier Revolution. Before the dark curtains closed on his troubled life, he asked, at the sound of distant cannon: "Are these already the funeral ceremonies of Achilles?"

"Men? *Men?*" cried a termagant ancestress of Mirabeau's to her own generation, "why, you are only manikins"; and I think that with all his faults and violences and follies, her descendant may well dispute with Napoleon the greatest of all his titles: *The Man.*

This biography by M. Henri de Jouvenel, formerly French High Commissioner in Syria, supplies a real want. Innumerable books on Mirabeau in French and German are quite unknown to English readers, who have as a rule been too easily content with Carlyle's "French Revolution" and his Essay in the *London and Westminster Review.* Carlyle is magnificent, but not always history. Mr. P. E. Willart, one of Mirabeau's few biographers in our own tongue, spoke of Carlyle's "fanciful rhapsody," and I remember Dr. Holland Rose once saying to me that his portrait should not be taken too literally. Emerson records a conversation with Carlyle in which he insisted on making Mirabeau a hero; when he had raised a man to this pedestal he saw to it that there was no lack of paint or gilt. And so Mirabeau is a man of much finer nature than Danton or Napoleon; his genius is as strong as that of Napoleon, but more humane and "almost poetic." Possibly; he was certainly, in his public life at least, head and shoulders above the perplexed, blustering, inarticulate, impotently or insanely violent lesser figures

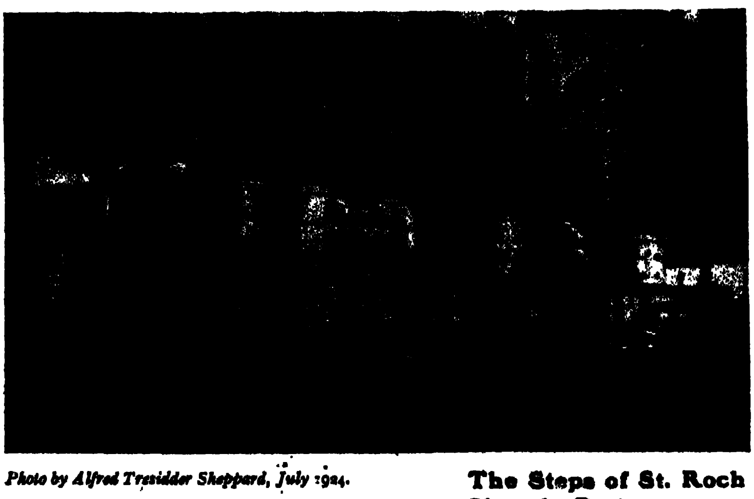


Photo by Alfred Tresidder Sheppard, July 1924.

The Steps of St. Roch Church, Paris.

Here Napoleon Bonaparte's "whiff of grapeshot" on October 4th, 1795, made history. About 200 people were killed and Carlyle refers to the bullet marks on the church.

* "The Stormy Life of Mirabeau." By Henri de Jouvenel. Illustrated. 10s. 6d. (Harrap.)

of his day. It has been said that he was fortunate in the hour of his death. At least this turned Mirabeau into a great question mark—a very notable and insistent " If " of history. Had he lived, France might possibly and even probably have taken another road than that which led, through blood and terror, to " the whiff of grapeshot " at St. Roch within five short years—and to all that followed.

M. de Jouvenel's opening chapters roused, I confess, some apprehensions. One suspected another of the facile modern compilations, balanced on the edges of history and historical fiction, and falling between them both. We are shown into the library at the little Château of Bignon where the doctor announces to the Marquis of Mirabeau—and to a crowd of country squires and villagers and officials—that he is the father of a son, tongue-tied and otherwise malformed. In the same library, five years later, the Marquis and his slatternly, disreputable wife quarrel among his gilded books. But in a solitary foot-note (which begins: " I hope not to burden this book with foot-notes ") the author's method is explained and justified. We are being given facts and not mere speculations; it is all most ingeniously done. The author writes crisply, with an unobtrusive humour and irony; sly and dry both of these, so that the reader smiles constantly over some unexpected twist of word or thought. Thus the old Marquis, that crabbed bundle of contradictions who clapped his family into custody while preaching universal good will, has nearly ended a busy day. He has signed warrants of arrest against young men who have spoken ill of him, has punished his son with dry bread for making his first speech, has told his wife that his eleven years with her have been years of colic—and then—

" An idea struck him. . . . This beautiful day that was coming to its close, the discovery he had made of his son, the delicious absence of his wife, the pride that he felt in duty accomplished, his fraternal stroll among the peasants, had revealed him to himself. He had found the motto for his future book and, he thought, the motto for his life. On the virgin title page of the manuscript he had begun, he hurried to write:

' L'Ami des hommes.' "

" By plebeian means—the book and speech," says M. de Jouvenel, the father attained celebrity, the son glory. We travel with both in the post-chaise to Versailles, where young Gabriel is fascinated by Swiss guards, light cavalry, bodyguards, a negro cymbalist—" an immense parade of dolls intended for the amusement of a magnificent child "—and is shown King Louis, and is snubbed by the Pompadour's doctor. The old order—seemingly secure, in spite of philosophers and economists and sages. The old order, the wreck of which, after his turbulent and unhappy and dissipated youth, he tried to save and make the foundations of a new.

Astounding, the power of his " plebeian means," book and speech! Hideously ugly, pock-marked (but no longer tongue-tied), with a reputation hard to live down, he mastered and ruled the most turbulent assembly in history; and did not live to see his final failure. " Silence, you thirty voices! " he had thundered at the Jacobins, and they were silent. But Death called " Silence "; and twenty-five million French voices fell on deaf ears. Amid the thunder of cannon and beating of muffled drums, three hundred thousand mourners followed him to the grave.

He was in advance of his time. A free press, freedom of religion, representative government nationally and locally, the reconciliation of royal and national authority and interests—these were some of his aims. Listen to this declaration when there was an agitation for fresh armaments: " The French nation renounces the undertaking of any war with the object of making conquests, and will never employ its force against the liberty of any people." M. de Jouvenel's brilliant study makes one wonder again what might have happened if Mirabeau had lived even to see his fiftieth year. He died at forty-two.

AFTERNOON AND TWILIGHT OF VANDA PINELLI.

By L. STENI. 7s. 6d. (Jonathan Cape.)

This is not likely to be a popular book—it is a study, influenced a little by Marcel Proust, of the moral deliquescence of the eponymous heroine. Vanda is one of those pitiable figures who are clay for any potter; the colour they have is their own, and may deceive for a time all but the acutest observer, but there is no life in their gestures, no real desire in their whims, no fire in their fancies, no permanence even in their vices. Vanda Pinelli drifts from man to man, from place to place, from mood to false mood, with the ease of liquid; she is loved, and cannot understand what love is; she is intimate without friendliness, and no more dreams of refusing money from a man she hates than she would abstain from hiring a cab because the driver held a different philosophy from hers. Mr. Steni writes with restraint; occasionally he is a little over-elaborate in his analysis; but as an account of degradation the book is an astonishing *tour de force*, and every reader must recognise the inevitability of its ending when Vanda is sentenced to imprisonment for a series of thefts from the shop in which she is employed.

ATTILA—THE SCOURGE OF GOD.

By MARCEL BRION. 12s. 6d. net. (Cassells.)

The translation is by Mr. Harold Ward, and there are eight half-tone plates, giving salient events of the story, such as the March on Paris and the Meeting of Attila and Pope Leo; while the duplicate map, which forms the end-papers, shows the transitory empire established by the Hun king and the geographical locations of Goths, Visigoths, Vandals and other " barbarians." The translator's work is done efficiently, and the French original is something more than the " living picture " which it is termed in the publishers' announcement: it is the artistic and imaginative creation of a mighty lord of war, who was also a political leader and diplomatist of incredible astuteness, having regard to his race and period. He is shown to be adroit in strategy, patient in negotiation, intelligent even in ferocity, and looking in war itself for the reward of peace to come. It is for historical criticism to determine whether and to what extent the raw material of available old records may justify the new portrait which has been fashioned thus out of " the legendary figure of frightfulness." Meanwhile M. Brion has given us an epic story which carries conviction with it to the merely literary sense, from the beginning of Attila as a hostage who was also a guest of the Roman Emperor, to the mighty crash of the closing scenes.

THE BOOKMAN GALLERY.

ARTHUR L. SALMON.

MR. SALMON has had a long and distinguished literary career. But, so far as adequate recognition is concerned, he has suffered because of his versatility, and perhaps, in these latter days, through changes in literary fashions. He may be said to have four or five different reputations of greater or less extent; but to his work as a whole scant justice has, so far as we know, been paid. His experience affords one more illustration of the fact that the public dislikes versatility in its writers and keeps its greatest rewards, as a rule, for those who go on repeating a single formula or trick. Mr. Salmon has been too sensitive and sincere a literary artist to seek success at such a price. He has always followed his own gleam, wherever it has led him; and, though he may deplore the comparative neglect of his best work, we may be sure that he counts fidelity to his own artistic conscience a prize more satisfying than any material one.



Photo by Frank Watson, Bristol.

Mr. Arthur L. Salmon.

Born over sixty years ago at Exeter, Mr. Salmon was privately educated at Bristol, where he has lived since early childhood. He was trained with a view to the musical profession, and though he was drawn by a stronger impulse into literature, he has retained the love and, to some extent, the practice of music—a fact which is clearly reflected, both explicitly and implicitly, in his writings. And if he has not himself composed music, he has at any rate supplied some of the best composers with words for songs. His "Pleading" has been set by Sir Edward Elgar, while "Wait" and "Homing" are known wherever songs are sung. Mr. Salmon has certainly no reason to be ashamed of this branch of his activities: his words for music are far enough removed from the usual sentimental banalities. At the same time it is easy to understand his regret that things like "Wait" and "Homing" have been widely popular, while his better and more serious verse has won but a limited circle of readers.

As a journalist Mr. Salmon has been a prolific contributor, for nearly forty years, to many of the leading English and American periodicals. As an author he is best known by his topographical works. His book on Cornwall in Methuen's incomparable series of "Little Guides" is now in its seventh edition, and for another excellent series—the S.P.C.K.'s "English Towns"—he wrote the volume on Plymouth. Other of his works in this *genre* include "Literary Rambles in the West of England" (Chatto & Windus), "The Cornwall Coast" (Fisher Unwin), and "The Heart of the West" (Robert Scott). This last, illustrated by Mr. Frederick Adcock's charming sketches, is easily among the best contemporary books of its kind—at once informative, impressionalistic, atmospheric, and intensely human and companionable. Topography in Mr. Salmon's hands—as in those of Mr. A. G. Bradley, his only peer—becomes literature.

How different from the sentimental and often insincere "gush" of the average topographer is the genuine poetic feeling that illuminates "The Heart of the West"! As an actual guide for the intelligent (especially the literary) tourist in Somerset, Devon and Cornwall, the book has no equal. But it is impossible to read it without realising that behind the mellow scholar is a genuine poet, a man of extraordinarily sensitive vision and spirituality, a quiet Christian mystic who is yet a passionate humanitarian. These aspects of Mr. Salmon's temperament never obtrude themselves in his topographical writings: they are just naturally there. They glow with a steady inner warmth, so that, as we loiter with him on Brixham Quay or stand before the West Front of Wells Cathedral, our thoughts are almost unconsciously turned from the seen to the unseen.

The eternal behind the temporal, the dream of immortality and its influence upon human thought and conduct: these themes have for Mr. Salmon a fascination which finds fuller and more definite expression in his two recent volumes of prose sketches, essays, and stories entitled "The Ferry of Souls" and "Waysides and Byways" (Foulis). Here the writer gives free scope to his love of beauty and his mysticism, sometimes through direct description and narrative, and sometimes through fantasy and allegory. All that he touches is transmuted by his sensitive vision and fine feeling into something significant and interpretive, and his cadenced prose, poetical and colourful, yet always terse, restrained, and dignified, exhibits a delicacy of craftsmanship which, in its own line, is unsurpassed by any living writer.

Mr. Salmon's first book of poems appeared in 1894. Since then he has published at least nine other volumes, including "Songs of Wind and Wave" (Blackwood), "City, Sea and Country-side" (Dent) and "West Country Ballads" (Blackwood), which last contains

some dialect pieces which responsible critics have ranked with those of William Barnes. "New Verses," already noticed in our February issue, has recently appeared through Messrs. Foulis in a pleasant edition at half a crown. Mr. Salmon would himself be the first person to disclaim any excessive pretentions that might be made for him. Humility is of the very essence of his inspiration, and, like all truly humble people, he finds appreciation has the effect, not of exalting him, but of accentuating his sense of the discrepancy between the ideal and the performance:

> "Give me no praise if thou art kind of will,
> Shaming my spirit to a mute despair.
> O friend, the praise that we deserve so ill
> Is harder than the sternest blame to bear."

It is however with excessive modesty that Mr. Salmon chooses such titles as "A Book of Verses" and "A New Book of Verses," to mention two more of his volumes. He may not be a great poet, but he is a very true one. If his range is not wide, and if he offers us few surprises or thrills, he leads us along "paths of the spirit" with rare sincerity, simplicity, and charm. He can be gay and light, and in some of his dainty poems of childhood. He can mingle humour, fantasy, and philosophy as in the dramatic sketch entitled "The Parson and the Clerk." But his most characteristic poems are those which describe the country-side and the sea, and which find in the natural world solace and sustenance for that inner joy and sanctity which are, for him, the true stuff of life. Sometimes he writes with assurance about man's final destiny, while at other times there is wistful poignance in his questionings.

Upon one of Mr. Salmon's dominant traits we have already commented. He combines mystical with practical Christianity in a manner all too uncommon in this, or any other, age. Life for him is a unity; there are no divisions between "sacred" and "secular"; the beauty of the outward world is an inspiration for that beauty of thought which should re-emerge in humane and generous action. There are some finely individual religious poems in Mr. Salmon's pages, and a nobler conception of patriotism than the flag-waving that is often mistaken for it. Mr. Salmon is as passionate a lover of men as he is of nature, and, for all his pensiveness, he displays a truer vitality and a surer contact with reality than most poets of more assertive temperament. His is the serene, inviolate courage that comes only of uncompromising loyalty to the inner vision:

> "The outworks all are taken
> And the purlieus passed;
> But the keep remains unshaken,
> The gate is fast.
>
> "I yield with vexed defiance
> Those outward parts,
> But I hold in calm reliance
> My heart of hearts. . . .
>
> "Grief, hunger, madness, weeping
> Prevail without;
> A central peace is keeping
> The last redoubt."

Mr. Salmon may be gentle, but he is strong; he may be quiet, but he is confident.

GILBERT THOMAS.

"THE DEVIL AND THE LADY."

By St. John Adcock.

YOU cannot always find promise of future greatness in the earliest verse of those destined to become great poets. There was little enough in the "sprightly runnings" of Byron's morning Muse, and none in the tepid, Tom-Mooreish experiments that came from Keats in his teens. But this blank verse comedy of Tennyson's* is such an amazing performance for a boy of fourteen that one can understand his father being moved to say of his boyish work in general, "If Alfred die one of our great poets will have gone." At eight he had been writing "Thomsonian blank verse"; at ten or eleven, as he himself records, he "wrote hundreds and hundreds of lines" under the inspiration of Pope's "Iliad"; and at twelve or so an epic of about six thousand lines in the manner of Scott. All these have been destroyed, but "The Devil and the Lady" had been preserved for over a hundred years and has, at length, been edited, with an introduction, by his grandson, Mr. Charles Tennyson, and rightly published for the light it throws upon the growth of the poet's art. "This play, in its unguarded freshness," writes its editor, "shows us Tennyson the boy, and should help not a little to solve the enigma of Tennyson the man." He wrote another play in the same vein, about the same time, but this has vanished.

It was a vein he did not develop. You come upon little of the bizarre fantasy, robust plain-spokenness, wildly grotesque humour of "The Devil and the Lady" in his later poetry, except perhaps for some echo of them in "The Vision of Sin," and there they are so restrained, refined, spiritualised as to make the comparison itself almost fantastic. There is a mediæval quaintness in the idea of the play and in its roistering, boisterous humour, but in turn of phrase, the amusing vituperative energy of some of its dialogue, the structure and harmony of its blank verse, it has obviously been influenced by the Elizabethan dramatists. When Magus, thinking the Devil has betrayed him, cries:

> "If he should answer my suspicions,
> I'll pen him for some centuries in ice
> Up to the neck; I'll rack his thumbs with screws;
> I'll twitch his tail until the black blood spout
> Forth at the end; I'll fill his jaws with tooth-ache. . . ."

one remembers Prospero and his fury against Caliban. The Devil quotes Milton for his purpose, and elsewhere the boy naturally reflects the authors he has been reading; yet a distinctive, strongly individual note runs through the whole thing.

The story is of a rich old Necromancer, Magus, who is compelled to go a long journey by sea, and, jealous and uneasy at leaving his lively young wife unprotected against the unlawful suitors who hover about her, he exercises his magic to summon up the Devil and charges him to act as guardian in his absence, and the Devil shrinks from the responsibility:

> "Gentle master,
> I would do ought but this—I'd dive i' th' sea. . . .
> I'd visit far Arcturus, the bright length

* "The Devil and the Lady." By Alfred Tennyson. Edited by Charles Tennyson. With two facsimiles. 10s. 6d. (Macmillan.)

Of the Ecliptic and the spangled Lyre,
Or that dim star which in Boötes' wain
Shines nightly, or I'd bring thee gems from out
The stilly chambers of the mighty deep,
The boundless halls of porphyry, where sit
The ancient fathers of the sea with beards
That sweep the burnish'd chrysolite beneath 'em—
All this and more I'd do for thee, for these
Are trifles to that weighty task to guard
A woman 'gainst her will."

But Magus is adamant, and the Devil is left to his task. He enters just after Magus's departure, to overhear the resentful wife, Amoret, complaining angrily to herself of how the old dotard is " crusted o'er with age as thick as ice upon a standing pool." Having subdued her terror of him, the Devil reproves her, explains his mission, and orders her to bed. Then he takes his station outside the cottage door, " attired in a cap and gown," and, on the approach of Antonio, a lawyer, the first lover, pulls his cloak over his face to conceal " this grim, fantastic nose and these wide lips," tucks up his tail, and poses for Amoret. A disputatious talk between the supposed lady and Antonio ends in the disguised Devil sending Antonio into the cottage and promising to follow him directly. But another lover arrives, an elderly apothecary, and others, a sailor, an astronomer, a soldier, a monk. Their characters are deftly sketched; Antonio rejoins them, tired of waiting, and the Devil, playing them one off against the other, invites them all indoors for refreshment. While they are at table, eating and drinking and wrangling, there is a knock at the door. The Devil swiftly induces his guests to hide: the monk up the chimney, others in a chest, in a cupboard, under sacks, and opening the door finds Magus without. His voyage has been interrupted by a storm, in which " half the powers o' the other world were leagued against my journeyings," and he has had to return. The Devil discloses the situation and it is arranged that he shall go in, call his guests from hiding, and at an agreed signal Magus shall enter and deal with them. At this stage the drama is left unfinished.

The story is unfolded with a spontaneous gusto and with flashes of poetic description. Telling of the tempest that had driven him ashore, Magus says:

' The seas divided and dim Phantasies
Came thronging thickly round me, with hot eyes
Unutterable things came flitting by me;
Semblance of palpability was in them,
Albeit the wavering lightnings glittered thro'
Their shadowed immaterialities.
Black shapes clung to my boat; a sullen owl
Perch'd on the Prow . . ."

There are crudities of construction; the humour of some of the incidents and dialogue is raw and schoolboyish; but the understanding of life and character that flashes into his lines prompts you to say, as Jowett said, when he advised the omission of this and other poems from Tennyson's first book, that they are " most original, and it was wonderful how the whelp could have known such things." The play is good entertainment, and is of real value as revealing the man in the making, trying the wings of his imagination, sensitive already to the subtle nuances of metre, the magic of words and learning how to use them:

" For a great poet's made, as well as born."

THE BOOKMAN LITERARY CIRCLE.—*See third page of Cover.*

THE BOOKMAN PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

MARCH, 1930.

Answers to these Competitions (each on a separate sheet bearing name and address of sender) must be received by the Editor not later than the 14th of each month. A Competitor may enter for all the seven Competitions, but must cut out coupon below and send this with each answer or group *of answers, and address envelope:*

" The Prize Page," THE BOOKMAN, St. Paul's House, Warwick Square, London, E.C.4.

That they may be available also to Overseas Competitors, Competitions I and II will be the same each month until further notice, but the subjects for all the other Competitions may each month be changed.

Competitors must please keep copies of their MSS.; the Editor cannot undertake to return them.

THE PRIZES OFFERED THIS MONTH ARE:

I.—ONE GUINEA for the best *original* lyric.

II.—HALF A GUINEA for the best quotation from English verse applicable to any review or the name of any author or book appearing in this Number.

III.—THREE NEW BOOKS for the best letter of advice, in not more than two hundred words, to anybody about to be married.

IV.—HALF A GUINEA for the best set of one-line comments on each of the following quotations—the line of comment rhyming with the line quoted:

Procrastination is the thief of Time.

Sleep that knits up the ravelled sleeve of care.

There is in souls a sympathy with sounds.

Nature's chief masterpiece is writing well.

'Tis not in mortals to command success.

Man wants but little, nor that little long.



Miss Maude Caldwell Perry,
author of "Tide House" (Harrap).

V.—HALF A GUINEA for the best statement, in not more than two hundred words, of " Why I like, or dislike, detective novels."

VI.—HALF A GUINEA for the best review, in not more than one hundred words, of any recent book. Competitors should give names of Book, Author and Publisher at head of each review.

VII.—THE BOOKMAN will be sent post free for twelve months to the sender of the best suggestion for a Competition.

RESULTS OF COMPETIONS FOR FEBRUARY.

I.—THE PRIZE is divided and HALF A GUINEA each awarded to G. M. Haines, "Appleslade," Ringwood, Hants, and May Herschel Clarke, 254, Burrage Road, Woolwich, S.E.18, for the following:

IDEAL.

I have seen her stand in the city—
A radiance like the sun;
And the streets have gathered a sudden beauty
Before she has turned and gone.
But she goes in a flying moment,
Lost in the swaying crowd;
And my heart goes crying and calling to her,
Calling and crying loud:
I know she will never hear me,
And never will pause or stay—
But my steps will seek, and my feet for ever
Will follow her flying way!

I have seen her stand in the shadows
At dusk in the quiet lane;
I have caught the breath of her wondrous being,
A glimpse of her eyes again.
But she turns and flies and leaves me,
And does not feel my hand;
And the magic that leapt in my heart has vanished
Like day from the dusky land:
I know I shall never hold her—
Too freely and far she flies;
But my heart has bartered its life for ever
To follow her living eyes!

G. M. HAINES.

IN THE FIRELIGHT.

It is such rest to see you sitting there,
To watch the firelight flicker on your face,
As children love to pat their mother's cheek
With little fluttering fingers, to embrace,
Enfold her with young warmth, about her chair
Play their eternal game of hide-and-seek.

And even as you sit in this small room,
Centre of warmth, so are you, love, to me
The point from which in this cold world all light
Doth emanate, all hope, all gaiety;
Because your faith is mine, amid the gloom
Of aims misunderstood I stand upright.

It is such balm to feel your gentle hands
Smooth out my fretted brow at close of day,
To watch your tender smile as I confess
My failures and my hopes, to know alway
One soul there is who cares, who understands—
That in a rush of love and thankfulness

I stretch my arms out to that homely chair,
And strive with poor dumb lips, O Ever-Kind,
To tell what soul would say, and striving, start—
And rub my eyes—and wake—and waking, find—
Not you, ah, love, who never yet sate there—
Only an empty heart, my empty heart.

MAY HERSCHEL CLARKE.

We also select for printing:

HOMAGE TO A GENTLE HEART.

I have not wanted language to express
The joy of little loves that fly away;
But when I turn to all thy tenderness—
How poor is speech for that the heart would say!
I know thou dost not ask for idle praise,
Or look to see thy goodness told in Song;
Thine is a love that moves in quiet ways
Where its own glory guideth it along.
Tender as light of stars, thy love for me;
Not as the fickle moon or amorous sun,
But in dark places shining constantly:
A song at dawn, a kiss when day is done . . .
Thank God for gentle hearts, for love that sings—
Love great enough to shine through little things!

(Melfin W. Jones, 69, Pen-y-lan Hill, Cardiff.)

THE QUIET SQUARE.

In brooding shadow lies the peaceful square;
No busy market tramples on its calm:
As though mere noise could no more work it harm,
The greening statue stands serenely there.
In restful masses on the evening air
The dark shape of the church completes the charm.
With power-like cadences in some fine psalm
This tranquil space can still e'en restless care.
Across the road are gleaming eager shops
Where men display their wares and urge their worth;
Along the road the traffic hardly stops,
In futile hurry roaring back and forth.
And all the time this soothing quiet space
Reserves for jaded souls its healing grace.

(Esther Samms, 2, London Road, Luton, Beds.)

It has been difficult to arrive at a decision this month, and we are sending, as consolation prizes, two books to the authors of each of the two printed sonnets. Miss Samms should note, by the way, that "calm" and "psalm" are not quite perfect rhymes for "harm" and "charm." We also specially commend the lyrics by K. Blayney (Birmingham), Kathleen M. Chaplin (London, E.), Mrs. D. B. Macleod (Cookmere Hills, New Zealand), Margery C. Nudd (West Drayton), Eileen Newton (Whitby), J. Morton George (Woodford Green), Elsie Paterson Cranmer (Teddington), Sylvia D. Hooke (London, E.C.), Kathleen Rice (Steeple Claydon), John S. Coghlan (Dublin), Phyllis E. Noble (Long Melford), G. M. Starkey (Folkestone), Doris Major (Hendon), Ismay Trimble (Tankerton), Ronald Parr (Nottingham), Mary E. Lane (Victoria, Australia), Pamela Keane (Kingswood), Portia Hobbs (Birmingham), Angela A. Hannan (Ontario, Canada), C. C. Fraser (Liverpool), Ella Tucker (Althorne), Dorothy E. W. Payne (Manor Park), Irene Ardern (Cromer), Ierne Ormsby (Addiscombe), Vera I. Arlett (Worthing), Emily Davis (Dublin), L. I. Seaton (Leatherhead), Margarita Yates (Haute Savoie, France), E. Raworth (Harrogate), Silvey A. Clarke (Hurlingham), S. G. August (Invercargill, New Zealand), Marjorie Crosbie (Wolverhampton), Edna Kent Harrison (Toronto, Canada), Mrs. May Belben (Wimborne), Claris Shovelton (Tonbridge), Ada F. Strike (West Worthing), Kathleen Hyde (Scarborough), Joyce Brooke (Oswestry), M. F. Gilbert (Tiverton), Margaret Owen (Whitstable), Florence Sullivan (Birmingham), N. M. Butterfield (Westward Ho!), George S. Astins (Hove), J. A. Jenkins (Liverpool), Evelina San Garde (Oswaldtwistle), Iris Ottaway (Bungay), Helen Morris (Leek), H. Broadberry Seaman (Bayswater), John A. Bellchambers (Highgate), Alys Rodgers (Liverpool (V. E. Webb (Heytesbury).

II.—THE PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best quotation is awarded to Mrs. W. J. E. Haslam, 2, Langdown Place, Cheltenham, for the following:

EXPERIMENTAL SCIENCE. BY A. FREDERICK COLLINS. (Appleton.)

"There came a burst of thunder sound.
The boy—oh, where was he?"

MRS. HEMANS, *Casabianca.*

We also select for printing:

THE FIGHTING SPIRIT. BY EFFIE A. ROWLANDS. (Ward, Lock.)

"There's many a black, black eye."

TENNYSON, *The May Queen.*

(John A. Bellchambers, 40, Highgate Hill.)

WHO WILL KISS CINDERELLA? BY J. BERNARD MACCARTHY. (Roberts.)

"For years I've longed for some excuse."

W. S. GILBERT, *The Rival Curates.*

(Rev. F. Hern, Rowland's Castle, Hants.)

THE DIFFICULT ART By GEORGE RIVERS
(Skeffington)

"You balanced an eel on the end of your nose"
LEWIS CARROLL, *Alice in Wonderland*

(W. L Dudley, 4, Rufford Place, Halifax, Yorks)

WHO ARE YOU? By HENRIETTA LESLIE (Jarrolds)

"If they ask me I always tell them
If they ask me politely"
A A MILNE *When We Were Very Young*

(Mrs Mary Hughes, 4, Perth Road, Beckenham)

WANDERING WOOD By ELIZABETH MILTON
(Mills & Boon)

I looked towards Birnam, and anon, methought
The wood began to move" *Macbeth, Act V, Sc 5*

(G. M Haines, "Appleslade," Ringwood, Hants, W M Longhurst, Wallington, Surrey, Gwenllian Pryce, Highgate, N, and C Corkran, London, S W)

III.—THE PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best Limerick on the March Hare is awarded to John A Bellchambers, 40, Highgate Hill, N 19, for the following

When the wind blows in March, the March hare,
Though not hearing 'jug-jug,' all a-scare,
And as mad as a hatter,
With brains all a-scatter,
Gets taken and jugged unaware

The replies received are numerous, but rather disappointing We select for special commendation the limericks by Ada F Strike (West Worthing), Reginald Callender (Hungerford), Mrs W J E Haslam (Cheltenham), Margaret Owen (Whitstable), Sir Duncan Grey (Weston super-Mare), C Burton (Forest Hill), Iris Ottaway (Bungay), Helen Morris (Leek), Eileen Newton (Whitby), J F Parsons (Ware), Mrs Annie F Simpson (New Southgate), G M Starkey (Folkestone), L Bruce (Ashford), Ismay Trimble (Tankerton), Margaret W Simpson (Dundee), Lilian H Kruse (Eastbourne), Stanley G Hill (Chippenham), Mrs Barns-Graham (Blanefield), Mrs E J MacDonald Smith (Colinton), G Tottem (London N W), L F N Grant (Northampton), Emily Davis (Dublin), N Ray (Belfast) L Howlett (Southampton), Irene Boyd (Northwich), William Sinclair (Birmingham)

IV.—THE PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best sentence, of not more than two hundred words, into which the largest number of book-titles mentioned in our February issue is intelligibly introduced, is awarded to Lorna Collard, "Overdene," Combe Down, Bath, for the following

Among *The Gay Victorians* lived *Don Juan's Daughters*, two *Step-Sisters* known as *The Flirt and the Flapper*, *Difficult Women* (because *Beset* by *Early Sorrow*), and *The Talk of the Town* from *Dawn* to *Cock Crow* of *Another Day*, until the elder (for after *Harden's Escapade* with her in *The Empty Villa* she *Lost Sir Massingherd*) married *The Disinherited Man of the North* who was *Pulling Strings in China* for his *Kith and Kin* by *Proxy*, and though the younger, having less *Vainglory* and more *Strength of the Spirit*, was *Gerald Cranstone's Lady* on *The Voyage Out* and *Around the Coasts of Arabia*, after coming *Home* she received *Letters From Italy By Way of Introduction* to *Geoffry Hamlyn* (*Hetty's Son*)—*A Solemn Boy*—and when he became *The Runner* for *The Crimson Smile*, declaring *Out of the Depths* of *The Passionate Heart* that they must *Double or Quit*, she decided after *Persuasion* to *Trip No Further*, abandoned her *Pride and Prejudice*, accepted the usual *Cluster of Gems*, married him, and lived happily in *Retreat* under *The Roof* of *Windmill Cottage*, surrounded by *Gorse, Heather and Peat*, where *Shepherds in Sackcloth* trudged *Along the Road At the Close of Day*—(46 titles).

We also select for printing:

Brothers and Sisters*, ye who, *Beset* by *Early Sorrow* and *Hard Times*, have become *The Disinherited* of your *Kith and



Mr. George W. Gough,
author of "A Daughter of Kings" (Skeffington)

Kin, or who, searching for *Gold* upon *The Road to the City*, have beheld its *Brittle Glory* smashed beneath life's *Chariot Wheels*, *Retreat* not before the *Crisis* approaching, for here is *The Thing* to lift us *Out of the Depths*, *The Key* to unlock *The Fighting Spirit* within us to rise when *Cock Crow* pierces the *Silence* of *Dawn*, and, crossing by hope's *Stepping Stones Beyond the Swamps* of despair, striding *Along the Road* of endeavour to reach the glorious *No Man's Land* of *Gorse, Heather and Peat*, there with *Brown Earth and Green* around us to hear the blackbird, *The Magic Piper* of spring or to watch *The Gull's Way* as he flies, *Spirit-Free* breasting ocean's *Cold Surge* then, *At the Close of Day* to thrill to *The Passionate Heart* of *The Mourner*, the nightingale lamenting the *Vainglory* of love beneath *The Roof* of heaven lit by a *Poacher's Moon* thus shall we, the storms of *All Our Yesterdays* forgotten, find *Calm Weather*, and, though *In the Shadows*, renew *The Strength of the Spirit* for yet *Another Day*!—(40 titles)

(Eileen Newton, "Hildawell," Southend Gardens, Whitby Yorks)

I've spent *Another Day* in this land of *Gorse, Heather and Peat* on *Urgent Private Affairs* *The Thing* is, I'm hunting for a *Home* for those *Difficult Women*, my *Step-sisters* It is *The Talk of the Town* that I've *Two Wives* *How Amusing* it would be to have *A Wife or Two* for company up here To get here, you leave *The Road to the City* just by *The Butcher's Shop* and walk along the cliffs *To the Lighthouse*, down a marshy place, and *Beyond the Swamps* (crossed by *Stepping-Stones*) you come to *The Empty Villa*—by the way, *The Sale* there brought in a lot of *Money*—beyond that is *The Green Bungalow*, and nearby this little place called *Windmill Cottage* *Through the Eyes of the Judge* of architecture, there's nothing to admire in this house, but it's quiet, nothing breaks the *Silence* except *The Clock*! I think I've found *The Missing Clue* to happiness here—I'm forgetting that *Early Sorrow* you know of I heard from *Diana* (*Oliver's Daughter*) from Canada she's travelling *From Quebec to Piccadilly* I hope *The Voyage Out* here won't prostrate her, but she has *The Fighting Spirit* of your family!—(31 titles).

(Mrs Audrey Berney-Ficklin, "White Gates," Hethersett, Norfolk)

The Prize would have been awarded to Iris Ottaway (Bungay); she has introduced only 37 titles into the

best sentence received, but has gone thirteen words beyond the prescribed two hundred. Several competitors have overlooked the stipulation that the prize was for the best sentence and have introduced 51, 54, and two as many as 58 titles at a reckless sacrifice of intelligibility and of ingenuity in narrating their stories. Others have carelessly included the titles of reviews in our last Number as well as book titles. We select for special commendation the replies sent in by K. C. P. Struvé (Vaud, Switzerland), M. K. Whitfield (Cirencester), L. F. Goldsmid (London, S.W.), Mary T. Forth (Whitby), Sir Duncan Grey (Weston-super-Mare), Mrs. F. J. Chaplin (London, E.), Emily Davis (Dublin), K. M. Wright (Hull), B. M. Beard (Bexleyheath), Ierne Ormsby (Addiscombe), F. M. Sweeting (Islington), Selwyn Oxley (Ealing), N. Ray (Belfast), Mrs. Frank Jewson (Norwich), Rev. F. Hern (Rowland's Castle), Marjorie Crosbie (Wolverhampton), Margaret Owen (Whitstable), N. M. Butterfield (Westward Ho !), Kathleen M. Chaplin (London, E.), Isobel Simpson (Dundee), Eva L. Mitchell (Northampton), Ada F. Strike (West Worthing), Mrs. Mary Hughes (Beckenham), Fred W. Flear (Harpenden), Mrs. May Belben (Wimborne), R. K. Spedding (Liverpool), George S. Astins (Hove), Mrs. Barns-Graham (Blanefield), L. Howlett (Southampton), John E. Woods (Coventry).

V.—THE PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best enigma on any letter of the alphabet is awarded to Margaret Dunnett, 40, Seafield Drive, New Brighton, Cheshire, for the following:

THE LETTER G.

Throughout all the ages it ever hath stood
In the forefront of all that is gracious and good;
Tho' it clearly is seen when the morning is bright,
It always is heard in the gloom of the night;
For a moment may linger in dark forest glade,
But in green of the grass it is doubly displayed;
Quite close to the centre of England 'tis found,
And is always on high, tho' it ne'er leaves the ground;
It warns us in danger, and cheers us in song,
It is steadfast in right, puts an end to the wrong;
Without it no building is ever complete,
No garden can flourish, nor guest can we greet;
No king, wanting it, can e'er govern or reign,
No general hope any glory to gain;
It possesses strange power of transforming large hosts
Of its enemies, swiftly but surely, to ghosts;
And as touch of King Midas turned all things to gold,
So surely will it, if the things be but old;
In aught you begin, it assistance doth lend,
And yet everything with it must come to an end.

We also select for printing:

THE LETTER E.

It's taken with dinner, though never with lunch;
It's in a good joke, though it's not seen in *Punch*;
Ne'er seen in the morning, in evening it comes,
It is used by the fingers, but not by the thumbs;
It is seen in your leisure, but never in work,
It is known to the Jews but unknown to a Turk.
No connexion with youth, but old age knows it well,
It is seen up in Heaven and noticed in Hell;
In illness it's taken, in health it's still there;
It won't touch a rabbit, but follows a hare;
It's never in Holland nor even in Spain,
Though it's noticed in Sweden again and again;
You'll find it in Germany, also in France,
And 'twill always be there at the end of a dance;
It won't go to Church, but in Chapel it's found;
It's in for a penny but out for a pound;
It likes being with children, but not baby boys;
It's always in trouble and shuns family joys;
It's avoided by ducks, though it's taken by geese;
Though not seen in the War, yet we have it in Peace;
Which is strange, for it's always connected with strife,
And you'll see it still there at the end of your life.

(Mrs. Barns-Graham, "Carbeth," Blanefield, Stirlingshire.)

THE LETTER I.

'Tis mentioned in Mayfair, 'tis known in Shoreditch,
'Tis used in a proverb beginning "A stitch";
It is present in feeling but absent from feel,
It is written in iron but left out of steel;
The egoists have it, the wise have it too,
The foolish, the stupid, without it can't do;
It is used as a pronoun perhaps most of all;
Pride has it, but somehow it's absent from fall;
It's a wonderful letter, a vowel to boot,
It occurs once in pilfer, but not the word loot;
It happens in midges and microbes and mists,
It is absent from knuckles but present in fists;
It is needed by Altruists, used by the selfish,
Missed out by the sober, but claimed by the elfish;
My enigma now claims it while reaching its end,
And lastly it's there on the lips of my friend.

(A. O. George, "Ingmiri," Warden Road, Minehead.)

Isobel Simpson (Dundee) might have come second, but she writes of the letter "r" as "absent from cheatery." We also select for special commendation the enigmas by Marjorie Crosbie (Wolverhampton), Mrs. W. J. E. Haslam (Cheltenham), Iris Ottaway (Bungay), Margaret W. Simpson (Dundee), Emily Davis (Dublin), N. Ray (Belfast), Ethel M. Kennedy (Bournemouth).

VI.—THE PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best hundred-word review is awarded to John P. Coghlan, 16, Fontenoy Road, Dublin, for:

THE FORBIDDEN ZONE. BY MARY BORDEN. (Heinemann.)

As an indictment of war, "The Forbidden Zone" will help to "swell the main account." It adds nothing fresh to our knowledge; but it is written vividly, sincerely and movingly. Its pictures of the desolate landscape of the battle-fields, and its descriptions of the bombing of a town from the air, of an operating theatre immediately behind the lines, and of a French territorial regiment of middle-aged and terribly weary men returning from the trenches to their base, are particularly graphic. Yet there is nothing nauseating in the book; it has occasional passages of real beauty and power.

We also select for printing:

THE OPALESCENT PARROT. BY ALFRED NOYES. (Blackwood.)

Noyes has given us good reading in "The Opalescent Parrot." Thought is stimulated by these sincere, straightforward essays which gibe at "the intellectuals" and then become simply the outpourings of an understanding heart full of a true love of poetry, beauty and truth. The defiant chapter on Bunyan is perhaps the most thought-provoking; that on Keats the most beautiful; and the finest the eulogy on Shakespeare, spoken with such loving sincerity and the deep knowledge so unself-consciously reflected from these pages. It is a book of crowding memories—a book where we can find, with the author, a "great companionship."

(Renée Allen, 33, Huskisson Street, Liverpool.)

We also specially commend the reviews by Clifford Bower-Shore (Stockport), Anne Simpson (Havana, Cuba), R. K. Spedding (Liverpool), B. Noel Saxelby (Manchester), Mrs. E. J. MacDonald Smith (Midlothian), Mrs. Maude R. Fleeson (Manchester), J. Cecil Lomax (Bolton), Mrs. Emily E. Moore (Letchworth), Margaret A. B. Jones (Loughton), Doreen Urwick (Walton-on-Thames), S. R. Fuller (Streatham), Mrs. G. M. Yallop (Gorleston-on-Sea), J. A. Jenkins (Liverpool), Margaret MacDonald (Palmer's Green), Mannington Sayers (Monmouth), Mrs. Cecilia Naumann (Cranleigh).

VII.—PRIZES OF ONE YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION TO THE BOOKMAN are awarded to the Rev. F. Hern, Rowland's Castle, Hants, and Miss M. E. Ritchie Dickson, 57, Wynnstay Gardens, W.8.

THE BOOKMAN'S DIARY.

NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor of THE BOOKMAN, ST. PAUL'S HOUSE, WARWICK SQUARE, LONDON, E.C.4.

A preliminary letter of inquiry should be sent to the Editor before any manuscript is submitted for his consideration.

Donn Byrne died nearly two years ago, at thirty-eight, when his great gifts were still maturing; success had come to him, but not too easily and there was every sign that what he had done was only "earnest of what he was yet to do." The story of his short life is sympathetically and admirably told by Mr. Thurston Macauley in "Donn Byrne: Bard of Armagh" (7s. 6d.; Sampson Low). He happened to be born in America, in 1889, because his father and mother were there on a short visit at the time. He went to America, and was married there in 1911, and settling there for a while began his literary career by contributing verse to American magazines and papers. He was doing hack-work on an Encyclopædia and a Dictionary for a livelihood, when one day in 1914 Joyce Kilmer showed him a cheque for twenty-five dollars he had received from the *Smart Set* for a short story, and, saying to himself, "If he can do that, so can I," he promptly wrote his first story, "Battle," sent it to the same magazine, and to his surprise and delight received by return of post a cheque for fifty dollars. "Very few writers," adds Mr. Macauley, "have had the luck to sell their initial opus to the first editor who read it." That was his real beginning, but he had to face, and faced cheerfully, the disappointments and vicissitudes that usually await the free-lance, before success came to him and instead of his having to run after editors and publishers they were running after him. They are putting him into the new "Dictionary of American Biography," but "though I was born in New York and lived there in my twenties," he wrote, "yet Ireland is my home," and it was in Ireland that he died. Mr. Macauley has told the whole story of this "erratic but lovable genius" understandingly and with a lively pen, and gets into his character of Donn Byrne all the humour, recklessness, confident strength and charm of personality that you would guess were his from his books and know were his if you had met him. He laid down as his own ideal of it that the novel should be "frank as necessary, and not a word franker. There must of necessity be realism—but it should be tinctured with spirituality and romanticism. Above all, there must be a story—even if art has to be sacrificed to that end. For the people want a story, and a story you must tell them. Let 'art' go if it must. We have had too damned much art, and too little literature." He practised what he preached, for there is a story in "Messer Marco Polo," in "The Wind Bloweth," in "Brother Saul"—in all his novels, yet most of them are both art and literature. A posthumous novel of his, by the way, "The Golden Goat," has just been published by Messrs. Sampson Low.



Photo by E. Brooks Hughes.

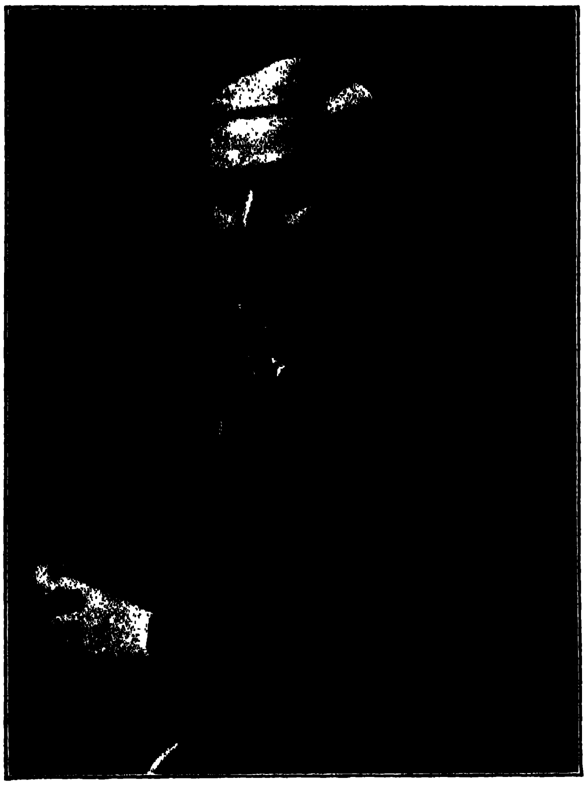
Donn Byrne.

One of the most important of this season's books will be "The Private Letter-Books of Sir Walter Scott," edited by Wilfred Partington, which Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton are publishing next month. These letters, which have been preserved at Abbotsford and never before printed, cover a wide range of interest and were written by many of the most famous authors, artists and other of Scott's distinguished contemporaries, including Wordsworth, Shelley, Southey, Moore, Campbell, Hogg, Maria Edgeworth, Fenimore Cooper, Mary Wollstonecraft, Turner, David Wilkie, Benjamin Robert Haydon, and are rich in glimpses of such great figures of the day as Napoleon, Byron, Mrs. Siddons, Sir Robert Peel, and in the current gossip of town and country. It is prefaced with an introductory letter to the reader from Mr. Hugh Walpole.

Ten of Barry Pain's books of humour have been gathered into the omnibus volume of his "Humorous Stories" (8s. 6d.) just published by Messrs. Werner Laurie, with an introduction by Mr. Alfred Noyes. I have been reading or, rather, re-reading a good many of these stories and wondering whether even

yet Barry Pain's greatness as a humorist has been fully appreciated. "When he put on his motley," as Mr. Noyes remarks, "he said things that were not only devastatingly funny, but often devastatingly true as a criticism of human folly." Much humour is very perishable; some of his equally or more popular contemporaries can move us to laughter no more, but Pain's was a subtler, richer, more enduring humour, and I have found his stories as fresh and delightfully entertaining at a second as they were at a first reading. There should be a big demand for this book.

Mr. Edwin Pugh, who died last month at the age of fifty-six, was in the late nineties one of that brilliant group of young novelists, including Mr. Arthur Morrison and Mr. Pett Ridge, who were making reputations as writers of London low life. He began in a factory; then went into a solicitor's office and contributed stories and articles to the magazines and newspapers in his spare time. Madame Sarah Grand was attracted by his work and introduced him to her publisher, William Heinemann, and his first three books, "A Street in Suburbia," "The Man of Straw" (a sombre story of a dipsomaniac) and "Tony Drum," won such praise from the critical journals as a new writer seldom receives. Two of his later novels, "The Eyes of a Child" and "The Secret Years," both autobiographical, reach I think a higher level than any of his earlier books. Among his thirty volumes was an admirable study of "The Dickens Originals," and "The City of the World," one of the best little books I know "about London and the Londoner," which he wrote for Messrs. Nelson. But, in the Carlylean phrase, his work brought him "more praise than pudding"; for whatever else he achieved he never achieved popularity. All along he did a good deal of reviewing. He was a very competent critic and, as many of his reviews in our back Numbers attest, nothing pleased him more than to discover a first novel of real merit and give it generous and enthusiastic recognition. Long before she died and Mr. Baldwin set everybody talking of her, Pugh was again and again in these columns paying high tribute to the gifts of Mary Webb, and he was almost as pleased, at last, when she came into her own as if the luck had been his instead of hers.



Portrait by E. O. Hoppé. **Mr. Edwin Pugh.**

A detective story, "The Secret of 37, Hardy Street," by Robert J. Casey, author of "The Four Faces of Siva," has just been published by Messrs. Elkin Mathews & Marrot.

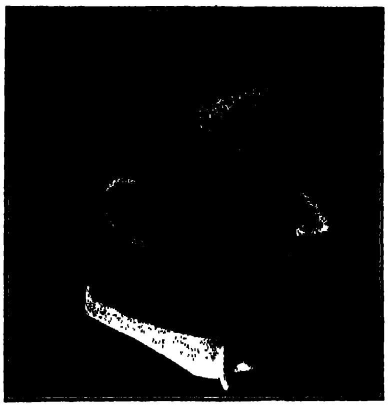
"London's Lost Latin Quarter," a history of Tottenham Court Road and the surrounding streets, and their associations with Gissing, De Morgan, Constable, Dickens and many another, has been written by Mr. Beresford Chancellor and will be published shortly by Mr. Jonathan Cape.

A critical biography of W. E. Henley, by Kennedy Williamson, is to be published in April by Messrs. Brentano. Many hitherto unpublished letters will be included, and the personal recollections of a number of Henley's friends.

One of the most interesting, amusing and finely sympathetic books I have read about life in mean streets is the Rev. Desmond Morse - Boycott's "Ten Years in a London Slum" (18s.; Skeffington). Mr. Morse-Boycott is well known in journalistic circles, and his sidelights on the ways of Fleet Street are both informing and entertaining; but the chief interest and value of the book, which is excellently illustrated, is that it does, as the Bishop of London says in a preface, vividly portray "the life of a London slum and the work and problems of the Church in slum parishes." The author is a delightful gossip, knows how to tell good anecdotes, even against himself, and has a sense of humour and a fine enthusiasm that he puts into his everyday duties as effectively as into this admirable record of them.

Ever since the appearance of that brilliant romance, "General Crack," by George Preedy, people have been asking: "Who is George Preedy?" In spite of all investigation, the secret has been closely kept. But just after his second romance, "The Rocklitz" (John Lane), came out, a rumour sprang up and spread that George Preedy was none other than Miss Marjorie Bowen. Denials have been circulated, but the rumour persists, and if, as at present seems likely, it is true, then Miss Marjorie Bowen has added very considerably to her laurels. For "General Crack" challenged

comparison with "Jew Süss"; there was more of the element of romance in it, but its realism was as true, its characterisation as masterly, and it had an historical background that was as broad, as crowded with life and as vividly alive. There is no need to say more of "The Rocklitz," a story of seventeenth century Saxony, than that in imaginative power, and in the skill and vigour with which its broken romance is told and shaped to final tragedy, it is as intensely interesting and as able a piece of work as its now famous predecessor.



Portrait by E. O. Hoppé. **Mr. J. D. Beresford,**
whose new novel, "Love's Illusion" (Collins), is reviewed in this Number.

A Life of President Masaryk, by C. J. C. Street, will be published early this month by Mr. Geoffrey Bles.

Messrs. Macmillan are publishing this month "The Later Years of Thomas Hardy," the second part of Mrs. Hardy's biography of her husband. This continues the story of his life and work from 1891 to the end, in 1928.

A new historical romance by Miss H. D. Slater, "Supremacy," has just been published by Messrs. Hutchinson. Miss Slater's first novel, "Up to the Hilt," a romance of the times of Titus Oates, was well received alike by the critics and the public, and is in a second edition.

A new form of biography is practised in "The Man Charles Dickens: A Victorian Portrait," by Edward Wagenknecht (18s. 6d.; Constable). The author describes it as "a new method of analysis," invented by Mr. Gamaliel Bradford, and practised with success by him in some sixteen volumes. The plan is to gather from Dickens's own books, from the letters, memoirs, and books in which others have discussed him, and to arrange in a series of chapters all that has been written of Dickens as man and as artist, of his life from day to day, his humanity, his attitude toward women and love, toward money, religion, hypocrisy, of his friendships and quarrels, and from the material so amassed to attempt "a study of the soul of Dickens," and to make it possible for the reader himself to consider the evidence for and against the man in those various aspects and to arrive at his own conclusion. The character Mr. Wagenknecht deduces from this careful survey of all the known facts is in fullest harmony with the kindly, breezy, intensely human figure of the man that every lover of Dickens cherishes. It may be disquieting to find Mr. Bradford, the inventor of this "psychographic method," saying in an introduction that, though Mr. Wagenknecht has skilfully woven together "all this scientifically collected and carefully weighed material," and distilled from it a figure that, with all its defects, is "a lofty figure and a lovable one," when he asks himself whether the portrait he would deduce from that material would be the same, "I answer at once that it would not." But he owns to a prejudice against all Victorians, especially Dickens, and this prejudice in the biographer, as M. Maurois has said, is the uncertain element in every biography. Even this new, scientific method does not seem to be immune from it. Nevertheless Mr. Wagenknecht has given us here one of the most exhaustive and impartial biographies of Dickens and one of the most interesting books about him that have yet been produced.



Mr. Cale Young Rice,
whose new book of poems, "Seed of the Moon," is published by Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton. An operatic version of Mr. Rice's poetic drama, "Yolanda of Cyprus," was recently produced at Chicago with brilliant success.

If you know the inimitable Mr. Pooter, of "The Diary of a Nobody," and if you know Barry Pain's "Eliza's Husband," you will be glad to be introduced to George Upjack, in Mr. Milton Hayes's "Bad Men Make Good Wives" (Hurst & Blackett), for he belongs to the same family. The story of Mr. Upjack's domestic and business life, of his sister, the romances of his daughters and his ambitious son, are all in the most joyous spirit of comedy, hovering now and then on the farcical, but always the funnier for never overstepping the bounds of probability. Never, at all events, in the earlier half of the book. In the later stages of his career Mr. Upjack loses something of the natural homeliness of his character and lapses into extravagances of incident, but the whole thing is cleverly done and thoroughly amusing.

Mrs. Todhunter writes: "In your review of 'The Selected Poems of John Todhunter' there occurs the sentence: 'It was at Mr. Yeats's persuasion that he wrote a pastoral play, which was performed with no little success.' I wish emphatically to contradict this statement. The play, 'A Sicilian Idyll,' was written and produced without any reference whatever to Mr.

Yeats, though he may possibly have taken some interest in the matter, as he was acquainted with several of the players."

In "The United States of the World," which Messrs. Putnam have in the press, Mr. Oscar Newfang urges the development of the League of Nations into an actual federation of States as the one way of assuring world peace. He argues that what has been done by America in forming and maintaining friendly relations between her States, with their differing interests, is possible on the larger scale.

BOOKMAN.

NOTES ON RECENT BOOKS.

We cannot all go to Kenya and enjoy its wonderful climate, "live happy ever after," know the thrilling discomfort of having lions for neighbours and employ natives who cultivate their own method of cleaning your plates and find a tongue useful in the process. But the next best thing is to read an account of it by somebody who has lived there from the early pioneer days to the present time of comparative ease and comfort. Mrs. Emilie Delap-Hilton knows her Kenya thoroughly—settlers, natives, the joys and the dangers of the country—and writes of them in **SNIPS WITHOUT SNAPS OF KENYA** (2s. 6d.; Stockwell) in a light-hearted manner which makes her book a delight from beginning to end. She herself is of the true pioneer spirit, facing difficulties with a brave heart and keeping through everything a ready sympathy and a sense of humour. Though she has cloaked her facts in fiction, giving us two long stories under the titles of "Nine Months in Camp," and "Baadae Kidogo Land," and one not so long called "A Short Honeymoon in Kenya and Uganda," she is actually recounting her own experiences, and it is this circumstance and her engaging personality which give the book such charm and interest.

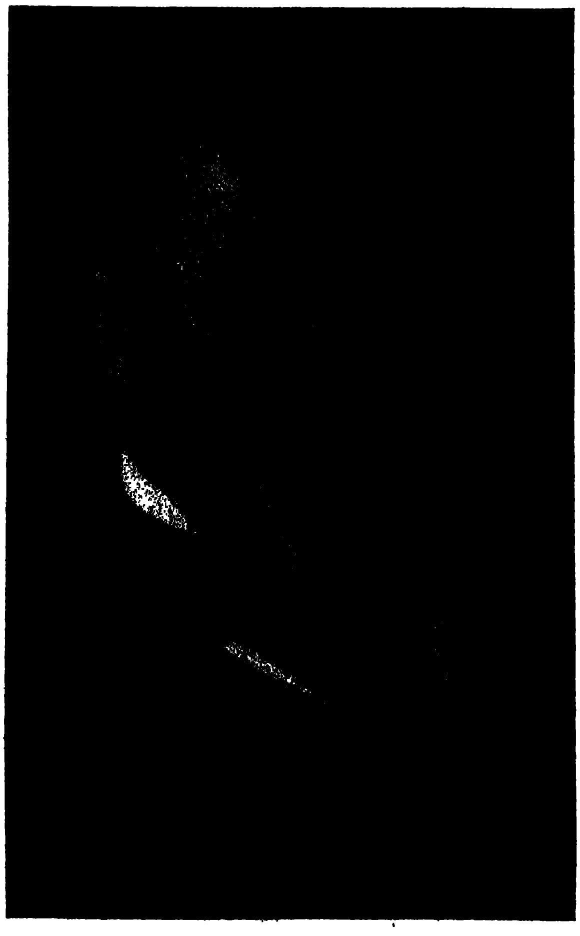
Miss Beryl Symons has written a first-rate sensational story in **THE LEERING HOUSE** (7s. 6d.; Herbert Jenkins), as eerie and tense as its name implies. From the moment when the mad woman follows the home-going shooting party through the November twilight, and, approaching Eve Easton, says, "So you have come back, have you!" the reader is held by the dramatic plot and an interest in the various characters on whom the shadow of the leering house falls. It is an old tragedy which happened twenty years earlier, before Eve was born, that darkens the girl's life; and its effects run devastatingly through the country home of the Eastons. Miss Symons knows how to work upon her readers' feelings, and how to fill her story with the weird atmosphere of woods after nightfall.

Mr. Gerard Fairlie is not content with merely constructing a thrilling plot, he knows how to construct a thrilling atmosphere; **THE MUSTER OF THE VULTURES** (7s. 6d.; Hodder & Stoughton) is full of hair-raising suspense. On the first page, when we find ourselves among a weird company who come and go as shadows, disguised as vultures so that they shall not be recognised by each other, our senses are on the alert for blood-curdling happenings. And we are not disappointed. For the strange fellowship consists of the leading spirits of the criminal world, pitting their united wits against the ingenuity of Scotland Yard. Death and kidnapping follow in the wake of the secret meetings, and eventually an engaging young man named Robin Murdoch risks his life to rid society of these pests. "The Muster of the Vultures" will appeal to all who enjoy a really first-rate mystery story.

MONSTROUS AND HUMANE.

"To him who sends forth his remarks upon the theatres once in a month, there constantly occurs the disheartening reflection, that long ere the day of publication shall arrive, the objects of his remarks will have been completely forgotten; and consequently no interest will attach itself to his strictures, though they may be distinguished by most profound ideas, and the smartest observations."

These words, penned in 1824, still strike upon the monthly critic's consciousness with an ironic and uncanny precision. That is not my chief reason however for reprinting them. They form the preface to a critique in "The Drama, or Theatrical Pocket Magazine"; their subject being a play called "Presumption! or, the Fate of Frankenstein," based on the novel written by Mrs. Wollstonecraft Shelley in 1816; and the reviewer, with more space at his command than falls to his successors' lot, lets himself go in reproducing what has been, to him, a very lurid experience. He speaks of "mental torture . . . this dreadful story . . . terrific, fearful . . . the frightful, nameless, and speechless creation of Frankenstein"; and concludes—not a little incongruously—with a report of the "much boisterous applause" to which this thriller was played. Now comes the sequel—"Frankenstein," dramatised afresh by Miss Peggy Webling and produced at the Little Theatre by Mr. Hamilton Deane of "Dracula" fame. A fine subject, certainly: this story of a scientist, creating synthetic man and having to abide the consequences: a play with moments of grim horror which make even the sophisticated modern audience gasp. Too crudely melodramatic, perhaps? But it is difficult to see how else Miss Webling's version could be

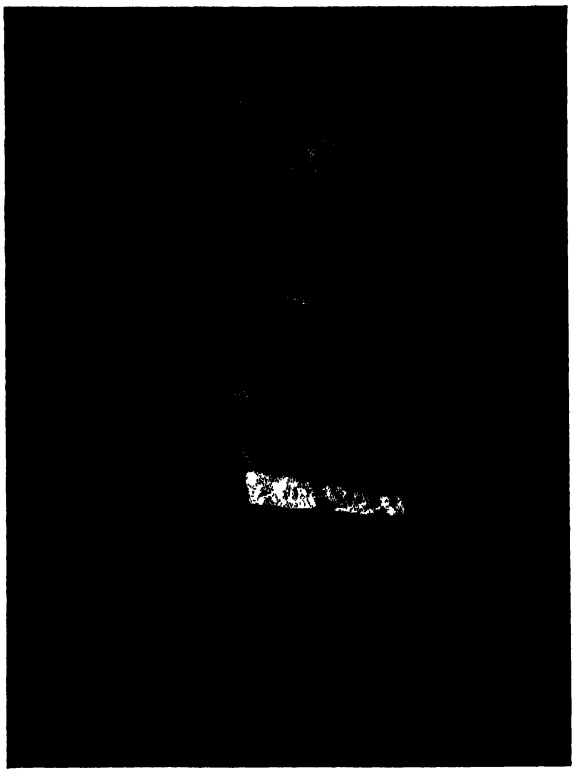


Portrait by Leon Levsson. **Mr. Hedley A. Chilvers,**
Author of "Out of The Crucible" (Cassell).

played; and she succeeds in dodging, pretty consistently, the lurking bathos which is the chief danger in such an attempt. For its literary associations alone the present version would be worth seeing.

There is a link between this play and the Everyman Theatre success, "Charles and Mary"; for Shelley's second wife, authoress of "Frankenstein," was daughter of that Professor Godwin who appears as Lamb's host at the Everyman. The playgoer must not put too heavy a strain on this link however; for in point of pedantic fact the Mrs. Godwin of Miss Joan Temple's play is a "no such person." The time is early 1800: when Mary Shelley's mother had been dead some years, and her stepmother had not yet announced herself ("Is it possible that I behold the immortal Godwin?") from the next-door balcony. Nor did Godwin turn publisher till 1805. Other small discrepancies have been duly pilloried by my more learned colleagues; but I allude to them (I mean, to the discrepancies) only in order to protest how unimportant they are. The spirit, Master Shallow! What care we for the "big assemblance" of dates and facts—cold-blooded and stubborn things, which may be left to uphold their own dignity in the textbooks where they belong! In an historical romance it is the inevitable rightness of spirit that counts: which rightness Miss Temple has achieved. The Lambs are her central interest; the Godwins, Wordsworths, Coleridges—though she makes fascinating little thumb-nail sketches of these—are of chief value for the reaction of the Lambs to them. The point was well brought out in a debate on the play, held recently by the Everyman Theatre Guild (which bookmen, by the way, should make haste to join: they will find its terms of membership extremely attractive). In the play, someone said, the proper function of such lights is to illuminate Lamb, not to shine themselves. Both the production and the cast are first-rate: Miss Temple herself as Mary, and in particular Mr. Peter Ridgeway as Charles, giving what seemed to me an almost faultless performance. The result is an evening of such quality as Lamb himself would have rejoiced in—tender, and lovable and full of exquisite fun. No Elian should miss it.

GRAHAM SUTTON.



Portrait by E. O. Hoppé. **Miss Peggy Webling.**

The Bookshelf.

WERGELAND.*

The fame of Henrik Wergeland, who died in 1845 at the early age of thirty-seven (the age at which his favourite Burns died), is as well established in his own country as is Shelley's in ours. His name, says Professor Francis Bull, of Oslo University, in the preface which he contributes to the volume under review, "has a more radiant nimbus than any other name in the history of our literature. . . . Wergeland seems to be personally nearer to us; as it were, a dearer friend" than Holberg, Ibsen or Björnson. Outside Norway, on the other hand, he has hitherto been but little known. His work is not represented in Mr. Mark Van Doren's comprehensive "Anthology of World Poetry," no doubt for the simple reason that no translations from it were available. In remedying this deficiency Mr. Gathorne-Hardy and his collaborators have earned our gratitude. For though to read poetry in translation, however good, can never be entirely satisfying, it is clear from the versions here offered us—which, it may be said at once, are very good indeed—that Wergeland was a poet of undoubted genius and a personality of uncommon interest.

To English readers he should make a special appeal, for his most obvious affinities are with the English poets of the Romantic Revival, who were doing their greatest work during his childhood. Like most of the Continental poets of his generation, he was an enthusiastic admirer of Byron, the influence of whose ideas is very manifest in one of his most ambitious poems, "Creation, Humanity and Messiah"; though, as Mr. Gathorne-Hardy points out, Wergeland's imperfect knowledge of English saved him from too close an imitation of that fascinating but dangerous model. In his sustained exaltation of spirit, as in his passion for political liberty, he was akin to Shelley; while the intensity of his feeling for nature is comparable with Wordsworth's. But here there is no question of imitation—it is unlikely that he had read either Wordsworth or Shelley—and Mr. Gathorne-Hardy, whose long critical and biographical introduction is an altogether admirable piece of work, can demonstrate that the differences, in both cases, are as striking as, and more essential than the resemblances. Quoting the most famous lines from "Tintern Abbey," he comments: "We find the essence of Wergeland's nature-gospel expressed in such passages as that."

> "But," he adds, "while this deeper nature-philosophy is evidently shared by Wergeland, his habitual reaction to the beauties of the world about him is something far more direct and simple. He retains to the last that unquestioning joy in the mere outward appearance of things which in Wordsworth faded with the passing years. The delight which impelled him to song in
>
> 'The scarlet on an insect's wing'
>
> had in it all the unreasoning pleasure of a child. He never had mournfully to acknowledge that
>
> 'Nothing can bring back the hour
> Of splendour in the grass, of glory in the flower.'"

Again, with reference to Shelley:

> "In spite of the troubles which beset his life, there was a robust light-heartedness, a humorous pluck, and an unconquerable hopefulness about Wergeland. He could never have thought or written:
>
> 'Most wretched men
> Are cradled into poetry by wrong:
> They learn in suffering what they teach in song.'"

What he actually did write, when moved to direct self-revelation by a newspaper which accused him of being "angry and in bad spirits," was this:

* "Henrik Wergeland: Poems." Translated by G. M. Gathorne-Hardy, Jethro Bithell and I. Gröndahl. Gyldendal Norsk Forlag. 10s. 6d. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

"I in bad spirits, did you say? I, who need only a glimpse of the sun
To break out into loud laughter from a joy I cannot explain?

When I smell a green leaf, dazed I forget poverty, riches, friends and foes.

My cat rubbing against my cheek smoothens all heart-sores.
Into my dog's eye I lower my sorrows as in a deep well. . . .

I who read rapture in each petal of the hundred-leaved rose, that gift of spring--
Me should a wretched rag cause to quench one second with vexation?

That would be like killing sky-blue and rose-coloured butterflies. . . .

Like the insect's sting in the mussel, insults breed pearls only in my heart.
They shall one day adorn the diadem of my spirit. . . .

But why should not my veins be wroth?
Rob not the landscape of its rushing streams!
Right honourable osiers, permit the brook to foam when it runs among boulders!

I love not blue sky everlasting, as I detest stupid staring eyes.
Have I no heaven because it is full of drifting clouds, fairy-lands of the sun?

And if I had none—is not God's great and glorious enough?
Complain not under the stars of the lack of bright spots in your life!"

If that is bravura, it is but the exaggeration of a genuine bravery. Wergeland was one of those who say yea to life in all its manifestations, and like all the great yea-sayers—like Whitman and Verhaeren—he was an egoist. All his poetry, if not always so directly as in the passage quoted, is autobiographical.

Wergeland's liberalism was inherited from his father and was part of the political atmosphere of his time. His lyricism and his intense feeling for Nature were his own. He was, whatever the influences to which he may have submitted, an essentially original poet. In his choice of means of expression he was, in his earlier work, sometimes original to eccentricity, and this got him into trouble with the classicists like Welhaven. It is true that he had the faults of all the Romantics: he wrote too much and was too negligent of the file. But at its best his work has rare beauty. It is only—as he himself recognised—that he wrote in a tongue so little known outside its own boundaries, that has robbed him of European fame.

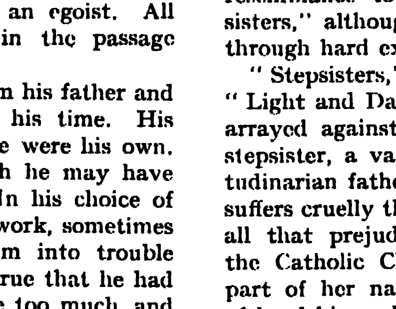
FRANCIS BICKLEY.

STATES OF MIND.*

If we may judge by the number of novels dealing with states of mind, the problems of psychology are exercising an increasingly strong fascination on the public. "The Weather House,"[1] by Miss Nan Shepherd, is a strangely beautiful study of one side of that subject. The scene is laid in Scotland, and Miss Shepherd shows us the emotional aberrations bred in people by a retired way of existence. Louie Morgan is an hysterical spinster living in a small village, isolated and unfrequented. Craving for affection and admiration, she claims that one of the village boys killed in the War was betrothed to her. Nobody doubts her until Garry Forbes, the boy's friend, arrives on sick leave. Garry is a wild creature, passionately truthful and aloof. The slur, as he regards it, on his friend's memory poisons his relations with his sweetheart, her family and her friends. Louie Morgan pleads with Garry to spare her, and his struggle between pity and duty is watched by the visionary remote old Mrs. Falconer, who looks on fascinated at the contests of reality from her own shadow world. Garry would have spared the girl, but Mrs. Falconer, determined for once to play an active part, exposes her at a charity concert. The confrontation of the two women is excellently managed, nor can any bare synopsis of incident convey the subtle drama of emotion, or the intricate pattern of background, characters and events which make so satisfying a whole. Both Mrs. Falconer and Louie are insane victims of an imagination that has nothing to feed on but itself. Both are conscious of their predicament, but whereas Louie submits to fate, Mrs. Falconer rebels against it, and dies not victorious but happy in the conflict.

Very different in construction and feeling is Miss Jane Lindsay's "Trip No Further."[2] This is a first novel, and it must not be her last if Miss Lindsay is to justify her excursion into literature. Certain awkwardnesses and irrelevances are perhaps inseparable from the work of beginners, even the most gifted, and Miss Lindsay's impartial rendering and strong satisfaction in her job are among the most valuable attributes a writer can possess. But Miss Lindsay has had the courage to choose a threadbare theme and is genuinely in love with her work, and it is not her fault if the subject precludes much variety and excitement. Miss Lindsay's secret lies in the smooth unfolding of events, which sustains the reader's interest through a soundly constructed and sincerely told tale. Miss Lindsay's illusive, high-spirited heroine bears little resemblance to the calm and noble heroine of "Stepsisters," although in each case happiness is only reached through hard experience.

"Stepsisters,"[3] by Miss Isabel Clarke, might be called "Light and Darkness," for the powers of evil are heavily arrayed against the heroine in the persons of a worldly stepsister, a vain and faithless suitor, and a selfish valetudinarian father. Dion, high-minded and self-sacrificing, suffers cruelly through the actions of the others till, despite all that prejudice and opposition can urge, she enters the Catholic Church--the haven for which the deepest part of her nature has always longed. Her acceptance of hardship and her unfailing response to the demands of charity are manifestations of the religious impulse, which her surroundings do nothing else to encourage. Mr. Meldon, Dion's father, is one of those unfortunately frequent egotists who, having blinded themselves to their own motives, are careless of deceiving the rest of the world. His persecution of his daughter cannot be called unnatural, for it is the logical outcome of his talent for exploitation, but his preference for Zilda, the child of his second wife by a previous marriage, is less convincing, especially as we are told the regard is entirely one-sided. Zilda's grace and high spirits pierce swiftly enough through the printed page; whether a hypochondriacal invalid would feel the charm is another matter, but one on which we are quite ready to accept Miss Clarke's judgment. A point worthy of remark is the extreme youth of all the characters. The destinies of most are fought out while they are in their teens, and Dion is barely more than twenty-one when she reaches that peace of spiritual conviction born of a faith tried in the fires of hard and protracted affliction. This drama of the soul is portrayed with sincerity and craftsmanship. The gradual shifting of values, the feebleness of all other props and illusions, and the resistless growth of feelings at first spasmodic and inarticulate, is a more convincing picture of the progress to belief than those violent and unheralded conversions that we are accustomed to in the pages of fiction. Miss Clarke portrays a world narrow and unkind but undeniably lifelike. The



Portrait by Joan Craven.

Miss Jane Lindsay.

Author of "Trip No Further" (Thornton Butterworth).

[1] "The Weather House." By Nan Shepherd. (Constable.)—[2] "Trip No Further." By Jane Lindsay. (Thornton Butterworth.)—[3] "Stepsisters." By Isabel C. Clarke. (Hutchinson.)—[4] "The Romantics." By Mary Roberts Rinehart. (Hodder & Stoughton.) 7s. 6d each.

background is well filled in, and the stepsister Zilda, with her premature sophistication and ungrudging but half scornful liking for Dion could only have come from an accomplished hand. In conclusion, we are glad that Miss Clarke allows Dion to find earthly happiness in the love of a husband worthy of her.

Miss Roberts Rinehart's new book of short stories, "The Romantics," [4] may be safely recommended to all sorts of readers, as the authoress possesses that supreme art of the satirist of laughing with the world instead of at it. An art which, if it does not disguise her sympathy, certainly adorns it. There is a rollicking quality about Miss Rinehart's method that penetrates even to the hospitals and slums, and is so finely tempered as not to seem amiss in describing the self-convicted make-believe of old age or the rapt illusions of youth. Miss Rinehart is a craftsman and, in addition, a first-rate humorist, and "The Romantics" is a book to keep.

BARBARA MAXWELL.

MODERN PARIS.*

This is a lyric, a poem in praise of Paris, written by one of her most devoted children, for Mr. Slocombe is very truly her child, though not French. He loves her well; he loves her with understanding. For the past ten years he has been the Paris correspondent of a well-known London newspaper. Judging from these happy and absorbing pages, he has spent many hours in walking the streets and in picturing the past. And his book teems with information. We who thought we knew something about the fair city already, acknowledge that we did not know it, ere we read these pages spangled with life and throbbing with colour. Mr. Slocombe constantly ranges from the poetic to the practical.

And he harps continually on change. He owns that within his own brief time he has seen Paris change from a French city to a German city, with banks in concrete and steel replacing the old gold-brown fronted cafés; he owns that the Frenchman of the nineties, with his whiskers, his green waistcoat and his gold-headed cane, has been replaced by a clean-shaven being with a narrow waist, and feet brilliant in the Charleston.

He pictures for us many past scenes, and among them dwells on the old days of the *flaneur*. "That most charming hour of the day in Paris, the hour between eleven and noon, was his undisputed empire." Attentive to all the features of life round him, the philosopher and idler would stroll along in the chestnut-scented air of spring to the boulevards, which are "like a dashing curve drawn across the centre of Paris." Ah, where is he now, this *flaneur*?

We warmly commend this glowing book. With its pretty binding, its not-quite-good-enough pictures, but comfortable print, "Paris in Profile" ought to stand on the shelf of everyone who adores Paris, the noble city which, by the way, Mr. Slocombe counsels us to enter from one of its great gates.

M. ROYCE.

THE VICTORIAN SCENE.†

It is pleasant, if only by way of novelty, to find a modern writer who is an unabashed worshipper at the Victorian shrine. Mr. Dion Clayton Calthrop tells us that he "hates the Victorian humbug," but he takes the sting out of even that solitary adverse criticism of the era by stating that its particular kind of humbug was necessary as a counterblast to what had preceded it. "Assume a virtue if you have it not—it may grow on you," he says. The young



A Boulevard Cafe.
From "Paris in Profile," by George Slocombe (Humphrey Toulmin).

Queen's "I will be good" may sound priggish to modern ears; but it represented a genuine and salutary reaction from the coarseness of Georgian times. If at length Victorian morality too often became indistinguishable from complacent respectability, it marked on the whole a welcome and much-needed change.

But Mr. Calthrop is not mainly concerned with matters of argument. In the series of delicate essays before us he has sought rather to recreate the pictorial background of Victorianism. Whatever its virtues or sins, the period was—at any rate for the upper and middle classes—a more dignified and leisurely time in which to live, and Mr. Calthrop, who hates our modern hurry and bustle, with its motor-cars and telephones, and its typewriters that have turned letters into mere "chopped telephonese," looks back upon it lovingly and wistfully. Perhaps, like other idealisers of the past, he must not be taken too seriously. He writes glowingly for example about the old four-wheeled horsed cab. But the "growler," strangely enough, is not so completely a thing of yesterday as he represents it. I know several railway stations in the inner suburbs where "growlers" are still the only cabs available, and I even saw one recently awaiting the arrival of the Continental Express at Victoria. I thought of Mr. Calthrop, and wondered whether, had he alighted from the boat train, he would have chosen that "growler" in preference to a "taxi." I doubt it!

Still we need not be hypercritical in dealing with such a book. Distance of time, no less than of space, *does* lend enchantment to the view, and it is obvious that old days and old ways make a genuine appeal to Mr. Calthrop. Moreover in some of his contentions, at any rate, he is indisputably right. We may question whether the Victorian age was actually more comfortable than our own. It was certainly more picturesque. Machinery, mass production and standardisation had not reduced

* "Paris in Profile." By George Slocombe. 12s. 6d. (Cayme Press.)

† "I Will Be Good!" By Dion Clayton Calthrop. 10s. 6d. (Cassell.)

everything and everybody to a dull uniformity. There were more colour and more natural spice in life when the bells of the hansom-cab horses jingled along the streets, when the buses reflected all the tints of the rainbow, and when the drivers and conductors had time to sharpen their wits by repartee. We like Mr. Calthrop's story of the cabby who, on receiving no tip on one occasion during the Boer War, sighed and said : " Ah, well, all the gentlemen 'ave gone to the front." To-day, Mr. Calthrop laments, our bus and cab drivers are mere mechanics, wholly detached from their passengers and only interested, in the rare intervals of conversation with their own kind which they snatch during a traffic " block," in technicalities unintelligible to their " fares."

Mr. Calthrop touches Victorian life at many points. In fancy he follows Charles Dickens on one of his night walks, during which he meets some of his own characters. Again in imagination our author attends one of Dickens's public readings ; while another essay debates that much-vexed and still unsettled problem as to whether there actually was or was not " sich a person " as Mrs. Gamp's friend, Mrs. Harris. Mr. Calthrop makes out a plausible case for her ; but we are still not fully convinced ! "*Punch*," " Street Manners," " Fashions and the Salons," " The Restaurants," " The Victorian Sunday " and " The Family Album " are among but a few of the many other chapter-headings. A breezy essay is that describing the life and character of Mrs. Bloomer who, advancing trousered upon England in the year of the Great Exhibition, so staggered society that her name has passed into a byword and liveth even unto this day. The Great Exhibition itself is recalled largely through the contemporary account of *The Times*. Mr. Calthrop sees the funny as well as the good side of Victorianism. His book, with its blending of fancy, personal memory, traditional lore and extracts from contemporary documents, is a whimsical and delightful miscellany, giving us in his own words the impression of " fine old linen drying on a hedge of lavender."

GILBERT THOMAS.

SOUTH AFRICAN IMPRESSIONS.*

With all the pleasant charm of a diary-letter Sir Arthur Conan Doyle has written in this volume of his travels in South Africa, in Rhodesia and in Kenya. To say " written of his travels " is however far too dull a description even then, for there is so much of freshness, of variety, with accounts of meetings, conversations, scenes and experiences apart from actual travel, in these chapters, that one can almost hear the author's kindly voice coming through.

In the autumn of 1928 he writes, " *It* is a foul morning, and yet in two hours we have to be aboard the *Windsor Castle* which awaits us at Southampton. Our country cottage at Bignell Wood is only seven miles from the port and the motor is waiting at the door." Through blurred window-panes he sees lashing rain and yellow leaves streaming across the lawn, and he knows there must be a full gale blowing in the Channel. That is the start of the tour. Sir Arthur himself is a seasoned sailor, but with him travel also, and not for the first time, his wife, his young daughter and his two sons, not by any means so seasoned ; and in truth the gale which they encountered at the start was a terrible one. " Ten degrees is supposed to be a pretty fair roll, but at our best effort we did thirty, which approaches the margin of safety." And the seasoned as well as the unseasoned found it good to put foot on solid ground again, at Madeira.

Sir Arthur's main purposes in making this tour were to give lectures and invite discussions on psychic matters, and to observe and inquire into the advance of Spiritualistic ideas ; but, also, he wished to escape the English winter, and gain some general impressions of the present life and politics of the country which he had known so well during the Boer War. With fair-mindedness he listened to many an opinion during the months of his tour, and his advice is that of a tolerant and humane thinker. In a country where the black inhabitants number over seven millions and the whites under two millions, there seems to be future danger. " The only solution would seem to lie in greatly accelerated immigration." But unless aided by some Association, or other plan, no man is safe in attempting to start a farm, on the virgin ground given to him, with a capital of less than £2,000. " But once established he is self-supporting at the worst, and at the best might become a well-to-do man in a few years."

The visits to Rhodes's grave on the summit of the Matoppo Hills, to the Victoria Falls, to Snake Park, and many another " sight," are described in what may be termed a comfortably conversational manner, which leaves a vivid impression on the reader's mind. " We viewed the snakes with a very necessary small parapet for our protection. . . . In a sunken garden, with a little water-course running round it, were snakes of every sort, snakes dark and green, and brown and red, snakes sleeping, snakes wriggling, snakes rearing and, most graceful of all, snakes swimming, beautiful undulating lines of green and yellow in the clear waterway."

Mr. Fitzsimmons, the originator of this collection, has prepared a snake serum which is a specific against any bite. " In view of our further journeys," says Sir Arthur, " and the snake-hunting habits of our lads, we thought it wise to purchase a complete outfit—lancet, syringe, and antidote. . . ." Mr. Fitzsimmons has also experimented with his snake fluid and has become convinced that it is a complete cure for epilepsy. But Mr. Fitzsimmons is not a qualified medical man, and he cannot bring his views forward in the recognised way.

There is so much of by-the-way interest in this volume that anyone wishing to go to, or learn more of, Africa, for everyday use, may, after all the big and serious histories of the country have been selected, just place this book on top of the pile—and begin with it.

L. L.

* " Our African Winter." By Arthur Conan Doyle. 7s. 6d. (John Murray.)

THE BEAUTY THAT IS POETRY.*

" A New Approach to Poetry " is another of the books coming from America which indicate the enthusiastic study of English literature going on in American universities. Contrary to common belief on this side, such books are often valuable educational aids and indicate a continual extension of the public which is willing and able to give intelligent attention to the best in literature. The publishers' note on the wrapper made me feel uneasy when I read that this book " aims to secure the complete unbiased transfer of the author's experience from his words on the page to the mind of the student. It enables him to understand ' ce qui y est, tout ce qui y est ; rien que ce qui y est.' " It is very well to aim high, but some sign of recognition that such an aim as this would be scarcely within the reach of a great critic who was also a poet, such as Coleridge, would have been welcome, for what is more difficult to convey than a rich experience of beauty ? But the reader comes across signs of grace in the authors right at the beginning of their book, for they start by calling upon Lascelles Abercrombie (" Theory of Poetry ") and Walter de la Mare (the story of " Come Hither ") to provide the foundation of the first chapter, entitled " Re-creating a Reality : the Image." Their particular virtue is that of enlightened teachers who know sound authorities and are at pains to prove that the appreciation of the beautiful is a way of enjoying yourself. They separate certain elements in the appeal made by poetry, such as imagery, sound, rhythm and devices like typographical arrangement, and they tackle such difficult matters as the question of " taste " and what is good poetry, in discussing which I am sorry to see that they do not appear to know of the work of Mr. I. A. Richards, especially his

* " The Real Rhythm in English Poetry." By Katherine M. Wilson. 7s. 6d. (Aberdeen University Press.)—" A New Approach to Poetry." By Elsa Chapin and Russell Thomas. 9s. (Cambridge Press.)

" Practical Criticism." Mr. Richards would have saved them from some questionable generalisations and have tempered their zealous antagonism against the day-dreaming reader who does not like ugly facts. And yet they have in a much less thorough way done what Mr. Richards did in " Practical Criticism "—given certain poems to students for criticism and reproduced the students' comments along with the poems. One of the many facts about stock responses to poetry elicited by Mr. Richards's inquiry was discovered by them—that readers incline to like poems according as they find themselves in agreement with some point of view expressed in the verse. But their failure to come to grips with the essentials of the beauty in poetry is exposed by their really meaningless definition : " The poet's keen and true evaluation of the facts of human life and the power of transferring his evaluation to us by means of words used at their highest potential energy is poetry." The highly interesting anthology of poems which forms the middle section of the book is likely to help the reader much more than this kind of clumsy statement and confused thought. " True evaluation " of facts, if it means what it says, is not a necessary function of poetry but of criticism. If the authors were asked to explain why Lear's " Yonghy Bongy Bo " is poetry, I wonder what they would tell their students and readers. A similar want of subtlety in dealing with subtleties seems to me to mark their attempts to chart the imagery of a poem under such headings as " sight," " sound," " smell," " taste," " touch." It is important of course to know how appeals to the various senses help to explain the magic of words in a poem, and Mr. Robert Graves, for one, has some illuminating remarks about this in his useful book " Poetic Unreason." A pioneer in noting the incidence of various colours in poetic imagery was Mr. Havelock Ellis. Such general observations are very well, but tabulation and other rigid and necessarily blunt indicators of the constituent elements of a poem are a poor substitute for subtle interpretation. The authors of " A New Approach to Poetry " go so far as to print some poems with words underlined in various colours to show that the imagery is coloured. " Palmgreen shores " in Masefield's " Cargoes" for instance is underlined green, as if the reader is not expected to see more than green leaves in such a phrase. " Tyne Coal " is underlined black, which it certainly is ; but—lordy, lordy, as the negro exclaimed—how will this help a reader to feel into a poem ?

By keeping to one element of beauty and bringing to it much knowledge Miss Wilson has really advanced the study of poetry, although her work may not be for the general reader, while the expert will challenge some of her verse-and-music comparisons. She explains that she is less concerned with new ideas about prosody than to show what there is in common between the rhythm of poetry and the rhythm of music. That the elusive magic which transforms a group of words into poetry contains a musical element is not questionable, though the importance of this element varies widely, not only positively according to the words but also relatively according to the way the reader responds. A reader, for example, whose ear is not sensitive will make proportionately more of the appeal to other senses, visual, tactile, olfactory and so on, in the poem. A very strong sense of rhythm may actually dull the perception of an uncritical reader to other musical elements in the words, such as echoes of sound, unless these merely reinforce the metronomic beat of the verse.

Miss Wilson's book is so much alive that one is tempted to argue at every few pages. When she supplies us by means of musical notation with readings of famous verse she is at her most instructive and her most provocative, helpful in removing unnecessary obstacles to appreciation set up by prosodists and yet occasionally, impelled by her own preconceptions, placing a stress where we should never have thought of placing it. But no prosodist I have ever read is so free from this kind of freakishness as the author of " The Real Rhythm in English Poetry."

The fact remains that with only elementary notions of the chief technical problems of verse an intelligent, silent reader will always extract from a rich poem more of its original inspiration and of that beauty which is its unique meaning than any amount of " scientific " inquiry can by its own efforts elucidate. The ideal interpretation seems to be that which combines a scientific alertness to errors with the æsthetic appeal of evocative language and intuitive subtlety. For that we have to go to the prose of such poets as those I have already mentioned.

R. L. MÉGROZ.

THREE NOVELS.*

Art implies selection and, in the case of the novel, where incident occupies so large a place, the details selected must fit into some orderly plan. This is a platitude which



Portrait by Raphael. **Miss Ethel Mannin.**

needs restating at a time when so much fiction is content to be an outpouring of hysterical dialogue in stock situations by creatures of shadow. No liveliness in the telling makes up for the feeling of disappointment one has in a ragged, untidy story, where the characters come and go for no apparent purpose.

Ethel Mannin is an artist, and the greater part of the pleasure which her latest story gives is due to its architectural, cumulative effect. She has a central idea, she works to it, and the details acquire significance. Jean Le Camillon first saw Marie Dauvigny outside the Aliens' Office at St. Helier on a May morning. The rest of the book is the result of the long, dark gaze she gave him there. They marry. They have five children. Marie dies after the birth of Fleur. The children grow up and marry. The story works itself out with something of an epic quality.

If we watch Miss Mannin at work, we shall see something of how she achieves her effect. Characters are skilfully drawn, situations well devised, atmosphere conveyed. There is an imaginative quality in the descriptive passages which brings before us very vividly the scene—the scene which is set among the fishermen and crofters of the Channel Islands. One notes also the writer's restraint in dealing with a situation, as when Jean surprises Marie

* " Children of the Earth." By Ethel Mannin. (Jarrolds.)—" Passion Flower." By Kathleen Norris. (John Murray.)—" The Bridge Is Love." By C. A. Nicholson. (Chapman & Hall.) 7s. 6d. each.

and Le Breton together. These things we can see, for the canvas is being covered under our eyes. What is more baffling, and wherein lies the final secret of Miss Mannin's power, is her ability to convey so fully a sense of life and movement. These people live. These things happened. Marie dies and Jean is broken-hearted. But somehow he goes on--as life goes on. " Life shapes itself wonderful. We don't any of us go under; it's like that something in us makes us go on whether we want it or not; maybe there's some sense and meanin' to it, and maybe not."

Cassy Pringle, in " Passion Flower," has something of Jean Le Camillon's endurance when life goes black for her. The daughter of a wealthy lawyer of San Francisco, she falls in love with her father's chauffeur, Dan Wallace. They marry and for a time all goes idyllically. Cassy is plucky and poverty has no terrors for her. They get on. Dan opens a garage of his own. Then a wealthy widow comes into his life, and gradually Cassy is ousted. She agrees to a divorce and Dan marries Dulce. But his heart is with Cassy and his children, and the story ends with a revolver shot, which is Dulce's way of revenge. In outline the plot sounds melodramatic, but Mrs. Norris knows how to tell a story, and one reads on, interested in her people—for they are all very human—and carried on from episode to episode by her easy style.

" The Bridge Is Love " is more difficult. So many thoughts go on inside the minds of the characters, instead of coming out in straightforward narrative, that one finds oneself turning for enlightenment to the synopsis supplied by the publishers' wrapper. " Was her mother among the damned ? " one reads, and with this guiding light one realises that the point of the tale centres round the suicide of Adrienne, Duchess of Trigues, whose daughter, Claire, is being married when the book opens. Adrienne is a shadowy figure, and our anxiety about her future state never becomes acute. Mrs. Nicholson can do better than this. The whole book lacks cohesion and purpose.

M. A. S.

IRELAND.*

Michael Collins remains the most attractive and Dantonesque personality in the closing phase of the Anglo-Irish struggle. Piaras Beaslai, in a monumental biography some years ago, set down the essental facts of the amazing story, while P. S. O'Hegarty and General Macready have treated Collins with candour from different standpoints in their books; but somehow Batt O'Connor, the Dublin builder who helped Collins to emulate the Scarlet Pimpernel with cunning hiding-places, presents a more living and human portrait than any before him.



Portrait by Lafayette, Dublin. **Mr. Batt O'Connor,** Author of "With Michael Collins" (Davies).

One of Collins's closest associates, Batt O'Connor amplifies the frank and vivid account of the small band of men around Collins, in his struggle against the Black and Tans, already given in a companion volume issued by the same publisher—Mr. Charles Dalton's " With the Dublin Brigade."

Mr. O'Connor however surveys a wider field and brings to life some twenty years of Irish revolutionary movements, all blended with humour, terror, pathos and melodrama as they touched the genial author himself. Casual sidelights on the times occur in every chapter. One hears of a revolutionary club disguised as a literary society, where every meeting-night a paper on the same historical subject was placed on the table and preserved carefully lest another should have to be written " to the great exhaustion of the brethren." Or T. M. Healy, K.C., defending a political prisoner for nothing, and saying " Never mind the hundred guineas." Or Batt O'Connor himself in a prison cell, hoarding crumbs, telling the time by the sun and releasing his own pet lark in gratitude when a free man once more. Or Sean O'Casey, with broken boots, proudly waving aside a proffered pound.

" With Michael Collins " is singularly free from the splash of the hero-worshipper's whitewash brush. Collins appears as a convivial and daring character, given to uncompromising language—a portrait which deepens to a simple and gallant dignity in the last pages.

Why did Michael Collins paralyse Dublin Castle and elude the most astute Intelligence men the British Government could employ ? Piaras Beaslai's biography half answered the question when he revealed that Collins had won over certain members of the political branch of the Dublin Metropolitan police. But this book explains why frequent raids and searches and barbed wire investments of whole streets failed.

Batt O'Connor, who is a building contractor, built not only secret cupboards for documents, but also hidden sleeping places : " For this a certain type of house was necessary—one in which a room could be cut off completely without it being apparent that a room was missing. To conceal the entrance to the room I built in one of the usual wardrobes found so often in houses as permanent fixtures."

Collins had many narrow escapes. One is described in his own words. The Auxiliaries—elder and more polished brothers of the famous Black and Tans—raided a Dublin hotel and found Collins at dinner with his Head-quarters Intelligence Staff. He told the raiders who surrounded the party with levelled revolvers that he was John Grace, an accountant.

" On a loose-leaf ledger in my pocket I had pencilled the word ' rifles ' to remind me of something. I swore it was not ' rifles ' but ' refills.' "

" They were very suspicious of me. I was questioned over and over again. An Officer actually drew that old photo of me out of his pocket, and compared it with my face, drawing my hair down as it was in the picture. It was touch and go."

Collins is also quoted as saying :

" I do not allow myself to feel I am on the run. It prevents me from acting in a manner likely to arouse suspicion."

Adventure, humour and pathos tread on each other's heels in Batt O'Connor's pages. The story winds round the central hero Collins to a bomb factory under the shadow of Dublin Castle, with men working stripped to the waist casting grenades ; pauses in the Sinn Fein headquarters, where the exasperated secretary defines the organisation's ultimate object to a persistent journalist who badgers him with questions as " Why ! vingeance ! by —— ! vingeance ! " Then onward to two remarkable impressions of Collins in his last days.

Batt O'Connor declares Michael Collins was the life and soul of the struggle :

" It was his brain and character—his indomitable will, his unerring judgment, his courage, and his matchless energy—in a word, the splendid genius of one young Irishman—which wiped out our inequalities, gave us strength of spirit for strength of numbers, the weapons of superior resourcefulness to make good the deficiency in our arms."

The reader who turns next to " The Irish Future and the Lordship of the World " will pass from a panorama of action to a volcano of thought, prejudice, quotation and emotion. Mr. O'Donnell develops the arguments he so trenchantly expressed some years ago in a similar volume. Apart from one vigorous chapter on the present position of the Catholic-Nationalist minority in the Six Counties, the book is rather vague about the Irish future. Mr. O'Donnell hurls magnificent verbal bricks at Parnell,

* " With Michael Collins in the Fight for Irish Independence." By Batt O'Connor, T.D. 6s. (Peter Davies.)—" The Irish Future and the Lordship of the World." By C. J. O'Donnell, ex-M.P. 5s. (Cecil Palmer.)

Tim Healy, Wolfe Tone, Anglo-Saxons, the war-madness of France; upholds the "Pax Germanica," expands on the Celtic Empire of Great Britain, and rounds it all off with an erudite account of the "last princely family of Ireland, the O'Donnells," including his famous brother, Frank Hugh O'Donnell, whose gifts of learning and vocabulary certainly still remain in the family. In spite of some flaming and thunderous prepossessions, the book is to be commended for its sustained invective, and those sound chapters on India, Ulster and the O'Donnells, where the author leaves off quoting newspapers and writes from deep experience. His criticisms of war legends are acute and "The Irish Future and the Lordship of the World" would be worth reading for these alone.

DESMOND RYAN.

GEORGE SAND.*

George Sand is an immortal, and because she lives more by virtue of her personality than by her works, this book is more than acceptable. Anything that throws further light on her character will always be welcome. There are three documents which, as the publishers say—and say truly—in their advertisement, are of the deepest interest to students both of abnormal psychology and of literature. These hitherto unprinted documents (published by permission of her granddaughter) are . her journal to Alfred de Musset; the Piffoël journal, composed of conversations between her masculine and feminine selves; and appended to these, a scrapbook whose dates overlap the two journals. The last compilation includes personal letters, reflections and mementoes which were dear to her. These three contributions to our intimate knowledge of George Sand (who died so late as 1876) are not widely separated in time, as most of the material relates to seven years of her life between the ages of twenty-nine and thirty-six. A final comment was added by her at the age of sixty-four. From this last a brief extract must be given:

"I remain a believer, a believer in God—the life eternal—evil some day vanquished by science, science illuminated by love. But symbols, images, cults, human gods?—good-bye! I have passed beyond all that.

"I have become impersonal, universal, that's all. And, since I can bear the evil in my life and appreciate the good, I am not in the least interesting. May those whom I love outlive me! I cannot imagine what would become of me without my family at Nohant. I care very little about living on. Death is kind and gentle. My only dread of death is in the thought of the grief it would cause my loved ones.

"Have I been useful to them these last twenty years? I believe so. I have earnestly wanted to be so. So I was wrong when I used to imagine that there are crises in life when anyone may hand in one's resignation without injury to others. Because here I am, still useful at an advanced age. . . . Mental activity increases with age, as physical activity develops in a child. Meanwhile, and nevertheless, one approaches the journey's end. But the end is a goal, not a catastrophe."

It would be indeed ungracious not to pay tribute to the publishers for the beautiful volume they have produced. It is indeed a production of which they have every right to be proud.

THE DREAM AND THE BUSINESS.†

Two books confront one, both concerned with travel in the tropics. Brief investigation indicates that the orbits of their respective authors overlap—or intersect would perhaps be better—at a place, Singapore to wit, very familiar to this reviewer if somewhat outside the area of respectable adventure. They ought to be interesting, and both of them I find are so, in ways that are as far apart as they could possibly be.

Mr. Alec Waugh's travel book is not the gay and colourful record that its title and jacket seem to promise us.



A Temple in Bangkok.

From "The Coloured Countries," by Alec Waugh (Chapman & Hall).

When we perceive names like Siam, Ceylon, Malaya, Tahiti, Martinique, the New Hebrides and the "Black Republic" of Haiti, beaded on the thread of a young writer's advertised itinerary, our expectations are excusedly of pageantry, of colour, movement, temple bells, spicy smells and so forth. But Mr. Waugh is a clever and sophisticated young man, and knows better than to give us what we expect.

Conscious as it would appear that his artistic attributes are not those of a vivid or even picturesque writer, he has left word painting to other travellers who can do it really well or are not too proud to do it badly, and developed a line of his own. Clearly in his wanderings he has been less intrigued by the spicy smells and sunsets than by the social contrasts and idiosyncrasies observed in his comings and goings and casual settlings down among all sorts and conditions of European society encountered on a world pilgrimage whose course seems to have been determined quite at random. "Broke" at one minute in Singapore (a nasty place as he discovers for a European to be thus overtaken in), a cable from America bestows upon him six months of leisure and luxury to be enjoyed anywhere on the map that looks attractive, so why not Tahiti for a start, whither a passage can be booked by tea-time? Another time it is the chance remark of an hotel acquaintance in Penang that starts him off for the teak jungles of Siam, there to learn how his young compatriots accommodate their manners and morals to circumstances, and to be led perhaps into certain pitfalls of generalisation by a too ingenuous acceptance of some of his hosts' yarns. In fairness though to Mr. Waugh, it must be said that he nearly always qualifies comment by admission that a mere globe-trotter's opinion on the point may be misconceived and quite worthless. Sometimes he does go astray, as in the conclusions drawn in variations on that dreadfully hackneyed "Gone Native" theme, regarding the customary relations of European males and Asiatic females. Some of our popular playwrights have a lot to answer for.

Very frequently, on the other hand, Mr. Waugh contrives

* "The Intimate Journal of George Sand." Preface by Aurore Sand. Translation and Notes by Maria Jenney Howe. 12s. 6d. (Williams & Norgate.)

† "The Coloured Countries." By Alec Waugh. 18s. (Chapman & Hall.)—"The Odyssey of an Orchid-hunter." By F. D. Burdett. 18s. (Herbert Jenkins.)

to hit the nail fairly and squarely on the head with some acute observation or opinion that no one, curiously, seems to have thought of advancing before. The thesis he puts forward and from such experience as he possesses seeks to prove, namely that "in the Far East woman is a side-show," could not be supported with more pertinent or telling illustrations by one who has spent a lifetime in Ceylon or Malaya—countries to which Mr. Waugh mainly applies this theory of his. The reference of course is to European women. Though the young bride in Penang, Ipoh or Kuala Lumpur fancies on arrival that she has come to "a woman's paradise," disillusionment will ensue in a year or two for most of her kind. How and why it does come is very neatly explained.

Mr. Waugh is very sensitive to atmosphere, and his reactions to the various social environments into which he projected himself, sometimes invited and expected, sometimes neither, are well and honestly depicted, indeed by far the best portions of his narrative. For every tourist, he holds, "there must be one place at which he will regret his stay; one place excellent in itself, at which expectation will be unrealised, at which for some reason or other everything will go wrong." For him, he declares that Ceylon is that place. With becoming candour he asserts, "It was my own fault." But he need not be too sure of that. He is right indeed when he holds Colombo not to be "a good place for the casually presented stranger." Yet Malaya and Penang, waiting for him on the morrow, "were not to belie anything I had ever dreamt of them."

Mr. F. D. Burdett is not sophisticated, nor sensitive, nor young or modern like Mr. Waugh, but he has done a lot more travelling, in even remoter and stranger places, has a good memory and/or (as they say in the City) a very robust imagination, and an aptitude for story-telling of the bluff and breezy description characteristic of his type. Fifty years of adventure, ashore and afloat, first as a miner in the North Australian gold rush, as pearler, as prospector for the rarer mineral treasures of the outlying Philippines, and eventually as orchid-seeker in the tangled jungles of Luzon and Mindanao, have given him something to write about, and write about it he does with considerable gusto.

One wonders however why he should drag Epstein into a dissertation on Igorote wall-paintings, and why there is so little about orchids in this rollicking Odyssey of Mr. Burdett's. Orchids can be made interesting, even to the young, as memories of the huge delight extracted from a *B.O.P.* serial of Messrs. Russan and Boyle's by this reviewer in some pre-Edwardian epoch testify. Certainly there is a vivid story of how Mr. Burdett discovered an entire hill-side of the exquisite Phalænopsis at Ilocos Norte, a find never approached in thirty years of subsequent endeavour. But later thrills are derivable chiefly from his eerie account of an island where three old satyrs lorded it over a multitudinous harem, and some animated recitals of the chase after fur, fin and feather, not to say pythons and other scaly monsters. A book whose vigour and movement will attract bo·, and such adult readers as Mr. Waugh's indolent subtleties may not appeal to.

ASHLEY GIBSON.

SUSAN FERRIER.

For the past fifty years Susan Ferrier has been suffering the sad eclipse of all those who are mentioned in the school textbooks on literary history yet are read by no one except the inquisitive student in search of an out-of-date way subject for a thesis. She is, I am afraid, of that ghostly company which numbers "Euphues" and Paley's "Evidences," though with more justice than any of these can she complain of being neglected. Not even the most blandly optimistic of her admirers however can hope for a Susan Ferrier "revival"—even in these days of an unexpected renaissance of interest in the long novel; even though she appear in such fine new clothes as the "Holyrood" edition*. It is useless to point out that Miss Ferrier's "The Inheritance" is no longer than Mr. Priestley's "Good Companions" or that her "Destiny" is even shorter than Mr. Brett Young's "Portrait of Clare." With Miss Ferrier it is not the mere length of her books that counts; it is the fact that they could have been much shorter. Her novels, more than those of any other writer I have ever read, could have been transformed into masterpieces had there only been a sub-editor at her side to blue-pencil her pages. Yet in spite of her inordinate length, her whole pages of sententious moralisings (oddly sandwiched between some of the most richly humorous scenes in the whole history of the English novel), Miss Ferrier can lay claim to being of the company of genius, especially of the comic genius. She had the rare gift of the real story-teller and the rarer gift of the creator of character. And if none of her three novels is remarkable for construction or surprising twists of plot it at least marches along with the tramp of the inevitable. They all begin well and, for the most part, end well, and if there are dull sections, it is perhaps to Miss Ferrier's credit that she has given us them in such slabs that the reader will at once learn to distinguish their approach and so be prepared to skip, if not to hop and jump It is not every novelist who is so considerate of his readers.

Professor Saintsbury has written of Miss Ferrier that she remains "in literary history a singular and almost unique figure." For about her there hangs a mystery—the mystery of a woman who wrote three "best-sellers" and then relinquished authorship altogether for the remaining twenty-five years of her life, preferring the consolations of religion in a darkened room to literary fame in the *salons* of the "learned ladies" of Edinburgh. Outwardly her life seems to have been devoid of incident. The youngest of a family of ten, she was born in Edinburgh in 1782, where her father acted as agent to the fifth Duke of Argyll. Scott was a friend of her father's, and she herself (as readers of Lockhart will remember) became Scott's friend in later years, winning from him not merely personal admiration but his intense admiration for her work as a novelist.

"Marriage," her first novel, planned in collaboration with Miss Clavering, niece of the Duke of Argyll, was published anonymously in 1818. It met with immediate success (partly because it was in some respects a *roman à clef* of Edinburgh society), some critics even going so far as to attribute it to Scott. For this first novel her publishers paid her £150 —not an inconsiderable sum for a first novel by an unknown and anonymous author. Four years later her publisher paid her £1,000 for the manuscript of her second novel, "The Inheritance"; and in 1831, seven years later, Cadell bought "Destiny," her third novel, for £1,700. After that, though publishers begged of her for manuscripts, she remained silent, a solitary spinster of increasing devotion who was to spend the last twenty-five years of her life in a darkened room, almost blind and racked with a cough. She died in her brother's house in Edinburgh in 1854, in her seventy-third year. And it was not until two years before her death, when Bentley published a collected edition of her works, that she allowed the secret of her authorship to be divulged.

Miss Ferrier wrote of a world that is dead, that had indeed almost disappeared during her own lifetime—the world of the old Scottish clans who barely survived, in tarnished, shop-soiled feudal splendour, into the early nineteenth century. It is from this fantastic and sometimes monstrous regiment that she has drawn the most memorable figures in her great gallery of *originals*—Lady Maclaughlan, the three aunts, Dr. Redgill, and Mrs. MacShake in "Marriage"; Miss Pratt, Adam Ramsay and "Mrs. Major" in "The Inheritance"; the Rev. Mr. McDow, the Ribley family, and Molly Macaulay in "Destiny." It is her comic characters that will live in the gallery that includes Mr. Collins and Parson Adams; her heroes and heroines, after the fashion of their day (no blame to them), too often border on the stilted and priggish. In no other novelist is to be found sententiousness and rich humour twisted together in such surprisingly thick strands. Here indeed is a riddle as perplexing as that of

* "Marriage," "The Inheritance," "Destiny." By Susan Ferrier. With introductions by Lady Margaret Sackville, together with "The Memoir and Correspondence of Susan Ferrier." By John A. Doyle. 4 vols. £6 6s. the set. (Nash & Grayson.)

Miss Ferrier's sudden abandoning of literature after her third and most successful novel.

Of the present edition it would be hard to speak too highly. It is indeed a fitting memorial to a novelist of genius who ought never to have been relegated to the "also-rans" in the school histories of literature. And Lady Margaret Sackville has contributed to each of the three novels a sensitive and discerning introduction. How happy her description of Miss Ferrier as the "witty Puritan"! H. L. MORROW.

THE SALON.*

Miss Agnes Platt has translated this entirely delightful book with ease and charm. The Renaissance was the cradle of the *salon*, and we begin with this section, and a study of the divine Isotta and her circle—Isotta, Malatesta's "snow-white innocent dove," his "pride of Italy." In this first chapter we are wafted away from the prosaic atmosphere of to-day; the commonplace room vanishes, such is the magic of the writer, and we see the little court upon the Adriatic back in 1430 or so, where poetry was in the air and even serious military engineers ran into rhyme over the woman who was so quick-witted and so fascinating. The book must be read, as the introduction counsels with the teasing, charming melodies of Mozart and Haydn chiming in the ear; lively and gay. Conversation was brought to a fine art in these long vanished *salons*; the spirits of the wealthy and the witty were posed in the right attitudes to provoke mirth and friendship and sparkling interchange of fancy. Pictures of Society in Five Centuries are given here. We see the Medici at Careggi, where there was such exuberant joy in living; later we are in the city of lagoons with Veronica Franco, yellow-haired and full of spells. We hear of the gorgeous rooms, the gold-embroidered velvet covers to the chairs, and, observe, there is Pietro Aretino going in to have a word with the renowned courtesan Angela Zaffetta. . . .

We have neither space nor inclination to linger long over the engaging divisions entitled respectively "Baroque," "Rococo," "Sensibility," because these deeply interesting chapters must be read for themselves, but we must confess that we turned at once to the description of Madame Récamier and her *salon*, and were not disappointed. It is written vividly and again we seem to see the curly chestnut hair, the finely cut features, the virginal aspect of the beauty who one day took the collection at St. Roch, and was gazed at adoringly by a crowd scrambling on the very side altars.

A desirable book; full of colour. And what about the *salons* of the hour? In Lord d'Abernon's sketch of Asquith he records that, "Even in the most anxious times a spare hour could always be devoted to romantic converse with intellectual and gifted ladies." Perhaps the good days are still with us. MARJORY ROYCE.

HEARTS BOWED DOWN.†

Mr. Beresford's twenty-eighth novel (how time flies, to be sure! this same hand reviewed—in these very pages—the first of them) shows a favourite author at his almost best. One may consider Mr. Beresford a little bold in deciding, as he does here, to choose so expansive a frame for weaving what he calls his "pattern of words" upon, their *motif* being in its nature episodic. For he is an austere writer, scorning the tricks of those flamboyant novelists who camouflage the exiguousness of their plots with all manner of frills and furbelows. Moreover the plot of "Love's Illusion" is not only very simple, it is hackneyed. Mr. Beresford merely shows us a rather ordinary but very natural and likeable young man falling catastrophically in love with a light-minded but desperately attractive young woman, who throws him over in circumstances that leave their mark on him for life. It is the youth, now more than middle-aged and a permanent bachelor, who tells the story thirty years after it happened. His frank and simple *confessio amantis* provides the vehicle however for the display of a gift for characterisation on the author's part that is nothing short of masterly.

Geoffrey, no more absurd a young man than others of his age (twenty-two), epoch (late eighteen-nineties), and upbringing (suburban and country parsonage), his Victorian but quite engaging parents; the girl Brenda; her nice little sister Pattie; Mrs. Maxwell, who led curates astray and altogether set her daughters a very bad example; her much to be pitied husband, cleverly manipulated as a "noise heard off" throughout the tragi-comic idyll; Mrs. Spenser-Greene, one of Nature's septuagenarian mischief-makers, all seem very much more alive than half the people one used to know.

Mr. Beresford's experiment, we perceive, has been triumphantly successful. We can survey his "pattern," with not a stitch out of place in it, as something complete and satisfying, a masterpiece in little. There is a dry simplicity about the writing, but this is the art that conceals art.

Miss Jameson pursues very different methods in "The Voyage Home." Her writing is neither dry nor simple—sometimes in fact she is loose and careless, while occasionally her characters do simply impossible things. It is a trifle of course that horses of the hunter class do not usually run in the Cambridgeshire, but not so much a trifle that daughters of the type of Sylvia should fling themselves away on the first uncouth and illiterate male encountered because a Captain Ling has dropped them (with more francs than will buy a return ticket in their vanity bags) at Dieppe. The device adopted by Sylvia's cousin Cynthia (nice names both, but not suitable for use in the same cast) for attaching the not too docile Richard to her apron-strings seems a little too Huxleyish for the period, and other psychological improbabilities obtrude here and there in the otherwise harmonious pattern of this ample and richly embroidered narrative. Lapses of this trifling order do not detract in any material degree from the success of Miss Jameson's effort to enlist a continuance of our sympathies and admiration for Mary Hansyke, indomitable heroine of "The Lovely Ship" who, as anticipated in the title, here continues a voyage that is far from smooth. Mary in the autumn of her days remains indomitable, a little more mellowed and if anything more lovable personage, still taking arms against a sea of troubles, most of which she has brought or helped to bring on herself. She is, unfortunately for her own peace of mind and that of those near and dear to her, the "managing" type. Naturally she goes on getting hurt.

This is an exceptionally good novel, let there be no mistake about that. There is much of positive beauty, not only of the pictorial kind, in Miss Jameson's working out of her theme, and beyond all that a subtlety of insight, an abounding tenderness, and a power manifested time after time in this latest achievement of hers, that it is likely will place Miss Jameson very high indeed among the novelists of her generation. A. G.

EXITS AND FAREWELLS.*

A fleet of vessels at a Mediterranean port waiting for the dawn. Fishing boats with coloured sails—some orange, some white, some black as the night that holds them. Here a graceful yacht and there the dun-coloured craft of some northern clime, grimy with coal dust. What chasms and crevasses must we navigate in order to see, through Miss Bowen's eyes, these ships sail out into the open sea, to be finally received into the great ocean's depths. The history of a reputation illuminates a whole tract of culture, and we recognise from this latest book of Miss Bowen's how well justified she was at the beginning to follow, even to the point of extravagance, the dictates of her colour sensibility. In this collection of portraits

* "The Salon, Its Rise and Fall." By Valerian Tornius. 21s. (Thornton Butterworth.)

† "Love's Illusion." By J. D. Beresford. 7s. 6d. (Collins.)—"The Voyage Home." By Storm Jameson. 7s. 6d. (Heinemann.)

* "Exits and Farewells." By Marjorie Bowen. 7s. 6d. (Selwyn & Blount.)

there is breadth and intensity in the modelling. A paragraph or two has kindled a spark, and the extreme freedom of the author's handling creates the appropriate mood with its suggestion. Whether founded on fact or pure invention, the tales, written in the idiom of their day, bear the verisimilitude of truth, and create the convention of their period. The convention of aristocracy: to die well. Blood ankle deep through which, armed with pride and insouciance, they mounted to the gallows. Poor, unfortunate Mme. du Barry, an outcast among the aristocrats, a fishing boat with golden sail, could understand, but not conform to their code. The writer has also mastered her sequences of low-toned, if violent colour. The dun-coloured Grace Endicott and the Polander arrest the reader's attention as vividly as the flamboyant purple and gold of Michael III, Emperor of the East. Here a passion for words, jewel upon jewel in gorgeous effect, rivals the hard brilliance of Saltus.

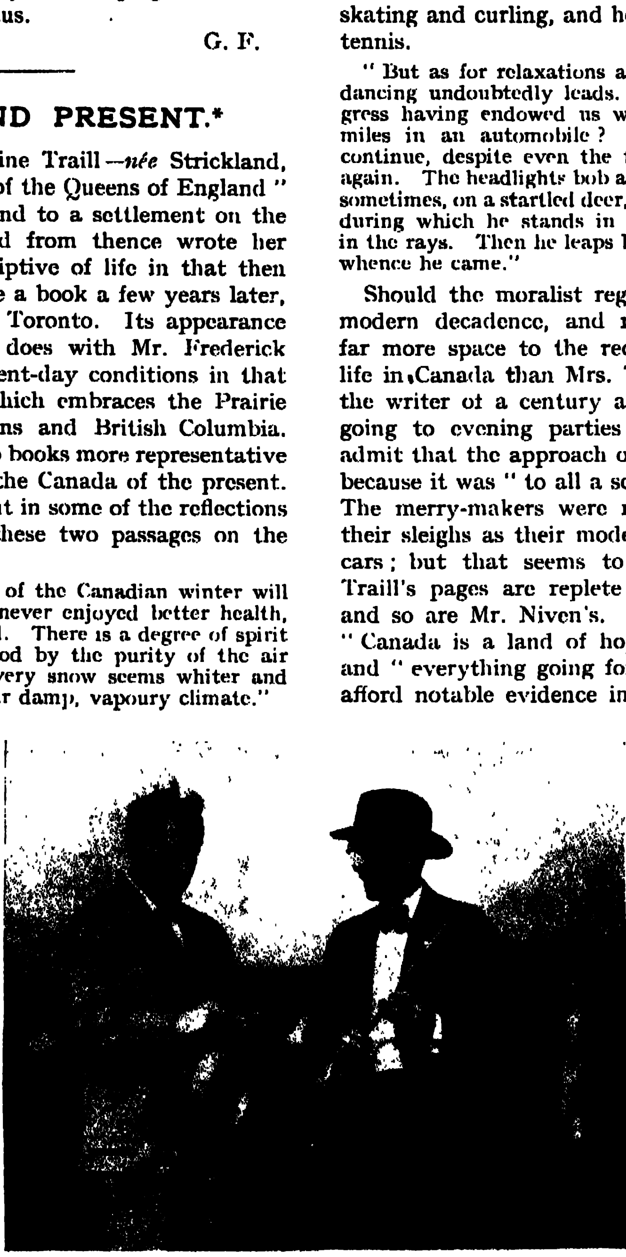
G. F.

CANADA PAST AND PRESENT.*

Nearly a century ago Catherine Traill—*née* Strickland, a sister of the Agnes of "Lives of the Queens of England" fame—migrated with her husband to a settlement on the Otonabee river in Ontario, and from thence wrote her mother a series of letters descriptive of life in that then virgin land. The letters became a book a few years later, which is now republished from Toronto. Its appearance is opportune, coinciding as it does with Mr. Frederick Niven's spirited picture of present-day conditions in that vast region of the Dominion which embraces the Prairie Provinces, the Rocky Mountains and British Columbia. It would be difficult to select two books more representative of the Canada of the past and the Canada of the present. And there is a singular agreement in some of the reflections of the two narratives. Take these two passages on the Canadian winter:

"You say you fear the rigours of the Canadian winter will kill me," wrote Mrs Traill. "I never enjoyed better health, nor so good, as since it commenced. There is a degree of spirit and vigour infused into one's blood by the purity of the air that is quite exhilarating. The very snow seems whiter and more beautiful than it does in your damp, vapoury climate."

"I have entertained in January, while in London," writes Mr. Niven, "visiting Canadians from the 'bald prairie,' and seen them crouch shuddering over a roaring fire, unable to keep warm; yet in London the thermometer registers no such low temperatures as it does during a North-West winter. They could not be frost-bitten in London, but they were chilled to the bone."



Mr. Frederick Niven (right) and Mr. J. Murray Gibbon.

A snapshot taken by Levon West, the American etcher, during "Indian Days" at Banff.

There is one quality of the natural scene, however which all travellers in North America will recognise as truthfully observed by Mrs. Traill, but does not seem to have been felt by Mr. Niven. The aspect of the country, she reflected, reminded her of the hilly part of Gloucestershire; but "you want the charm with which civilisation has so eminently adorned that fine county, with all its romantic villages, flourishing towns, cultivated farms and extensive downs, so thickly covered with flocks and herds. . . . I look in vain for the rich hedgerows of my native country." On the other hand, while Mrs. Traill was disappointed with the Indian summer, Mr. Niven celebrates it in a lyrical passage:

"The Indian summer is a lovely period in such parts, when the leaves of aspens, birches, and cotton-poplars are yellowing and tremble in the slightest wind. Mile after mile we pass through golden lower woods, bright against the reddy green of pines and firs. We carry away memories. We remember the high deliberate majesty of glaciers. We remember the frail beauty of a birch leaf spiralling downward in the quiet day."

Conditions of life, social intercourse, economic problems, even political relations between the mother land and the Dominion, figure prominently in each book; and Mr. Niven is so contemporary that he deals with last year's harvesters and with the Wheat Pool problem. While then the pages of Mrs. Traill are mostly edifying for their records of bygone difficulties, those of the novelist are practical to a degree. Indeed Mr. Niven has a valuable chapter of hints for the Tenderfoot, and tells how life is ameliorated by many diversions. "For youth it is a care-free and untrammelled land." For winter there are skating and curling, and hockey and ski-ing; for summer, tennis.

"But as for relaxations and diversions, by common consent dancing undoubtedly leads. Distance is no impediment, progress having endowed us with the motor-car. What is fifty miles in an automobile? On into the small hours dances continue, despite even the fifty or more miles' journey home again. The headlights bob and veer through the forest, lighting, sometimes, on a startled deer, hypnotising him for some moments during which he stands in the road staring, a deer of silver in the rays. Then he leaps back into the darkness of the forest whence he came."

Should the moralist regard those words as evidence of modern decadence, and reflect that Mr. Niven devotes far more space to the recreations than the hardships of life in Canada than Mrs. Traill, it may be answered that the writer of a century ago does refer to "young ladies going to evening parties with cluttering ringlets," and admit that the approach of winter was hailed with delight because it was "to all a season of leisure and enjoyment." The merry-makers were not able to go so far afield in their sleighs as their modern counterparts in their motor-cars; but that seems to be the only difference. Mrs. Traill's pages are replete with evidences of hard work; and so are Mr. Niven's. And each writer is agreed that "Canada is a land of hope" because everything is new and "everything going forward." The two books indeed afford notable evidence in their unity, over a century of time, in bearing testimony to the affection and enthusiasm the great Dominion inspires in those who settle amid its vast spaces.

HENRY C. SHELLEY.

* "The Backwoods of Canada." By Catherine Parr Traill. $3. (Toronto: McClelland & Stewart.)—"Canada West." By Frederick Niven. 5s. (Dent.)

THE HUMAN RUSKIN.*

It is the foolish fashion of our time to treat Ruskin as a pompous Victorian with quaint ideas about art, even quainter ones concerning economics, and, worst of all, a dreadful habit of mind which made him mix these two and serve them with the repressive moralising sacred to heavy Victorian fathers. Those of us who are attaining the border line of middle age are inclined to be as vehement as the bright and young, although for many of us Ruskin once stood with Carlyle: the twin deities of our adolescence. Mr. J. Howard Whitehouse has just published a volume of hitherto unpublished letters by Ruskin, and almost any one of the least significant of them is sufficient to dispel this current heresy. He has called the book "The Solitary Warrior"; and the title, in Ruskin's own spirit

* "The Solitary Warrior." New Letters by Ruskin. Edited by J. Howard Whitehouse. 7s. 6d. (Allen & Unwin.)

of apposite symbolic nomenclature, conveys exactly the feeling which the perusal of these letters has on our minds. Ruskin ceases to be a pompous Victorian gentleman and becomes a tragically lonely figure, yearning for friendship and affection as he fights his single-handed battle against the world. Letter after letter is a *cri de cœur*. Faith in man, faith in God, faith in himself and his own great purpose of world reform: one by one they are swept away from him.

"I had no conception," he writes, "when I began the battle how solitary I should find myself in it. Everyone fails me, and the tremendous power of self-deceived mammon worshippers, bleeding the life of all humanity, is something too horrible to face. I go against it without looking at it—the putrefying dragon is so much more ghastly than the old living one. It is curious that Turner is the only living man in Europe who fully understands this battle!"

Behind this battle with the order of society we get glimpses of the even more terrible strife of the spirit which really embittered him and wore out his great mind. Perhaps half a dozen times throughout these letters we have a reference to the devastating love he had for Rose la Touche; but those few references are enough to reveal the inward tragedy of his hopeless love for this girl, whose earliest letter to him, written when she was only twelve years old, he carried, wrapped in gold, throughout his whole life.

"She let me be with her on her birthday this year, and on mine, too, and has been very kind and wonderful to me, and taken a great deal of evil out of me, and given me peace something like yours. . . . I look forward to the lengthening days, not as I have sometimes done wishing they would not lengthen any more."

So he writes to his friend Mrs. Scott during one gleam of peacefulness before mental darkness descended upon this girl he loved; and finally, with the stress of so much conflict, upon his own great mind. But three years later he can say to the same correspondent:

"All beauty is now dreadful to me. I have no sense of any help coming to me from the Maker of it other than He gives to any worm cut through by the spade. . . . Fancy having the two worst associations of one's life fastened to the Rose or the Bluebell for one's country walks! It is so grotesquely horrible."

As we penetrate to the story of personal tragedy behind these utterances, the current myth of Ruskin the prig disappears; and for all his wealth, his marvellous advantages of education and upbringing, his opportunities for travel, we have the drama of a lonely soul at odds with circumstances.

Ruskin himself, however, would not wish to have this side of his life emphasised. To the world, even to this narrower world of his personal friends, he was the social worker and fighter. Many of these letters cover the period when he was publishing "Fors Clavigera"; those public letters which embody his economic, ethical and æsthetic doctrine; or, should one say, his doctrine of life which had these three facets. From the beginning he saw art as an expression of the social life of peoples, and a reflection of the personal ethic of the artist. He wanted life to remould itself upon the graciousness which he found mirrored in the products of earlier, more simple periods. He cannot bear to turn from the contemplation of Carpaccio's St. Ursula at Venice,

"in which every figure, and there are hundreds, is refined in feature and beautiful in dress, with a purity as perfect, though as various, as wild flowers. There are old and young, kings and poor labourers, saints and rough soldiers, but they are all different only as violets and ivy, or roses and meadow grass, all lovely and human and pure. Well, I had been an hour or so among these people and then came here in a glorious afternoon, with the mountains of Titian all purple in the north, but with four Americans in the carriage with me (first class), one man and three women, who, of all the wretches I ever endured the presence of, were the noisomest and most abominable in the ingrained essential total desperateness of degradation of mind. I can't enter into details about them, but I won't endure for my part the state of things which produces such vermin. If I fence myself only into a few fields I will have about me at least nothing but what shall tend to true laws of pleasantness and peace—not loathsomeness and wrath."

I seldom indulge in quotation of such length in a review,

but these passages so convey the quality of these all-too-human letters that the licence is justified. If, as one reads, the idea of the inhumanity of the great Victorian is dispelled, so is that of his being *passé* in his thought. One long letter dealing with the philosophy and economic creed of the Society of St. George, which he founded, reveals that only in the more advanced circles in Russia have they attained to big ideas about money and its place, about service and its value. This man, who distributed his vast fortune and broke his great mind for the healing of the body social, comes to life again in these new letters. His quality as an artist is attested by half a dozen sketches from that careful pencil or brush; his quality as a man in nearly every utterance. Mr. Whitehouse, editing the letters, has appended a chart showing the principal events and writings of the time set against the chronology of Ruskin's own life and work; and so added something more to our debt. He has also given at the beginning of the letters for each year a bald biographical statement of the writer's activities; and at times we could wish that he had intruded a little more of his knowledge of Ruskin. But the volume serves most in sending us back to the other writings of this master, and in re-establishing him as the great man he was, by revealing both his greatness and his essential, pathetic manhood.

HORACE SHIPP.

LADY FRANCES BALFOUR.*

Lady Frances Balfour was advised by Dr. George Saintsbury and her sister-in-law, Lady Betty Balfour, to publish her reminiscences and, if it be not impertinent to say so of such competent authorities, the advice was good, for this work is of very great interest. That the publishers are enthusiastic is shown by the fact that they have presented it in what is really an édition de luxe—handsome binding, excellent paper, admirable type—and they have provided, what is all too rarely done, an index to *each* volume.

Lady Frances Balfour is the widow of Colonel Eustace Balfour, whom she married in 1879; and a younger daughter of the eighth Duke of Argyll (in his day an outstanding figure, well known for his studies in geology, ornithology and natural history), by his wife, Lady Elizabeth Gower, the eldest daughter of the second Duke of Sutherland. This is mentioned to show that she was indeed born with a silver spoon in her mouth—the silver spoon in this case, so far as her readers are concerned, being that, as a matter of fact, she has known everyone, gone everywhere, and has heard much secret social and political history. Let it at once be said that discretion is the author's strong note. Unlike so many who unbosom themselves of their memories for the edification of the present generation, she blackens no one's character, nor does she reveal aught that should not be made public. This reticence does not in the least detract from the fascination of the book, for in it there is so much first-hand knowledge of people and events, that it is no exaggeration to say there is not a dull page in it. The very names in the indices are a feast. Let me dip at haphazard: Matthew Arnold, Asquith, Balfour, Cromer, Beaconsfield, Garibaldi, Bradlaugh, Burne-Jones, Louis Napoleon, John Burns, Parnell, Gladstone, Lord Salisbury, Mrs. Humphry Ward. And, remember, Lady Frances is a practised writer, the author of biographies of Lady Victoria Campbell, Dr. MacGregor of St. Cuthbert's and, more recently, Lord Balfour of Burleigh; and she writes with an easy pen, a delightful absence of self-consciousness, and a delicious intimacy (naturally) about those who figure in her pages:

"Talking once with my brother Lorne about a Memoir which had been published, he said that, to him, it was spoilt by the obvious self-esteem of the author. At the time I thought it a severe judgment, particularly as coming from his own modest and unassuming character. Often have I thought of this conversation while writing these memoirs, because it is difficult to keep personality out, while the family motto, which I have chosen for my title, is the one I have tried faithfully to follow. What I have wished to record are the memories and, above all, the Hero landmarks which have marked life's highways."

Particularly interesting is Lady Frances Balfour's mention of our greatest living man of letters:

"These memoirs have been read by one of my oldest friends, Mr. George Saintsbury. Many of my letters are to him, and he has known me for more years than either of us like to remember. I thought it well to choose a master of literary criticism, who is besides a Tory Jacobite, a High Churchman, and one who has always viewed women as a 'monstrous regiment,' with exceptions that prove the rule. He has read these pages with a critical understanding, and has made allowances for their prejudices and passions. His verdict must stand: 'If they like you, they will like the memoirs. If otherwise, otherwise.'"

In this instance there is no "otherwise."

There is much that is interesting about General Gordon, who called on the Duke of Argyll in 1884. His Grace did not catch his name, but "the intense individuality of the man stamped itself on his memory and haunted his imagination, notably the arresting expression of his eyes—the eyes of a seer, most uncomfortable."

"They talk about Chinese Gordon being sent alone into the desert on a camel with £40,000 on him. But Chinese Gordon is not a man who tamely submits to be sent; had he wanted an escort, they must have given it to him. It is just like the man to go alone 'under the direct command of God.' His Grace laughs, and says a man who had the idea that he was divinely inspired was dangerous in ordinary life, but may be useful when alone on a camel, going to meet Arab tribes. If he is killed, the Conservatives will say the Government ought not to have regarded his inspired theories; and if he succeeds, the Government will take the credit. The *Pall Mall* and the Liberal Press agree that if Gordon is killed, the Government must resign, so strong is the feeling in the country. The *St. James's Gazette* was happy when it said that 'it was only left to the country to send Lord Roberts with a valet, and Wolseley with a maid-servant, to complete the work of England's best and noblest blood.'"

It is impossible within the limits of a brief review to do more than indicate the interest and charm of "Ne Obliviscaris."

LEWIS MELVILLE.

* "Ne Obliviscaris: Dinna Forget." By Lady Frances Balfour. 2 vols. 42s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

LIVELY MEMORIES.*

Hardly a reader of this book will refrain from commending it as one of those exceptional volumes whose authors have the great gift of making friends through the medium of the printed page. "Cold print" can sometimes be warm, personal, intimate, revealing; or it can be a barrier. It depends on the humanity, the zest, the humour of the author, this strange and irresistible comradeship; and Mr. Ashley Gibson has in full measure these rare qualities.

"Postscript to Adventure"—what a jolly title, by the way!—will appeal very strongly to the ordinary man or woman in search of what is vaguely termed "a good book," but it will also have a special attraction for a circle of journalists, artists, workers in the highways and by-ways of literature, who will find many backwaters of memory stirred by the author's stories and reminiscences. I write this with reason; for did I not live through five years of blissful free-lancing in quaint old Margaretta Terrace within hail of the "Six Bells"? and was not I also closely associated with the dear old *Academy* of blessed memories, conversing week by week with that brilliant pair, Lord Alfred Douglas and the late T. W. H. Crosland? And do not I also remember with affection Thomas of the *World*, always courteous, always ready to read, and if in any way possible to print, such matters as I wrote in those old, happy, far-off days? In just such a manner will "Gibby's" pictures of Fleet Street, of the Press Club, of Bohemia in the pre-war years appeal to many another who has walked

* "Postscript to Adventure." By Ashley Gibson. With portrait of author. 10s. 6d. (Dent.)

BOOKS TO BUY IN MARCH

Specially selected by the respective Publishers

in paths parallel to his own, if not always precisely coincident.

But the book is not concerned entirely with these fascinating glimpses of an eclipsed moon. To most readers perhaps the chapters telling of East Africa, of West Africa, of Ceylon, and of strange and thrilling experiences during the War, will mean more than those with London as theme —simply because they are unable to bring the key that fits that lock. All books depend for real understanding upon what the reader can supply from his own mind. Therefore those who have edited papers in the tropics, who have been half submerged in the porridge-like mud of trenches under shell-fire, who have explored the hinterlands bordering the Niger and Zambesi, who have suffered red tape and brass-hats impatiently, will find here some tremendous thrills—for Mr. Gibson has done all these things. And from them he has emerged with a sense of humour undamaged, with a touch of cynicism that stops short of bitterness, and with that gift of fine style in writing (so far removed from "fine writing" in the purple-passage sense), which some of us knew he possessed, as evident as ever it was in that memorable "Ceylon" which he gave us some years ago.

Several passages I had marked for possible quotation—innocently enough; but I have decided that to quote will be unfair. It would be too much like cutting a square inch out of a portrait as a sample of the artist's work, or playing a couple of isolated bars from a symphony. There are pages of fun; of humour; of comedy; and of tragedy not less real for the delicacy of the author's touch. Pages also, and often brief paragraphs, of description so neat, so "right," that the reader gains an impression of having seen the event—and he has actually seen it as through a glass, clearly: the unobscured mind of the author. The passage of the *Orama* through the Suez Canal, where "the path we rode was bright and illimitable in the taut beam of our searchlight"; the voyage from Beira to Delagoa Bay in a Portuguese steamer where, in the cabin allotted to the author, reclined a Portuguese major whose "slumber was not deep enough to disturb that which fondled his brass buttons with its antennæ"; the vivid sketches of the front line in France; the amusing encounters and episodes of London's night life before war changed it into a more strenuous and artificial affair—so I might go on mentioning "bits" that "please me mightily" and still fail to give a fair picture of the whole. Therefore obviously the only thing left for me to do is to advise all who value good work and who appreciate wit and wisdom and high entertainment, to read this book. By the time they have finished it they will have made a friend: one who has seen the hard as well as the pleasant side of life, and has proved the truth of that wisest of sayings—that life, after all, is to a great extent what you make it.

Wilfrid L. Randell.

THE MUSINGS OF M. CLEMENCEAU.*

One would have welcomed a frank communicative preface to the extraordinarily interesting volumes in which M. Clemenceau, on the brink of the grave, took stock of mankind and the whole universe—a preface telling us how he had contrived to get so immense a book written! Only his most intimate friends can have formed any idea of the magnitude of the venture on which he had embarked. At the age of eighty-six, with the vivacity and vigour of a quite young man, he poured forth for us the fruits of seventy years of wide study and deep reflection. Had he a serried array of notebooks to work from? Or should we acclaim in these two volumes an absolute miracle of memory?

To review such a book seriously in a couple of columns would be impossible for anyone, but it is a very easy book to review in desultory fashion because it is full to overflowing with noteworthy passages: pregnant thoughts, acute observations and criticisms, flights of fancy, bits of autobiography, epigrams, jests. While reading it I pencil-marked enough "cynical asperities" alone (as Dr. Johnson would have called them) to fill half a dozen of these columns entertainingly. Yet the general tone is by no means cynical. It is stoic, rather. Gratefully, cheerfully stoic. M. Clemenceau had no illusions about life, but he was glad to have lived and he bade all others be of good heart. He was of course definitely anti-Christian. "Have we not been told," he asked, "that we are but dust and that to dust we shall return?" These words, he contended, do "not too well accord with the joys of paradise and the pains of hell." Better so! "All in all, is it not possible for us to remain merely good children of the earth, without other ambition than that of making the most of ourselves in the terrestrial condition from which we cannot escape?"

The autobiographical bits remind us what a traveller M. Clemenceau had been. They transport us all over the world from Ceylon, where he noted that the French missions "have no appreciable effect in spreading the French tongue," and Bombay, where he admired the "cultivated and urbane Parsees" (of whose sun-worship he has much to tell), to Buenos Ayres, where an English lady, "connected with the diplomatic corps," was so shocked and angered by a lecture of his that she declared he "ought to be publicly whipped"! Now and again we are given glimpses of his life *en province*, in his retreat by the sea. "These are my thoughts," he says in one place, "as, buffeted by the wind, I wander like a restless sea-bird among the hollows of the sand-dunes." One feels that his happiest days were spent in that remote retreat of his. Here in a little rhapsody which deserves, I think, to be reproduced in full. It is very typical—M. Clemenceau allows himself many such digressions from the main line of his thought:

"Haunted by imperious questions and uncertain answers, I sometimes seek solace from the silent enchantments of the great forest of liveoaks that the jealous ocean has guarded from the intrusive public. In the soft sparkling light, a fine bright rain of sunbeams sift through the shrivelled leaves, and caresses the ghostly trunks that stretch out knotty arms. The woods are suffused with the charm of early morn filtering into the clearings, while gleams of every tint of white on the distant crest of the waves, wherever the sun breaks through the clouds, form the background of the wild rugged vista. Shadowy trails wander away under the ferns, and impart a new life to the tawny tapestry of the pines, with their trunks of violet, scale-like bark. Here a world complete in itself, without gesture and without voice awaits the human drama. What better setting could the fancy of a dreamer ask?"

And the dreamer proceeds to fancy this woodland peopled by the creations of Shakespeare—by Hamlet and Yorick, Montagus and Capulets, Bottom and Titania and Queen Mab!

Frederic Whyte.

* "In the Evening of My Thought." By Georges Clemenceau. Translated by Charles Miner Thompson and John Heard junior. 2 vols. 30s. (Constable.)

CLEMENCEAU.*

Sympathy for the number of good writers who are busying themselves just now with books *about* Clemenceau will be the first consideration inspired in M. Martet's English readers. However excellent, their portraits must remain insipid beside that which *is* Clemenceau, a quite terrifyingly alive Tiger, "burning bright" just like Blake's. As biographer, M. Martet has served his old chief better than Boswell served the Doctor, for in the mass of material which these recorded conversations represent the chaff (if there ever was any chaff) has been winnowed away, every point tells, and on every page there are a dozen of them. What emerges is a convincing and absolutely complete portrait, a "speaking" likeness if ever there was one.

* "Clemenceau: The Events of His Life as Told by Himself to His Former Secretary, Jean Martet." Translated by Milton Waldman. Illustrated. 25s. (Longmans.)

Sidelights on the War abound here of course. More than one secret of the first magnitude is revealed. " During the final German offensive I was afraid; I was doubtful of him (Foch). I used to make it a rule not to meddle in military operations, but in certain cases I say to hell with rules—the country before everything. I therefore went to see Pétain. I asked him, 'Well, what is your conclusion about Foch?' And Pétain answered, 'I've seen his plans—there's nothing more to say.' So I let him go on. The Chamber demanded his head. I defended him." Elsewhere, Clemenceau reveals that in the dark days of March, 1918, England asked him which he wanted to defend, Paris or Calais? "I answered 'Calais'." Foch he did not like—" You see, Martet, all the shabby little tricks he played upon me "—yet he backed him up—" If it had to be done again, even knowing what I had to expect from Foch, I should choose him again." He pays repeatedly the fairest of tributes to England's share in the victory, yet in retrospect his comment is that we have begun to show "a kind of weakening, of lassitude. . . . What can you expect? Their history goes back such a long way. . . . The English to-day are less enterprising than those of a hundred years ago. Some virtue is going out of them." He seems not to approve of modern women. "They wear skirts nowadays which come above their knees and change them four times a day. My poor mother probably only had two dresses and they fell to her feet, which did not prevent her from bringing up six children properly. . . . I should never have been able to marry a woman doctor."

These conversations reveal how astonishingly wide were Clemenceau's interests and enthusiasms. This ex-doctor and journalist, this wrecker of dynasties and governments and saviour of his country, found time somehow for devotion to scholarship, a passionate interest in all the arts, and in his eighty-fifth year is found not only talking but writing about Monet, about Phidias, Praxiteles, and the glory that was Greece, discussing prehistoric flints and the foibles of Hebrew financiers, Maurois and his Colonel Bramble, the flowers in his own garden, and the English Royal family—" All worthy people, what do you expect? They do their job as best they can." In talk he lets nothing go by him, his reactions even to trivialities are like sparks from an anvil, nor are any bounds set to his audacities.

A. G.

TWO POETS.*

It is not perversity or mere convenience which makes me couple these books. As I read first Mr. Eliot's and then Dr. Saito's, I was confronted with the problem—is it as hard for a modern man, who is not a Catholic or a theologian, to understand Dante as it would be, one would think, for a Japanese, even as learned and sensitive as Dr. Saito, to understand Keats? Mr. Eliot, who is certainly modern and, though not a Papist, Catholic in his convictions and sympathies, evidently believes that it is hard to appreciate Dante. He claims high honours for him, honours which most English readers will be unwilling to give: "the most universal of poets in the modern languages," though not so comprehensive as Shakespeare. Dante's "Commedia" is one of those poems "which can only just hope to grow up at the end of life." I am myself of Mr. Eliot's opinion in this matter of the position of Dante; but I cannot help debating how far my opinion is governed by my general agreement—both "philosophical assent and poetic belief," as Mr. Eliot puts it—with the thought of Dante. Is it not possible that, were their philosophies to come back to acceptance, as Dante's in a measure has to the modern world, Milton's "Paradise Lost" or even Spenser's "Faerie Queene" would seem poems as universal as the "Commedia" and of immediate significance to the modern mind? For, much as we may admire great ancient poetry, we are at times

* "Dante." By T. S. Eliot. 3s. 6d. (Faber & Faber.)—"Keats's View of Poetry." By Takeshi Saito. 6s. (Cobden-Sanderson.)

checked in our admiration by its lack of immediate significance to ourselves. We can, for instance, find in the Iliad a spiritual message; but are we sure we have not put it there? This is not true of Æschylus, nor for some of Euripides; but there are not many to-day, to take an obvious instance, who can think of Sophocles as Matthew Arnold thought of him, a kind of Athenian Goethe; and for Goethe most modern men, unless they are Germans, have a positive distaste. All of which goes, I think, to show that at the moment we must be very chary of underestimating the strong personal element in all our literary judgments. It is the penalty for our so recent enjoyment of a kind of criticism which may have begun as the adventures of a soul, but has ended as the mere impertinences of caprice. Mr. Eliot's critical work is in comforting revolt against the school of mere personal chat; and the essay on Dante should do much to make those who are out of sympathy with the thought that made the poem appreciate some at least of its qualities.

Glad as I am for Mr. Blunden's delightful introduction to Dr. Saito's essay, I must warn readers that this essay is not of the kind which needs a bush. I have found the reading of it a most enchanting experience. To be shown by a foreigner the beauties of a place or a country that one believes one knows very well is, if one is receptive, a very enlightening occurrence. For the old beauties seen from another background by a man with a different set of æsthetic standards, with different memories, with different canons of comparison, and with different canons of criticism—the old beauties then take on a new and unexpected splendour. Dr. Saito not only knows his Keats most thoroughly, he knows the literature about Keats; he has read with enviable industry old and recent books on the poet, and he quotes from nothing without making some happy comment of his own, or so felicitous a use of his citation that it is in itself a criticism.

R. ELLIS ROBERTS.

Novel Notes.

MOORLAND TERROR. By Hugh Broadbridge. 7s. 6d. (Thornton Butterworth.)

There is perhaps nothing quite so terrifying as madness, and Mr. Broadbridge uses it to good effect in this story of the Cornish moors. Professor Kingsbury and his charming niece lived tranquil, happy lives, the professor looking after the birds and securing a sanctuary for them; the niece looking after the professor, who was as absent-minded as a professor ought to be. Then a most objectionable neighbour came on the scene, shot the birds which the old man loved so dearly, and soon proved himself to be a shooting maniac. A wild man at large on the moor with a gun is calculated to breed fear in anybody, and an eerie dread haunts the latter half of the book, relieved by the pleasant contrast of a love romance. The story is an unusual one, thrillingly exciting, yet with the freshness of the open air about it.



Portrait by Langfier.

Mr. Hugh Broadbridge.

STRENGTH OF THE SPIRIT. By Leonora Eyles. 7s. 6d. (Constable.)

The psychic, the uncanny—they lure us into wild hopes and dreams and, in the hands of such a competent, imaginative artist as Mrs. Leonora Eyles, can form the subject-matter of arresting fiction. She uses them to full advantage in "Strength of the Spirit," which concerns the investigations into spiritualism of a young woman journalist. Flail, editor of the *Sunday Criterion*, is a man of unusual personality who, having exposed a notorious blackguard in previous years and caused his suicide, now finds himself persecuted by the man's spirit, or one who impersonates him. It is the aim of this evil force to take possession of Flail's body, and Mrs. Eyles works up a weird, thrilling contest between the human and immaterial forces. Incidentally Helen Kent meets various spiritualists, hears and takes part in discussions on psychic matters, lives mentally in the past and future, while her everyday life is divided between her work, her illegitimate child and a bewildering romance. The characters are ably drawn, and the book is obviously the work of one who has studied deeply and sympathetically a subject that she handles with considerable power and sensitiveness.

MRS. CLUTTERBUCK LAUGHS. By Guy Pocock. 7s. 6d. (Dent.)

Mrs. Clutterbuck laughs, and in her praise may it be said that the reader laughs with her. Of wisdom she has little, but of wit she has much, and her humour is tinged with that shade of malice at her neighbour's expense which, except from the few kind souls among us, will always raise a laugh. It is a very human story that Mr. Pocock relates—the petty jealousies, the amorous fancies and the social gaieties of a typical small village, where each and all know the other's affairs fairly intimately. In his characterisation of Dr. Rally the author gets nearer to the bedrock of human emotions. The Doctor has sympathy and discernment. He has suffered himself and he understands the unspoken tragedy in the lives of others; but of course in a battle with Mrs. Clutterbuck he fails, realising his own failure. Who could stand up against the almost Rabelaisian bonhomie of unbridled laughter? Even through his failure, however, the reader can realise that there are two sides to a question, as there are to a man's personality. As a philosophy of life the book is healthy, the hardy east wind that kills where it cannot cure, and as a novel it is good fun.

DEAD MAN'S QUARRY. By Ianthe Jerrold. 7s. 6d. (Chapman & Hall.)

Miss Jerrold is so much of the true artist that while she never allows your interest in her intricate plot to flag, she keeps you intensely interested also in the various people whose fates are touched by the discovery of a dead man in a disused quarry in Radnorshire. Her characters are very much alive; one feels they have existence outside this grim murder story; that they will go on when the tragedy of a summer bicycling holiday has been forgotten by even those most closely affected. There were six in the party—including the not very likeable young man doomed to sudden death in the quarry; and it was he, the sixth, who lingered behind at the top of Rodland Hill, and was never again seen alive by any of his five companions. A stranger to them and to England—supposed to have been out of it for fifteen years—he had just returned to claim a title and estate, and had already contrived to make himself unpopular with sundry acquaintances and dependents. More than one person had a good enough reason for killing him, and suspicion falls first on one, then another, till the whole history of his past is unravelled and an exceedingly clever mystery ingeniously cleared up. The story, style of writing and especially the character studies, place this book high above the level of ordinary detective fiction.

OUT OF THE SWIM. By G. B. Burgin. 7s. 6d. (Hutchinson.)

Mr. Burgin dedicates this, his ninety-ninth book, to himself, "because there is no author in whose career I take so great and personal an interest." And he has paid himself

the compliment of dedicating to himself one of the best books he has written of recent years. There are vitality and humour in his story of a young man, defrauded by a tricky lawyer, and driven to poverty-stricken surroundings in "Moberly's Muddles," a block of dwellings near the Tower of London. Many odd characters are among his neighbours, and some of them, such as Mr. Montgomery Prout, have the true Dickensian touch. But Mr. Burgin's optimism does not blind him to the pathos and heroism also found where poverty has its home. For the unfortunate Captain Harley L'Estrange adventures lurk in that somewhat cheerless environment, and romance is waiting just round the corner. The book from first to last makes most enjoyable reading, and is brimful of youthful hope and faith in mankind—a singular contrast to the sophisticated fiction turned out by the young of this generation.

GENESTA. By Aceituna Griffin. 7s. 6d. (John Murray.)

Mrs. Griffin, the clever authoress of what is, in spite of some defects, a decidedly clever book, is already known to readers by her previous novels, "Pearl and Plain" and "Amber and Jade." That the present story is a decided advance on those two works will we think be agreed. For it possesses no little originality of plot, and there is characterisation in it which shows that the writer is a close observer and possesses the gift of weaving a tale which is at once arresting and suggestive. It is, we believe, generally supposed to be the duty of a critic to find fault and let the reader discover excellences. Now fault can (and is) found with nearly every product of human activity; and we take it to be a better method to show where praise can properly be bestowed. Thus we find the figure of Genesta herself not merely a lovable one, but one which seems to us to be notably original in conception. That others figuring in the book are not so sympathetic is merely because, as in life itself, the world is not made up of unusual or pleasant types. Gerald and Nicholette (you will know all about them when you have read the book, which we recommend you to do) are frankly objectionable for different reasons, although the reason that makes them most so is one that they have in common. The main theme of the book, of the plot of which we think it unfair to reveal more than this, is the disastrous effect which the access of sudden wealth has on certain not too well balanced natures, and this theme is worked out cleverly and well. In these days when we have become the victims of innumerable novels dealing with horrors or fraught with indecency, it is pleasant to be able to take up a story without either characteristic being obtruded on one; and Mrs. Griffin shows in her last book that it is possible to produce an absorbing tale without having recourse to matters which are only fit for the sergeants' mess or the dissecting-room.

THE RED NAPOLEON. By Floyd Gibbons. 7s. 6d. (Brentanos.)

One thing is certain: when a quick, imaginative, well-informed brain gets hold of the idea of picturing the next great war—such a brain as that of Mr. Floyd Gibbons for instance—the results are sure to make the reader "sit up." Here we have a really tremendous drama, about Karakhan of Kazan, a being born (supposed to be born) on the slopes of the Urals in 1900, a boy who was later to unfurl the banner of race equality and to carry his conquests around the world, and to become Commander-in-Chief of the Red and Asiatic armies—in fact a world figure. (But ought he to manicure?) What is the plot? It rests on the idea that the rule of the white man must be ended, and that all races should be put into the melting pot, so that only one race should emerge at last. So Karakhan invades America in order to kill white men, and to capture white women. Imagine this theme, enormous and ruthless, recklessly and splendidly treated by the great war correspondent. It is rather disagreeable, very well worked out, and of course extraordinarily thrilling, and we believe the author gave ten years' labour to collecting his material. "The Red Napoleon" will not easily be forgotten.

A PAINTED CLOTH. By Guy Chapman. 7s. 6d. (Cassell.)

A satire that at times sparkles with keen interpretation and at times merely with mercurial vigour, enlivens the large, crowded canvas of "A Painted Cloth," a remarkably good effort for a first novel. Mr. Chapman attacks the modern shibboleth of "We must be successful at all costs," in fiery denunciation of a publishing house's sale of its standards through the steady output of cheap literature. It is no war novel, though war is introduced in colours of blood-red and dun; it is no book of post-war times, although conceived in part in the tarnished gilding of hopes misplaced; it is more properly a heterogeneous mixture of life-lines diverging and intercepting round the romance and deterioration of modern publishing. One of the best pieces of characterisation in the whole writing is the figure of Horatio Quarles, the reader for the house of Ord, with his quaint prejudices; and he unfortunately appears only too seldom. The author has gone to the English music-halls for his Scotsmen.

SUGAR IN THE FLAME. By Edith Nepean. 7s. 6d. (Stanley Paul.)

Meirel Martyn's extraordinary resemblance to her brother, and her habit of dressing in his old clothes and running wild on the coast of the Irish Sea in the neighbourhood of her father's Welsh estate, involved her in difficulties from which she could not extricate herself without getting her brother into trouble. But it also brought her high romance, as Mrs. Edith Nepean shows in this sensational story of love and passion. It is a story that will please all who like a blending of thrill and sentiment, and are not too exacting regarding probabilities.

THE W PLAN. By Graham Seton. 7s. 6d. (Thornton Butterworth.)

Lieutenant-Colonel Graham Seton, who prefers a shorter writing name, distinguished himself by the most reckless bravery during the Great War. A military march, "The Mad Major," was dedicated to him. He has written one of the two best Secret Service stories of the great struggle, the other being "Bretherton." "The W Plan" has more circumstantiality. It deals with a German project to mine six miles under the strategical centres of the British front, and then take our army in the rear. The first hint of the plan comes when a clever officer hears the dying German prisoner, Major Ulrich Muller, raving about "the inverted M breach." The Commander-in-Chief calls in Colonel Duncan Grant, and instructs him to assume the dead German's uniform and personality prior to being deposited by aeroplane within the enemy lines. This is the beginning of a marvellous chronicle of searches and dangers. Colonel Grant has to obtain the confidence and affection of the dead officer's old mother (he goes to her as the friend of her son). He has to suborn his German sweetheart, Rosa, to betray her country. He has to kill in cold blood a harmless young German soldier. Things like these Secret Service men have to do for their country.

REGENCY WINDOWS. By David Emerson. 7s. 6d. (Sampson Low).

If this is a first novel—the name of the author is not known to us—one is tempted to say with some confidence that Mr. David Emerson is a new novelist who is going to "arrive" before he is much older. He knows how to write, and how to tell a story; he has imagination, a virile, attractive style—the gifts in short that a novelist needs if he is to do his work well and make a popular appeal. "Regency Windows" is steeped in the atmosphere of the eighteenth century, the political and social life of the period; the characters are alive and drawn very ably—in particular the dissipated Sir Coniston Langley and his clever, pretty, ambitious and unscrupulous wife. They and their family, their friends; or more especially hers; and the lively, lax, fashionable circles in which she lives and intrigues are sketched with a light hand and with a shrewd understanding of human nature. A picturesque romance of the days of the Regency which we recommend alike for the interest of the story and the skill with which it is written.

The Bookman's Table.

WHAT IF HE CAME? By Garfield Hodder Williams. 3s. 6d. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

There must be something strangely wrong with the world when everybody who sits down to imagine what would happen here if Christ were to return is forced to the conclusion that His teachings would not be altogether in harmony with those of His own Churches, and that He would not long be welcome to more than a small minority even in Christian communities. The Dean of Llandaff has told the story of such a Second Coming, in, "What If He Came?" and told it with a quiet candour, an understanding of human character, a sense of its drama and of the poignancy of its final tragedy that hold the reader's interest and leave him impressed with the spiritual significance of it all. The Great Teacher arrives at the busy little town of Porth Llanfair, in Wales; he gathers disciples about Him, preaches to the people, heals the sick, and powerfully moves the multitude by His compelling personality, His human kindness, the beautiful simplicity and truth of His teaching; but there are many who object to His unorthodoxies, are jealous of His influence, and are not so ready to receive Him. He travels from place to place and at length comes to London, there to go through envy, misrepresentation and betrayal to the end. A scene at the close suggests that the whole story is part of a man's dream, and the Dean writes of it in a foreword as "a meditation on the Gospel of St. Mark, taking the form of an imaginative reconstruction in terms of to-day of the words and scenes described in that Gospel." It is anyhow a vivid narrative that resolves itself into the testimony of one who has faced the religious problems of the time with breadth of vision and courageously, and it will make a strong appeal to the increasing number of thoughtful folk who believe there is no way of happiness for the world except that which takes it back to the ancient simplicities and sanctities of the Christian faith.

DORIA'S RING AND GALLIPOLI. By A. D. Russell and Jacqueline Stoer. (Burns, Oates & Washbourne.)

Of the two poems contained in this volume the first and longest is a collaboration, an unusual and surely a difficult thing in poetry. It relates, in a measure strongly reminiscent of "Christabel," a romantic episode in the life of the heroic Andrea Doria, saviour of Genoa and champion of Christendom against the great Turkish corsair Barbarossa, and the long and unhappy consequences of that episode. It is written with no little vigour and contains passages of undoubted beauty, but the authors are too facile. They lack restraint and the sovereign gift of style, and are too easily content with dead phrases and insignificant words. The same faults are to be found in "Gallipoli," which is the work of A. D. Russell alone and relates the "authenticated facts of a miracle" wrought in 1910 at the Carmel of Gallipoli in Italy by Saint Teresa of Lisieux, who was born in 1873, died in 1897 and was canonised in 1925. The pious intention of this piece places it beyond ordinary criticism, but one cannot help feeling that the choice of metre for it—that made famous and even notorious by Swinburne in "Dolores"—was in spite of the author's elaborate defence, a very unwise one. It is difficult now to read any poem in that metre, except Swinburne's own, other than as a parody of Swinburne, and it must be confessed that such lines as

> "The rents of our foundress' endowing
> Are gone in repairs and arrears"

do little to dispel that feeling.

THE VOCATION OF ALOYSIUS GONZAGA. By C. C. Martindale, S.J. Abridged edition. 3s. 6d. (Sheed & Ward.)

In June, 1725, Pope Benedict XIII proclaimed Aloysius patron of all Jesuit schools, and a few years later he was

declared special patron of all students throughout the world. The present Pope has left no doubt at all, by many allusions, that he wills that Aloysius should be regarded as uniquely powerful on behalf of young men and boys, and as their quite special patron. One need not be a Roman Catholic in order to enjoy this beautiful, thoughtful and enthusiastic biography by Father Martindale. He describes eloquently the sort of world in which the boy grew up—he was born in 1568 into a distracted Europe, at Castiglione, and early prayed with care, refusing a cushion for his knees. The course of his strange, wonderful life is traced here with charm and ability.

THE PRINCE. By Niccolo Machiavelli. Translated by Edward Dacres (1640). With an Introduction by W. E. C. Baynes. 10s. 6d. (De La More Press.)

This new edition of one of the most famous of treatises on the art of government makes a handsome book, and its comeliness is enhanced by a fine photogravure reproduction of a portrait of its author attributed (the great Dr. Bode thought wrongly) to Santi di Tito and lately bought for the Uffizi Gallery. The time has long gone by when Machiavelli was regarded merely as an outstanding example of moral turpitude, and in speaking of him the most emphatic accent was placed on the first syllable of his Christian name. He is recognised as the father of the modern science of politics, "inasmuch," says Mr. Baynes in his excellent introduction, "as he was the first to analyse various forms of government that had existed and to inquire how they had worked in practice." Mr. Baynes places "The Prince" against the background of its age, and relates its principles to the standards and the needs of that age. He also touches on Machiavelli's later influence. "How far," he asks, "have his rules of conduct been adopted with success by such modern creators of new states as Bismarck, Lenin and Signor Mussolini?" At a moment when some form of dictatorship has many advocates in England, this edition has almost a topical interest.

MORE CRACKS WITH "WE TWA." By the Marquis and Marchioness of Aberdeen and Temair. With 38 illustrations. 15s. (Methuen.)

Those who remember "We Twa," published some years ago and deservedly very successful, will be delighted to find that the authors have now issued a companion volume of random reminiscences. The subjects dealt with by the Marquis and Marchioness of Aberdeen extend in time from the seventies to their golden wedding in 1927, and cover a large variety of interests, mainly of a more or less serious nature—to which latter, however, an effective counterblast has been supplied in a number of humorous anecdotes told with point and wit. This is an agreeable and attractive volume which deserves as general a reading as its predecessor.

SAYS SERGEANT MURPHY. By A. P. Garland. 6s. (Arnold.)

What does he not say? He discusses Cruelty in Sport, Humility, Scaremongers, The Flapper Voter and many other things. The book is merry and witty and the very present for the heavy-hearted, especially if the depressed one be of the male sex! All men will like Murphy. Don't we sympathise with him in most of his grievances? If only, he sighs, the L.C.C. would have every public statue in London "thried for its life every five years, be a grand jury of the unforchinit citizens who have to work every day in the vicinity of it," we should see "the divil's own dhrop in the price of material for crazy pavements." His opinion of reviewers is arresting. "They're mostly beyond middle age, respectable, thrustworthy married men, addicted to bulb rearin', and gettin' foreign stations on their four-valve sets. They've no thruck with the modern school, and would as soon think of bringin' a live snake home as wan of them books." Excellent. True also.

Books of the Month.

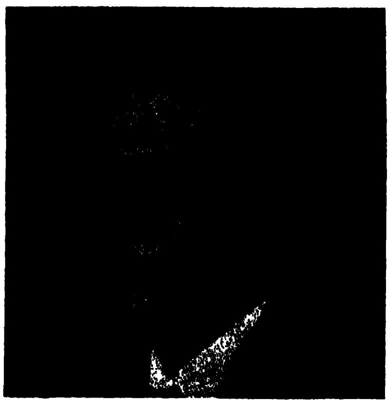
From January 15th to February 15th.

(Books reviewed in this Number are not included in list.)

Both for its vivid pictures of the life and customs of the Navajo Indians and for its story of the young Navajo who gives his name to the book and of the strange, alluring Slim Girl whom he marries, **LAUGHING BOY**, by Oliver Le Farge (7s. 6d.; Constable) is a remarkable book. With all her faults, Slim Girl has perhaps a better right than Tess to be called "a pure woman." It is a story of great power, deeply poignant in its later developments, finely imaginative and touched with beauty of thought and of feeling.

Mr. Donald Maxwell has claimed various titles for himself from time to time. Not long ago it was that of highwayman, and now comes **A DETECTIVE IN KENT** (6s.; Bodley Head). If sometimes a vivid imagination is apt to run away with him, he sleuths here to excellent purpose. By means of close observation and indefatigable research he traces the old Kentish coast-line and the history of various place-names, out of which he constructs realistic pictures of long-past features and industries. The simile of the title is well maintained, and the reader quickly catches the author's infectious enthusiasm. Many local legends too are tracked down in a manner which adds considerable spice to the adventure. Numerous maps and pictures are included, the latter in our opinion reflecting some of his most careful and attractive work.

Alfred Sternbeck's **FILIBUSTERS AND BUCCANEERS** was first published in German in 1928, and now appears in an English translation by Elizabeth Hill and Doris Mudie (12s. 6d.; Methuen). These stories of sixteenth and seventeenth century adventurers carry the full flavour of hazard, intrigue, speculation, treasure trove, keen disappointment and overwhelming good fortune, but it is our indebtedness to them as naval pioneers, rather than a further embellishment of the romantic element, that has inspired them. Drake, Clifford, Captain Kidd (with whom originated Edgar Allan Poe's "Gold Bug"), Captain Roberts, not forgetting the two female pirates, Ann Bonny and Mary Read, and many another, are old familiars, but this different aspect gives a fillip to our allegiance. Very interesting too are the numerous illustrations taken from contemporary pictures.



Mr. A. E. Yarra,
whose new novel, "The Vanishing Horsemen," Messrs. Selwyn & Blount are publishing.

For a guardian who stood "rather wistfully between a generation whose principles are demonstrably wrong, and a younger generation which seems to have no principles whatever," it was a somewhat delicate task to be responsible for such a modern young minx as **DORINDA DARLING** (7s. 6d.; Herbert Jenkins). With an amazing fund of humour and sparkling repartee, Mr. A. A. Thomson recounts the escapades which spared no one who came within the radius of this live wire. Bishops, millionaires, aunts, etc., all were good targets for her irresistible roguishness. An infectious gaiety runs right through to Dorinda's final and overwhelming victory.

During a chance meeting in a London hotel, the threads are steadily picked up which lead to the unravelling of the mystery surrounding a stranded schooner and some valuable pearls. The scene soon shifts to Mr. Ottwell Binns's familiar haunts, the South Seas, and in **THE SECRET PEARLS** (7s. 6d.; Ward, Lock), in his wonted colourful vein, he hunts out the truth of the many conflicting versions of the story. Intrigue, adventure and misunderstanding are kept at high pitch until the facts gradually emerge, while a charming romance is allowed to percolate, giving just the necessary rounded-off-ness to an excellent yarn.

"A couple about six feet by four; half a dozen at three feet square apiece, and a large one—family group or something of that kind—long-shaped—thirteen feet by nine." Thus ran the order for the family background, the lack of which proved such a vital obstacle to the establishment of the Halybots in the ducal mansion they coveted. In **ANCESTORS** (7s. 6d.; Cassell) Mr. Lennox Dryden depicts the predicaments of this ambitious pair in their efforts to found a "family" for their son and two daughters. With the help of Lady Barbara Burlington, in a somewhat ambiguous capacity, the old Jewish antique dealer and various others, they eventually succeed in merging into the de Haileybottes, complete with ancestral portraits and all the usual accompaniments, without losing however one whit of their own quaint originality. The whole story is a delightful riot of imagination, where the improbability is well smoothed down by its geniality.

There is nothing superficial about Martha Ostenso's work. It is clear and decisive, nor is it lacking in the polish that gives the trivial as well as the more outstanding features that real sense of finish. In **THE YOUNG MAY MOON** (7s. 6d.; Thornton Butterworth) a slowly gnawing remorse works its pitiless way through two lives, that of a young widow and her husband's great friend, who alone shared her secret, whilst round them hovers the grim, gaunt figure of the mother-in-law. The struggle is a formidable one, only increased by the cramping antipathy of the neighbours, but it is tempered with much that is delicate and charming, and wins through eventually to peace of mind and happiness. Out of the many faceted life in a small American town Miss Ostenso has produced a very human and tender picture.

In **DIFFICULT WOMEN**, by Katharine Brush (7s. 6d.; Cassell), which has a strong flavour of New York, we are told of eleven difficult women, each with a difficulty peculiar to herself. There is for instance the bride who finds out the day before her marriage that the best man is the only man she can ever love; and there is the ridiculous mother of forty who lies in bed and makes her daughter support her. We have a tragic "Gaudy Lady" who secretly keeps a disreputable night club that she may give her son great chances in life, and then comes a silly little girl who hitches her wagon to a star—and has to run behind. Some of the stories are just amusing, all are inspired with character and sentiment. The cleverest story is perhaps "Night Club," in which the ladies' dressing-room forms the background for glimpses into the lives of those who come and go.

With a delightful compound of vivid imagery, sympathy and faithfulness to historical facts, Lady Kitty Vincent gives yet another angle of the '45 Rebellion in **THE FIERY CROSS** (7s. 6d.; Herbert Jenkins). The fluctuating atmosphere is admirably realised. The Prince, with his gallantry, charm and vacillating ways, is frequently glimpsed, but the story is more closely concerned with the Jacobite women of varying degrees, with their courage, winsomeness and sacrifice, while reverting from time to time to their menfolk and the more definite scenes of action. From the Prince's landing down to the tragic days following Culloden, all the well-known happenings are ranged chiefly in relation to the imaginary figures of Ronald Ogilvy and his charming wife Mairi. It is a glowing book, vivid scenes stand out by sheer force of descriptive power, the battle of Culloden in particular, while the canine personality of Angus is bound to win admirers everywhere.

ART

STUDIO.—Masters of Etching: Arthur Briscoe. Introduction by Malcolm C. Salaman. 5s.—Masters of the Colour Print: Bresslera Roth. 5s.

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CHAPMAN & HALL.—Degenerate Oxford. Terence Greenidge. 7s. 6d.
HOGARTH PRESS.—The Course of English Classicism. Sherard Vines. 3s. 6d.
LIBRARY REVIEW (Dunfermline).—Golden Journeys. George Pratt Insh. 1s.
METHUEN.—Conviction of Survival. Sir Oliver Lodge.
OXFORD PRESS.—The Principles of English Verse. Charlton Miner Lewis. 7s.—Poetry at Present. Charles Williams. 7s. 6d.

FICTION

(*Price 7s. 6d. each, except where otherwise indicated.*)

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ALLEN & UNWIN.—No Man's Land. Vernon Bartlett.—The Maurizius Case. Jacob Wasserman. 10s.
BRENTANOS.—Cora Potts. Ward Greene.
THORNTON BUTTERWORTH.—Then There's Cripple Creek. Ben Lucien Burman.—The Intruder. Victor Blasco Ibañez.
JONATHAN CAPE.—Tantalus. Jo Van Ammers-Kuller.
CASSELL.—The Trailing of the Picaroon. Herman Landon.—En Garde! Samuel Morse.—Blair's Attic. Joseph C. Lincoln and Freeman Lincoln.—Ancestors. Lennox Dryden.—Moulded in Sand. R. Scotland Liddell.—Some Other Beauty. I. A. R. Wylie.
CHAPMAN & HALL.—Molten Ember. John Lindsey. Mystery Island. Palmer White.—Troubadour. Rupert Croft-Cooke.—Olwen Growing. Edith Rickert.—The Crooked Eye. Katharine Virden.—Fantoccini. Countess Barcynska.
CHATTO & WINDUS.—Down in the Valley. H. W. Freeman.—Five Sisters. Violet Kazarine.
COLLINS.—The Last of Mrs. Cheyney. Denys G. Herriot.—Incense and Sweet Cane. E. Wynne Tyson.
CONSTABLE.—The Weatherhouse. Nan Shepherd.—Laughing Boy. Oliver La Farge.—The Beguiling Shore. Dr. F. Gardiner.—Strangers and Lovers. Edwin Granberry.
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LIBRARY OF CONGRESS (Washington, U.S.A.).—Report of the Librarian of Congress. For the Fiscal Year ending June 30th, 1929.

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POETRY

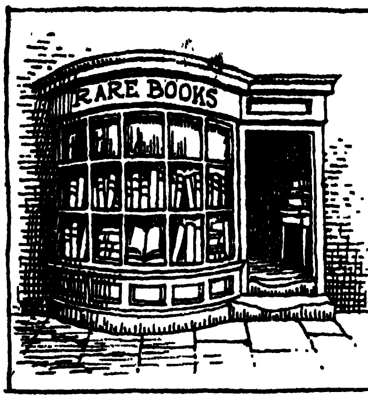
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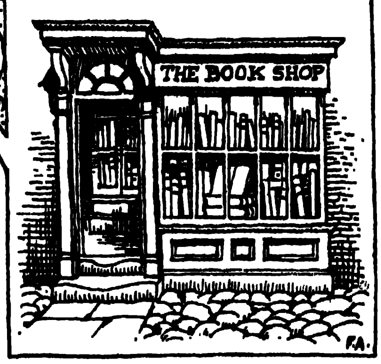
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The COLLECTOR

"Let not the collector, therefore, ever, unless in some urgent and necessary circumstances, part with any of his treasures."—BURTON



PUBLIC OPINION.

ONE of the pleasing experiences of an editor is to receive appreciation from his readers for a new plan. He has always a measure of anxiety in his mind when he embarks upon a fresh development, for in doing so, he invites criticism, and usually this is forthcoming. We have every reason for saying that the decision to add this "Collector" section to THE BOOKMAN has been more than justified. From all sides there has come to us, by word and by letter, approval for the new feature. It has proved to us, what we had already believed, that there was not only room for such a fresh section, but that it would be welcomed not only by collectors, but by our readers in general. We are glad indeed that "The Collector" has been welcomed both for its interest and for its real practical value. Our attitude to book-collecting combines that of those who feel the inestimable joys which come to a collector, whether his or her collecting be on a small or a large scale, and that of those who buy books for the sheer pleasure of reading them, as well as for their economic value. There is, we think, in such an attitude, a balanced view. We see no reason at all why a person should not both love a book for its literary value, and have at the same time a keen interest in its money value. We make bold to say that no real book-lover can, or ever will—remembering Burton's saying—turn over his books in the twinkling of an eye, and readily part with them for profit. It goes hard with the soul of those who have a high regard for books to dispose of them. That is our gospel. We look forward to the development of "The Collector" in the months ahead, as a means of adding to our own knowledge and delight, as well as to the entertainment and help that we believe will come from it to our readers. There is, happily, evidence that this is going to be so in the kindly words that have already reached us from many of them.



Portrait by E. O. Hoppé. **Mr A. A. Milne**

LIMITED EDITIONS.

Of recent years the limited edition market has been developed to an astonishing extent. A year or two since it seemed that it was being overdone; in fact, we would say it was definitely overcrowded with limited editions of almost every conceivable kind of book, irrespective of the normal expected demand, or the standing of the author of the book concerned. These too-many limited editions made their way for a time among those people who thought that any and all limited editions must have both a literary and a commercial value. But as time passed, this particular section of the public became a trifle suspicious, and many limited editions failed to achieve the necessary success. Many of them were, and still are worth while. We have even purchased certain volumes, by assuredly famous authors of no mean literary ability, which can now be bought at about half the price at which they were issued! Here again then is a similar situation to that which applies to stocks and shares. A new gilt-edged security is offered at £100 par, and there are many who, for fear of not being allotted the amount of their application, at once subscribe. After the date of issue it often happens that the particular share may be bought in the open market at a discount. And this is what has happened to us with certain limited editions—and probably to many others.

The situation to-day in regard to limited editions is very different. There is more caution in the making of such editions, and as a rule it is only the author with an assured literary market that is so honoured. Again, in the past, these limited editions comprised too many copies. This, in itself, was farcical. Limited editions for collectors should be limited. Five hundred copies, printed on hand-made paper, in larger form, and signed by the author, and by the artist if there are illustrations, and published at £3 3s., is a reasonable proposition. Of this kind of edition no larger number should be printed. Frequently the number is 250.

It is not easy for those who are interested in this kind of work to find out what books are appearing in this form. We agree: it is difficult. We have missed some ourselves. This is annoying from two points of view. One, we miss the opportunity of securing a copy of a special edition by a particular author whose books we happen to like, and we lose a chance of buying something that may bring us a rich profit, if we desired to sell it after it had appreciated. Here is a case in point.

A friend of ours rebuked us, at the time, because we had not told him that there was to be a limited signed edition of A. A. Milne's "When We Were Very Young." Speaking from memory—it was a few years since—it was published at something like two guineas, and a copy in mint state, because it is very scarce, might well cost to-day £70. Naturally our friend was annoyed, but as we were abroad at the time we think his strictures were a little unfair.

There is not always need to announce these limited editions, because they are sold almost as soon as the order is given for them to be made. We did have the good fortune to secure a copy of that really beautiful edition of Kipling's Poems, in three volumes, published at £15 15s., but we only just managed to do so. Also, by dint of much effort and quiet pursuing, we ran down a copy of Tomlinson's "All Our Yesterdays."

If you really want to make quite sure of obtaining limited editions of your favourite authors, or of any famous author, the thing to do is to make a list of those authors, and place an order for any or all of them, and take your chance of being lucky enough to get one. Some people are doing this, but it is impossible for everyone to have a copy reserved for him. Even the bookseller himself may order as many as a dozen, and perhaps be supplied with only two, or even one. There are those who place their order too late. It is all very difficult, and we know of no way out except that a larger number of copies be printed—and then the edition can no longer be said to be limited. There are occasions when a larger number of copies in a limited edition is justified, especially where the edition covers the two English-speaking markets—Great Britain and U.S.A., but usually five hundred copies is the sensible number.

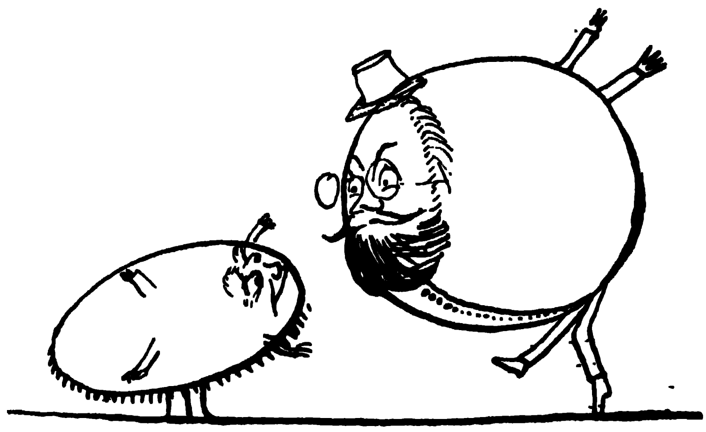
A BATCH OF CATALOGUES.

And a very good batch it is. There are so many that we hardly know where to begin. These catalogues are excellent in every way, and we should like to be able to give more space and consideration to them. Perhaps, as this section of THE BOOKMAN grows in popularity—and we would remind our readers that this is the only journal in Great Britain that has so large a special part devoted entirely to book-collecting—we may find it practicable to increase the number of pages we are at present devoting to it.

In writing about these catalogues that reach our office during the month, we hope the information we give will be found sufficiently interesting to encourage the reader to ask the antiquarian bookseller to send him or her a copy. In this way our work will prove to be of value to everyone concerned. Addresses will always be found in the business part of these pages.

Quaritch has provided us with two catalogues of importance. One (No. 430) comprises a great number of books on American bibliography, European history, genealogy, numismatics, political economy, etc. The other list is of general publications and remainders. Another catalogue (No. 521) of Biographical works, pamphlets and tracts relating to all that concerns the production, collection and history of books, comes from Francis Edwards. This is of special attraction. There are nearly one thousand books, all of which we would be delighted to see on our shelves. Some are on those

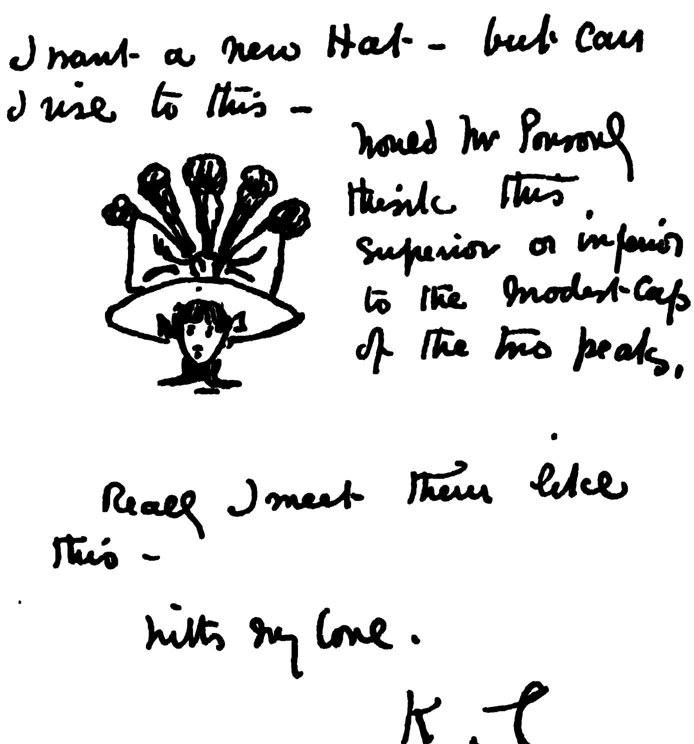
shelves, but not many. You may spend a pleasant time with this catalogue. There is one catalogue which kept us engrossed in it too long. This was another Edwards list (No. 4) of autograph letters of celebrated authors. It is most excellently produced. We like the lay-out of the page, the readable notes appended to each item, and the easy way one can see names, descriptions and prices. Moreover the list is admirably illustrated with reproductions of portions of some of the letters. It is so rich with interesting things that we dare not begin to deal with any especial item. Some of these letters contain clever drawings done by their writers such as the two we have reproduced. Reading through this list has given us as much pleasure as many a volume of fiction.



From Autograph letter of Edward Lear, Nov. 15th, 1860.
From "Autograph Letters of Celebrated Authors and Others." New Series, Number Four (Francis Edwards).

But we must hasten. Another good list, also well arranged, as so many are these days, comes from Miller and Gill. There are some fifty pages, containing entries of a number of first editions and private press books. The prices are sound. We mean by that, they are of the right market value. We notice a particularly fine collection of Mr. Wells's books, among which there is a very moderately priced copy of "The Island of Dr. Moreau" for £16. It is not in absolute mint state, otherwise it would cost somewhere about £30. If we did not already possess them, we should certainly order the three books by Mrs. Virginia Woolf, all marked at moderate prices. Readers will do well to keep their eyes open for all books by Mrs. Woolf. Those who understand, know her great literary value, and some day all her b oks, especially of course the earlier ones, will be valuable possessions. At present they may be bought for a pound each or thereabouts, but these prices won't obtain for long.

We must hold the other catalogues over until next month, as they are too interesting to dismiss with a casual comment.



I want a new Hat — but can I rise to this —

Would Mr Pennell think this, superior or inferior to the modest-cap of the two peaks,

Really I meet them like this —

With my love.

K. G.

Autograph Letter of Kate Greenaway, Nov. 7th, 1895.
From "Autograph Letters of Celebrated Authors and Others." New Series, Number Four (Francis Edwards).

THE MARKET.

Since we wrote our last notes, the happenings in the book-collecting market have been many and interesting. All this movement, apart from the other multitudinous details concerning it, makes good reading for those who are attracted by the practical side of book-collecting.

We have been more than just interested during the past month in looking through *The Clique*, the valuable antiquarian booksellers' weekly, established in 1890. There is no better reply to the cynical comment that the collecting of first editions is a passing craze than this weekly. In the course of the month *many thousands* of books—some are of course mentioned a number of times—are advertised for, as wanted by the advertisers for their customers and for stock.

No end of paragraphs are appearing in various places in the press of this and that book being sold for a high price, perhaps a hundred or more pounds, whereas it was published at only a few shillings. We have written some ourselves. But we wonder if everyone knows that there was once a book published at one pound, which brought under the hammer, some three hundred years later, £8,600. It was resold for $100,000 and the chances are that, if it were put up to auction to-day, it might well run to thirty, forty or even fifty thousand pounds! Anyhow, Dr. Rosenbach said once that it was worth thirty thousand pounds. There is no one of us who can really estimate its price. It is the First Folio Shakespeare of 1623—the Comedies, Histories and Tragedies, printed by Isaac Jaggard and Edmund Blount.

Some first or limited editions to look out for:

"All our Yesterdays." By H. M. Tomlinson.
"A Writer's Notes on his Trade." By C. E. Montague.
"Europa's Beast." By R. H. Mottram.
"The New Hangman." By Laurence Housman.
"Shepherds in Sackcloth." By Sheila Kaye-Smith.

" Dream in Luxembourg." By Richard Aldington.
Facsimile Catalogue of Laurence Sterne's Library.
" Kindness in Corner." By T. F. Powys.
" A True Story." By Stephen Hudson.
" The Aloe." By Katherine Mansfield.
" Down in the Valley." By H. W. Freeman.
" A Rambling Discourse." By John Galsworthy.
" The Mirror of the Months." By Sheila Kaye-Smith.
" Violet Ryder." By Norah Hoult.
" Dandelion Days." By Henry Williamson.

Some of these are already issued, and copies are not easy to find, except at a premium.

There is coming a new series entitled " The Furnival Books." Each volume will comprise just one short story. The edition will be limited to five hundred copies, and each will be signed. The following will be some of the authors: A. E. Coppard, T. F. Powys, Rhys Davies and H. E. Bates. All books by these authors are worth collecting, expecially those by Mr. Coppard and Mr. T. F. Powys. And it is well to watch the work of Mr. Bates.

At a recent sale, Sir James Barrie's " Better Dead " was sold for £49; Mr. Galsworthy's " From the Four Winds " for £60, and " Villa Rubein " for £40; and Mr. Kipling's " Just So Stories " for £245. Mr. Kipling had signed the last mentioned book. Autograph of or a letter from the author placed in a volume, always add a great deal to its value.

Sothebys recently held a sale of valuable printed books, autograph letters and other MSS. They were the property of the Earl of Lytton and Viscount Ridley. The collection included many volumes of English literature of the sixteenth to the eighteenth century. There was a presentation copy of Burke's " Reflections on the French Revolution of 1790 to Sir Philip Francis," and an extensive collection of Dryden and other seventeenth century dramatists. There were also some first editions of Jane Austen, Byron, Wordsworth, Coleridge, Hardy, Kipling, Barrie and Shaw; early editions of Boccaccio, a fine Second Folio Shakespeare; autograph letters signed by James Boswell, Edward FitzGerald; some verses by David Garrick; manuscripts of Handel, Beethoven, Rossini; letters of Dr. Johnson, Shelley, Dickens, Thackeray and Scott. We shall refer to the prices obtained in our next " Market " notes, as we are going to press before the sale takes place.

The Duke of Richmond and Gordon is to sell through Sothebys, shortly, many of the books in his valuable library.

In looking for bargains among the first editions of famous authors, it is well to bear in mind that first printings often run to many thousands of copies. A first edition in this particular form has very little value, unless it be the first issue of the first edition, and contains some feature of a special character, as in the case of Graves's " Good-bye to All That." In the first

issue of this book there was a poem which did not appear in subsequent issues. Some idea of the popularity of notable authors may be gathered from the fact that Mr. Galsworthy's "Plays" have reached the sixtieth thousand. Some 20,000 copies were printed of the first ordinary edition of "All Our Yesterdays."

A signed copy of Oscar Wilde's "The Ballad of Reading Gaol" realised £175 at auction. Wilde had presented it to the Governor of the prison. It included a letter from the author.

We have just received, at the moment of going to press, a most interesting catalogue from that remarkable firm, Messrs. W. and G. Foyle, of Charing Cross Road. This house sends out special lists covering each of its many departments. The one before us comes from the Rare Book Department, and is crowded with many alluring books and manuscripts and autograph letters. The best suggestion we can make in this very brief paragraph is that the reader should send for a copy of Messrs. Foyle's "Catalogue of the Rare Book Department."

The Cambridge University Press is publishing a work on "English Collectors of Books and Manuscripts" from 1500 to 1900.

Some interesting auctions were held during February. Messrs. Sotheby & Co. sold a number of books that had belonged to the late Sir Mortimer Singer, K.B.E., and Messrs. Hodgson's auctions included a number of valuable books from an old country house, while at Messrs. Puttick & Simpson's there were disposed of many works of American origin, and quite a number of early printed books. At all of these sales there were many first editions of Victorian and Georgian authors: H. G. Wells, Sir James Barrie, A. E. Coppard, George Moore, and so forth.

There was an interesting sale of old engravings, Americana, and other items at Messrs. Puttick & Simpson's in the early days of February.

The more important prices realised at Messrs. Sotheby's sale of printed books on February 11th were:

Ackermann: "The Microcosm of London" (1808–10) - - £108 (Willis).
Combe: "The Tour of Dr. Syntax in Search of the Picturesque" (1812); "The Second Tour" (1820); "The Third Tour" (1821) - - - - £102 (Spencer).
The Sporting Magazine - - £450 (Banks).

The London First Edition Club has been established now for some years, and last December saw the inauguration of the Liverpool First Edition Club, with twenty-five original members, Sir Benjamin Johnson as its President, and Mr. J. W. Nance and Mr. I. W. Girvan as Honorary Secretary and Treasurer. The Club has its own rooms at 10, South Castle Street, Liverpool, and has had its two first lectures, one on the "Picaresque Novel," by the Chairman of its Committee, Professor W. Lyon Blease, and one by Mr J. W. Nance on "Edmund Blunden." I am told that the Hon. Treasurer is "a Jefferies fan," and may be expected to lecture on him shortly. The Chairman specialises in finely printed books from modern presses, and has a magnificent collection, though he started too late to get any Kelmscott; the Treasurer collects modern first editions of novelists, and has a notable collection of Coppard, a complete set of Williamson, and is pinning his faith to Mottram and Brett Young as writers who are dear and will become dearer to collectors. Mr. Nance confesses to a weakness for modern poetry and is rich in first editions of Blunden, Eliot, Sassoon, Graves, and others, and, he says, "some rarish Le Gallienne, who as a Liverpool author interests me considerably. Also L. A. G. Strong is a fad of mine." Founding the Club has not, he remarks, been an easy matter, but it is going at last and so very much alive that we are too late to wish it success but in time to congratulate it warmly on the success it has achieved.

THE CONFESSIONS OF AN AUTOGRAPH COLLECTOR.*

There is always more than one way of doing everything, but every way is not the right one. The other day I talked with a collector of autographs, and he told me of his sorrows. For long years he has made a practice of writing to established celebrities and to men who have newly burst into fame requesting them to oblige him with their autographs. He sends a small card on which the signature is to be written, and encloses a stamped envelope. Often he loses his stamp and receives no reply. I suggested that some of the famous were perhaps suspicious enough to be deterred by a fear that he might write above their signatures on the card "I O U £5." and go round to collect the money, but he had too much faith in them to believe that. Now and then nothing but his blank card comes back in his stamped envelope; sometimes a typed letter is with it, signed by a secretary, saying the great man never gives his autograph; one of the famous sent him a printed form announcing that an autograph would be yielded in return for a donation of five shillings, which would be handed over to a deserving charity. Nevertheless he was of good cheer and gave me an impression that his method of dropping a line to notabilities gave him all the joyous suspense and excitement to be obtained by fishing with a rod, and more often than not he had the felicity of catching the autograph he angled for.

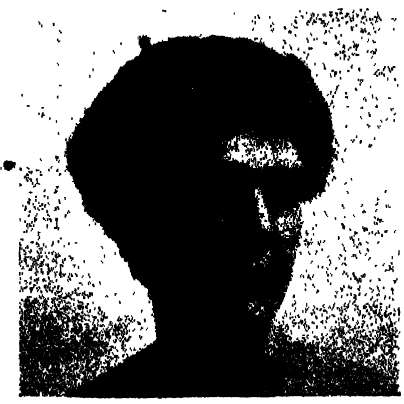


Photo by Lafayette. **Lady Charnwood.**

But this is the wrong way of doing it, and if you would know the right way, you should read Lady Charnwood's delightful account of her own collection and how she made it. Unless it is of some very great person whose holographs have nearly all disappeared, a mere signature is of no particular interest; but a collection of letters from the famous to their friends is a treasure it is worth taking trouble and paying something to acquire. Such letters stand high in the class of collections, and Lady Charnwood

* "An Autograph Collection and the Making Of It." By Lady Charnwood. 15s. (Ernest Benn.)

gives you seven good reasons for their occupying that height:

" There is the obvious fact that the more we learn about the great ones whose letters we collect, the more knowledge we obtain of the history of their time as well as of the actors in it, and the more literary in the true sense of the word we ourselves become. . . . If you cannot manage to devote enough time or money to get far into the business, you can still have interesting letters, if not valuable ones, and you can still work up the subjects alluded to and read the books by the authors. . . . Very much can be done among friends, or in an autograph club, or even at a dealer's, with very little buying, by way of exchange of duplicates " (i.e. where one has two or three letters by the same writer) " and here I should like to state that I have never asked for a letter, except as an arrangement with another collector, in my life. Nor have I ever descended to the odious practice of writing to strangers to get them to reply, a habit which brings serious collectors into disrepute. I have asked distinguished people to write in my book, with place and date, but very seldom, because a barren signature does not interest me."

That is the creed of the true collector. Autograph letters, again, as Lady Charnwood says, " are less subject to fashion than most collections." Their values do not fluctuate so alarmingly on the market, and " broadly speaking, good autograph letters are bound to appreciate " ; above all, in such letters " the double interest of the personalities of the writer and recipient may cause anyone of us—accidentally it may be—to become possessed of something of no price on the market, but of such deep interest as to be worthy of inclusion in even the best collection. I do not mean we shall come upon a letter extremely valuable because it is written by a man who commands a high price; that is more than unlikely. But I do mean exactly what I say, that we may find we have a letter of such interest as to be worth having by anyone. To put it differently, something that is personal in an unusual way."

From her interesting and useful preliminary chapters on how to start and go on with an autograph collection ; causes of its value ; how to arrange and index it, Lady Charnwood proceeds to write of various groups of letters in her own collection, and prints a large number of them. These include letters from Andrew Marvell, Pepys, Addison, a long and characteristically gossipy one from Shenstone, a long and equally characteristic one from Samuel Richardson ; letters from Horace Walpole and Cowper, a poem by the sometime poet-laureate Pye, letters from Clive, Burke, Sidney Smith, Pitt, Nelson, Hume, Gibbon, Macaulay, Froude, Carlyle, Gainsborough, Turner, Constable, Lamb, Hazlitt, a completely precious letter from Anna Seward, the Swan of Lichfield, criticising with complacent self-confidence poor Charles Lloyd's translation of Homer and comparing it with Pope's and Cowper's—these and more and an excellent series of letters from Shelley, Leigh Hunt, Coleridge, Dickens, Tennyson, Swinburne, Rossetti, Kingsley, Alice Meynell, Lear, Wendell Holmes, Millais, Caldecott, and other nineteenth century writers and artists make up a book that, whether you are a collector or not, you will read from beginning to end with unfailing enjoyment. In all she writes of the business of collecting Lady Charnwood is eminently practical and informing; but apart from practical considerations she is so evidently and keenly interested in the literary and human sides of her pleasant undertaking that she has known how to make it interesting to all and sundry. The book is illustrated with a photograph and several facsimiles.

A. R.

THE CRAFTSMANSHIP OF BOOKS.*

Collectors and bookmen generally will be well advised to secure a copy of a small book published in January last. The author, Mr. J. Howard Whitehouse, has called his volume " The Craftsmanship of Books " and, as might be inferred, its contents are mainly devoted to suggestions for improvement of the book as a book, i.e. its paper, typography, binding, etc. The author is not concerned

* " The Craftsmanship of Books." By J. Howard Whitehouse. 3s. 6d. (Allen & Unwin.)

with questions of literary merit. The general text, epitomised, is that the more beautiful the book the greater its appeal. Preaching such a text, the dedication to William Morris will be understood.

On the subject of type sizes few will altogether agree with the suggestion that the minimum size should be 14-point. Eyesight, the determining factor in reading, varies so enormously that the matter cannot be dealt with in so arbitrary a fashion. One reader might find even 14-point too small, whilst another might pine for the close-packed pages of the Elzevir press. Nor will the author's plea for the total abolition of the italic type be welcomed. True, this type rarely appears nowadays beyond the pages of "preliminary" matter, but we should not like to see it thrust from thence. Dating from the days of Aldus, the type has a fine pedigree and, we think, has earned a permanent place in our typographical life. Furthermore is the suggestion quite in accord with the author's plea for the retention of the thirteenth and fourteenth century type patterns?

Nearly all collectors will disagree with Mr. Whitehouse's definition of uncut pages as "ridiculous affectation." As a matter of fact we think Mr. Whitehouse has not quite got the definition right himself. What he calls "uncut" the collector (and book dealer) calls "unopened." The former expression being reserved for books that have never known the printer's plough, while the latter term is self-explanatory. Even though the love of the uncut page cannot perhaps be logically explained, it is a very definite feeling and has been acknowledged by such bookmen as Andrew Lang and Austin Dobson.

The suggestion for more use of the woodcut as an illustrative medium is both sound and timely. Nothing goes so well with the printed page, and its use allows us to rid ourselves of the "art" paper bugbear. Although few of us expect another Bewick to appear in our midst, there is a capable woodcut school to-day, and the beauty of some modern cutting can be seen from recent publications such as "The Bridge of San Luis Rey" or "Precious Bane," which are wholly illustrated in this manner.

Space will not allow us to deal with all the points Mr. Whitehouse raises, but we must heartily commend one suggestion—a suggestion that the author has also carried into practice. In the back cover of the book the reader will find two loosely inserted printed slips. One is a brief description of the book under the author heading, whilst the other contains the same information but under the subject. The utility of the arrangement is obvious. The reader extracts these slips, and by pasting them in a book (or on a card) is able to prepare a complete and legible catalogue of his library.

No bookman's shelves should be too full to include a copy of this well written and long overdue book.

H. T. Kirby.

THE FABLES OF T. F. POWYS.*

If duels have not been fought, nor friendships broken, in controversy over the writings of T. F. Powys, that is simply because this is not an age of duels, nor one which takes its art very seriously. It is certainly not because Mr. Powys has not merited such furious partisanship.

Critics, it is true, have taken sides for and against him, with no half-heartedness; but even they, of late, seem to have wearied in the battle. The fight reached its climax with the publication, some years ago now, of "Mr. Tasker's Gods." Here, said some, was a writer at last who had the courage to paint the country-side as it really is. Here, said others, was a writer who perversely prostituted his genius (for that he had genius both camps admitted) by a foolish concentration on mud and blood and lust. As a matter of fact, neither view was very astute. Country air is not all tainted with a miasma of immorality; nor was Mr. Powys perversely concentrating upon the painting

* "Fables." By T. F. Powys. Limited Edition. 25s. (Chatto & Windus.)

of such a so-called "realist" picture. He was merely, like any other sensitive and sincere artist, groping his way towards the light. And if he did seem to concentrate upon a rather earthy aspect of things, that was because he intuitively knew that art, if it is going to flower among the stars, must have its roots deeply and firmly embedded in the earth.

Mr. Powys is, paradoxical as it may sound to some ears, a mystic. Remote as he may seem from the Crashaws, the Herberts, and the Trehernes of our literature, he is nevertheless decidedly in their train. The difference is mainly that he, being born in the twentieth century and not in the seventeenth, objectifies his mysticism in a different way. Their deity wore something of the aspect of biblical times; his comes to visit the earth in a Ford car.

"Mr. Tasker's Gods" was after all an experimental piece of fiction; before pronouncing their verdict his critics should have waited to see what the next book, and the next, would be like. They would have seen, in "Mockery Gap" and "Innocent Birds," a slow releasing from the old obsession and a growth towards a kind of mystical fantasy. Then, in the next book, "Mr. Weston's Good Wine," they would have seen that fantasy marvellously consolidated. The roots were still in the earth all right, but the flowers were now most certainly among the stars. Mr. Powys, as an artist, had found himself.

It was the experience of the present writer, after following Mr. Powys's progress from "Black Bryony" to "Mr. Weston's Good Wine," to come upon his very first book of all, a book written as far back as 1918, and called 'Soliloquies of a Hermit." The text of this illuminating little work was "He that acknowledgeth the Son hath the Father also." And the quaint mixture of Paganism and Christianity that was its key-note has been the key-note of all the work he has ever written since. Mr. Powys has always been something of a pagan at heart—but a mystical pagan. All his writings since those "Soliloquies" have been an attempt to "square" the Pagan and the Christian in him—or, if you will, to find the highest common denominator between ancient Greece and modern Dorsetshire.

Such a writer was not likely to devote his energies and genius entirely to fiction. He began with a religious tract (for the "Soliloquies," despite their whimsical nature, are that), and now, at the height of his powers, he has essayed the oldest and finest of all forms adopted by the truth-tellers (the sooth-sayers) of all time, i.e. the parable—or, as he calls it, the fable. (And, with Mr. Powys, the two are practically synonymous.)

The present volume, "Fables," consists of about a score of stories mirroring a far deeper and subtler meaning than lies on their surface. Here Mr. Powys's pagan and fantasy-loving mysticism finds its best expression yet. The "lessons" are in most cases very far from obvious; but they are often all the more revealing for that. If the last test of success in fable-telling were clarity of objectification, then we fear Mr. Powys would come a long way behind La Fontaine. But the fable, like all other forms of art, grows and changes with the centuries. Mr. Powys is no imitator of anything. True, he makes pots and pans, tree and leaf, dog and rabbit, bucket and spittoon, wave and candle hold conversation one with another; but the things they tell are far from being in the convention of such strange conversations. The one thing indeed that is classical about these "fables" is the style in which they are written: it is no exaggeration whatever to say that at times it has the purity and the dignity and the beauty of the prose of John Bunyan. And strange and untoward as these stories sometimes are, set in good (if a little soggy) Dorset soil, all alike seek some answer to the eternal enigma of truth, and all alike find some sort of answer—however fragmentary and however brief They represent, so far, some of Mr. Powys's best work and their appeal (when, as we hope will soon be the case, they are published in a cheaper edition) should be constant, if not yet wide.

C. HENRY WARREN.

MONTAIGNE AND SANCHO PANZA.*

In this provocative and characteristically elusive essay, for the format of which warm praise is due to the publishers, M. André Gide tells us that what he enjoys contemplating in Montaigne's company is "the veritable human being, that naïve, sincere creature he is bent on bringing to light." He sees in him anticipations of both Dostoievsky and Freud, a challenge in advance to Proust, a wisdom closer to the pagan wisdom of Goethe than to the Utopianism of Rousseau. He is persuaded, heart and soul, that if Montaigne were to return to earth to-day he would alienate both Peter and Paul, seem to give his adherence to every cause and anger them each in turn. The central theme of the essay is the sincerity or otherwise of Montaigne's Catholicism. Was he after all the first of those Catholics who are not Christians—a representative sceptic?

Scepticism, says M. Gide, is neither the attractive force of Montaigne's Essays nor the primary teaching to be found therein. True. But M. Gide never travels far from the problem. Montaigne lived and died, to all appearance, a Catholic; spoke ever with reverence of the Scriptures and the Church; had a private chapel in his tower; was accustomed to daily prayer, and attended Mass regularly when in Rome. Was all this merely outward observance? We have to remember the wars of religion waging in his time, that while he taught toleration and moderation he hated the Reformers for bringing disorder to the country, and liked Catholicism because it was shapely and old. But where in the Essays, in their original state or as emended by him, he says anything that might be taken as a declaration of faith, writes "stuff whereon to build cathedrals," it is suggested that he was but setting up lightning conductors to save himself from the fate of men like Dolet and Servetus and to "ensure the safe passage of his goods to our hands." Did he not write: "My reason is not framed to bend or stoop; my knees are"? Is his doubt the doubt of reason? Are those seeming expressions of piety the prudence of expediency? Had he more in common with Pyrrhon and Lucretius than with St. Paul and the Gospels? Pascal, Port Royal, Sainte-Beuve and the Holy See, which retains the Essays on the Index, were convinced of his heresy. M. Gide agrees with them, also that "too many of Montaigne's commentators have busied themselves with supplying buttons to his foils," till he is at the point of laying down the pen. Then, in a reference to the death-bed scene and the contention that Montaigne "made a most Christian end," he says: "It may have been. I would admit it more readily if his wife had not been there. . . . Let it be as you wish." Why not *Que sçais-je*?

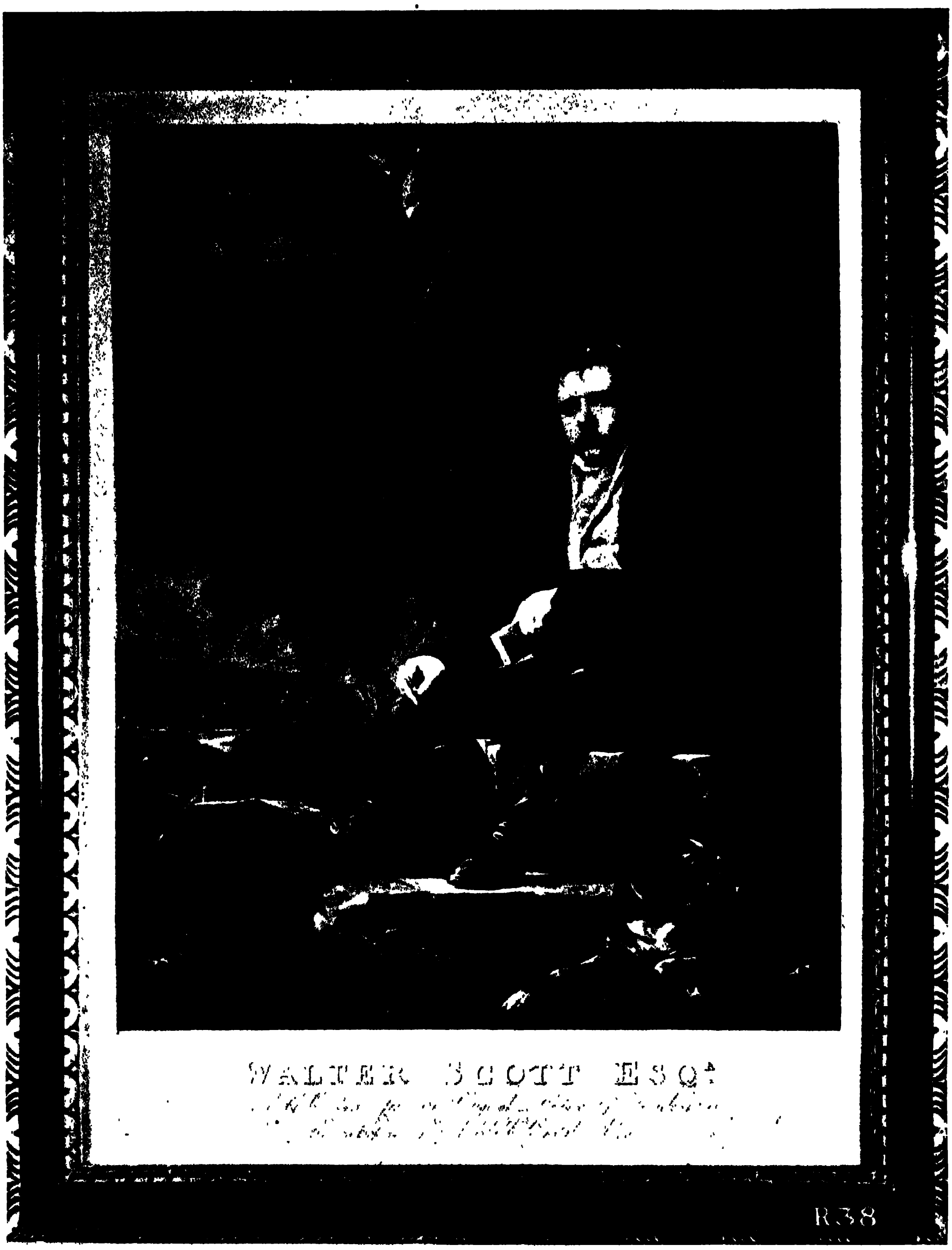
The problem remains open. Of Montaigne as of Shakespeare it may be said: "Others abide our question. Thou art free." Even the erudite Dr. Armaingaud's emphatic repudiation of Montaigne as a believer leaves loopholes for doubt. There may be irrational as well as rational truth. Despite his apparent contradictions, Montaigne's common sense is constant. Lecky never made a greater mistake than when he spoke of it as "somewhat superficial." And this brings one to a striking passage toward the close of M. Gide's essay in which he declares it a thousand pities Montaigne died without having been able to read Don Quixote:

> "The book was written for him. It resembles him to such a degree that I should be surprised if this had not already been remarked on by others. But it is the characteristic of this great work (I mean that of Cervantes) that it is played out in each one of us, and in no one more fully than in Montaigne. It was at the expense of Don Quixote that, little by little, Sancho Panza came to great stature in him."

Over and above the good-humoured wisdom of a Sancho Panza however, M. Gide is careful to remind us, there are in the Essays glimpses of the most exquisite truths.

FRANCIS AITKEN.

* "Montaigne: An Essay in Two Parts." By André Gide. Translated by Stephen H. Guest and Trevor E. Blewitt. 21s. Limited edition: 300 copies for England, 500 for America. (Blackamore Press.)



From Messrs. Myers & Co.'s Illustrated Catalogue of Rare Books, Manuscripts, Autograph Letters, Historical Documents, etc. (No. 274).

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SUPPLEMENT TO "THE BOOKMAN,"
APRIL, 1930.



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CHARLES DARWIN

The Bookman

VOLUME LXXVIII

APRIL—SEPTEMBER, 1930

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APRIL—SEPTEMBER, 1930.

PRINCIPAL ILLUSTRATIONS

The Bookman

"I am a Bookman."—*James Russell Lowell.*

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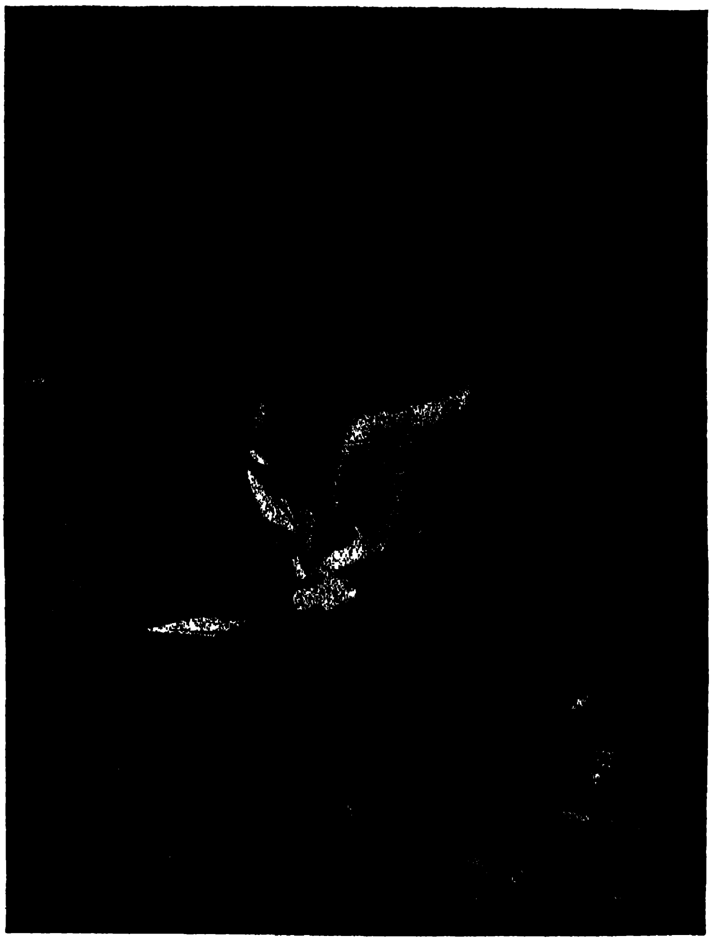
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SIR WALTER SCOTT.

By Dr. W. S. Crockett.

SIR WALTER SCOTT has had many biographies, all more or less based on Lockhart's great Life of his father-in-law, which must remain the ultimate interpretation. One fairly comprehensive biography was penned before that of Lockhart, and there are some things in it which Lockhart must have utilised. But afterwards there is no account of Scott but has been indebted to Lockhart's opulent quarry. That to be sure was inevitable, since the son-in-law not only knew Scott with an almost perfectly intimate fidelity, but he had access to all Scott's papers, as well as to scores of people in and out of Scott's immediate circle who could furnish him with a wealth of first-hand information. This is not to say that Lockhart knew everything, for there are things in his biography which are manifest mistakes; suggestions too which are unfounded. Since it was written much new matter has come to light, and if Lockhart were in the flesh to-day he would recast not a few passages and revise some of his opinions. Yet his "Scott," so long one of the classic biographies, in spite of what others have written and may continue to write about Sir Walter, cannot be superseded. It is capable of considerable annotation (in course of time this may be done, and better now than later), otherwise it is the crown of all the literature that has been assembled (in Stevenson's happy phrase) around "the King of the Romantics."



Sir Walter Scott in his study at Abbotsford.
Sir William Allan, *pinxit*. National Portrait Gallery.
From "The Life of Sir Walter Scott" By Stephen Gwynn (Thornton Butterworth).

I do not remember to have come across anything very definite from an Irish pen on Sir Walter, and certainly no biography of him. This volume[1] however sets forth in solid, masterly, always interesting and quietly sympathetic fashion, the wonderful story from an Irishman's point of view. Mr. Gwynn of course confesses his obligation to Lockhart, and he follows that trail blazed almost a century ago. Nevertheless in another way he has equipped himself with care and precision for his task. That is to say he has not only tackled the theme from a mere bookman's angle in the sense of an exhaustive, perhaps even voracious "reading up" for it. He has also walked in the veritable steps of Scott, rambling through Scott's own pleasant country, taking stock of things there—always necessary for a true elucidation of what the romancist was as a man, a laird, a master, a host, a public servant, *facile princeps* among Scottish Borderers, a perfervid Northerner with whom love for his native land was ever in the ascendant. Mr. Gwynn has lived by the Tweed and the Jed, by the Eildons and the Cheviots, by Abbotsford and Edinburgh. Thus surely has he come to imbibe the true spirit of those scenes amidst which the young Scott revelled, the landscapes which filled his later life with a never diminishing fascination. The result is this excellently conceived biography, written as Scott himself would have liked it, and no higher attestation is possible.

Mr. Gwynn, it is true, does not tell us anything actually new as to the career of Scott. He does not make digressions regarding the genesis of the novels, or expiscatory remarks on the originals of their "characters."

[1] "The Life of Sir Walter Scott." By Stephen Gwynn. 15s. (Thornton Butterworth.)—[2] "Sir Walter Scott's *Congé*." By the Hon. Lord Sands, D.D., LL.D. 6s. (Black.)



Walter Scott
(Father of Sir Walter Scott).
From a painting at Abbotsford.

He criticises, however, and among other things he suggests that but for his lameness Scott would never have taken to literature. The army would have claimed him. This is perfectly true, and Scott says so himself. It was his delicate constitution which sent him to Sandyknowe, where even as a child a love of literature took hold of his germinating mind. He was a bookman from the beginning—that beginning which assumed shape at Smailholm (following Andrew Lang, Mr. Gwynn persistently and wrongly spells this name with a final *e*, which it never possessed). As a soldier, however, Scott might have indulged in literary studies, for suppose Edinburgh had claimed all his boyhood he would still have been bookish, more or less. But he would not have been "the author of 'Waverley.'" He would beyond doubt have won his spurs in another field. He might have been one of Wellington's lieutenants. His lameness was a more fortunate affair. If it deprived militarism of a born leader, it gave to the world one of its proudest achievements through the victories of peace. Most certainly, as I am persuaded, it was the peat-fires of Sandyknowe, and the unsophisticated personality of the "cow-bailie" with his stock of legends and fairy stories, which created the immortal romancist.



A room in Abbotsford, 1832.

The curious thing is, as Mr. Gwynn reminds us, that in all such victories Scott never thought of himself as a victor in the sense in which his countrymen accepted him. He stood in the front rank, but he hardly realised his own genius, indeed he rather disparaged the notion of being a genius. He thought little of his poetry, and the superlative success of the Waverleys surprised him. Mr. Gwynn does not (could not) plead for Scott in the matter of a graceful literary artistry. He was not an artist as Stevenson was, or Hardy. He made many mistakes. He wrote often uncouth, disjointed, execrable, despairing sentences. Yet whoever told a story like him? And after all it is the story that tells. For one who understands and appreciates style, there are ninety-nine who do not, but all are yet led captive by a well-told tale, and all understand Scott. He has something for all; and none can read him without betterment. Mr. Gwynn has much of excellent and generous discrimination to make about the novels, and he has a just perception about the poems also. Altogether he has given us a charming volume—after Lockhart much the best of numerous Scott biographies. It appears at an



Entrance Porch, Abbotsford.



Abbotsford.

opportune time, in view of the centenary of Scott's death in 1932. And it should fulfil a fine service in helping to bring Sir Walter to his own again.

Mr. Gwynn does not enter into the mystery of Scott's early love affair. But was there mystery? Nothing save what has happened a thousand times over. Scott loved—and lost! He loved with an extraordinary passionate devotion one of the most eligible *partis* of his time. And he conceived he had a good chance for her hand. Somehow—we do not know how—she preferred another—the rich suitor, afterwards Sir William Forbes, the eminent banker, himself a close comrade of Scott.



Sir Walter Scott, Bart.

(By Sir John Watson Gordon).

From "Sir Walter Scott's Congé." By Hon. Lord Sands (A. & C. Black).

Lord Sands has given to this subject a very careful study,[2] and amongst much else of deep and absorbing interest he prints a couple of letters rescued from the unhappy destruction of Will Erskine's correspondence, which throw considerable fresh light on the movements of Scott at the hour of his rejection and the manner in which it may have come about. Lockhart, it may be said, is in serious error over this. The book is an instructive little essay on a matter which gravely exercised Scott, more than anything else in his younger years—a disappointment which cut so deeply into his life and remained a bitter recollection to the last.

I have had the privilege of perusing something of what



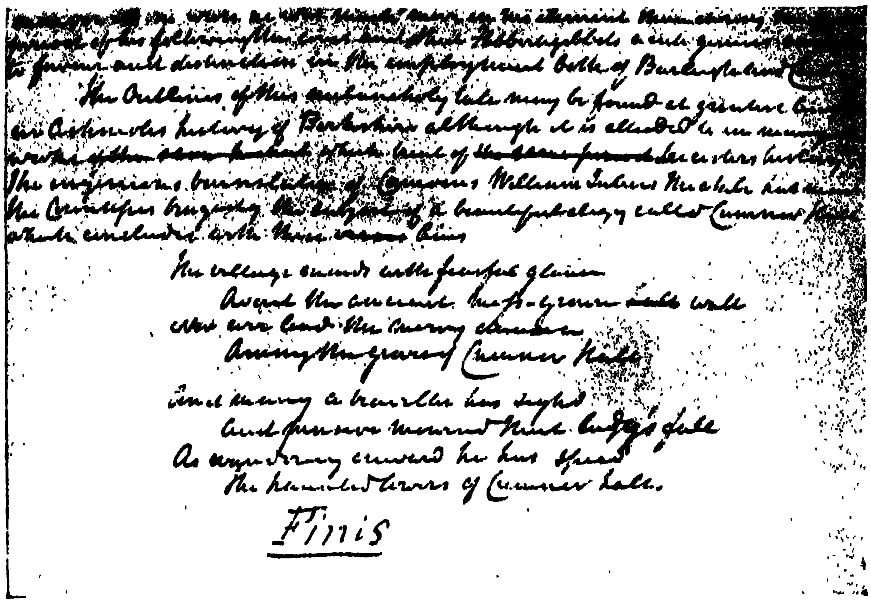
Effie Deans ("Heart of Midlothian").

By Millais.



The Bride of Lammermoor.

By Millais


The village maids with fearful glance
Avoid the ancient moss-grown wall
Nor ever lead the merry dance
Among the groves of Cumnor Hall.

And many a traveller has sighed
And pensive wept the Lady's fall
As wandering onward he has spied
The haunted towers of Cumnor Hall.

Finis

Autograph MS. of the novel of "Kenilworth" corrected for the press, written between September, 1820, and January, 1821. Now in the British Museum.

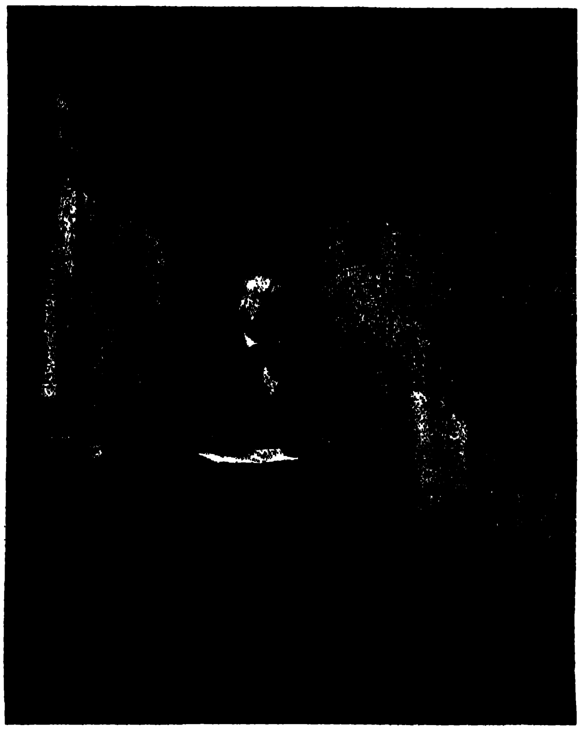
promises to be the most important Scott publication within recent years. Readers of the *Daily Express* have already seen portions, in the series appearing in its pages. This is the "Private Letter-Books of Sir Walter Scott," edited by Mr. Wilfred Partington, with a Foreword by Mr. Hugh Walpole. The volumes will be published by Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton during this month, and until they are available for me to review them in the next issue of the BOOKMAN I can give no more than a few general particulars here.

It is to Mr. Walpole that the books are owing. Himself an enthusiastic Scott-lover, and owner of other precious manuscripts of Sir Walter (among them the autograph of "St. Ronan's Well"), Mr. Walpole purchased this extensive collection at Sotheby's several years since. He thus patriotically saved it for his own country, otherwise it would certainly have crossed the Atlantic. All Scott-lovers are infinitely obligated to Mr. Walpole for such a gallant and generous service, the more so as most, if not all, of the collection he proposes to hand over to the National Library of Scotland, surely one of the noblest gifts it has yet received.

Sir Walter preserved all letters he considered worthy of filing. They number close on 6,000. He bound them together in three-and-twenty large volumes, and these having remained at Abbotsford for over ninety years, were sold by instructions of his successor there. Scott would refer to them on occasion, and they were used, to some extent, by Lockhart in his preparation of the Life. Not all however were utilised, and even of those used, only portions, often mere fragments, were printed. They were addressed to Scott by correspondents in all parts of the country, and came from all ranks and classes—from royalty to hero-worshipping schoolboys and bookish working-men, and from people of all shades of opinion—those who agreed with Scott or those who differed. Many of these letters are concerned with literary and historical subjects; others deal

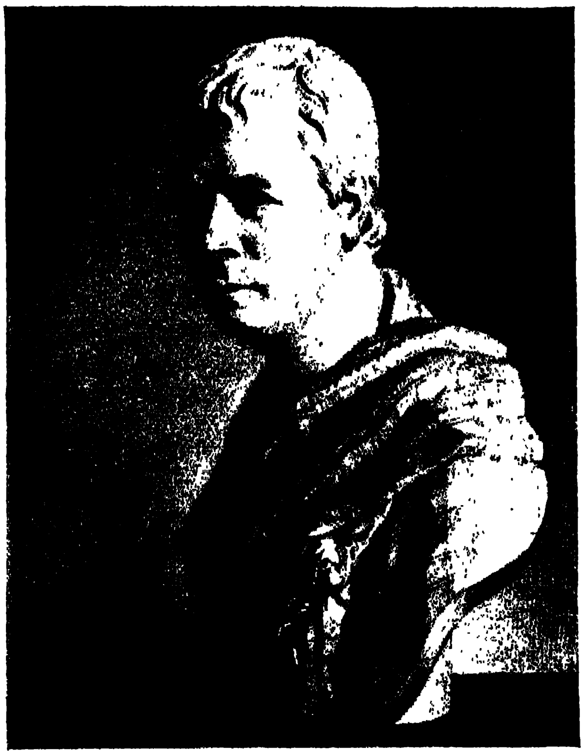


The grave of Sir Walter Scott in Dryburgh Abbey.
Drawn by J. A. Bell. Engraved by W. Miller.



The author of "Waverley" in his Study.
(National Portrait Gallery of Scotland.)

with political and public questions, with points of biography and genealogy, incidents of travel, expiscations of antiquarian and local lore, family gossip, society scandals, the general news of the day—in short, with almost everything under the sun. Some are Scott's replies to his correspondents; some came from his children; from Lockhart, and from the troops of friends always welcome to the circle at Abbotsford and Edinburgh. All the leading poets of the time are represented—Wordsworth, Southey, Byron, Hogg, Campbell, and scores of others, the lesser as well as the greater known. Scientists, statesmen, soldiers, sailors, artists, divines, down to humble cottage folk, have all a niche in this goodly sanctuary of heart and pen. Probably no more miscellaneous assortment has ever been compiled, and I cannot think of any possessing a more real and universal interest, save perhaps the Letters of Queen Victoria.



Sir Walter Scott.
From a Bust by Chantry, 1820.

In every letter, as the *Express* readers found, there is something arresting. Everywhere we come across the human touch, the flash of humour, the record of an event related at first-hand by those who took part in it, a naval battle or a duel, an election episode, a literary squabble, a domestic trouble or a personal grievance. Not a few are apropos the Waverley romances, in commendation, criticism, remonstrance. In this remarkable series we live in the light of a century ago. We see people as they existed then, toiling, rejoicing, sorrowing, their pleasantries and gaieties, their foibles and idiosyncrasies, loves and hates, madnesses and follies, losses and tears. All the round of the ordinary and of the extraordinary reveals itself here. Not to have preserved this singularly illuminating correspondence would have meant an irretrievable loss of distinctively valuable details not only of everyday life, but of the wider affairs of men and nations. We should be grateful to Scott for the meticulous care bestowed on those voluminous records; for his foresight, unconscious no doubt, since one scarcely imagines that he ever dreamt of their being served up to a future age in such appetising fashion. The volume cannot be other than a feast for mind and heart, for the lover of history and the lover of men. Most of all is it another splendid cairn to the memory of the good Sir Walter, greatest of Scots, most beloved of all figures in the story of his race. I anticipate for the "Letter-Books" a phenomenal circulation both at home and abroad. It is but just and fair, as well as a mark of gratitude to Mr. Walpole, that such should be the case.

BYRON.*

By Wilfrid Gibson.

It is curious to reflect that, just because a man should have had the faculty of writing verse a hundred odd years ago, every detail of his life and of the lives of those who had the fortune, good or ill, to get tangled in the web of it, should become matters of absorbing interest to succeeding generations. Had Byron been merely a profligate peer, how little we should have known, or cared to know, of his rake's progress through society; yet because he wrote immortal verse (for it would seem that verse may achieve immortality without being great or even good poetry), it is improbable that the scandal of his brief but hectic story will ever be allowed to drop into oblivion. There will always be a writer eager to dig up the bones and polish them with his wit; to articulate the skeleton and set it once more dancing for our delectation. M. André Maurois, the author of "Ariel," a novelistic sketch of the life of Shelley, was pretty certain to turn his hand to the task sooner or later, and to do it as well as it could be done. Of course as regards his "Byron," most of the spadework had already been done by his predecessors; and his job on this occasion has been that of reassembling the parts. As one would expect from a workman of M. Maurois's dexterity, the work has been done very



Lord Byron.

* "Byron." By André Maurois. Translated by Hamish Miles. 12s. 6d. (Jonathan Cape.)

neatly; and the french polishing is of the very best. To my mind it is rather a grisly business, this exhibition of Byron jigging it among his innumerable mistresses, but I cannot but acknowledge the art of the showman. A critical examination of Byron's verse would be quite a different matter; but M. Maurois only turns his attention to the verse momentarily when he can quote a passage that will illuminate the actions of his hero, or perhaps I ought to say rather, protagonist; for no man is a hero to his biographer nowadays.

"Mad, bad and dangerous to know!" wrote Lady Caroline Lamb in her diary on the evening of the day she fell in love with Byron at first sight; and in this summary characterisation she undoubtedly told the truth, though by no manner of means the whole truth. Byron may not, at any period of his life, have been certifiably insane, but so monstrous and inhuman an egotism as his almost amounted to insanity, and it might at any moment have thrust him over the border. Bad he certainly was, if the word has any meaning in these days, because he was not only weak but also cruel and treacherous in his dealings with others. And dangerous! well, it is always dangerous to encounter a comet in its flight! However, fortunately that is not the whole story. Byron was by no means merely a brutal and callous libertine. One might for example write him down as a shy and over-sensitive, but abstemious and hard-working poet; and this estimate of him would be just as true in its particulars and as false in its general effect as Lady Caroline's summary verdict. For his times Byron was, as regards the pleasures of the table, a singularly abstemious man; and on occasion his hosts found him as embarrassing as they would have found Bernard Shaw himself; while as an author, for all his pose of the aristocratic amateur, he must have worked very hard indeed to turn out such a volume of accomplished verse. And as for shyness and over-sensitiveness—surely it was the exasperation of nervousness that drove him to commit some of his worst blunders and spurred him on to acts of criminal cruelty! Every man is a bundle of contradictions; but the character of Byron would seem to have been more complex than most, or at least its diversities were more dramatically opposed, and their conflict was not only exhibited to the eyes of his contemporaries in his rash and melodramatic actions for having an almost fatally fluent gift of metrical expression, Byron seemed impelled to inscribe a faithful if somewhat rhetorical record of the fluctuations of his passions for all the world to read; in the drama of his life he was protagonist and chorus as well. His ancestors being such as they were, on both sides, he could hardly, if heredity counts for anything, have escaped being "mad and bad"; and his actions were at all events no worse than those of his forefathers; but just because he had that turn for sentimentalising and romanticising them in verse, somehow they seem to us even more despicable, now that the specious gilding which dazzled his contemporaries is beginning to wear thin. Byron's poems are almost always a dramatisation of his own experiences, and the real name of his heroes, or rather hero-villains, is Byron—Byron as he was or Byron as he would like to be thought to be. And surely enough, by incessantly playing a part in the theatre of his own mind, he was able to humbug himself, as he certainly humbugged most of his contemporaries, into a belief that his was an essentially noble character, and he himself a Titan struggling in the toils of an implacable destiny. Humbugged?—assuredly; for Byron, who was always railing against hypocrisy in others, was himself the prince of humbugs. As M. Maurois truly says in one passage: "Byron had wished to storm the mist-wreathed hill-tops where sat British Conventions. But no man can attack unscathed the gods in whom he secretly believes. . . ." By "conventions," I take it, M. Maurois means the proprieties, and I for my part have not quite enough imagination to picture them perched on a mist-wreathed hill-top! Nevertheless, in spite of an unfortunate image, he manages to convey the truth of the inwardness of Byron's revolt. But even more needs saying about the matter. Byron, while attacking the British conventions of propriety, accepted readily enough the equally British conventions of the Georgian rakes and the Holland House circle. In struggling to escape the clutches of Mrs. Grundy he fell into the arms of Lady Melbourne. Well, tastes differ—but would not a really great rebel have kept himself clear of either lady? Still the worst of it was that, in making his choice, he affected to pretend to think that all men were at heart as vicious as himself, and that it was only their hypocrisy that prevented them from acknowledging, nay, glorying in their vices. But this simply was not true of the men of his or any other time. I know that, in pointing out the fundamental falsity of the Byronic attitude, I run the risk of being charged with what Continental critics, especially the fellow-countrymen of Tartuffe, are pleased to call British hypocrisy. Just because an Englishman declines to admit that Byron and Oscar Wilde in their personal relationships behaved like normal human beings, it seems that he in the eyes of foreign critics must bear the stigma of insincerity. Yet in the days of Byron, as in the day of Wilde, there were undoubtedly men, aye, and men of genius too, living lives of a crystal integrity. Surely this is not a matter of pitting one nation against another; neither vice nor hypocrisy is the prerogative of any one country. Byron was undoubtedly a rebel, when any convention threatened to prevent him from doing just what he liked; but his values were all wrong and were as false as the falsest of the conventions he rebelled against; for he saw life only through the distorting glass of his own egotism. Even when his friends died, he did not so much seem to grieve for them as to resent the injury they had done to him in dying and leaving him to get along without them. And as for the living, his path was strewn with victims—victims, it must be said, for the most part of their own folly as well as of Byron's ruthlessness. The dear gazelles of the poet's love who died were indeed the lucky ones!

And yet when all is said—as if all ever could be said!—Byron was a man of genius, and a man capable at moments of acts of a singular nobility. Heredity and environment did their worst with him and came nigh to turning him into a devil; and he was in truth the fallen angel that he liked to imagine himself. But even though in the conduct of his life he fell short of the most ordinary standards of human decency, "at least he died at Missolonghi"! His expedition to



Adam Ferguson. Burns. Scott. Ferguson, Junr. Joseph Black, M.D. Dugald Stewart. John Home (Author of "Douglas") Adam Smith. Dr. James Hutton (Geologist)

From the painting by C. M. HARDIE, A.R.S.A.
By permission of the publishers, Messrs. Aitken Dott & Son.

THE MEETING OF BURNS AND SCOTT IN SCIENNES HOUSE, EDINBURGH, THE HOME OF ADAM FERGUSON.



After LAUDER.

THE TRIAL OF EFFIE DEANS
("THE HEART OF MIDLOTHIAN.")

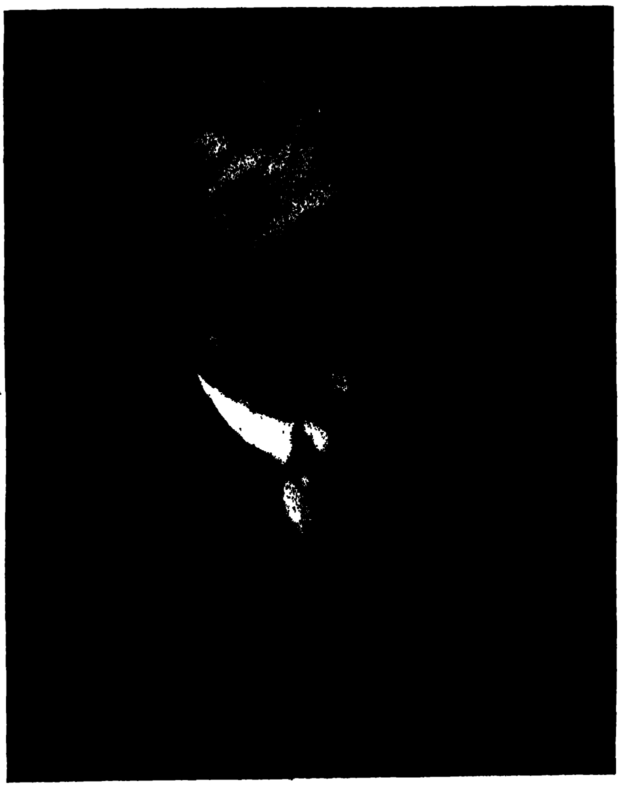
Greece may have begun as an heroic gesture; yet when the trappings fell from his shoulders, and he realised the naked realities of the atrocious and tragically ridiculous situation in which he found himself, the prey of sordid schemers and bloodsuckers of the vilest description, he did not desert his post. Only a man who had some element of greatness in his soul could have behaved so decently and with such patient courage in all the mess and muddle of that comic-opera campaign. On that occasion at least he was clear-sighted enough to realise that he had rashly allied himself with a rabble of incompetent fools and charlatans; and yet he did not leave them to their fate, but carried on to the end. He carried on even when the cause seemed to him to be hopeless, and when the Greeks, for whom he was losing all, seemed hardly worth the sacrifice; and in dying he won everything. His death—the death of a poet in the cause of freedom—fired the imagination of his hesitating countrymen; and from that moment the liberation of Greece was assured. It was not given to Byron to fall on the field of glory, yet the field was made glorious by his fall.

And the poet? Well, this sonorous, fluent and rather superficial verse may not mean very much to us at the moment—Byron said himself that his gift was rhetorical rather than poetical; and yet it is well to remember, among our complacent chirpings and twitterings, that the voice of Byron was once the voice of Europe. And even if we cannot respond to the theatrical rhodomontade of "Childe Harold" any more than, in certain moods, the author himself could, where is the satirist of this very knowing and cynical generation who can hold up a candle to the sustained brilliance of "Don Juan"?

FROUDE AND CARLYLE.*

BY GEORGE SAINTSBURY.

IT is to be feared that, if not an actual majority, a large proportion of people who see Professor Dunn's title will cry or mutter, according to their temperament, "What! *that* come up again?" It is at any rate certain that not a few—including perhaps some not ill-qualified—have hoped that the question had been relegated to the company of the Man in the Iron Mask and the Letters of Junius. But it has not been so; and this book had not been published more than a score or so of hours when that question showed its remarkable but not exactly delightful power of setting folk by the ears. The present writer—a Carlylean of seventy years standing (he had the luck to be initiated early); a devotee for fifty of that Princess of Dulcamaras, Jane Welsh Carlyle; and in several ways an admirer of Mr. Froude's—has been set to work, *not* by his ears, on it. He thinks that not the least profitable and certainly not the unsafest way of dealing with it will be to start with a short account, in the old and recently revived *dramatis personæ* style, of how the three characters mainly involved appear to him as a result of the seventy years study of the chief of them and of the fifty "keeping up," as far as a man may keep up and live, with the squabbles over all three.



National Portrait Gallery. **Carlyle (1877).**
From the painting by G. F. Watts.

CARLYLE, THOMAS.—One of the greatest men of letters, not merely of England in the nineteenth century; not merely of all English literature at large; but of all the world and all time. But also what the Greeks, with their unmatched faculty of suiting sound to sense, called a σφόδρα μελαγχολικός—a man utterly under the sway of that Goddess more dread than any Fury and most dread of all the instruments of Fate—Melancholy: and somewhat unfortunate, not in his actual upbringing itself but in the suitableness of that upbringing to his future society and occupations. Afflicted with curious patches of mental blindness as to some things in books and life; but not seriously damaged as to his vision and his creation in others. Not likely to be a happy man and only too likely to make others unhappy, without the slightest intention of doing so or indeed clear perception of having done it.

CARLYLE, JANE WELSH.—A woman of extraordinary talent and quality but, as indicated above, deeply imbued with that "bittersweetness" which infuses a superstrength into the sweetness and the bitterness themselves. One of the cleverest—in more than one or two senses of that slippery and rather awkward word—of her sex Likely to be either very much liked or very much disliked by her own. As for the other it would appear that they not infrequently seemed to feel, as a beautiful phrase in another story has it, "a mission to kiss her"—though she was not exactly pretty—and that, as no doubt

* "Froude and Carlyle: A Study of the Froude-Carlyle Controversy." By Waldo F. Dunn, Professor of English in the College of Wooster, U.S. 15s. (Longmans.)

men should do with missions, they sometimes carried it out.

Froude, James Anthony.—A person whom to judge requires some judicial faculty. His actual conduct in first joining and then leaving the " Oxford Movement " is a matter for God and himself. But it is an unlucky truth that the two little books he wrote at this period show bad taste and bad writing. He afterwards became, though with some irregularity and variation, one of the very best writers of English prose in his time. For beauty of style and thought the well known " Bells " passage, though some advertise their critical quality by decrying it ; for dry savour " The Cat's Pilgrimage " are of the absolute first class. But on these sides he was unequal, and though the sort of *Hetz* which pursued him as an historian was excessive and unfair, he *was* inaccurate. It was a strange sort of inaccuracy, for it would occasionally make him spoil evidence on his own side : but it certainly existed, and it is exceedingly unwise of his partisans to deny it. Admission could do him no or very little harm except in the eyes of people who think it important in such a matter as this to be accurate in deciding whether there were on a certain day two horses in a stable or only one. It might be of course in a question of horse-stealing : but the questions involved here are not of that kind.

To which one might add several things such as a splendid and not very common patriotism which is not here very relevant : and an unlucky kind of thoughtlessness and slapdash of which the incident recorded here, when Sir James Stephen's good advice saved him from his own folly, is a striking example ; but on the other hand a gift of conception and production of historical incident and character, accurate or inaccurate, which has seldom been matched.

Well : take three characters like these ; add that the first charges the third to be his literary executor and for many years gives him miscellaneous and, it would seem, sometimes contradictory instructions about the matter ; and then (if you have a fairly lively faculty of imagination in a good sense) imagine what is likely to happen. If you wisely obey that counsel of "Wait and See " the original authorship of which is disputed, you will certainly admit that what *has* happened—half a century of squabble included—was not so very unlikely. " What, however," the reader will quite properly say, " do you think of the book which is actually before you ? " Well nowadays the " jackets " of books seem to think that *they* ought to do the thinking. This one tells us that the book " attempts to give a complete survey of the Froude-Carlyle controversy." The most cheerful thing about this is that it suggests a controversy between Froude and Carlyle himself, which would have been fun. The jacket further opines that the book's verdict " runs counter to that recorded in almost all histories of English literature "—a statement with which we cannot agree—and that it " restores confidence in Froude's biography."

Undoubtedly Professor Dunn has given a good deal of documentary text, and has discussed some points of it at great length. If anybody wants fourteen pages on the physical adequacy of Mr. Carlyle for one of the tasks which he undertook in life, there they are, showing that the evidence on neither side of this momentous question would convict either the traditional " lodging-house cat " or that cat's owner. It sometimes seems as if our author wished to antedate and antidote the effect of Mr. David Wilson's very remarkable thesaurus (" medley " Mr. Dunn calls it), which, though far from faultless, will do future students much good and can do none of them, if he has any brains of his own, much harm. It was no doubt a mistake of Mr. Wilson, as Mr. Dunn quotes him here, to call Froude " foolish," but only a greater fool than one usually meets would think Froude a fool because the adjective is applied to him.

That anybody should want to write—still more that any other body should want to read—such matter as this is truly wonderful. There *is* stuff of the first quality to read in the published work from " Sartor " to " Frederick." There are letters of the very first quality—in Mrs. Carlyle's case especially—to reinforce this older publication. And with all this at hand people busy themselves with Dick, Tom and Harry's interpretation of it ; with Dick's abuse of Tom and Tom's contempt for Harry ; and with discussions of the exact value to be attached to Mrs. Carlyle's extremely laconic entry in her diary that on a certain day there were " two blue marks on her wrist " ! Now the wisest as well as the most comfortable way of taking this would be to remember not the least delightful passage of Sir Walter's, where my lord Lindsay of the Byres produces a similar effect on Queen Mary's arm and excuses himself by alleging the unfair sensitiveness of feminine flesh. Some, on the other hand, of the Froude-Carlyle folk, would take it for a text to show that Carlyle was always beating his wife : and some others for one to prove that Froude (*a*) invented it (*b*) had no business to tell such things whether he told this or not, etc. And it is all such utter " waste of labour, and [not " light " as the poet has it, but] *heavy*-minded folly."

There will still be books about the subject of course : and perhaps some day some person of genius will get hold of it. He will talk mainly if not quite wholly about the Carlyles themselves ; he may have to say something about Froude. But about the " Froude-Carlyle controversy " he will say as little as possible, though he may make that little as strong as his genius will let him.

PIECRUST.

By Daisy Fisher. 7s. 6d. net. (John Murray.)

It all began with Camilla forsaking " the boy with the glowing, mocking eyes " for the Fat Man who had a " woollen voice " and a " flannelette voice." And the boy, Hayward, being only twenty-one and a poet, turned with loathing from Camilla, who later sought her revenge. But Hayward by that time had invaded the enclosure of the Lavender family—to the joy of Sir Richard Lavender and the horror of his mother. Old Lady Lavender and her daughter Anne could not exclude Hayward from the house, and that high-spirited and temperamental young man had his way. That he did not marry Rose was fortunate and there is every reason to hope that with Stephanie and her baby to " keep him good " Hayward will march prospering, and become a successful writer. A lively and entertaining piece of work is this tale of broken promises.

WHAT GREAT-GREAT-GRANDMOTHER USED TO READ.

By A. ERMATINGER FRASER.

A FAT old book—very worn as to the brown leather back and the dingy marbled sides, very yellowed as to pages—*The Lady's Magazine, or Entertaining Companion for the Fair Sex, for the Year* 1780; so far as appearances go, faded and forlorn-looking, if compared with any of the numerous Journals, Companions, Monthlies,. richly illustrated and beautifully printed, that at present offer themselves for woman's especial consumption. Yet, contrasting this literary fare, feature by feature, the " fair sex " of 1780 manage to hold their own tolerably well.

The wood-engraving by Dighton, which makes " the Superb and Elegant Frontispiece," shows the " flapper " of that generation at the cross-roads between an ultra-fashionable Folly trying to entice her away to the haunts of Extravagance and Gaming, and a modish and sprightly Minerva who is gently inducing her towards the temple of Wisdom. Fourteen such plates are included in the volume, each a fine piece of craftsmanship. One depicts Ella, King of Northumbria in the ninth century, who was evidently a man of rapid action, as he has eloped with a fair lady, slain his rival, and is now kneeling to claim the parental blessing of the bride's father. With delightful *naiveté*, the artist has clothed his Early Saxon hero in the doublet and hose, ruff and slashed shoes of Queen Elizabeth's day!



Frontispiece to " The Lady's Magazine " for 1780.

According to the index, each number was originally equipped with folding fancy-work patterns —" An elegant sprig for working a Gown," " Fashionable Apron to be worked in catgut," " Neat and elegant designs for Watchpapers," etc. etc. But these have all been taken out, evidently for use by the owner, almost a century and a half ago. This earliest mistress of the book, " Miss Isabella," employs her family arms, correctly placed in a lozenge, as a book-plate; she has copied out on the fly-leaves in a small sloping Italian hand the twenty-four stanzas of Mallet's doleful ballad, " Edwin and Emma "; and passages in the essays, " Rules to Make the Connubial State Happy " and " Essential Requisites in the Choice of a Husband," have been deeply pencilled and underscored. Let us hope reality turned out not too far astray from the sentimental dreamer's wishes.

Each number still includes, folded in, a piece of sheet-music, newly composed by Hudson, or Hawkins, the two most noted musicians of that day in London: " Sophia! Name forever dear! " " The Blushing Rose," " Wake! gentle Sylvia! "—sweet, tinkling, tuneful melodies " set for harpsichord or ' guittarr '."

One advertisement appears, and various readers write in high dudgeon about the wretched commercial effect it gave to a magazine otherwise suited for the drawing rooms of "quality." The editor apologises profusely for the oversight which had caused such a signal breach of good taste, and meekly adds that the obnoxious notice was only placed on a small portion of the flyleaf and might easily be removed.

In fact, the prefatory page, " To our Correspondents," is, quite unintentionally, rather entertaining to modern readers. G. Robinson, the editor, is assisted by " The Female Coterie," who act as a " Senate of Inspection," to censor any production not eminently befitting the perusal of young persons of gentility. As their identity is unknown, G. Robinson finds it convenient to let them shoulder the responsibility for all rejections. Hence, " The Coterie have decided that the poem, ' Venus Triumphant,' is rather too luxuriantly descriptive to appear in our repository." Considering the outspoken statements which do at times appear, Venus must have been indeed very glowingly delineated!

That icy missive, the printed rejection slip, apparently had not yet been invented. Would-be contributors are thanked profusely, or very gently discouraged. "We are not a little obliged to our ingenious Hester K. for again assuming her pen in our behalf." . . . "We feel deeply grateful to have been once more honored with an essay from Constant Reader." . . . "We make it our ardent study to oblige all our correspondents with the greatest impartiality, and we can only ascribe our seeming neglect in not publishing these valued contributions to our having temporarily mislaid certain manuscripts."

The gentle contributor of the French section is at times urged to diligence: "A further instalment of Henrietta R.'s serial, 'La Vie d'Epaminondas,' would be more agreeable to us than the revenues of Hindostan or the income of the Dewanee. There have been such clamorous complaints from our readers on account of the intermission of her production that, unless a suitable number of pages arrive forthwith, she must excuse us if we snatch the inactive pen from her idle standish, and continue the work ourselves."

Occasionally, however, the editor voices a spirited protest: "The profusion of poetical Enigmas, Acrostics, Rebuses, transmitted to us is so great that we should not be hyperbolical if we were to say that they amount to over a chaldron in measure. Why, then, should *this* individual be angry with us for not printing his favorite, the child of his own brain? Neither diatribes nor encomiums from persons within the narrow limits of a narrow town can be for a moment supposed to intimidate or seduce us to the least degree of partiality towards him, or any friends of his." This haughty rejoinder goes to a mere man; but an irate member of the "fair sex" receives gentler treatment: "If we have unwittingly offended Ida L. we trust to be forgiven; for a frown is incompatible with beauty. Who can imagine a scowling Venus?"

One may remark that a few honeyed words were certainly due to the valued contributors; for they received nothing else for their literary labours. Perish the thought that any genteel female could so far demean herself as to accept base lucre in exchange for the product of her soul! Nor might a modest young lady, of any breeding whatever, permit her real name to appear in a public print, except on the two occasions of her marriage and her funeral. However, a vulgar proverb remarks, "Fine words butter no parsnips," and the mercenary modern aspirant to literature prefers a cheque to a compliment.

"In the poetical line," as G. Robinson puts it, the supply is very abundant. Each number contains ten or twelve effusions, and the preface bestows honourable mention upon many more. Most of it is extremely sentimental and melancholy; the death of friends or loss of lovers are favourite subjects; also ditties upon pet spaniels and tame birds. There are several poems by Fanny B*r**y—Burney, surely, as this magazine was published only two years after "Evelina" had taken London by storm. However, neither her ballad of pensive Alonzo and perfidious Kitty, nor the mournful "Reflections on Miss Nancy, who died of the Smallpox, aged Eighteen," will add particularly to "Fannikin's" laurels. The name Angelica K**f***n appears in answer to some of the poetical enigmas. Evidently, as a slight pastime between her usual occupations of painting portraits and pouring conversation into Sir Joshua's ear-trumpet, "Miss Angel" sat herself down to wrestle with something like this:



Fanny Burney (Mdme. D'Arblay).

"Letters five compose my name,
Read backwards, forwards, 'tis the same:
But when twice fifty's from me taken,
There remains a mother's name."
—(*Level*).

The then poet laureate, William Whitehead, furnishes a few dutiful odes on His Majesty's Birthday, on the birth of a Prince, and on the Great and Glorious Victory off Cape St. Vincent.

When we think of the *pièce de résistance* of the modern magazine—short stories—it seems odd to notice that here there is none. Occasionally one comes across an anecdote, or the relation of some historic incident; but the great bulk of the fiction is serial in style, and the story is carried on by interminable letter-writing, on the plan of "Pamela" and "Evelina." All the novels turn upon the difficulties and dangers of Beauty in a licentious age; and the moral lessons are instilled with unstinted plainness of speech.

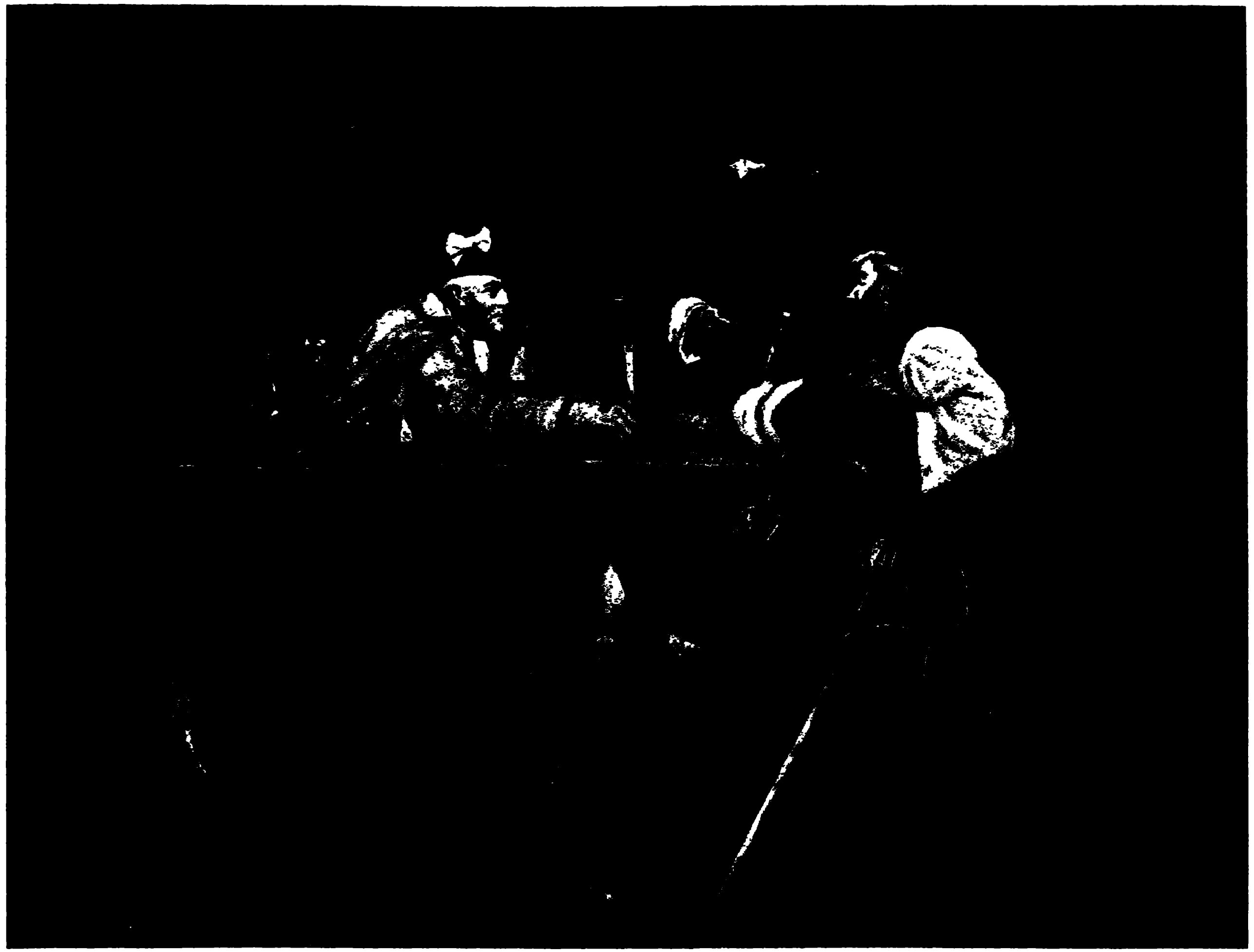
These epistles are sometimes amusing, more often tedious, to a present-day reader; but they shed much light upon the average point of view then in matters moral, social and economic. To employ children three years of age, in winding cotton all day for fourpence hire, is considered highly laudable, since it keeps the offspring of the poor usefully employed. One of the novelettes contrasts the career of "Ella Worthy," who knew her proper station in life, with the "Downfall of Kitty Tasty," who, poor child, although a farmer's daughter, ventured to adorn her white frock with pink ribbons, and persuaded her father to allow her to take music lessons. It is pointed out very plainly that this was a most iniquitous proceeding on Kitty's part, hence nothing but catastrophe could be expected.

Books also, except such learning as should teach them "to order themselves lowly and reverently to all their betters," appear to have been almost taboo for the working-classes. The deplorable result of modern laxity is lamented as bitterly in 1780 as in 1930. Owing to the absurd ideas of mistaken philanthropists, in encouraging the spread of education, "Miss, the *taylor's* daughter, talks now as familiarly to her *confident*,



By THOMAS FAED, R.A. (Corcoran Art Gallery).

SIR WALTER SCOTT AND HIS FRIENDS AT ABBOTSFORD.



By J. WATSON NICOL.

From the original painting in the Mappin Art Gallery, Sheffield. (By permission.)

ROB ROY AND THE BAILIE.
("FOR BETTER OR FOR WORSE.")

Miss Polly Staytape, of swains and sentiments, as the most accomplished female in fashionable life." Both novels and essays lay great stress on methods of dealing with "the girl of the period." A paper, "On the Peculiar Management of Daughters," indicates that parental perplexity was little less acute in the eighteenth century than in the twentieth. "Mr. Manly" writes indignantly desiring that sensible people combine "to keep down the little saucy female upstarts of this age, who are nuisances wherever they come, by their carriage and their conversation: who are, indeed, so idle and impertinent that they treat men with a supercilious neglect not to be endured."

A number of the novels claim to be written by these abused creatures—girls of seventeen and eighteen. In spite of the "sauciness" with which they are charged, they appear to prefer the most lugubrious style of narrative. "Military Distress" piles every kind of agony upon a wretched officer and his family, and finally leaves him stranded on the coast of Finisterre. (To be continued in our next volume.) "Fatal Effects of Pressing" (no, not about "petting parties"!) recounts the tragedies that have arisen from the occasional over-zealous action of the press-gang in seizing, by mistake, "A young Gentleman of Good Family." Apparently, it mattered not at all how many tragedies arose, if the man were not "of Good Family."

Engraved for the Lady's Magazine



In "The Nuptials Interrupted," the Lady Clarissa is desired by her father, noble in ancient name and equally so in soul, to wed a man of his careful selection; but her mother, "volatile, giddy, and idle, who cared naught for progress in science nor advancement in morality," presents a gay, frivolous, and worldly marquis as a candidate for her daughter's hand. Clarissa listens meekly to each parent in turn, and "makes a bow of filial reverence." The story is "To be Continued in our next Annual Volume," and the reader is left to gaze upon the illustration, and decide for himself with *which* aspirant the dutiful Clarissa is about to drive to church for the wedding ceremony, and what are the contents of the letter which "interrupts the Nuptials."

The most madly thrilling of the romances has the scene laid in South America. Aza, the hero, at the wildest moment of despair, when fleeing from treacherous Spaniards, or tortured by the thought that the detestable Deterville has snatched from him the enchanting Zilia, can yet always stop to pen a dozen pages after this style to his confidential friend, the noble Peruvian, Kaminhuiscap: "Generous Friend, canst thou conceive the desolation of my soul? My heart is surrounded by the most cruel fury! Zilia, the perfidious Zilia, sighs for my rival! Heavens! Upon whom shall my burning rage first fall? Fatal jealousy! Ah, Kaminhuiscap, a blinding mist of agony obscures the very words I endeavour to trace. . . ." and so on, *ad infinitum*.

The life-story of Gabrielle D'Estrées, the favourite of Henri Quatre, runs in detail throughout the volume, with occasional asides to remind fair readers that her career is not to be considered worthy of emulation, but merely in the light of a shocking example. The very different story of Joan of Arc is also given, rather quaintly translated from the old French of "John Nagarel, Canon of the Church of Notre Dame at Rouen." He calls her "Joan Taré," a version of the name not usually seen. Rousseau had not yet (in 1780) had his name bracketed with that of Voltaire to spell Anathema in England; and a translation of his "Émile" throughout the greater part of the volume leads to considerable discussion of his views upon education and child-rearing. Many short articles of literary criticism appear dealing with Molière, Racine, Ronsard, Boileau, Marmontel, as well as with Shakespeare, and other English writers.

There are no "Household Hints"—I suppose our ancestresses would have regarded such advice as a reflection upon their personal skill in domestic management. There is only one recipe, but that reappears in several numbers and occasions a vast deal of agitated correspondence. It is upon the best method of making butter sauce, and the keenly-debated point is, whether to rub the flour into the butter before, or after, melting it. Mistress Bessy Bluitt (who seems to have possessed a sense of humour) at last writes, vowing that this point must be settled, that her health cannot stand the nervous strain of uncertainty any longer, and that it is also affecting the welfare of her young infant, since she, the mother, cannot sleep at nights until this question of butter sauce, so vital to the comfort of every family, is authoritatively decided. The "Female Coterie" do not approve of Bessy's strain of ironical trifling; and the Preface says haughtily, "We have received an ungenteel letter from Bessy Bluitt, which we do honour far too much in publishing, and thus acknowledging." There is no more "writ" of Bessy and the butter sauce.

Engrav'd for the Lady's Magazine.



The Nuptials Interrupted.

"Beauty Hints" are also at a minimum—only a plea for methods of avoiding redness of hands, and some dissertation on the fashionable degree of powder for complexion and hair.

Though a comparatively small space is devoted to it, the fine art of Dress is not neglected. The Fashion Page comes only twice a year—midwinter and midsummer—but then, such fashions are well worth waiting for! There is always a division into three groups: Full dress, Undress, and the Deshabille. The Full dress paragraph begins at the head, which must be adorned with "a toupée Frenched, five curls down each side, one long braid coiled behind, fastened with a pearl knot; Rubens hats ornamented with a profusion of varigated and white spiral feathers and flowers." The most fashionable robe is "The long Turkish polonaise of rich plain *sattin*, trimmed with painted wreathes of flowers, edged with blond and crape, full picoteed treble ruffles; large hoops." Satin shoes with brilliant knots or diamond buckles are also required. "The following colours are considered *à la mode*: Burgundy, pale clay, prune, pearl pink, vive laylock, French grey."

The "Undress" merely appears to necessitate the addition of an apron and a kerchief to give a domestic touch. This costume requires "gowns of gauze, lined with Persian, or gold and silver muslins lined. . . . Pantheon aprons tied up with tassels. . . . Vandyke handkerchiefs round the shoulders, with narrow black ribbon collars buckled about the neck." One may wear "The Italian cap, which is made entirely of crape and fine blond, with flat lappets, which hang very low behind"; or instead, "The hood hat, trimmed with one row of very fine deep blond round the edge, set on straight crape, or tiffany in puffs around the crown."

"Dishabille" had nothing of the "Mother Hubbard" or "Bungalow apron" about it in 1780. Caps and short aprons appear to be the distinguishing marks, but, "Large caps, with three deep wings," or "Large French caps, with six plaitings to the face," "German gowns, silver-sprigged, with short flounced aprons," or, "Circassian gowns of buff lutestring with short full-trimmed aprons . . . shapes small, long waists, small hoops."

But I forbear, lest this paper be taken as a piece of special pleading for the modern maid, with her bobbed hair, one-piece frock, and limited "undies"!

Every monthly number devotes several pages to News of the World—Home, Foreign and American. This was the year of the Volunteer Convention in Ireland, of the Gordon Riots in London, of the naval victory off Cape St. Vincent. Necker at Versailles was then striving to avert the rising storm of Revolution. News came in January of the murder of gallant

Captain Cook nearly a year previous, and letters are quoted from explorers in China, and from the Asiatic ports east of the Caspian Sea. This was also the time of the crisis of the American War of Independence, and the correspondence of Sir Henry Clinton with Lord George Germaine, dealing with Benedict Arnold, André, and Washington, with dashing Banastre Tarleton, and with the unexpected movements of Paul Jones, is published in full detail from the "Gazette Extraordinary." Reading it thus from the same pages as did those who felt it the very latest war news, some of the dust of a century and a half blows away, and a stronger sense of the reality of these past events comes upon us.



Samuel Richardson.
By Joseph Highmore (National Portrait Gallery, London).

A complete article might be written upon the "Notes of the London Theatres" which appear in the *Lady s Magazine.* Garrick had died in 1779, but his great tradition still lingered. "Perdita" Robinson concluded her brief brilliant stage career in the spring of 1780, and she is several times commented upon in these criticisms. Besides synopses of the popular plays "for our readers in the provinces," discussion of stage management and comparisons of histrionic skill, there are biographical sketches of many prominent actresses such as Peg Woffington, Kitty Clive, Mrs. Abingdon ("Nosegay Fan"), Elizabeth Farren, later Countess of Derby, and that reckless and luckless George Anne Bellamy, whose account of her own deeds (and misdeeds) was of sufficient interest to enthral even so staid a reader as John Wesley, who remarked, when he finished her book, that he was sorry for the poor pretty thing.

Having thus given a partial summary of this magazine, "appropriated solely to the Use and Amusement of the Fair Sex," in the year 1780, we may, in spite of all our higher education for women and our throngs of feminine university graduates, ask ourselves the question, What journal especially for "The Ladies" of the present year gives a more complete account of current events throughout the world, of music, art, drama, poetry, travel, biography, history, not neglecting fiction, fancy-work, and fashions? I pause for a reply.

GRANVILLE-BARKER'S SHAKESPEARE.*

By Francis Bickley.

Those whose theatrical memories go back twenty years or so know that Mr. Granville-Barker is one of the finest actors of his generation—perhaps the finest of all. In the sheer intelligence of his acting he had no rival, unless it were the late Leslie Faber, whose death was the greatest loss sustained by the English stage since the War. It was this quality which made him the supreme exponent of the Shavian hero—if the phrase be not a contradiction in terms—and we who saw him in that unforgettable series of productions at the Court Theatre in 1904 and 1905 can never be quite satisfied with any successor in the parts which he created. His own plays, except "The Madras House," are a little over-subtilised and consequently lacking in dramatic force, but in their actual writing there is a distinction of style to be found in the dialogue neither of Mr. Shaw nor of Mr. Galsworthy. As a producer Mr. Granville-Barker is a recognised master, "the greatest English producer of our time," one of the best of our dramatic critics has called him.

That nowadays he neither acts nor produces plays is deeply to be regretted. But there is consolation in the fact that his withdrawal from active participation in the business of the theatre has enabled him to make a study of the stage-craft of the greatest of dramatists which is without parallel alike for its critical insight and its practical value. "Anyone," said the critic already quoted, in reviewing the first series of "Prefaces to Shakespeare," "who in future attempts to produce any of the three plays so far discussed, without reading Mr. Granville-Barker line by line, deserves to lose his job with ignominy."

One reason no doubt why Mr. Granville-Barker can write with such understanding of Shakespeare's stagecraft is that he has had practical experience in producing plays, Shakespeare's own among others. But it is equally true that the understanding displayed in these essays explains why his productions were so good. The way in which he combines brilliance of perception with a gift for patient study and practical sense is remarkable. The new prefaces are to "Romeo and Juliet," "The Merchant of Venice," "Antony and Cleopatra" and "Cymbeline"; and each play presents a separate problem to him—the problem of how it should be most effectively and appropriately staged. His way of solving this is to try to discover exactly what was Shakespeare's own intention, with due regard—and on this he lays great stress—to the conditions of theatrical production in his time.

Mr. Granville-Barker will have nothing to do with the conception of Shakespeare as a sort of inspired lunatic, who wrote great plays as it were by accident. He believes that he had a clearly conceived reason for every line of dialogue, every change of key, every entrance and exit. His minute scrutiny of the text—the text, the whole text and nothing but the text—increases our sense not only of his own critical ability but of the magnificence of Shakespeare's craftsmanship. He goes very thoroughly into the questions of act-division and scene-division, and exposes the arbitrary and unjustified nature of most of these, the wrong they have done both to the rhythm and the sense of the plays, in the quartos, the folios and later editions. Having regard to the unlocalised character of the Elizabethan stage, and the audience's innocence of any desire for more precise definition of time and place than is indicated by the dialogue, he believes that, generally speaking, though he is sparing of generalisations, the action of the plays is meant to be continuous.

It must not be supposed that Mr. Granville-Barker's essays are the concern only of those whose business it is to produce Shakespeare's plays. Regarded purely from the literary side, they are in the front rank of Shakespearean criticism. The analyses of individual characters are, in their imaginative insight, worthy of Lamb.

* "Prefaces to Shakespeare." By Harley Granville-Barker. Second Series. 9s. (Sidgwick & Jackson.)

KATE GREENAWAY: A TWENTIETH CENTURY IMPRESSION.

BY WILLIAM E. DOUBLEDAY.

MISS KATE GREENAWAY died in 1901, and to think of her to-day is like turning over the fragrant petals of a delicate bowl of rich potpourri. For, like the flowers which she loved so well and drew with such exquisite fidelity and charm, her popularity has faded and, after delighting two continents for a quarter of a century or so, her work has, for the time being at least, fallen into undeserved oblivion. "*Sic transit gloria mundi*" might well be inscribed over the temple of her fame, but in this respect she suffers in excellent company:

> "There is no armour against fate;
> Death lays his icy hands on kings;
> Sceptre and Crown
> Must tumble down,
> And in the dust be equal made
> With the poor crooked scythe and spade."

The twentieth century is apt to be somewhat disrespectful to the nineteenth, and Kate Greenaway was, for good or ill, an artist who carved out for herself a distinctive and distinguished niche during the Victorian era. But she was something more than a mere exponent of her time. She was one of the little company of artists who revolutionised the art of book illustration. Walter Crane and Randolph Caldecott were contemporary workers in this refining process, but it was Miss Greenaway and her talented printer, Edmund Evans, working with her, who made book colour-work a thing of beauty and "a joy for ever"—a legacy for which we ought to be sufficiently grateful.



Portrait by Elliott & Fry.

Kate Greenaway.

No claim can with reason be made by her admirers for pre-eminence in the technique of art. This much is apparent in some of her work, and may readily be admitted. Her drawing is sometimes out of truth; her children—delightful as they are—are, like their originals, not invariably perfect; and her colour schemes, albeit often glorious in their harmonies, were occasionally at fault, especially in her earlier efforts. It has been alleged that she was deficient in landscape, but some of her illustrations offer a handsome defence against this charge, although it is undeniably true, as Ruskin pointed out to her, that she was sometimes careless of perspective and relied too exclusively as a rule upon her foregrounds. Those who desire to find fault with her work will find flaws enough to justify adverse criticism. There are defects in Keats's finest odes; even the sun has spots!

On the other hand she was peerless within her own particular little domain. Nowhere else can be found such captivating pictures of child life, and a crictic has suggested that only Botticelli surpassed her in the drawing and painting of roses. It was in such subjects that she was supreme. "What are Edouard Frère's little children to her?" Mr. Spielmann asked shortly after her death. "And what are Richter's?" he continued; "Cruikshank's children were caricatures; Leech's little manikins were never young, and Richard Doyle could give us sprites and fairies galore, but hardly a living boy or girl." Kate Greenaway's artless little folk were described by Austin Dobson as "the sweetest little child figures that have ever been invented," and Ruskin, her faithful mentor and friend, alternated his severely critical observations with outbursts of warmest praise. Cleverly as many of her drawings are reproduced in volume form, it is to be remembered that her work was frequently of so delicate a nature as to defy all the resources of the wood-block cutter and the colour printer, and it necessarily suffered by reduction. A professor of botany has been known to declare that her drawings of flowers and leaves are so exact that he could lecture from them, but in the course of translation into pictorial print much of the finest essence of such craft escapes.

In the seventies and eighties the "Greenaway" child took England and almost the whole of Europe by storm, and her birthday, Christmas and New Year cards, and February valentines, enjoyed a tremendous vogue both in Europe and America. Valentines are now outmoded, and Miss Greenaway's seasonal cards are almost totally forgotten, but like the first editions of her books, or indeed any book containing an example of her work, they are unceasingly the quarry of the connoisseur and the collector with an eye to rising values. During recent years the market value of these examples has rapidly increased.

But it is upon her books that the fame of Kate Greenaway rests and will continue to rest, although

those who appreciate them most highly cannot agree among themselves as to which is entitled to pride of place. Austin Dobson thought that the artist herself had an especial affection for "Under the Window." Ruskin seems to have singled out her drawings for "The Pied Piper of Hamelin" for especial commendation, but he was more than cordial to other of her books.



Swings.

From Kate Greenaway's "Book of Games" (Warne).

"Some of the pages of 'The Piper' are magnificent pictures," he wrote to her, "though with a white background. You will be led by the blue mountains and the deep glens to a deeper colour melody, and to how much else there is no calculating." She was then about to visit him at Brantwood, hence the reference to scenic backgrounds, which she never developed as the critic hoped. Others have expressed a preference for "The Language of Flowers," a production of quite bewitching beauty, but owing to the absence of interesting letterpress it has undergone unmerited neglect. Its flowers and many of its subject pictures are a sheer joy, and the colours are finely done. The Almanacs, which were an annual feature throughout many years, undoubtedly contain some of the choicest of her pieces, but "Mother Goose," "Marigold Garden," "Little Ann," and possibly even "A Apple Pie" and her "Book of Games" are all rival candidates for preference. The fact is of course that in all these books her genius and charm were manifest, and liking is a matter of personal choice.

The characteristics of Miss Greenaway's art are grace and charm, and the charm and grace are of a kind peculiarly her own. She had many imitators but no rivals. The whimsicality of her children—almost invariably happy, for she hated to think of suffering!—and the simplicity, the unconscious dignity and the humour of her drawings have an atmosphere which is unique and inimitable. As a French critic has prettily observed, Kate Greenaway was "a fairy who did not dwell upon the globe at all, but only visited it from time to time for love of earthly children, just to leave another little book, and then fly away again."

Without being guilty of suggesting any close parallel between the writings of Jane Austen and the drawings of Kate Greenaway, one may perhaps venture to suggest that these two artists in different forms had certain traits in common. Each restricted herself to a narrow sphere and explored and depicted it with genius; each enjoyed and displayed a delightful sense of refined humour; each in her own manner was a keen observer of human nature, but Miss Greenaway's pencil was almost wholly confined to children and to flowers. At her best she has something of the graciousness, the subtlety of perception, the unerring sense of style which delight us in the writings of Jane Austen—but there is a difference; Miss Greenaway is entirely innocent of the great novelist's pungent, ironic humour.



When we went out with Grandmamma.

From "Marigold Garden." By Kate Greenaway (Warne).

Three decades have elapsed since this artist was laid to rest in the cemetery of the Hampstead in which she had lived so long, and where she had accomplished so much of her life-work. Her fame is yet under eclipse, but this is a matter which time and posterity may

perhaps adjust. Meanwhile through the generosity of her brother, Mr. John Greenaway, an extensive collection of her studies and finished drawings, with proofs in various states, often with the text inserted in her picturesque script, has been presented, as alms to oblivion, to the Central Public Library at Hampstead. There it is being exhibited as a reminder of an artist of unique gifts, without whose work the world would have been the poorer.



And every sort of dance they knew.

From "Marigold Garden." By Kate Greenaway (Warne).

"Farewell, kind
Heart, and if
there be
In that unshored
Immensity
Child Angels,
they will wel-
come thee,"

sang Austin Dobson in his tender little requiem on the death of Miss Greenaway. Indeed her children ought to be immortal, and her flowers should never be allowed to fade in a Valhalla of neglect.

THE BOOKMAN PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

APRIL, 1930.

Answers to these Competitions (each on a separate sheet bearing name and address of sender) must be received by the Editor not later than the 14th of each month. A Competitor may ent r for all the seven Competitions, but must cut out coupon below and send this with each answer or group of answers, and address envelope:

"The Prize Page," THE BOOKMAN, St. Paul's House, Warwick Square, London, E.C.4.

That they may be available also to Overseas Competitors, Competitions I and II will be the same each month until further notice, but the subjects for all the other Competitions may each month be changed.

Competitors must please keep copies of their MSS.; the Editor cannot undertake to return them.

THE PRIZES OFFERED THIS MONTH ARE:

I.—ONE GUINEA for the best *original* lyric.

II.—HALF A GUINEA for the best quotation from English verse applicable to any review or the name of any author or book appearing in this Number.

III.—THREE NEW BOOKS for the best note, in not more than two hundred words, on "The Rarest or Oldest Book I possess, and why I value it."

IV.—HALF A GUINEA for the most humorous prose paraphrase, in not more than two hundred words, of any well-known poem.

V.—HALF A GUINEA for the best twenty-four lines of verse into which the competitor introduces, in some intelligible narration the largest number of book titles mentioned in the advertisement columns of this issue.

VI.—HALF A GUINEA for the best review, in not more than one hundred words, of any recent book. Competitors should give names of Book, Author and Publisher at head of each review.

VII.—THE BOOKMAN will be sent post free for twelve months to the sender of the best suggestion for a Competition.

RESULTS OF COMPETIONS FOR MARCH.

I.—ONE GUINEA is awarded to J. Fisher, The British Library, Montana-Vermala, Switzerland, for the following:

FROM A STRANGE LAND.

Who said that memories fade with the years?
It is not true, O Heart! It is not true.
Always Remembrance greener grows with tears;
The pictured past is daily seen anew.—
That small and gracious house, whose warm brick walls
Yearly by climbing plants are closer pressed;
The mist that wraps it round as evening falls
O, my heart cries for home, and will not rest!

For there grows lavender in massed array,
Each scented blossom hung with honey-bees.
And while September pauses on her way,
Painted crab-apples glow on slender trees.
The little cup-like lawn, set close with flowers,
Is filled with sun, by him all day possessed—
O, who shall give me back those warm, sweet hours?
My heart cries out for home, and will not rest.

And there are roses all the summer-tide,
Spilling their scented glory equally
From bush and bowl. Doors, windows, open wide,
Offer the winds their hospitality—
And there are small, kind rooms, with walls of white,
And my tall windows, open to the west—
Friends, and one more than friend, my Love, my Light—
O, my heart cries for home, and will not rest.

We also select for printing:

WINTER IN THE WOODS.

"Tread ye softly in these parts,"
Calls the woodland soil;
"Here is balm for broken hearts,
Peace for those who toil.



The most recent portrait of Mr. Leonard Merrick whose new volume "The Little Boy Laughed" Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton are publishing this month.

LEONARD MERRICK.
(Photo by Arnold Genthe, N.Y.)

SUPPLEMENT TO "THE BOOKMAN,"
APRIL, 1930.



Drawing by FREDERICK ADCOCK.

GREENAWAY HOUSE, FROGNAL, HAMPSTEAD, N.W.

Additions have been made to each side of the house since Miss Kate Greenaway lived there.

"Tread ye warily the track
As ye pass these trees;
Here are violets, purple-black
As waves of stormy seas.

"Softly tread the woodland deep!
Dreaming mysteries
Under moss and beech-mast, sleep
Wood anemones.

Let your silent steps fall light!
Under last year's leaves
Nestles winter aconite
Gold as sunlit sheaves.

"Tread ye softly in these parts,"
Calls the woodland soil;
"Here is balm for broken hearts,
Peace for those who toil."

(V. E. Webb, Wylye Cottage, Heytesbury, Wilts.)

THE CURTAIN.

Like some seraglio of an Eastern king,
Secret and screened from gaze of prying eyes,
So is the soul of many a friend we know.
And as some gazer hidden 'mong the palms,
In some fair garden by the water, sees
A dark Sultana for a moment stand,
Dreaming, behind the casement curtain's folds,
The red gold gleaming on her dusky brow:
The hidden beauty for a moment stands,
And gazes, dreaming, from some well known eyes.

(John P. Coghlan, 16, Fontenoy Street, Dublin.)

We also highly commend the lyrics by Mrs. Eve McDonough (Brighton), Mrs. Osborne (Wakefield), Teresa B. Noble (Long Melford), May Herschel Clarke (Woolwich), Gertrude Pitt (London, N.), Mrs. I. F. B. Lowry (Knaphill), Joy Calvert (Vancouver, Canada), Mrs. Mary Hughes (Beckenham), M. J. Coghlan (Dublin), W. J. Bailey (Kapunda, South Australia), Joan Warburg (London, W.), Audrey Haggard (Winchester), Elsie Cranmer (Teddington), Edith M. Walker (Bournemouth), Mrs. D. W. Boileau (Inverness), V. V. Graham Bower (Brighton), Ella Tucker (Althorne), Irene Wintle (Berkhamsted), Margaret A. B. Jones (Noughton), Margaret F. Woodzell (Plymouth), Olive F. Crowe (Hanwell), Victoria Fraser (Ontario, Canada), Mrs. Ernest Beves (Hove), Irene Ardern (Cromer), B. E. Bush (Newdigate), K. A. Hefferman (Lyndhurst), John A. Bellchambers (Highgate), C. Burton (Forest Hill), E. Dennes (Horndean), A. Doris L. Wilson (Renhold), Mabel E. Siggers (Bury St. Edmund's), Marie Heath Stripp (Ventnor, Isle of Wight), Nan T. Riddell (Victoria, British Columbia), Marjorie Crosbie (Wolverhampton), Esther Raworth (Harrogate), Norah M. Butterfield (Westward Ho!), Evelina San Garde (Oswaldtwistle), Margarita Yates (Haute Savoie, France), George S. Astins (Hove), Kathleen Blyth (West Hartlepool), H. Broadberry Seaman (Bayswater), Cyrille Wright (Strasburg), Constance Maunsell (Dublin), K. G. Budd (Twickenham), M. G. Hughes (Hemel Hempstead), Wilfrid Hardie (Welwyn Garden City), Leslie H. Yodaiken (Dublin), Mrs. E. M. Salter (South Croydon), Lilian H. Kruse (Eastbourne).

II.—THE PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best quotation is awarded to the Rev. F. Hern, Rowland's Castle, Hants, for the following:

OUT OF THE SWIM. BY G. B. BURGIN. (Hutchinson.)
"He put on his clothes."
GOLDSMITH, *Elegy on the Death of a Mad Dog.*

We also select for printing:

LAUGHING BOY. BY OLIVER LA FARGE. (Constable.)
"You hear that boy laughing?—you think he's all fun;
But the angels laugh too, at the good he has done."
OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES, *The Boys.*

(Alice B. Coghlan, 15, Fontenoy Street, Dublin.)

SUPREMACY. BY H. D. SLATER. (Hutchinson.)
"I am monarch of all I survey."
ALEXANDER SELKIRK.

(A. Eleanor Pinnington, 70, Pitt Street, Norwich.)

DIFFICULT WOMEN. BY KATHARINE BRUSH. (Cassell.)
"Love me or love me not, I like the cap,
And it I will have, or I will have none."
SHAKESPEARE, *Taming of the Shrew, Act IV, Sc.* 3.

(E. Bamber, "The Croft," Wilpshire, near Blackburn.)

1. THE INTRUDER. BY VICTOR BLASCO IBAÑEZ. (Thornton Butterworth.)
"I saw Esau kissing Kate."
Old English Rhyme.

(Agatha Honnywell, 5, Adelaide Terrace, Portishead, Bristol.)

2. "It made the children laugh and play
To see a lamb at school."
Nursery Rhyme, "Mary Had a Little Lamb."

(John A. Bellchambers, 40, Highgate Hill.)

TIME, GENTLEMEN, TIME! BY NORAH HOULT. (Heinemann)
"And may there be no moaning at the bar
When I put out . . ."
TENNYSON, *Crossing the Bar.*

(K. M. Sanders, Tamworth, Bridport, Dorset.)

ABOUT MYSELF. BY BEN TURNER. (Humphrey Toulmin.)
"O wad some power the giftie gie us
To see oursels as others see us!"
BURNS, *Address to a Louse.*

(C. C. Fraser, 19, Falkner Square, Liverpool.)

POSTSCRIPT TO ADVENTURE. BY ASHLEY GIBSON. (Dent.)
"All the King's horses and all the King's men
Couldn't put Humpty-Dumpty together again."
Nursery Rhyme.

(Kathleen Blyth, St. Joseph's Secondary School, Victoria Road, West Hartlepool.)



The Gaudy Flower.
From "Little Ann and Other Poems." By Jane & Ann Taylor. Illustrated by Kate Greenaway (Warne).

BOOKMAN COUPON—April

THE STRENGTH OF THE SPIRIT.
By Leonora Eyles. (Constable.)

"Fill me with the old familiar juice.
Methinks I might recover by and by."
FitzGerald, *Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyám.*

(Nanette Wise, Netton Lodge, Swanage, Dorset.)

III.—The Prize of Three New Books for the best advice to anybody about to be married are awarded to Eileen Newton, Hildawell, Southend Gardens, Whitby, Yorks, for the following:

Dear John,

It was nice of you to ask your old auntie's advice in view of your forthcoming marriage. Without further preamble, here it is.

Do not lose the lover in the husband; tell your wife occasionally that you love her, rather than let it be taken for granted. Never forget her birthday, and do take some interest in her attire; wives whose husbands consistently fail to notice their appearance often become dowdy. Make your wife a reasonable allowance, so that she will not have to ask you for every little thing she needs. Should you differ, talk the matter over quietly and try to arrive at a compromise; never bottle up grievances or brood over imaginary wrongs. Be frank with your wife as to your business and finances, so that she may give you counsel in times of depression, and rejoice with you when your affairs go well. In short, treat your wife as a friend, not a plaything, and she will probably prove to be the best "pal" you ever had.

Your affectionate aunt, Charlotte.

P.S.—The enclosed cheque will, I trust, contribute to your happiness. The best part of my letter is the postscript, isn't it?

We also select for printing:

Dear Margaret,

You are about to take one of the most important steps in life and, as one who wishes you only happiness, I should like to give a little advice.

Don't expect too much! No man is perfect and you will soon find that your husband has his little failings as other people have. A little help and sympathy from you will do more good than all the fault-finding in the world!

After a time you will miss his caresses—for the husband is not as the wooer. Don't sulk and think yourself ill-treated. He does not love you the less, but he has so much to think of, and men do not notice these little things which mean so much to us women! Don't pry into his business affairs; a man cannot tell his wife everything. Just be a good comrade, helping with tender sympathy over rough places, being enthusiastic in his success, and then your marriage will not be wrecked as so many are to-day.

Your sincere friend, Beatrix.

(Iris Ottaway, Bungay.)



Mr. Beverley Nichols.
From a drawing by H. A. Perry.

To any Bride,

You stand to-day outside the Gate which leads to the Land of True Romance. In old-fashioned fiction the closing pages were concerned with wedding bells and orange-blossom, which originated the foolish idea that marriage meant the end of the love story. The lover overcame difficulties, the lady comforted and encouraged him, all through the book, but, having reached the haven of matrimony, one felt that all sacrifices and efforts were at an end. Now this is altogether wrong. So far as we know, marriage is going to last you your lifetime—anyway, you feel certain, just now, that nothing will ever shake your trust and happiness in each other. It can only be what you dream it if you remember that you married—for Love. That is the aim of every life, however that aim may be disguised.

There will be disillusion and unhappiness in the years ahead, though you cannot imagine that now. When that time comes, remember Love; triumphant over life and death, stronger than all the powers of ill-fortune and accident, unassailable by sorrow or pain. It is the talisman for this life and Eternity. Remember—Love.

(Norah M. Butterfield, "Etain," Golf Links Road, Westward Ho!, Devon).

We also select for special commendation the replies by Aileen Parker (Mitcham), E. M. Cogswell (Lewisham), Mrs. H. Barnes (Eye, Suffolk), Irene Hubbard (Steeple Claydon), S. Barrington McClean (Glasgow), C. C. Fraser (Liverpool), J. A. Jenkins (Birmingham), Sydney J. Spedding (Bolton), Margaret Owen (Whitstable), E. Savell (Norbury), Ada F. Strike (West Worthing), Ethel West (Wolverhampton), Mrs. Salisbury (Putney), M. McDonnell (Bothwell), Mrs. May Belben (Wimborne), Mannington Sayers (Monmouth), Mrs. E. J. MacDonald Smith (Colinton), M. Luckham (Poole), B. M. Beard (Bexleyheath), John P. Coghlan (Dublin), Margaret A. B. Jones (Houghton), Mrs. Emily E. Moore (Letchworth), Mary T. Forth (Whitby), Alfred O. George (Minehead), Eleanor L. Sinclair (Belfast), Mrs. G. M. Yallop (Gorleston-on-Sea).

IV.—THE PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best set of one-line comments on six lines quoted from well known poets is awarded to Sir Duncan Grey, "Windgarth," Weston-super-Mare, for the following:

1. Procrastination is the thief of time;
But punctual folk are punished for the crime.
2. Sleep that knits up the ravelled sleeve of care,
Too much indulged leaves hose in disrepair.
3. There is in souls a sympathy with sounds,
Which stops at milk vans doing early rounds.
4. Nature's chief masterpiece is writing well;
Which publishers insist means books that sell.
5. 'Tis not in mortals to command success,
Is what fools urge who botch their business.
6. Man wants but little, nor that little long
Is woman's plea for modes which prudes think wrong.

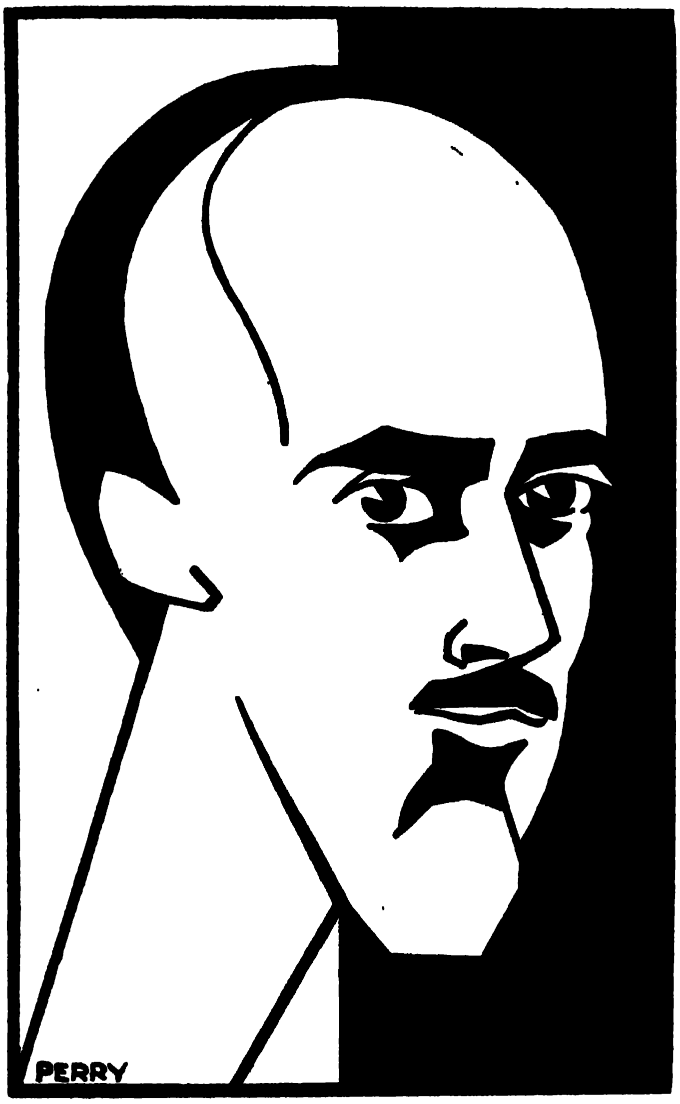
We also select for printing:

1. Procrastination is the thief of time.
The more you wait, the less you find sublime.
2. Sleep that knits up the ravelled sleeve of care
Cannot disguise that it is worse for wear.
3. There is in souls a sympathy with sounds,
So all the world in Wireless now abounds.
4. Nature's chief masterpiece is writing well,
But many only write their ills to tell!
5. 'Tis not in mortals to command success,
And what they gain, ne'er makes their wishes less.
6. Man wants but little, nor that little long,
But what *he wants is his unceasing song!*

(Marjorie Crosbie, 10, Birches Barn Road, Wolverhampton.)

1. Procrastination is the thief of time,
And never Speed can expiate the crime!
2. Sleep that knits up the ravelled sleeve of care,
Which Nightmare's clumsy hoof alone can tear!
3. There is in souls a sympathy with sounds.
"Alliteration's Artful Aid" Astounds!
4. Nature's chief masterpiece is writing well;
'Twill charm all countries by a different Spell!
5. 'Tis not in mortals to command success,
But some may coax it to them ne'er-the-less!
6. Man wants but little, nor that little long,
Yet jot, nor tittle, bates of right or wrong!

(Ada F. Strike, 38, Harrow Road, West Worthing.)



Mr. H. V. Morton.

From a drawing by H. A. Perry.

We also specially commend the replies by Winifred Simmons (Parkstone), Mabel E. Siggers (Bury St. Edmund's), C. C. Fraser (Liverpool), Mary Hughes (Beckenham), M. Lumby (South Devon), Mrs. Maude R. Fleeson (Withington), Margaret Burcham (Winscombe), Mrs. A. M. Severs (Scarborough), Mannington Sayers (Monmouth), E. G. Draper (Kenilworth), Mrs. May Belben (Wimborne), John P. Coghlan (Dublin), Eva Alderton (Hadleigh), Ethel M. Kennedy (Bournemouth), M. D. Jackson (Pyonshall), Mrs. Millman (Dartford), Mrs. G. M. Yallop (Gorleston-on-Sea), John E. Woods (Coventry), Mrs. Annie F. Simpson (New Southgate), J. A. Jenkins (Birmingham), Muriel M. Malvern (Cheltenham), E. M. Cogswell (Lewisham), Margaret Owen (Whitstable), Sydney J. Spedding (Bolton), Mrs. Isobel Anderson (Guernsey).

V.—THE PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best statement of "Why I like or dislike detective stories," is awarded to Miss J. A. Jenkins, 139, Heathfield Road, Handsworth, Birmingham, for the following:

WHY I LIKE DETECTIVE NOVELS.

Detective novels are to me as good as a tonic, and I find them refreshing beyond words when I want a change of thought. They delight me with their unusual situations and tense moments. They give me a glimpse of a world, exciting and intriguing, in which wonderful things happen and heroic deeds are done by those whose work lies in this region of crime and vice. The morality of it has nothing to do with the side which interests me, and I merely enjoy the problems thus roused and solved by the clever minds dealing with them. There is sheer joy, even for the reader, in the outwitting of one by another, and the climax is reached when the whole sequence is unfolded and explained by the master-mind which has unravelled the plot from start to finish, in a way often utterly unsuspected by even experienced readers! Yes, the Detective Novel is a boon and a blessing to the world's workers,

and is responsible for many an hour of rest and refreshment, which has sent them back invigorated to their own humdrum toil in the ordinary world, in which such happenings would be entirely out of place!

We also select for printing:

WHY I DISLIKE DETECTIVE NOVELS.

I dislike detective stories because I see so much *of* them and so little *in* them. Everyone in our house reads them—the old aunt of eighty-six, the father of the family, the children and the servants in their spare time and, apart from the thrills afforded, all the books do for their readers is to improve their spelling, and increase their knowledge of crime and of detective wiles. Bookstalls are full of these sleuths; with the arrogant air of policemen and the alluring faces of sirens, they shoulder improving books into corners, and beckon foolish seekers after excitement towards their fascinations. Constant readers of detective stories suffer eventually from literary diabetes, not sugary so much as spicy, and need strict dieting to regain their appetite for normal fare. Detective tales are the savouries (or unsavouries?) of fancy's feast, as love stories are the sweets, and, partaken of too freely, are apt to upset the digestion of the diners who omit the main course, the wholesome meat and vegetables of more improving literature. Perhaps the decrease of crime among women in real life is due to their being utterly "fed up" with their family's flights into those realms of criminal fiction.

(M. K. Whitfield, Castle House, Cirencester.)

WHY I LIKE DETECTIVE NOVELS.

For the same reason, I suppose, that a crowd will gather round an accident or a fight in the street: because they bring a thrill of excitement into life that is in itself a tonic. Most of our days are made up of the same old routine, and there is little scope for the adventurous strain hidden away in most of us. A detective story in which I can live and participate opens the doors of imagination, warms my blood, invigorates my spirit and is verily a safety-valve. Then I like to be intrigued by a good plot. My mind is stimulated, and the longer the author can keep the solution from me the better I am pleased. I find in this a detachment from my own problems. They are forgotten for a time in the difficulties of others. I think my sympathies are enriched too. Most detective stories contain vivid descriptions of the underworld where poverty and drink and heredity have a great deal to do with the making of crime. I find myself coming down on the side of the bottom dog every time. So all hail, Father Brown, Sherlock Holmes and the one and only Edgar Wallace!

(R. K. Spedding, 92, Hartington Road, Liverpool).



Mr. A. P. Nicholson, author of "Scraps of Paper" (Ernest Benn).

If space permitted we would print the next half-dozen of these replies. Quite as many competitors dislike as like detective stories. J. E. Parsons (Ware) goes so far as to hate them. Agatha Honeywill (Bristol) finds they are "best beloved by schoolboys, parsons and elderly ladies." Miss G. Pitt (London, N.) used to read them in "an absolute rapture of excitement," but finds such a sameness in them that they now only bore her. Miss B. M. Beard (Bexleyheath) is also bored by them, but enjoys a mystery story that does not depend on detectives. The list of the dislikers runs on to a formidable length, but E. M. Cogswell (Lewisham), B. A. Billings (Manchester), Emily E. Moore (Letchworth), Margaret Owen (Whitstable), Alfred O. George (Minehead) and very many others delight in the detective novel and have nothing but praise for it. We specially commend the replies of all these for and against it, and the replies of Clifford Bower-Shore (Stockport), C. S. Stamper (Grimsby), Mrs. Maude R. Fleeson (Withington), J. Morton George (Woodford Green), S. Barrington McClean (Glasgow), Emily Davis (Dublin), Eleanor L. Sinclair (Belfast), Mrs. E. G. Elton (London, S.W.), C. C. Fraser (Liverpool), Daisi Dunlop (Cornhill-on-Tweed), K. M. Sanders (Bridport), Ella Tucker (Althorne), C. Burton (Forest Hill), Mannington Sayers (Monmouth).

VI.—The Prize of Half a Guinea for the best hundred-word review is awarded to B. Noel Saxelby, Saxon House, Carlton Road, Whalley Range, Manchester, for the following:

NURSERY LIFE THREE HUNDRED YEARS AGO. By Lucy Crump. (Routledge.)

This charming book is based on the detailed Journal of Dr. Héroard, physician to Louis XIII as a baby and child, and fondly devoted to his charge. It gives us a vivid and intimate picture of the little boy, his daily life and his companions, in that strange, jumbled household. Here we have a new aspect of Henry of Navarre as affectionate, if injudicious father, and there are delightful baby letters to him from "Loys." Against a background utterly remote from modern conditions, the little Dauphin stands out as real and human as any child of to-day.

We also select for printing:

RED WAGON. By Lady Eleanor Smith. (Gollancz.)

There is a latent desire in all of us for the free-and-easy life of the nomad. Children at heart, we cannot suppress a gleeful tremor at the sight of a circus. Small wonder then that "Red Wagon" is so satisfying. Intermingling pleasantly with the story of an ambitious boy's rise from drudge to circus owner, one finds exquisite passages describing the English country-side. By subtle simplicity one is made to sense the tawdry, yet romantic atmosphere of the circus—and the freedom and comradeship of the open road. Altogether it is justifiable to say that not since Borrow has such a delightful exposition of "open-air" life appeared.

(Clifford Bower-Shore, "Ramillies," Offerton Lane, Stockport.)

CARRIE NATION. By Herbert Astbury. (Knopf.)

There is a sense of battle about the life of Carrie Nation that makes exhilarating reading. Her biographer has brought out all the indomitable pluck and fiery ardour of this woman with a hatchet with striking success. Whether one agrees with prohibition or not, one cannot but admit that in America the influence of this middle-aged, undisciplined, eccentric woman from Medicine Lodge was a vital factor in the triumph of Temperance. Carrie Nation died in 1911, and on her memorial are graven the words: "She hath done what she could." The story of a curious, repellent yet fascinating personality.

(Margaret Owen, Cherryvale, Whitstable.)

We also select for special commendation the reviews by Norah M. Butterfield (Westward Ho!), John P. Coghlan (Dublin), Michael Brown (York), J. A. Jenkins (Birmingham), Mrs. Cecelia Naumann (Cranleigh), Winifred Bates (Bridport), Daisi Dunlop (Cornhill-on-Tweed), J. E. Parsons (Ware), Ada F. Strike (West Worthing), L. F. Goldsmid (London, S.W.),

VII.—The Prize of One Year's Subscription to The Bookman is awarded to M. Luckham, 36, Heckford Road, Poole, Dorset, and to Mary Lumby, Little Firs, Salcombe, South Devon.

SHELLEY AND HARRIET.*

By R. Ellis Roberts.

In desperate and ineffective self-defence (how often do any but the saints run to rescue others except with the recollection of past, or the fear of future needs of their own ?), mankind is always trying to isolate its problems. In a sense this process is inevitable. If we do not have recourse to categories and analyses we cannot contrive to think to our own satisfaction, and if we do not so think we remain animal, or else mope into fantastic melancholy. One persistent form of such self-defence is the division between an artist's life and his work. " It is, after all, only Shelley's poetry that concerns us ! " " How terribly unfortunate that Keats's letters to Fanny Brawne were ever published ! " " What matters is ' Manfred,' not the truth of Byron's love for his half-sister." " Do let us end this chatter about Harriet ! " And the men who make these appeals often, no doubt with sincerity, appeal to our sense of refinement, of discretion, beg us to consider whether it is not wrong to peer into the intimacies of the dead and to disturb the shape of the dusty and long-discarded cocoon which once, how deceitfully, sheltered the butterfly. But it will not do. Arnold's complaints, when he writes of Shelley and Keats, are only too evidently (if unconsciously) the protests of a man who realised that there was a strange lack of coherence between his actual and poetic life - and he was quick to defend the privacy of other poets similarly situated. He was wrong of course about Keats. There is no inconsistency, rather a splendid and passionate agreement, between the poet who wrote the Odes and " Hyperion " and the lover who wrote the letters. Arnold was led astray by a false standard of gentility, and failed to recognise the glory of Keats's love because he suspected the existence of a Cockney accent. It is a sober thought that the breadth and rusticity of Shakespeare's accent might send a university critic wrong about him too. Arnold was however right about Shelley. There was a glaring inconsistency between Shelley's poetry and philosophy and his treatment of Harriet. If any doubt this, let him put the question at its bluntest. If Harriet had not been Shelley's wife, had she been, say, his sister or a niece, can we imagine him writing as he did to any other pregnant woman ? By all the standards that Shelley invoked, his wife was at the least entitled to as much consideration as any other friend ; and she did not get it. I believe Shelley knew this. I believe he knew, if not at the time, very shortly afterwards, that he was here false to his own ideals, unutterably wrong ; and the knowledge poisoned his whole life afterwards. No doubt he believed he was being generous when he offered Harriet a place beside Mary and himself ; but it is a generosity which no one else can admit to be of any value. You offer something if you offer brandy to a man who is dying of the burning force of corrosive sublimate, and begging you for water to ease his agony, but your generosity is not of a kind that in your less enthusiastic moments you will expect him to recognise.



Shelley.

> " I repeat (and believe me, for I am sincere) that my attachment to you is unimpaired. I conceive that it has acquired even a deeper and more lasting character, that it is now less exposed than ever to the fluctuations of fantasy or caprice. Our connection was not one of passion and impulse. Friendship was its basis, and on this basis it has enlarged and strengthened. It is no reproach to me that you have never filled my heart with an all-sufficing passion ; perhaps you are even yourself a stranger to these impulses, which one day may be awakened by some nobler and worthier than me ; and may you find a lover as passionate and faithful, as I shall ever be a friend affectionate and sincere ! "

So he writes in the first letter, rescued by Mr. Hotson from the dirt of Masters's Papers in the Record Office. Two months later, after he had eloped with Mary and been forced back to England by money difficulties, he writes :

> " You think that I have injured you. Since I first beheld you almost, my chief study has been to overwhelm you with benefits. Even now when a violent and lasting passion for another leads me to prefer her society to yours, I am perpetually employed in devising how I can be permanently and truly useful to you, in what manner my time and my fortune may be most securely expended for your real interests."

Did he guess how Harriet would burst into tears at that word " lasting," how she would mutter, when she came to the words " devising how " : " Oh ! why devise ? Come back to me ! " I do not think he did, and therein lies his sin, and his forgiveness, if he can be forgiven. The miserable interchange of letters, of interviews goes on. Harriet confides in her sister ; her sister recommends a lawyer. Shelley is furious, but persists in his attempts to persuade his wife to accept " the influence of his superintending mind." And Harriet, bewildered, never apparently makes the one retort that was hers by inalienable right : " I am carrying your child, Bysshe. Can you imagine nothing of what pregnancy means ? " Here Shelley was ready with advice :

> " I do not apprehend the slightest danger from your approaching labour. I think you may safely repose confidence in Sims's skill. Your last labour was painful, but auspicious. I understand that cases of difficulty after that are very rare."

These last two sentences almost compel one to believe that there was some natural affinity between Shelley and the ineffable Godwin. " Your last labour "— how could he, in these circumstances, remind his deserted and despairing wife of that other preparation and birth, when she was blissfully happy with her husband ? " I understand "—but the man understands

* " Shelley's Lost Letters to Harriet." Edited by L. Hotson. 7s. 6d. (Faber & Faber.)

nothing. He has no idea, it would seem, that there is any connexion between the body and the mind and that, as Harriet is situated, every psychical activity is of poignant difficulty to her.

"I am united to another; you are no longer my wife. Perhaps I have done you injury, but surely most innocently and unintentionally, in having commenced any connexion with you. That injury, whatever be its amount, was not to be avoided."

"You are no longer my wife"—By whose decree? Shelley, at once prosecutor, defendant, judge and jury, dissolves his marriage, acquits himself of blame, and determines the character of Harriet's punishment for having been led into "a connexion" with him. It is one of the most unnecessary tragedies in history. That they were children, that Harriet's sister, determined, vulgar, match-making, could make Harriet do as she would and could frighten Shelley; that Shelley and Harriet each (he culpably, she only very slightly so) deceived themselves about the character of their love; that the sight of Mary Wollstonecroft's daughter drove Shelley into a frenzy of passion that he did not even try to control—that is all perhaps that we can say by way of accusation or excuse. The nine new letters, discovered by Mr. Hotson and admirably annotated by him, do not change our view of the problem, or of Shelley's character. Some are perhaps even more priggish in expression than one had thought possible, but there is nothing in any to lighten our judgment of Shelley.

D. H. LAWRENCE.

By C. Henry Warren.

D. H. LAWRENCE is dead. He died last month in Provence. For years before his death he had spent most of his time in the south—Italy, France, Mexico—and the burden of the sun is to be found, in one form or another, in most of his later work. The pagan blood in him responded to the sun, fiercely, passionately, so that he seemed to see in it some kind of symbol of the way life should trend. His most vehement cry in later years was that modern life tended too much to go "against the sun"; and to go against the sun was in his eyes synonymous with decay and death. "Conscience" (he wrote in his last book of poems) "is sun-awareness and our deep instinct not to go against the sun."

One of the finest short stories he ever wrote (it is to be found in the volume called "The Woman Who Rode Away") was an almost perfect objectification of this sun-theme. He called it simply "Sun." It told of an American woman who with her child came over to Italy, rebellious against the way of life in her own land. Every day she would go down to the shore, playing with her child among the olive trees, giving herself unstintedly to the sun, and teaching her child to do the same. So they lived, naked, sun-drenched, until no tiny core of them was left unfed by the sun. They learned freedom in their responses to life. They lived from their roots. And then one day the husband came over on an unexpected visit—pale Maurice, respectable, bowler-hatted, embarrassed in their presence. He, the child of modern Western life, with its industrialism, its blind intelligence, its anti-sunwardness: she, the child of the lands of the sun, intuitive, free. "Nevertheless" (so the story ends) "her next child would be Maurice's: the fatal chain of continuity would cause it."

That story is in a sense a dramatisation of the gospel Lawrence spent all his art in later years to expound. There is even a hint in its conclusion of the all but futility of such a gospel to-day. What, it may be asked, drove Lawrence to take up such a cause? His early years had been lived in England: he was born in the industrial Midlands, among the mines, the grime, the greed, and the grey skies. His father was a miner, and he himself left school at an early age to follow his father's calling. By dint of hard studying he pulled himself free of the mines and became a schoolmaster. That, by the nature of things, could not last long. He wrote. Just before the War his first books appeared and attracted attention as something new and rather startling in their frankness. One, "The Rainbow," was suppressed. Then in rebellion against the conditions of life here and in obedience to the "call of the sun," he left the country—to return to it again only on occasional visits. The damage however was already done. Those early years left a scar on his life that never healed. Indeed, in the bright sunlight of the south, by contrast, his memory painted the grey skies of England even greyer than they were. He became a violent propagandist for the sun—not the physical sun only, but the metaphorical sun too. He fled from greyness as from the plague. It was a favourite term of abuse with him, when he wished to revile those who seemed to him narrow, conservative, pettifogging, to call them "the grey men"—the men in whom the sun was dead.

It is necessary from the first to understand Lawrence's passion for the sun. Without that understanding his life's best work seems thwarted. Perhaps he went to unnecessary lengths to propagate his cause; so that his last book of poems was seized by the customs authorities, his last novel was banned, his pictures were forbidden. Quite likely there was some physical explanation of this obsession. He died of consumption. But such explanations do not in this case get us very far. Lawrence's passion for the sun, and the philosophy he evolved from that passion, had something more than a physical bias in it. He had tasted modern life, and the taste was exceedingly bitter in his mouth. As he understood it, the focus of life was gradually and ruinously shifting from the east to the west, from the intuitive to the intellectual, from craftsmanship to industrialism, from the gold to the grey. It was as if the sun of life itself were setting. He watched men grow more and more untrue in their responses: nothing they did seemed to have any abiding roots: their motives were all estranged from any vital cause. And why? Men were no longer able to be true to themselves, because, deep down in themselves, they were

already dead. They cerebralised their feelings until there were no longer any true feelings left. They even made love with their heads instead of with their hearts.

It was in an attempt to do what he could to remedy this state of affairs, that Lawrence all but sacrificed his art. As time went on, he came to write novels that were not so much novels, perhaps, as dramatic and emotional tracts exploring the perversities and complexities he seemed to see in all the life of to-day. Sooner or later, in his books, the characters would yield up their individuality and become the passionate mouthpieces of their author. Purposely he would set his scene (as he did in "The Plumed Serpent," a tale of the clash of the old and the new in Mexico) in places where still the relics of an older and apparently truer life prevailed. Even his poetry, that had shown in "Birds, Beasts and Flowers" how fine and sensitive a poet he could be, changed its nature so that his last book ("Pansies") was more akin to a notebook filled with the rhythmic jottings of his philosophy than to a volume of verse.



D. H. Lawrence.

From a drawing by H. A. Perry.

It is very doubtful however whether Lawrence, the propagandist, would have considered that the sacrifice made in favour of Lawrence, the artist, had been in vain. He must have heard it said, over and over again, that the greatest book he had ever written was one of his very earliest, "Sons and Lovers." There was without doubt an epic note in that book. As a novel, pure and simple, it was never again matched by anything that came from his pen. It had no axe to grind. Its main characters had a life of their own. It was set in the English Midlands, and it was clearly in some degree autobiographical. With a dignity and richness that was quite unusual it pictured the cross-currents of life in an ordinary working-class family. It was in fact a great novel. If such an achievement, then, were attainable so early, what might not have been achieved later on, if Lawrence had not chosen to exploit (as he did) his astonishing gifts? The question is a futile one. He remains an undeniable genius. Even his enemies will allow the truth of that.

Lawrence has never won popularity in the widest sense, and never will. Those who happen to favour his philosophy gladly overlook his failings, and thus get all out of him that he has to give. But the greatest artist surely is he who, by a clear and disciplinary objectification of his philosophy, wins in the end the ear of all. That discipline and that clarity Lawrence never exercised in his art. He couldn't. As well might one ask the storm to be less tumultuous and still be a storm. A riot of words seemed somehow essential to his genius; as if only by the rush and impetus of words could it win through. What to some therefore was verbiage and a waste was in fact, in Lawrence's case, the storm which was necessary for the working of his genius. His dark clouds, however, forked with electric stabs of truth, were far too uncomfortable for the majority of readers. It was just those snake-fangs of lightning that most of all alienated him from the public. People do not as a rule like to pay to be castigated by an author—unless, like Shaw, he is possessed with a rare humour; and humour Lawrence never had in any substantial measure.

His place then, for all his genius, remains a rather limited one. His later novels, when it comes to the final test, fail—though they remain more vital than nine out of ten of the novels being written in our time. In his short stories he stands among the masters: there a certain degree of discipline was enforced upon him, and his characters had not time to turn themselves into the mouth-pieces of their author. In his poems of the early and middle period he is among the few poets who count. Whilst of his novels, "Sons and Lovers," "The Trespasser" and "Aaron's Rod" have a beauty and veracity and sweeping power rare enough in the novels of the last twenty years.

MORE ABOUT ANTHOLOGIES.

By St. John Adcock

BY common consent, Palgrave's Golden Treasury is the ideal, the as-near-as-possible perfect anthology of English lyrics written between the later years of the sixteenth century and the earlier years of the nineteenth. It became and remains that, I think, because Palgrave instinctively or otherwise conformed to the unpretentious standards of good taste and good sense which also prevail in the first of English anthologies. Tottell's anthology; Edwards's "Paradyse of Daynty Devises"; Bodenham's "England's Helicon," and such Elizabethan miscellanies, hold in their treasuries much of the work of the greater poets of the period, and much of the minor poets which else might never have come down to us; and it is significant that those anthologies are said to have had far larger sales than were obtained by the books of any one of the poets named in them. For the anthology does not, or should not, appeal primarily to the student, to men of letters, to the cultured person of leisure who reads widely, and naturally prefers to follow his own judgment in such matters rather than the guidance of others; the anthologist who knows what he is doing has no eye on posterity but works for the immediate multitude who, being preoccupied with other business, make nothing but a pleasure of reading. That is why the books of the Elizabethan editors sold more largely than did the separate works of their great poets. And you may depend they included many poems that no longer strike us as anything particular in the way of poetry simply because such verse happened to be in favour at the moment with the majority.



By Raphael Nelson. **Mr. Horace Annesley Vachell,**
whose new book, "The Best of England," is published by Messrs. Faber & Faber.

Palgrave followed the same modest plan. He deferred to the public for whom anthologies are intended and included certain verse of little or no merit in technique or in phrase that yet held some poetry of thought or emotion that had carried it to the hearts of average men and women. He seldom allowed himself this freedom when he was dealing with the older poetry, though he found room for Colley Cibber's commonplace but once popular lines on "The Blind Boy"; for Cowper's popular "My Mary"; and for J. Collins's homely lyric, "To-Morrow,"

> "In the downhill of life, when I find I'm declining,
> May my fate no less fortunate be
> Than a snug elbow-chair can afford for reclining,
> And a cot that o'erlooks the wide sea"—

which an old countryman once told me he had often heard sung by sentimental farmers after their "ordinary" on market days. But when he came to the verge of his own era Palgrave was more generous in yielding to popular liking and took in Campbell's "Freedom and Love," with its

> "Other smiles may make you fickle,
> Tears for other charms may trickle";

Moore's dreadfully maudlin

> "At the mid hour of night, when stars are weeping, I fly
> To the lone vale we loved, when life shone warm in thine eye";

and other perishable verse, by Moore, Campbell and Southey, that was then in vogue and was sensibly, therefore, given place in an anthology that should adequately represent the poetry of various kinds which the public of that generation loved or admired and wanted to read.

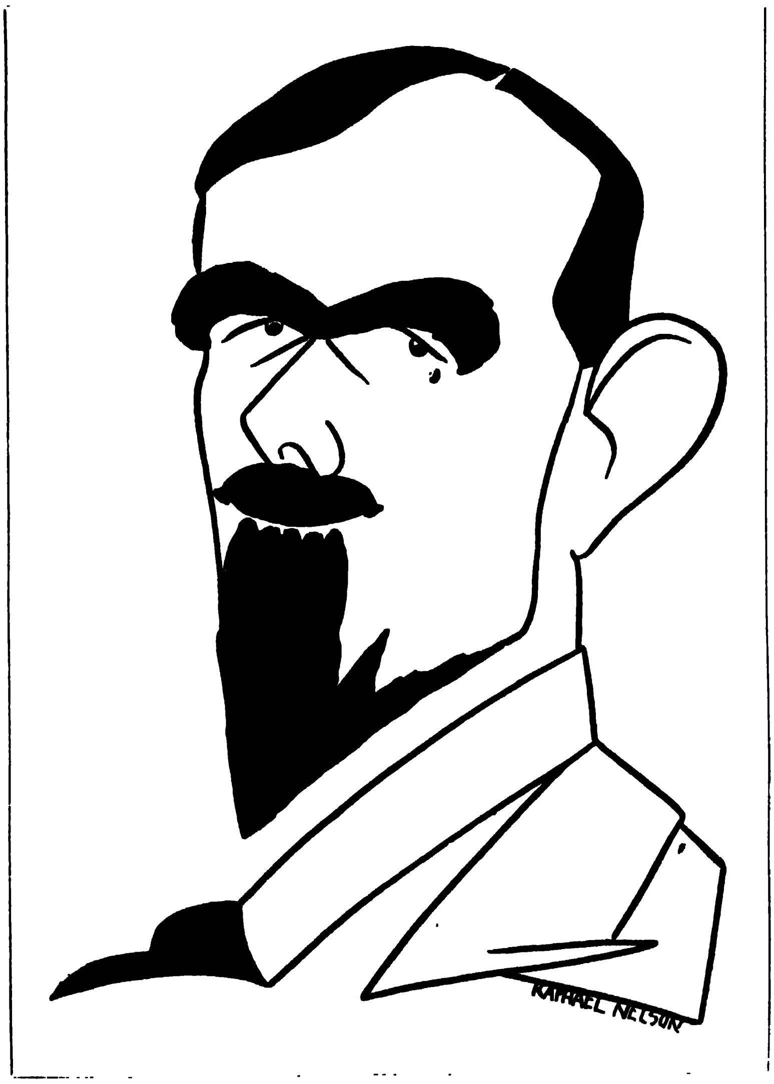
For lack of adopting this catholic outlook a good many recent anthologies have been born almost dead, and have died soon after birth. They have addressed themselves intolerantly to the student, to the person who possesses all the books from which their selections are taken, instead of to the general reader, and so have not even had a sporting chance of falling between the two stools. The best anthology I have seen lately, the best on the right broad, comprehensive lines, is Miss Elizabeth D'Oyley's "Modern Poetry."* She has included almost every contemporary English poet of any distinction, with several that are good but little known, and six whose names I have not come upon

* 2s. (Arnold.)

before, but I shall look out for three of them at all events in future. Miss D'Oyley has selected very sparely from the aggressively "modernist" poets; two of the loudest are omitted; but if she considers they have not yet made sufficient impression on the general sensible reader for whom anthologies are designed I shall not dispute that. I took it as auguring well for her book when I saw she had chosen J. C. Squire's poignant ballad, "The Bulldog." It is not his finest poem; but he is represented by two others. I have heard a superior person remark that "The Bulldog," with its easygoing metres and homely pathos, challenged comparison with the ballads of George R. Sims; however that may be it has pleased its thousands, and I felt it was an ominous opening when one recent and unsatisfactory anthology complacently announced that "The Bulldog" was excluded because it was too popular. Here, in Miss D'Oyley's pages, you find Kipling, Symons, Bridges, Noyes, Davies, de la Mare, Yeats, Martin Armstrong, Chesterton, Belloc, Brooke, Frank Kendon, Monro, Middleton, Newbolt, Shanks, Sassoon, Muriel Stuart, Stevenson, Vernède, Wolfe, Newbolt, Masefield, Meredith, Gould, Alice, Francis and Viola Meynell, Sorley, Thomas—indeed, there are remarkably few omissions, and only one that seriously matters. An anthology of modern poetry that omits William Watson cannot be complete. Apart from this, I have no complaint, except that it might have been better to leave Edward Shanks represented by three admirable poems and not to have put in as a fourth his "Sleeping Heroes," telling of how when, at last, Barbarossa, Arthur and Charlemain rise from their tombs they will look at the weather and

> "Arthur will swear it is
> A very cold morning :
> Charlemain says a red sunrise
> Is the shepherd's warning" –

which young humour belongs to the school magazine; but, the collection as a whole being so good, I am almost ashamed I did not swallow that and say nothing.



By Raphael Nelson. **Mr. Richard Hughes,**
author of "A High Wind in Jamaica" (Chatto & Windus).

Messrs. D. B. Wyndham Lewis and Charles Lee have collaborated to produce in "The Stuffed Owl"* a very entertaining anthology of bad verse. They have excluded living writers, not because nobody living has written any, but, as Mr. Wyndham Lewis intimates in a preface, out of a feeling of delicacy or politeness; it was felt that "the enrichment of this book (not to speak of its considerable enlargement) with extracts from eminent living English poets would not compensate the momentary hot embarrassment all round which would perhaps have followed our request to Mr. Boom, Mr. Tweet, Mr. Blandish, Mrs. Henry Bodnick, and the others, for permission to quote from their works." Therefore the anthology begins with Cowley and ends with Tennyson. "There is bad Bad Verse and good Bad Verse," says the preface. "Good Bad Verse is grammatical; it is constructed according to the Rubrics, its rhythyms, rimes, and metres are impeccable." And the good badness of some of the verse written by our great poets is both laughable and lamentable; though, on the whole, it is the smaller bards who take the palm, and their absurdities are accentuated by the titles the editors have given to some extracts and by occasional foot-notes. Longfellow, who is crowned with praise in an introduction, escapes with nothing to his discredit but "Excelsior"; Tennyson is not so fortunate; his worst specimen is the too treacly "Lord of Burleigh," but I think there is worse in "The May Queen." Wordsworth furnishes his tale of Harry Gill, and other infelicities that fill ten pages. Byron does not escape, nor Goldsmith, Johnson, Keats, Emerson, Poe, Southey, nor "Night Thoughts" Young. But here the lesser poets rise pre-eminent. Tupper is a master of this particular kind of verse and his "Portrait of a Victorian Author" a pure joy:

> "Yea: how dignified, and worthy, full of privilege and happiness,
> Standeth in majestic independence the self-ennobled Author!

* 6s. (Dent.)

> For God hath blessed him with a mind, and cherished it in tenderness and purity,
> Hath taught it in the whisperings of wisdom, and added all the riches of content " ;

and what a beautiful thought is this for those who are offered a peerage :

> " If he meet honours, well ; it may be his humility to take them."

Tupper is hard to beat, but Dr. Watts equals him ; and Poet Close is not far behind him in the memorial lines,

> " And have we lost another friend ?
> How sad the news to tell !
> Alas ! poor Mr. Yarker's gone—
> Hark to the tolling bell ! "

And when you read what was written by those " Della Cruscans " who were the " new poets " of a hundred and fifty years ago, you will be more contented with the " new poets " that we call our own. Blackmore contributes his quota and Erasmus Darwin, Shenstone and Leigh Hunt ; Julia Moore is too bad to be called good bad, and Alfred Austin is not forgotten, though I miss that song in which, since the word " guns " would have marred his metre, he urged the volunteers in time of national peril to " stand by your barrels " and guard our shores. If he had been writing an anti-prohibition war song —but he was not. " So," as Mr. Lee concludes his neat and witty " Proem,"

> " So sing the Masters of Bathetic Verse.
> Follow their lead ; do better, doing worse.
> So shall your brows be crowned with bays unwith'ring ;
> So shall the world be blither for your blithering."

It may seem rather unkind thus to put these poets in the pillory, but, as the editors observe, the great ones among them, despite these descents into bathos, are still great ; and it is something to their credit that even the offshoots of their unconscious humour help to make a book that is more amusing than are most anthologies of intentionally humorous verse.

Manchester is commonly regarded as a severely commercial city given over to the activities of hard-headed men of business, but we know that under its practical exterior Manchester has a soul of music and of art, and that it also has a poetic soul is exemplified by the fact that some while back it founded a Lyric Club which is now flourishing with a considerable membership. The aim of the Club is to " encourage the study of the works of living poets," and " to form a centre for the literary interests of lovers of poetry." In pursuance of its purposes the Club has issued " A New Lyric Book,"* an anthology of poems by some score of its members, and by well known poets who are associated with Manchester or are in sympathy with the objects of the Club. Among the latter are Walter de la Mare, Galsworthy, Humbert Wolfe, Lady Margaret Sackville, J. C. Squire, Edmund Blunden, Louis Golding, Marion St. John Webb, Margaret Woods, Laurence Binyon—these, and others, combine with the Club's members to form a collection of present-day verse that should make a strong appeal to lovers of poetry in Manchester and wherever else they may be. If I may do so without seeming invidious I would single out for particular praise from among the work of members of the Manchester Lyric Club certain of the verses of William C. Hall, Tinsley Pratt, Mildred Fielding, George A. Bamber, and F. T. H. Turner. As was to be expected, the poems by some of the members bespeak the prentice hand, but there is, on the whole, more than enough in them to justify Mr. H. Ross Clyne's introductory sonnet which describes " our Lyric Club of songsters " as a

> " Little crown
> That decks our city's head with poesy."

One other anthology on my table is Mr. Hugh I'Anson Fausset's " Minor Poets of the Eighteenth Century."† His minor poets are five : Anne, Countess of Winchelsea, Thomas Parnell, Matthew Green, John Dyer and William Collins. Greatest of the five is Collins, by virtue of the magical, exquisitely delicate art of the " Ode to Evening," and by some beautifully imaginative passages in other of his Odes. Such things were in Swinburne's mind, no doubt, when he eulogised Collins as " a solitary song-bird among many more or less excellent pipers and pianists." The much admired Song from Cymbeline and stanzas on the death of James Thomson are too artificial in sentiment and in their use of the formal poetic diction of the period to have much æsthetic or emotional value. Collins was the finer artist, but Lady Winchelsea had always a spontaneity, the true " song-bird " gift, which came but occasionally to Collins. He has little of the charm, the natural tenderness of feeling and witty playfulness that you find in her verses to her husband and in divers of her miscellaneous poems and songs. It is strange that still, as in her own day, she is so inadequately appreciated. Wordsworth recognised her sensitiveness to the beauty of external nature and the poetic realism of her descriptive sketches ; Gosse praised her lines " To the Nightingale " as having " lyrical qualities which were scarcely approached in her own age " ; two years ago Middleton Murry edited and Jonathan Cape published a selection of her poems ; all this and the ampler selection in this anthology should win her the place that belongs to her among the poets of her time.

In an excellent introduction Mr. Fausset criticises the various qualities of the five minor poets of his selection, and argues rightly that to those " who study eighteenth century poetry sympathetically such critical catchwords as ' the tyranny of Pope,' or ' the domination of the heroic couplet,' must appear not only superficial, but definitely misleading. ' There are small traces of Pope's influence on Lady Winchelsea, rather more on Parnell, and in the early eclogues of Collins ; but none on Dyer, who as Dowden said, " in an age of city poets found his inspiration on the hillside and by the stream " ; and none on Greene, Akenside, Somerville, Thomson, Shenstone, Smart, and other of Pope's contemporaries. It may have been an age of city poets, but Mr. Fausset indicates that " the underlying interest of the eighteenth century is to be found in this growing tenderness of mind, a tenderness for animals and green places, for the poor and unfortunate, or for an evening sky." The romantic revival only reached its meridian with Wordsworth and his contemporaries in the nineteenth century ; that it was dawning all through the eighteenth is emphasised by Mr. Fausett's introduction and by the work of the five poets in his anthology.

* 3s. 6d. (Manchester : Sherratt & Hughes.)

† 2s. Everyman's Library. (Dent.)

New Novels.

ROGUE HERRIES.*

Mr. Hugh Walpole's new novel, "Rogue Herries," is set in the eighteenth century, and is a remarkable study of a man. Francis Herries is a rogue, a waster, a libertine, and yet a gentleman, such a man as has been dear to a hundred and one women novelists, but no woman novelist could have drawn this man so convincingly, so accurately, with such masterly and artistic detachment, with so clear an insight into his muddied and struggling spirituality. I do not know whether it is Mr. Walpole's masterpiece; perhaps I am not far enough from its first reading to judge properly as to that; but I do not think it will ever rank among his lesser achievements. It seems to me to be a major book—not only for Mr. Walpole, but for any writer.

It is more, too, than the study of a man. It is the study of a family, of a period, of a whole district of England. Its setting, the Lake Country, is quite as important as its events, and the coloured spaciousness of his descriptions has a value that is subtly dramatic, perhaps more dramatic in essence than many of the apparently more dramatic moments in the plot. Mr. Walpole does not write like a poet—he is too accomplished a technician to write sentences that might be mistaken for "poetic prose," yet there is something of a poetic sweep, of a poetic creativeness, about this long, mellow and wholly coherent book.



Mr. Hugh Walpole posing for his bust to Mr. David Evans, R.B.S.

From the first moment when we see Herries in the inn at Keswick we are conscious of the truth of his presentation. As a psychological study the man is alive from his first entrance, and Mr. Walpole has a felicitous power of making his characters betray themselves in their insignificant actions as much as in their larger. It is by our trivialities that we are known, and the cumulative effect of a character's trivialities is the real triumph in his creation. Herries's wearing of his rich clothes to meet his pompous brother is a revelation all the more sure because it is not thrust at us, but insinuated to us, without undue comment at the moment, and without analysis beyond its own open fact. Yet how significant it is of the rebel!

The book, as well as being a full-length portrait of one man, is a whole gallery of portraits, some of them sketches of people in a particular moment, others of people growing, developing and reacting through a whole series of moments. It is impossible, in a review's short space, to give a proper idea of the variety of men and women who are painted in this book. The whole Herries family seems to be living before us; when certain members of it are entirely in the background we are yet conscious that they are still living and going about their daily rounds somewhere outside the book covers, and we wait for this or that member to reappear, produce his or her reactions, and show the family characteristics coming out with almost the sureness of fate. Perhaps the family was, to the Herries, fate.

There are many studies of child life, and these are as profound as they are exquisite. The study of the son of Rogue Herries, David, is as masterly as that of the father, yet a little less interesting because he was himself a little less interesting. But we are able to watch the father and the son diverging and yet never separating; we can appreciate the antagonism in temper which never becomes an antagonism in appreciation. Both are men. Rarely has the almost feminine jealousy of a father been more finely described than in the chapter entitled "The Sea—Father and Son." The emotion is so masculine; there is sentiment, but no sentimentality; and at the back of it there is something so virily wilful. Both are men—for indeed it is at that moment that the young Herries comes into his manhood.

The women are no less admirable. The wife of Herries, so truly feminine in her lack of intuition rather than in her possession of it; the daughter, Deborah, subtle in her very subduedness; and, most of all, Mirabell Starr. There is a touch of Goethe's Mignon in Mirabell. She has not the poetry of Mignon, but she has something of her peculiar apartness, as if she were a being not perhaps of some other world, but of some other manner of inner life. It is not often that characterisations so primitively simple are so symbolical, too.

I find, looking back on the book, that nearly all my impressions of it are either of the people in it, or of the country in which it is set, and I wonder whether that was Mr. Walpole's intention. Scenes of drama and outside event in the book are neither few nor far between; yet it is the people I remember first, and the happenings afterwards. But, as I think again, certain chapters do leap out with intensities of their own. The death of the wife of Herries; the funeral of great-aunt Maria—with its extraordinary little study of the dog; the pitiful drowning of Mrs. Wilson the witch: these undoubtedly are at the very height of modern fiction, and I am far more tempted into by-ways of appreciation than along the high road of direct criticism. If I may be allowed to remember that I am supposed to be "reviewing" this book, I will venture one point of criticism, though I feel ungrateful in doing so: there is little humour; but there is a wealth of quiet irony.

Mr. Walpole does not repeat himself, and this period novel the 'Forty-five occurs in the middle of it—has a genuine freshness of inspiration. At the same time, its psychological wisdom is too penetrative and true for it to have the false freshness of romance. It is a serious study of life, a mature study, and a work of art.

WALLACE B. NICHOLS.

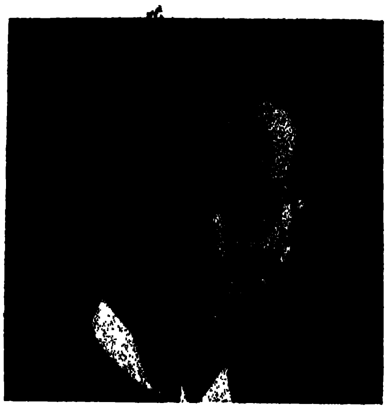
* "Rogue Herries." By Hugh Walpole. 10s. 6d. (Macmillan.)

EXILES.*

Warwick Deeping has so many of the qualities of a born story-teller that it fits in with one's ideas of literary justice that his books should be best-sellers. "Sorrell and Son" sold half a million copies; "Roper's Row" cannot have been far behind; and now "Exiles" completes a trio in which the story makes a general appeal and the characters are of absorbing interest.

The scene is set in Tindaro, on the Italian Mediterranean,

* "Exiles." By Warwick Deeping. 7s. 6d. (Cassell.)



Mr. Warwick Deeping.

a languishing town in which the legend and the voice of Circe linger. The exiles are the people out from England seeking sunshine. "Sorry for exiles," says Tom Frevick, "people cut off from their jobs." Cut off from their jobs they carry on an aimless existence which centres round the Café Ceres. Billy Brown, aged twenty-six, open-air and modern, comes from England to take up work in an English tea-room and library. She is one of the most attractive of Mr. Deeping's heroines, and in portraying her in the various experiences which Tindaro brings her, he shows an unerring knowledge of just such a girl's way of looking at life and her reactions to it. The affair with Oscar Slade, which ends so tragically, is a masterly piece of writing, and the effect is increased by Mr. Deeping's fine economy of touch. It is not one novelist in a hundred who could have handled such a situation, rounding it off so graciously in the scene where Billy learns the truth from Mrs. Burt. Humiliated and broken, Billy, true to type, presents a hard front to the curious world, throws herself into her work and decides to live for it. But the story ends as a best-seller must end, with the future opening out into another order of happiness.

One always admires the shapeliness of a Deeping novel, and "Exiles" is no exception. It runs smoothly and inevitably. And always the story and the incidents of the plot are uppermost in the author's mind. He uses description admirably, but not for itself, rather to set the scene. He gives his characters some effective things to say—"Funny mix-up, life, silly sort of muddle. It's one's fool body that will go and play in the mud, just like a kid"—but they are always in character, not set down for the purpose of being effective. "Exiles" is a thoroughly competent piece of work, by a craftsman who knows his job.

M. A. S.

THE MIRACLE OF PEILLE.*

This is a sort of tale that, except for its up-to-date setting, might have been told by mediæval firesides, where its miraculous happenings would have been received without question, almost without surprise. For there is nothing more wonderful in it than is in some of the ancient Lives of the Saints; the wonder is that, with a subtle and delicate art, Mr. J. L. Campbell has told such a story, as of the present day, steeping it in an old-world atmosphere of superstition, magic and simple religious faith, and told it with such realistic, matter-of-fact directness that a sophisticated generation of readers has succumbed to its charm and, while its spell is upon them, would sooner believe it all than ask whether it is believable.

The daughter of a shepherd and a gipsy woman, Thérèse Ursule Corbeille was born in the ruins of a monastery on the skirts of a tiny village in the mountains behind Monte Carlo. Saints and martyrs, painted on the broken walls, and an image of the Virgin, "all in white with a blue scarf in her hands," looked down on this little secular family; and resenting the presence of the gipsy in that holy place, the villagers came one night to drive her out. Massino, her husband, was absent; the mother fled before them in terror, and in the morning, having missed her footing in the dark, was found dead, but the child was alive. She grew up a cripple, and after Massino, a morose, violent fellow, who was believed in the village to have dealings with the devil, had been executed for a murder of which he was innocent, she lived on in the ruined monastery alone, sooner than bring trouble on the kindly villager who for a while took the helpless orphan into her home. For rumours spread that Thérèse, like her father, was leagued with the devil. So she lived alone in the ruins, giving shelter to passing tramps and beggars, once being arrested and, for a time, in prison for hiding an escaped German prisoner of war. She developed psychic gifts. The Virgin appeared to her, and her lameness was cured. In a trance she wrote something on the altar in a language she did not understand, and when the old priest, who took an interest in her, had it translated it proved to be a detailed description, in Arabic, of the original plan of the monastery, and thereafter Thérèse was impelled to make it her life-work to get the monastery rebuilt as a refuge for the poor.



Pauline Portraits, Ltd. **Mr. J. L. Campbell.**

How she accomplished this is not to be summarised. Believing she was under divine guidance, she finally accepted the offer of a genial American producer who, promising large rewards, carried her off to the States, where she was to have exhibited on the stage her power of healing the sick and the lame. This bizarre episode is vividly and significantly handled. In such circumstances, her miraculous power deserted her, and the enterprise was a failure. But the journey had other results, and leads to a series of incidents and to an accident, when she arrives back in France, which causes her death and is the means of realising her one ambition. It is a very poignant story, rich in beauty of thought and suggestion, and very simply and beautifully told.

A. R.

* "The Miracle of Peille." By J. L. Campbell. 6s. (Collins).

THREE PRIZE NOVELS.

THE SHIP OF TRUTH.[1]

Miss Cooper has chosen a difficult theme for her book which has won the £1,000 prize in Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton's religious novel competition—and that theme is the evolution of a man's soul. Clement Dyson, clergyman in an industrial West Riding parish, had entered the Anglo-Catholic Church without submitting his beliefs to close scrutiny, and it is only when he is well on in the thirties that doubts as to his own sincerity begin to creep into his mind. "Why did the Church make things so difficult for ordinary people? Why was everything so hedged about with restrictions? . . . Why didn't the Church understand that working men and women had hard lives, and wanted to lie in bed on Sundays? Christ would have understood. It was those ordinary things in ordinary lives He always had understood. Why then didn't His Church understand?" Thus the young parson argues with himself until, having married a divorced woman to the man she has run away with, he feels himself entirely out of harmony with the Church, and breaks from it. This to a married man with two young children means a terrible upheaval. He sends his wife and babies to her father's home, and goes to London in search of work. Nearly starving, he suffers a period of despair in which he loses all contact with his God. "I hate orthodox views and opinions," says the woman under whose spell he falls for a time. "I don't," he replies. "I wish I had them." He makes the appalling discovery that the world is governed by fear. "Fear, not God, is the primary motive of the universe. . . . That's the big fear, the fear of doing wrong. It's at the bottom of all the religions in the

[1] By Lettice Ulpha Cooper. 7s. 6d. (Hodder & Stoughton.)—[2] By Margaret Irwin. 7s. 6d. (Chatto & Windus.)—[3] By Muriel Harris. 7s. 6d. (Jonathan Cape.)

SUPPLEMENT TO "THE BOOKMAN,"
APRIL, 1930.



Drawing by FRANK E. SLATER.

MISS LETTICE COOPI



A pen and ink sketch by POWYS EVANS.

T. S. ELIOT.

world." Because men were afraid "they made standards of right and wrong. They made gods, and when they went against those standards, they said that the gods were angry and would punish them." Thus he delves down through bitterest misery in quest of truth, and having touched the rock-bottom begins to struggle up again toward some glimmer of faith. "'All our relationships with other people are voyages of discovery.' And suddenly he thought: 'Is there a greatest discovery of all—is that God? Is that what we are here for—to explore and find Him?'"

Clement Dyson is a real person, intensely human, pathetic in his earnestness; and the other characters in the book are no less real—Joyce, his wife; Legard, who found consolation for his doubts in the Roman Catholic faith; Veronica, who understood Clement in his desperate struggles and did not know she was exercising a strange fascination over him; the younger people too, who are drawn with skill and sympathy and not a little humour. "The Ship of Truth" is a deeply interesting, sincere and courageous piece of work.



Portrait by E. O. Hoppé. **Miss Margaret Irwin.**

NONE SO PRETTY.[2]

Since "Jew Suss," writers of historical novels are conscientiously stripping the past of romance and presenting us with what are probably very true pictures of those bygone centuries to which Victorian fiction writers have given an heroic glamour. Of course writers of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries were not themselves so delicate in describing their own periods, and we seem to be imitating them and speaking with a frankness which, if it destroys romance, certainly produces a background of reality. Miss Margaret Irwin, winner of the first prize in Messrs. Chatto & Windus's competition for the best historical novel, recreates in vivid detail the Caroline times, with their debauchery and loose living, showing the degraded position of women who, without education or any means of independence, were delivered from the bondage of their father's house to the bondage of their husband's. Little Nan Ingleby was pleased rather than otherwise to be sold with some of her mother's property to a neighbouring squire, at the age of seventeen. One of a large and lively family, she was merely a child, a "merry and friendless little creature" in her husband's great house, which she was incapable of managing. Furthermore her husband had no use for her; he kept a mistress at his lodge gates; and in her loneliness she turned to the squire's elderly chaplain, Mr. Cork, and half believed herself in love with him. Only when real love comes does she realise her error, and love—the real love—brings death in its wake. Miss Irwin has made of Nan a bright, pathetic figure, with her gay innocence, her girlish imaginings. If the story is sometimes sordid, it has flashes of beauty, and is lit with the magic of Nan's personality.



Portrait by E. O. Hoppé. **Miss Muriel Harris.**

THE SEVENTH GATE.[3]

With "The Seventh Gate," Miss Muriel Harris has won the prize of £1,000 in Messrs. Jonathan Cape's competition for the best novel written in English. The judges were Miss Sheila Kaye-Smith, Mr. Hugh Walpole and Mr. Frank Swinnerton; so you may be sure that this is a book of uncommon merit—and indeed it is. The characters have an astounding and vigorous life of their own. The Troon family—the aged mother and two middle-aged sisters; Arnold Risaleur, the dreamy, disillusioned anthropologist, and his practical wife, and the minor characters too, are drawn with an exquisite realism and a richness of humour which gives them depth and vitality. They are indeed almost too real for the fantastic, though very original plot of the story. Catherine Troon, a faded, neurotic spinster, inspired by a theory set forth in an article by Arnold Risaleur, and assisted perhaps by a knock on the head, undergoes a remarkably swift process of evolution and becomes a genius. She concentrates all her forces on developing into a great singer, using everything to strengthen her power, wrecking hearts, shattering domestic ties. A woman without feeling, except for her one great passion, she grows young and beautiful, and only when she is brought in contact with Risaleur again—he whose strange theory created her—is the spell broken. But not so much for its plot—ingenious and unusual though it is—as for its character studies and delicious comedy, may "The Seventh Gate" be reckoned a novel of distinction and more than ordinary achievement.

A. A.

THE BOOKMAN'S DIARY.

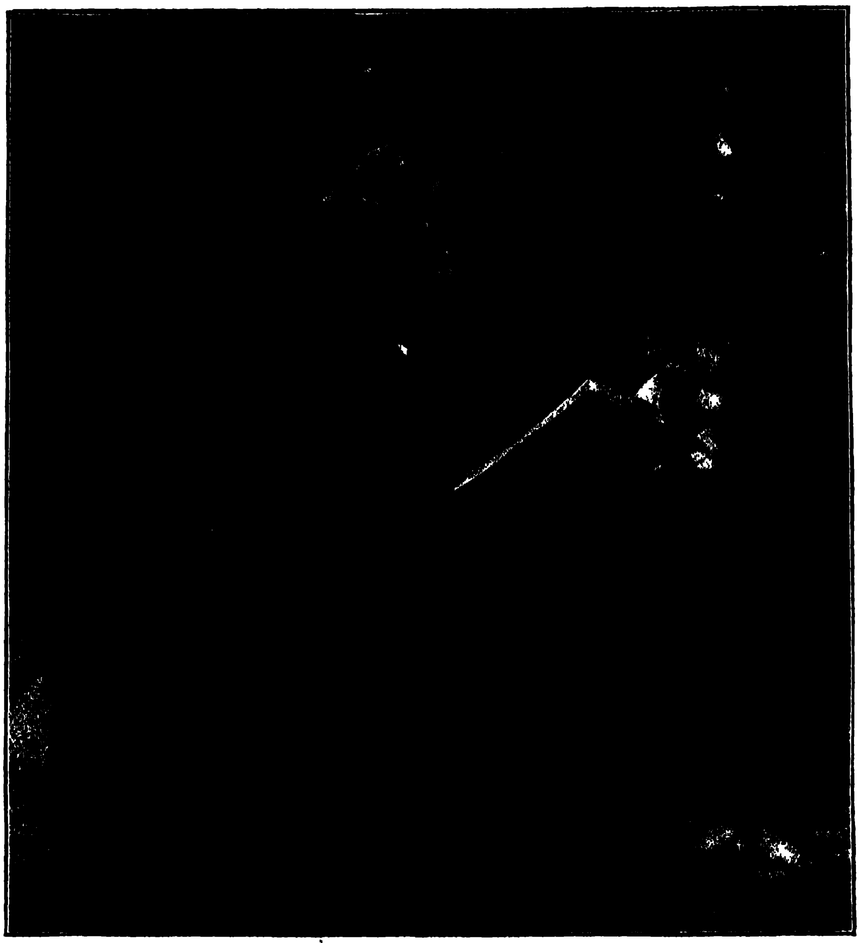
NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor of THE BOOKMAN, ST. PAUL'S HOUSE, WARWICK SQUARE, LONDON, E.C.4.
A preliminary letter of inquiry should be sent to the Editor before any manuscript is submitted for his consideration.

The Life of Lord Rosebery, by the Marquess of Crewe, is to be published in two volumes next year by Mr. John Murray.

An interesting book which the Cambridge Press is publishing is "New Links with Shakespeare," by E. A. B. Barnard. It is based on a collection of letters discovered at Hanley Court, Worcester, five years ago, and includes a signature of Henry Condell, one of the editors of the First Folio.

Mrs. Marion St. John Webb's new book of verse for children, "John and Me and the Dickery Dog," illustrated by Miss A. H. W. t.on, is to be published this month by Messrs. Harrap.



Mr. Augustine Birrell,
whose new book of essays, "Et Cetera," has just been published by Messrs. Chatto & Windus.

Mr. Kennedy Williamson's "Life and Letters of W. E. Henley" will be published this month by Messrs. Brentano. Later in the year, or early next, we are to have a book on "The Literature of Prisons," on which Mr. Williamson is engaged at present in collaboration with Mr. J. A. R. Cairns, the Thames Police Court magistrate.

One of the cleverest, most ingenious mystery stories I have read for long past is "It Walks By Night" (Harpers). The pages at the end, in which the mystery is unravelled, are sealed up, and no reader should break the seal until he comes to it through all that goes before. No reviewer ought to give away the secret or do more than advise people to read the book—for it is well worth reading.

"Saturday Night" is the title Mr. Thomas Moult has given to his third novel, which Messrs. Heinemann are about to publish. In this he leaves his native Peakland and tells a story of the pathos and humour, comedy and tragedy of the multitudinous life of London.

Herr Karl Tschuppik's history of the Reign of the Austrian Emperor Francis Joseph will be published this month by Messrs. George Bell & Sons. This is a biography of the last of the Hapsburg monarchs as well as a history of Austria from 1848. An introductory note on Europe in 1848 is contributed by Professor R. W. Seton-Watson.

Last month the English Committee of the Femina Vie Heureuse and Northcliffe Prizes Committee awarded the Northcliffe Prize, which is given by Mr. Jonathan Cape, to the French writer, Léandre Vaillat, for his novel, "Le Sourire de l'Ange." The Femina Vie Heureuse prize for 1929-30 has been awarded by the French Committee to Mr. Charles Morgan for his novel, "Portrait in a Mirror." Both prizes will be presented at the Institut Français, South Kensington, in May.

A monumental and definitive edition of Cobbett's "Rural Rides," in three volumes, will be published by Mr. Peter Davies this month. The "Tours in Scotland" and "Letters from Ireland" are included in these volumes, which are edited by G. D. H. and Margaret Cole, and contain numerous vignettes by John Nash.

Messrs. Longmans' New York house is offering a prize of $2,000.00 for the best original unpublished story in English suitable for boys and girls from twelve to sixteen. MSS. must not be less than 50,000 nor more than 70,000 words in length, and must be received by Messrs. Longmans, 55, Fifth Avenue, New York, U.S.A., before September 1st next.



Portrait by Debenhams Longmans, Cheltenham.

Mr. John C. Moore.

Author of "Dixon's Cubs." (Dent).

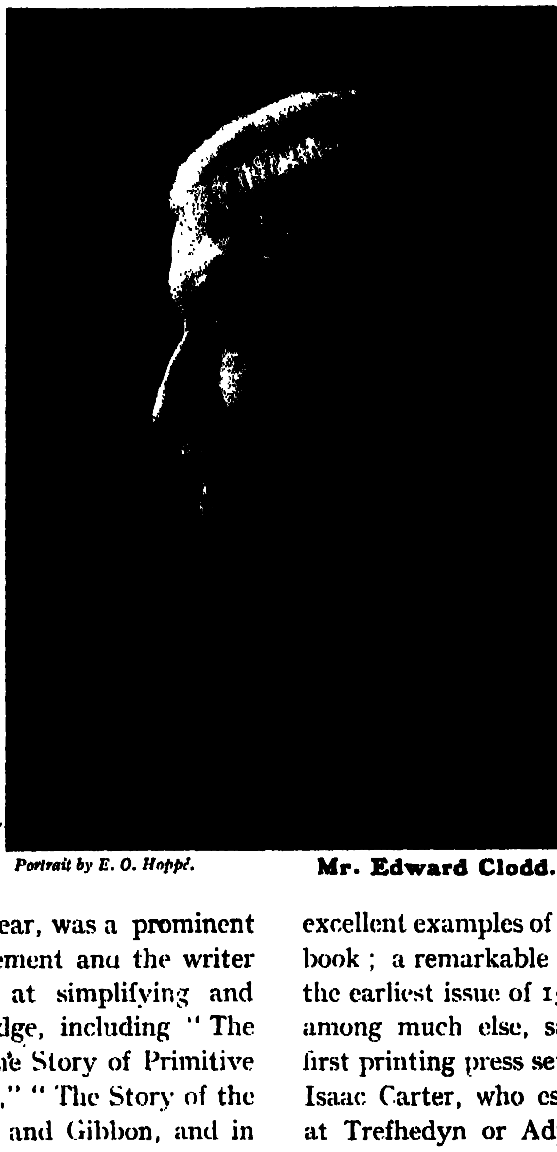
Major George Haven Putnam, head of the well-known American publishing house of G. P. Putnam's Sons, died in New York on the last day of February, in his eighty-sixth year. He was born in London, where his father had, in 1841, established a branch of the firm. His military title dated from the days of his youth, when he served with distinction through the American Civil War. Returning home after peace was declared in 1865, he joined his father's publishing business, and a year later came to London again to re-establish publishing relations which had been discontinued during the war. He told the story of his war experience in "Memories of My Youth," and of his later years in the two volumes of his "Memories of a Publisher." In addition to several other books, he wrote much on the subject of international copyright; following his father's example, he protested vigorously against the piracy of English books, and strove, as he said, to bring the law of copyright in America "into line with European copyright law." English authors owe him a considerable debt for the valuable and disinterested services he rendered in that direction. And England had no stauncher friend in America during the Great War, when in the press and on the platform, making nothing of his burden of seventy years and more, he championed the Allied cause and did much to bring his own people into sympathy with it. For long past the firm has had a branch establishment in Bedford Street, Strand, and Major Putnam never failed to pay an annual visit to London, where he will be greatly missed, for his friends here were legion. I shall not attempt to make a list of the famous authors for whom he published, nor to catalogue his various "best-sellers," which have ranged from "The Leavenworth Case" and Mrs. Barclay's "The Rosary" to the phenomenally successful "All Quiet on the Western Front" of the present day.



The late Major G. H. Putnam.

The Old Lady of Threadneedle Street, the staff magazine of the Bank of England, entered upon the tenth year of its existence with an interesting and well illustrated March Number on which the editor, Mr. J. A. Giuseppi, and his editorial committee are to be heartily congratulated. One of the most interesting articles in the Number is "Some Bank Memories of Fifty Years Ago," by Allan Fea, the well-known author of "The Flight of the King" and many other historical works. Mr. Fea became a clerk in the Private Drawing Office of the Bank "close upon half a century ago," and his lively, amusing anecdotes of himself and his colleagues in the eighties move the editor to remark, in his Editorial Notes, that those were days "when close attention and devotion to duty seemed able to walk hand in hand with almost unlimited leisure, and when life in all its courses flowed much more easily and smoothly." They were evidently days when men did not live at such high pressure as now, and when, as Mr. Fea says, "in all the Bank offices, big and small, could be found among the older hands some very remarkable specimens of humanity," such as are not met with in these strenuous times. He sketches one old gentleman, in one of the Transfer Offices, who still wore "knee-breeches and a high 'stock,'" and "rumour had it that in the virile days of the fourth George or William, he daily took his early morning row upon the Thames, carrying his weighty and tubby craft from his diggings in Crutched Friars to the water-side by the Old Swan Pier." There are some good stories and verse in

the Number, reviews of recent books, a capital article on "The Failures of Dickens," by J. H. McNulty; reports of the doings of the Bank of England Sports Club and, in the Editorial Notes, of the Winter Lectures given by Ian Hay, Oliver Pike and Colonel John Buchan, and of other events of moment in the life of the Bank. The illustrations include a delicately finished pencil drawing of Waterloo Bridge, by A. J. F. Bond; Seymour Lucas's drawing of Allan Fea; other portraits and caricatures, a cartoon of Gillray's and a view of the Bank in the eighteenth century from an old print. In the miscellaneous literary and artistic contributions, there is so much that reflects the personalities and official and unofficial activities of the staff that one can appreciate the editor's statement that the magazine has become "so much an integral part of our social life that nothing but the direst calamity could assail its security." So I hope next century will find *The Old Lady of Threadneedle Street* still running, and that it will always be the only run on the Bank.



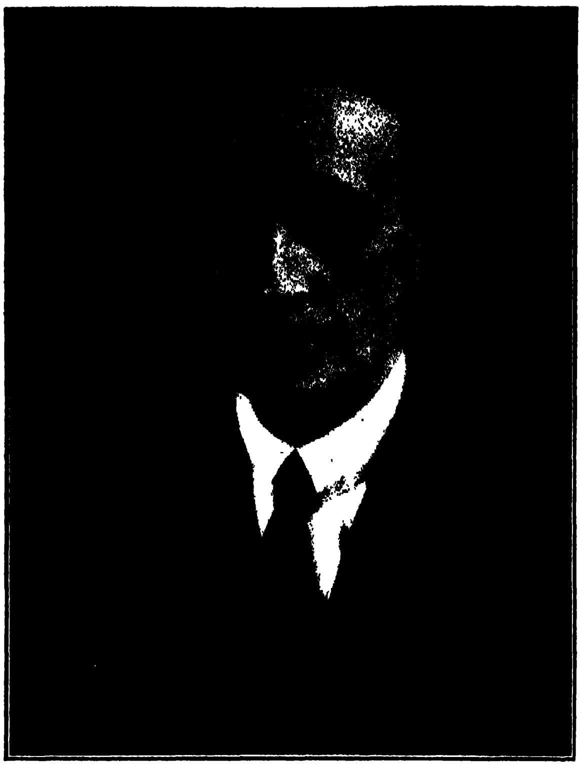
Portrait by E. O. Hoppé. **Mr. Edward Clodd.**

Mr. Edward Clodd, who died last month at Aldborough in his ninetieth year, was a prominent figure in the Rationalist movement and the writer of many books that aimed at simplifying and popularising scientific knowledge, including "The Childhood of the World," "The Story of Primitive Man," "Pioneers of Evolution," "The Story of the Alphabet," studies of Huxley and Gibbon, and in 1916 he published his Memoirs. Abandoning an early intention of training for the Baptist ministry, he started a business career at fifteen; he became secretary to the London and Joint Stock Bank in 1872, and retired forty-three years later when he was 75. He was a fierce controversialist, but a genial, kindly man of many friends, chief among whom in their day were Gissing, Meredith and Hardy.

A lesser known side of George Washington's character and activities is dealt with in "The Unknown Washington," which Messrs. Scribner are publishing.

The "Confessions and Impressions of Ethel Mannin" will be published shortly by Messrs. Jarrold.

Mr. A. E. Baker, of Cardiff, writes to me: In connection with the St. David's Day celebrations this year and with a view to spreading the use of educational books and the study of the Welsh language, a Book Festival was opened in Cardiff from February 22nd to St. David's Day, March 1st. Emanating from the Rev. Gwilym Davies's experience of book festivals in France and Italy, the movement had the whole-hearted support of the Cardiff City Libraries Committee, who authorised their librarian to co-operate with the Festival Committee, and loaned a large hall in the City Hall for the exhibition, and also placed at the disposal of the committee for exhibition all the books and manuscripts that might be required from the priceless collection in the Welsh department of the Cardiff Central Library. The Welsh MSS. exhibited ranged from the unique Book of Aneirin (Y Gododdyn), a manuscript written 700 years ago, to the Welsh grammars of John Jones (1605–1610). There were excellent examples of the peithynen or bardic wooden book; a remarkable collection of Welsh Bibles from the earliest issue of 1567 to the edition of 1799, and, among much else, samples of the product of the first printing press set up in Wales, the printer being Isaac Carter, who established his business in 1718 at Trefhedyn or Adpar on the Cardiganshire side of the River Teivy, where the town of Newcastle Emlyn now stands. Hundreds of visitors attended the exhibition, and the committee are satisfied that their appeal to Welsh-speaking people to "pledge themselves to buy Welsh books" to recoup the authors and the publishers has gone very wide and reached the right public. During the week many parties of school children under their teachers from the industrial valleys and the surrounding districts visited the exhibition. Lectures were given each evening upon various subjects and each has been well attended. Altogether the first Welsh Book Festival has been an unqualified success, and the committee mean to repeat it.



Portrait by E. O. Hoppé. **Mr. Victor Bridges,**

whose new novel, "The Secret of the Creek," has just been published by Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton.

An important book on Whitefield and his times, "George Whitefield the Awakener," by the Rev. A. D. Belden, superintendent of Whitefield's Tabernacle, will be published shortly by Messrs. Sampson Low. Mr Belden shows how the same neglect of religion, the same social misery, the same tragic war atmosphere existed in Whitefield's day as in ours, and that there is now, as there was then, the need of a great awakening. Mr. Ramsay MacDonald has written a foreword for the book.

Mr. Somerset Maugham's first novel, "Liza of Lambeth," a vividly realistic tale of London slum life, written out of his experiences in the days when he was a doctor, has just been reissued by Messrs. Heinemann in the Travellers' Library series.

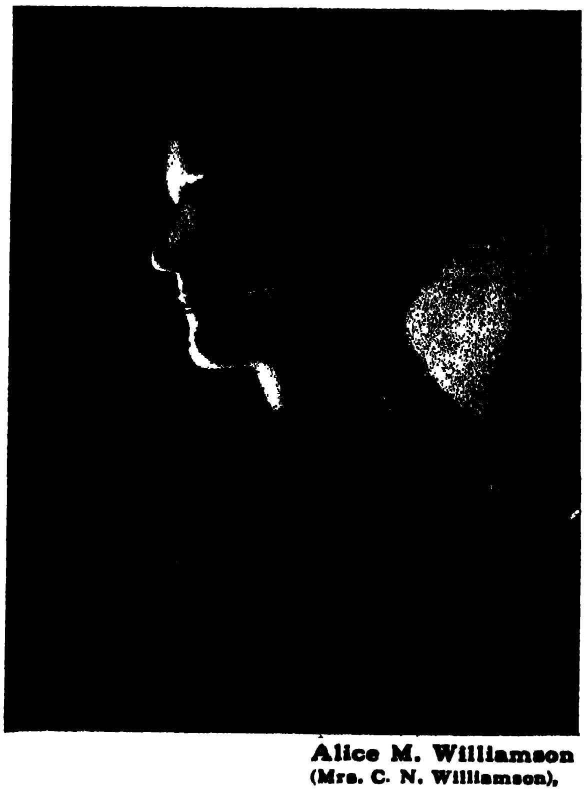
The abolition of Capital Punishment is the theme of Mr. James Owen's novel, "Deferred Payment." Commander Kenworthy has written an appreciative introduction to it and Messrs. Alston Rivers are its publishers.

The Temple still remains an oasis of old romance in a city that is fast becoming glaringly modern, and there was evidence in his first book, "The London Comedy," that Lieut.-Colonel C. P. Hawkes is sensitive to the magic that lingers in those ancient courts and lanes haunted by Johnson, Goldsmith, Lamb and a host of others famous in literature or the law. Literary men and women, as well as barristers of both sexes, have their offices or homes in the Temple still, and of these, and the porters and laundresses, and the social and business, literary, legal and general life of the place Colonel Hawkes has written in "Chambers in the Temple: Comments and Conceits in Camera," to be published this month by Messrs. Methuen.

Mr. Frank H. Shaw has completed a book of true stories of all the most famous shipwrecks in British naval and mercantile history. This, illustrated with authentic photographs, is to be published in May by Messrs. Elkin Mathews & Marrot.

There is an interesting interview with Mr. Warwick Deeping in the current issue of Messrs. W. H. Smith & Son's excellent quarterly, *The Book Window*, in the course of which Mr. Deeping confesses that his thoughts have lately turned toward the stage; he has been working on an idea for a play, but does not yet know whether "it will ever come to anything." The interviewer deftly leads Mr. Deeping to speak of his methods of work—he never dictates or uses a typewriter—and to comment on that serene philosophy of life in his books which makes the restless, flashy ideals of the ultra-modernist seem immature and cheap. There are other good articles, in addition to reviews and notes on new books in this Number, and competition pages, including a capital "Children's Corner," in which prizes are offered for solutions of an ingenious cross-word puzzle built up round "Alice in Wonderland."

Most of us—for most of us are taxpayers—will read with a strong sympathetic interest "The Dupe as Hero," by "Logistes," which Mr. Jonathan Cape is publishing this month. The anonymous author



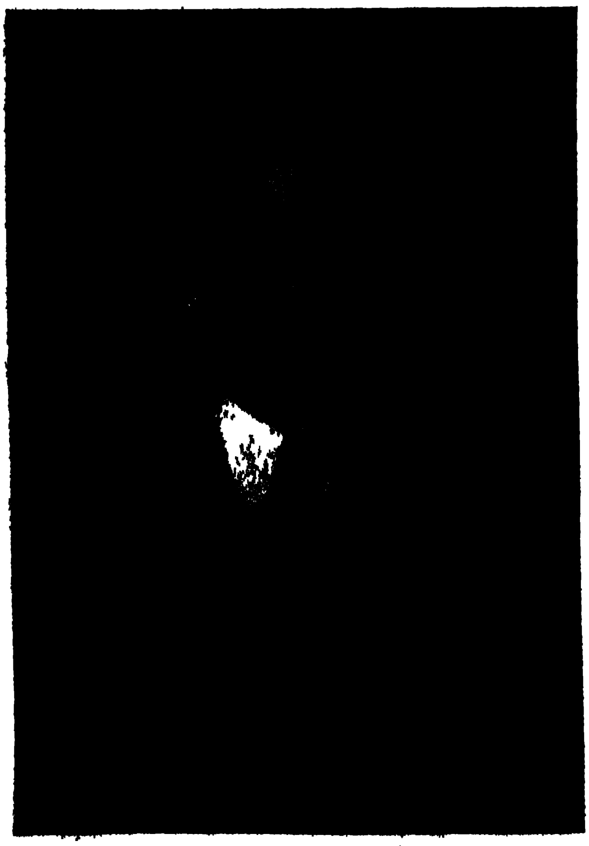
Alice M. Williamson
(Mrs. C. N. Williamson),
Author of "Frozen Slippers" (Chapman & Hall).

knows his subject from the inside; he disentangles the intricacies of international finance and presents Great Britain as the heroic dupe who has been induced, for the sake of universal peace, to make such sacrifices to her own detriment that we are now struggling under heavier taxation than is imposed on any other nation.

We have received a reprint of a special "Artificial Silk" supplement to the *Drapers' Organiser*, all the colour and black-and-white engravings in which are the work of the Sun Engraving Co. The colour blocks, engraved direct from the fabrics, reproduce with exact fidelity the colour, texture and design of the various silks; these, and the admirable black-and-white illustrations, are a convincing testimony to the brilliant craftsmanship of the engravers.

I heard with much regret last month of the death of Mr. Charles Taylor, the well known bookseller and publisher. Mr Taylor served some years with Messrs. Griffith, Farran, and had been adventuring in South Africa before in 1890 he opened the premises in Warwick Lane, where his only son, Mr. Stanley Taylor, for so long his invaluable assistant, will continue to carry on the business.

"Tony Potter," a new novel by Mr. J. T. Morrison, will be published by Mr. John Murray in May. Mr. Morrison's first novel, "The Truce Breakers," a story of the Scottish Highlands, was one of the most successful and promising first novels of last year.



Mr. Stephen Potter,
whose book on "D. H. Lawrence" Mr. Jonathan Cape is publishing.



In the Tent.
Mr Walter Wilkinson, author of "Vagabonds and Puppets" (Geoffrey Bles). See page 88.

Mr. W. R. Calvert's admirable nature stories seemed to be marking him out as a successor to Richard Jefferies, but in "Sorrowstones," which Messrs. Putnam have in the press, he has made a new departure and written a novel of dramatic human interest Its scenes are laid in the picturesque Cumberland district, and it takes its name from a lonely farm above a little Lakeland village.

"The Oxford Book of Greek Verse," edited by Professor Gilbert Murray and four other distinguished scholars, will be published this month by the Oxford Press. BOOKMAN.

NOTES ON RECENT BOOKS

The first volume of the **RETROSPECTIONS OF DOROTHEA HERBERT**: 1770-1789 (7s 6d, Gerald Howe) was welcomed by a chorus of praise. Vivacious and entertaining it covered the writer's childhood years. This second volume is chiefly occupied with her love affair with John Roe, which ends unhappily, John Roe marrying another girl The scene is Southern Ireland, where Dorothea's father, the Rev Nicholas Herbert, resided at Carrick-on-Suir, and was also rector of the parish of Knockgrafton Her mother was a daughter of the first Lord Desart, and connections and neighbours, the Cuffes, Eyres, Blundens and others, figure largely in the narrative. Dorothea is an attractive person and she writes with naturalness and a naive frankness. It is interesting to trace the mark of her century upon her style. She describes John Roe as 'all that Female Heart could wish in its Fondest Excess," and she talks of "dispatching our kind Enquiries round to the Vicinage." Such dated phrases can be paralleled by others as modern as "After much humming and hawing she inquired whether I was not going to be married to John Roe." The book is lively and entertaining. "I flatter myself,' says Dorothea naively, on her last page, that these Retrospections" are not uninteresting."

SUPPLEMENT TO "THE BOOKMAN,"
APRIL, 1930.



From a drawing by HOOPER ROWE STEPHEN GWYNN.

The Bookshelf.

THE EMPTY TOMB.

There must be very many to-day who doubt, if they do not deny, the fact of the Resurrection. Belief in it has been undermined by science, which tends to dismiss as miraculous, and so incredible, any phenomena which transcend the limits of its intellectual perception. Perhaps a deeper reason, however, and certainly a more justifiable one for modern scepticism, is the suspicion that the profound importance attached to the authenticity of the Resurrection by orthodox Church people and their leaders has often reflected that tenacious egotism which, as a possessive impulse, has wrought such evil in human life. For if experience teaches us anything, it is that in our most creative moments we surpass the personal, and a doctrine which has been so often cited to justify belief in personal survival of a most pronounced and material order, has been questioned because it contradicts spiritual experience even more than the apparent laws of nature. The Resurrection of Jesus, however, as it is recorded in the gospels and the triumphant conception derived from it by St. Paul, of the transmutation of the physical body into a spiritual body, are mysteries that remain to provoke doubt or carry conviction on their own intrinsic merits, which no false or fearful egotism can destroy.

We may believe in the Resurrection of Jesus by faith, upon the evidence of inward experience which attests His presence. And those who enjoy this experience are unlikely to feel the need of examining with critical thoroughness the facts of the gospel story. For every one however so placed, there are at least a hundred to-day who, like Thomas, cannot believe a mystery of which they doubt the foundation in fact. Or if they believe it, they do so with reservations and with an uneasy sense of conflict between the mystical side of them which would affirm the spiritual truth, and the rationalist side which would stress the material difficulties. To these (and I number myself as one of them), I cannot commend too highly Mr. Morison's book.* I cannot say after one reading that he has completely convinced me. For paradoxically his relentless powers of imaginative reconstruction put at first the critical mind on guard. But he has at least compelled me to recognise that the difficulty of explaining away the facts of the Resurrection is at least as great as that of accepting them.

The way in which his book has come to be written is interesting, and explains to some extent the weighty impression which it makes. It was as a young man some thirty years ago, he tells us, that he first began seriously to study the life of Jesus with a deep and reverent regard for His person, but with a very definite feeling that His history rested upon insecure foundations, and that, in Huxley's words, "miracles do not happen." And to clear his mind he conceived the idea of writing a short monograph on what seemed to him the supremely important and critical phase in the life of Jesus—the last seven days—stripping it of its overgrowth of primitive beliefs and dogmatic supposition, in order to "see this supremely great Person as He really was."

That book however was never written or, as he puts it, "refused to be written." And when ten years later the opportunity came to investigate the material more thoroughly and sift some of the evidence at first-hand, the result was a revolution in his thought. To quote his own words: "Slowly but very definitely the conviction grew that the drama of those unforgettable weeks of human history was stranger and deeper than it seemed. It was the *strangeness* of many notable things in the story which first arrested and held my interest. It was only later that the irresistible logic of their meaning came into view."

* "Who Moved the Stone?" By Frank Morison. 6s. (Faber & Faber.)

This book therefore represents something deeper than a critical examination of documents and a weighing of the opinions of other critics in the same field. Mr. Morison has indeed weighed his material critically, and he never ceases to do so. But he has done something more significant. He has made the astounding drama which he is studying part of his own life, entering into each of the characters by an act of imagination in which negative judgment is transformed into positive insight. The whole of his reconstruction of what happened between the arrest of Jesus in the Garden of Gethsemane on Thursday night, and the discovery of the empty tomb early on Sunday morning, is knit together by a creative as distinct from a merely critical logic. Equally in weighing the veracity of the earliest documents and in fitting together the events which they seem at first to disclose with so much ambiguity, he applies the test of a creative insight, which visualises the situation at every point through the eyes of those who were participating in it, and judges it in reference to what we know of human nature. Such questions as "What would be the psychological state and position of the disciples? How would they behave? What urgent considerations would press for solution?" are typical. And he applies them with no less cogency to the actions or the inactions of the High Priestly party. I have not space to quote examples of his psychological penetration. But to me at least he is the first to explain convincingly the part which Judas played both in its relation to Jesus and the Jewish leaders, the character and the conduct of Pilate, and the incident of Claudia's dream. But it is in his reconstruction of what happened when the women came early to the tomb and fled from it, trembling and astonished, and in his explanation of the moved stone and the young man sitting within in a white garment, that his powers of imaginative logic are applied with most remarkable effect to the evidence of the gospels.

Admittedly there are times when he tends to claim certainty for what seems to me no more than conjectural probability, but there is no weak link in his chain of induction. He has approached his material too without any religious preconception, but while he is always far too absorbed in its human significance to show a trace of religiosity, he communicates also some of its spiritual overtones and undertones. His interpretation of the greatest of all historical mysteries may not convince those to whom the laws of nature, as science defines them, are incontrovertible. But even they will have to admit that the story as Mr. Morison has told it is no sanctified legend, that it is full of facts which ring true to human experience, and that no mystery story is so deeply poignant or so charged with wonder and excitement.

HUGH I'A. FAUSSET.

THAT NEW WORLD.*

"The Don Quixote of the Seas" the author calls his hero, and throughout this most interesting book justifies the sobriquêt by comparing incidents in the life of each; indeed he goes so far as to hint that Cervantes had some such figure as Columbus in mind when he created the immortal Knight of La Mancha.

But it is not this comparison that forms the main interest of Herr Wasserman's study; it is his revelation of Columbus the man as a weak, opinionated dreamer, incapable of realising the truth of his discovery, hopelessly incapable of administering the lands over which, at his own demand, he held sway. To the end of his life he maintained that America was no new continent, but an outlying part of India, and spent much fruitless effort in trying to locate Japan along its eastern coast. Nothing would move him from the belief that his crew (composed, by the way, entirely

* "Christopher Columbus" By Jacob Wasserman. 10s. 6d. (Secker.)

of liberated convicts) could walk westward dry-foot from the West Indies to Spain. In the course of his cruising, he found an island with a mountain in the middle, probably one of the Antilles; there, he claimed, was the genuine, veritable, and original Garden of Eden, and the authentic Paradise—and no argument could shift him. In the New World (the phrase, according to Herr Wasserman, is of Columbus's own coining) his unpractical conduct on the one hand and his far too practical lust for gold with which to back up his assertion of discovery on the other, quickly alienated the simple natives and led inevitably to the Spanish horrors of cruelty and debauchery which characterised the succeeding centuries.

Still, had it not been for his inner light, which outshone every kind of disillusionment—ridicule, neglect, poverty, contempt and deception—America might not have been discovered for many a long year, and the course of world history would have been fundamentally different. Wrong in so many ways, in his unshakable belief he was triumphantly right; he convicted the wise and prudent of blindness in their wisdom and craven superstition in their prudence. For all his weakness in affairs, all his faults of character, he was essentially great, with the greatness of the visionary; and feminists will not be slow in noting that his one disciple, his one support in his tremendous conviction, was a woman, Isabella of Spain. Had it not been for her, Columbus might well have done nothing, and remained in the eyes of the world a fantastic lunatic.

Herr Wasserman brings the novelist's skill to bear on his story; Columbus lives, almost day by day, in his pages. It is perhaps ungracious to suggest that our faith in the author would have been enhanced by a note of his sources, and our gratitude to the publishers had they thought fit to provide us with an index.

W. Branch Johnson.

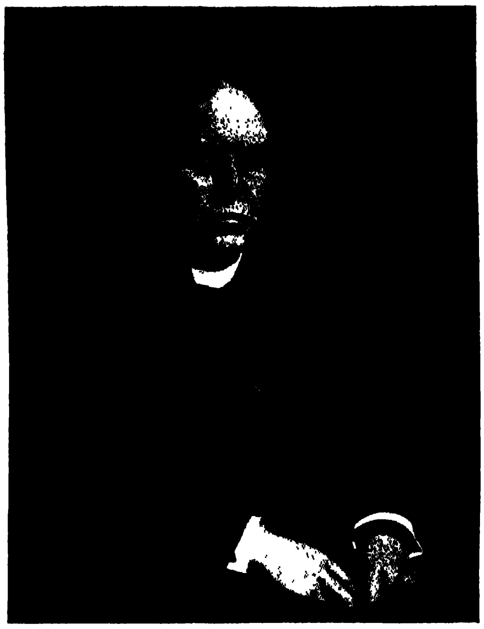


Photo by T. & R. Annan, Glasgow.

Dr. John A. Hutton,
Editor of *British Weekly*

THE SOUL OF RUSSIA.*

For thirty years Dr. John Hutton has been a student of Russian literature, and has lectured upon it to hundreds of audiences. In the little book before us he has elaborated the point of view with which readers who have heard his lectures will already be familiar. The book, though it reflects on every page a wide and thorough knowledge of its subject, and while its quotations and references are always appositely selected, does not pretend to be an actual introduction to the story of Russian fiction—which for Dr. Hutton *is* Russian literature. It is with Russia herself that the writer is concerned, and he turns to her fiction because it is mainly there that the soul of her people has, through its writers of genius, been able to find expression. The reason, says Dr. Hutton, for the fact that fiction is the outstanding medium of the Russian soul is obvious:

> "Thwarted by the political restraints under which she grew up, the first instinct which she shared with all peoples of the earth—to speak in the language of poetry and metaphor—was never interrupted in her case or diverted. In a word, forbidden by the Censor to take her freedom in the region of ideas, forbidden to make her public protests and amendments, driven in upon herself, she could only relieve herself in music, in dancing—and in fiction. She had to contrive some way by which she could speak, so that the rulers 'hearing might hear and not understand, and seeing might see and not perceive.' That medium she found in fiction, which became in her most subtle hand a terrible engine of protest and propaganda."

It was the fiction of Russia, adds Dr. Hutton, that undermined Russia; "the Russia of the old regime was overthrown by sheer Art. That great event, the reverberations of which have by no means exhausted themselves, was due first and last to the gnawing effect, upon the most recalcitrant material, of edged words passionately driven home."

It must not be supposed, from these words, that Dr. Hutton is any lover of the new political order. But the prime value of his book is that it is written not merely with knowledge but with understanding: He sees things in true perspective and gives us a keen sense of the difficulties, not merely political, but geographical and climatic, against which Russia has had to contend. If he hates her present official despotism no less than the one which it has supplanted, he sees it as a necessary stage of development, and supplies good reasons at once for its present existence and for the belief that it cannot indefinitely continue. Dr. Hutton's analysis of the historical and temperamental causes of the Russian obsession with distributism, and his comparison of the reactions of Marxism upon the German and the Russian mind, are full of subtle insight and deserve the closest possible attention by all who feel, with him, that a right comprehension of Russia by the rest of Europe is indispensable to the future peace and well-being not only of Russia herself, but of the whole world.

The virtues and vices of the Russian temperament are at present strangely intertwined; but its very vices spring from virtue misapplied or still unliberated. There is an unconquerable *inwardness* about the Russian soul which is in sharp opposition to Western objective values, and which we must come to understand on its own terms—or neglect at our extreme peril. The Russians, Dr. Hutton shows by illustrations from their fiction, may often be sensual; but they are never *satisfied* by sensuality. They may often be lazy; but their laziness, reflecting the spiritual activity of a people driven back upon themselves by the inhospitality of outward conditions, is a very different thing from *our* laziness. They may often be sad; but in their very melancholy there is truer joy than is to be found in mere pleasure or gaiety.

It is only a superficial judgment which cannot see the humour at the heart of Russian fiction—which finds it "depressing." A pessimist has been described as one who has lived with an optimist; and indeed there is nothing less cheering to the depths of a man's nature than a perpetual surface cheerfulness. The Russian spirit has the final laugh because, deprived of everything else, it still has its dream; and that dream may yet prove more substantial than the so-called "realities" of our Western world.

To judge Russia by our own standards is inevitably to misjudge her. To unravel the enigma and the paradox which she presents to us requires an effort of subtle and imaginative sympathy. Dr. Hutton is to be thanked for a very interesting and very gallant attempt.

Gilbert Thomas.

* "Guidance on Russia From Her Literature." By John A. Hutton, D.D. 3s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

THE TEACHING OF ENGLISH.*

It was Dr. Robert Bridges who suggested to Mr. Palmer that he should write this little book, and Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch has written an introductory note warmly commending the book to teachers because "it grips and holds the root of the matter." Unfortunately for the profession, Mr. Palmer is no longer a schoolmaster; but he has had over twelve years of experience in English schools, nearly

* "The Teaching of English." By Herbert E. Palmer. 3s. (John Murray.)

two years in French schools, and seven years of educational work in Germany. When it is added that the author is an extremely " live " personality and has excellent judgment of literature, and also that he has written a play and five volumes of poetry, his right to speak to teachers with authority is surely self-evident.

" The Teaching of English " is a short book written in an easy, colloquial style, and is full of good things. For example :

" The aims of Education should be turned starwards. And in detail they are to ensure accuracy, and yet not pedantry in accuracy ; to promote skill and readiness in small things to promote capacity for skill and readiness in large things ; to develop efficiency and yet not petrification in efficiency ; to instil knowledge and promote desire for still further knowledge ; to train the understanding and develop common sense and reasonableness ; to develop the instinct for Beauty in its many aspects and phases ; to cultivate the Imagination and yet not at the expense of the common healthy impulses of life ; to promote right taste ; to teach chivalry and good manners ; to teach the heart to know itself, the soul to sympathise with its fellows ; to make plain the importance of Truth and the differences between Truth and a lie. . . . Also to uprear the flag of Honour on the obelisk of Courage, and inculcate Religion and the love of God."

One can imagine the shade of Ruskin applauding that passage, but a modern educationist might be a trifle alarmed by such a pronouncement. " Is the child nothing more than clay in the hands of the potter ? " he would exclaim. " Are we to mould him to our heart's desire ? " Frankly, if Mr. Palmer were a crank, a child would have to fight like a devil to save his soul alive. But there is no need for panic. " Never should a teacher violently impose his personal point of view upon the child," declares the author.

The Board of Education suggests the study of Addison for children of thirteen, and certain inspectors have imposed Addison on children of ten and eleven. Mr. Palmer disagrees :

"In spite of his paraded innocence, Addison is too genteel and worldly wise, too artificial, too much a creature of the coffee-rooms, parks and fashionable streets to become popular with small boys, who are primitive in their outlook, passionate in their initiative. Addison was the cultured moral writer of an extremely artificial age, and he is no more to be recommended to young children in large doses than is Pope or Dryden to any form below the top one."

Mr. Palmer suggests hundreds of books, including many by living writers, and his treatment of poetry is admirable. He believes that many fine passages should be learnt by heart. Young children are usually the worst sufferers in school : they are either given poetry which is beyond them (Milton's " Lycidas " for example), or rubbish ! They need something primitive and dramatic, of course, but " it must not be one which they are expected to *outgrow*. It must be *rudimentally* good." Mr. Palmer suggests dozens of poems that are suitable from the age of ten onwards.

The common weakness in English teaching is the tendency to give a collection of unrelated exercises—an essay first, then a punctuation exercise, then dictionary practice, then a bit of grammar, followed by a talk on drama or the writing of an original lyric. In science, mathematics, history and foreign languages the teacher cannot help himself ; the subjects must move forward in logical steps. But in English, drawing and painting it is always possible to " carry on," like a political opportunist, without any perceptible unifying scheme. When Mr. Palmer writes his next book on the teaching of English perhaps he will offer some suggestions ?

R. W.



Portrait by Herrods, **Mr. Herbert E. Palmer.**

A QUARTET.*

Still another variation of the imperishable romance surrounding the Rising of 1715 comes from Mr. Fletcher's pen.[1] This time however it is only the bare fringe or even the shadow of royalty that is glimpsed, the Prince never actually coming into focus. Into the space of a few weeks are packed the exciting adventures of a maternal ancestor, attainted of high treason for his share in the Rising. Fleeing from his ancient castle in Scotland, the young Lord Stirthes arrived on the Yorkshire moors disguised as a cattle drover, and from that point we follow his narrow escapes, discoveries and friendships until a full pardon is obtained for him by his uncle, the Earl of Carlisle, and the fulfilment of a delightful romance is made possible. The story is engagingly told, but one reader at any rate has been equally inveigled with the vivid glimpses of moorland life, its timeless institutions, customs and habits. With almost uncanny reality Boroughbridge comes to life on the day of Barnaby Fair, a vastly different Boroughbridge from that of to-day, busy thoroughfare to the north though it still is. We peep at " various booths whereat all manner of commodities, from gay neckerchiefs to ploughboys' whip-lashes, were being sold, and at the stages and platforms whereon mountebanks were cutting their capers and quack doctors extolling their nostrums." In those days too it was an active port ; small vessels from York and Hull would bring merchandise for Ripon and the Western Dales. Delightful descriptions of the moors and wolds are deftly interwoven and bring a reminder of the *gipsies*- " streams which break out of the surface in the chalk valleys at intermittent periods." Nowhere else in England is this phenomenon seen, and here only in very wet seasons, with the exception of one permanent one flowing between Wold Newton and by North Burton and Rudston, eventually running into the sea near Bridlington. Mr. Fletcher has been no niggard in filling in his colourful background, which stretches back to the days of the mound, the barrow and the camp-dwelling of the semi-barbarous forerunners of Saxon and Norseman and Dane. Historical knowledge has guided a vividly descriptive pen to good purpose.

It is with rather a sense of having missed something intimate and fine that we make the acquaintance of the five little people who star in Miss Duffy's second book.[2] It was not our good fortune to read " Both Sides of the Railings " or we should doubtless have started on the friendliest terms, not only with them, but with their wonderful Rainbow-Lady, who just as this book opens is being married to her Story-book Man. Out of some of the most abundant and commonplace

[1] " I'd Venture All for Thee." By J. S. Fletcher. 7s. 6d. (Jarrolds.)—[2] " Rainbows and Railings." By L. B. Duffy. 3s. 6d. (Collins.)—[3] " The Prodigal Girl." By Grace Livingston Hill. 7s. 6d. (Lippincott.)—[4] " Artificial Silk." By Christine Orr. 7s. 6d. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

material to be found — the youngsters who throng the public parks and back streets — Miss Dufty has woven one of the choicest stories, one which echoes with laughter and pulls no less surely at one's very heartstrings. With rare insight and delicate sympathy she reveals the warm hearts, the staunch loyalty as well as the cheery optimism that lay beneath those shabby garments. To Stella, the forlorn little dreamer and embryo artist, came the good fortune of acquiring a hitherto unknown father. We could say much of that father, brimming over with love for his little girl, with boisterous good spirits, and fortunately with plenty of money, but we will leave it for those interested to find out what he did for Stella and "her Pollie's and Addy's and things." Once again Miss Dufty has taken a piece of the most commonplace material and made of it a thing of real beauty.

In the two remaining books an ultra-modern note is struck which will be rather bewildering to those who have not kept pace with the march of *progress* in the youthful attitude. In both the high colouring is intentional for the working out of the ruling idea. Mrs. Hill,[3] with the best of intentions, has rather heavily laboured her point and at the same time strained our credence. It is difficult to reconcile the father's fond idea of his family with the facts, and to believe that he could be so blind; his actions too, when he realises the truth, are somewhat over-violent. Good intentions are by no means sufficient, and we are afraid the book loses power of persuasion through its lack of balance. In "Artificial Silk"[4] the same voice of modern youth is clamouring, full of impatience, doubt and questioning, but it is expressed with a vivacity and verve that has a sincere ring. Silk designers and manufacturers have their share in the title, but it chiefly refers to the fact that all are measured according to the standard of real or artificial—the finer or less fine qualities. Miss Orr looks well beneath the surface, and adroitly depicts the real in unmistakable contrast to the artificial. There is good writing, and a spirited enthusiasm that never flags.

L. O.

RAMPANTLY ADORING.*

Alexander lisped in numbers; but Miss Edith Sitwell has given him the whole *Pentateuch*—if not, there is no telling how far Miss Sitwell would go. The jacket of her new book shows her fresh come from a dance in Botticelli's "Primavera" to lean an arm on the pedestal of the master's bust in an attitude, and with a sideways glance, of adoration. She preserves the attitude throughout the book. Is it only an attitude? Surely not! Although the enthusiasm is extreme for so precise a lady, there is no mistaking those broken accents, the almost incoherent rush of syllables and images, the cæsura which is a sob.

In reviewing this her first full-length prose work, I find it interesting to recall the first occasion when I met her in the verse. Everybody remembers "Wheels." At least I do. They rolled right over me, and left me comparatively flat. The first volume, and even the second, met with a great deal of silly criticism. I criticised "Wheels," and perhaps my judgment was silly, but I still hold to it: it was this: that in the chaos there were patches of exquisite order; and that, though some of the imagery far overshot its mark, there were enough great images in the books to provide the stock-in-trade for a dozen working poets. And I found that the finest—no, the biggest—images were in the verses of Miss Edith Sitwell.

Miss Sitwell, the poet, has changed much since then. She has attained a certain prim yet sprightly perfection. True she tends to express the emotions excited by one of the senses in terms of another of them; but that is formula: there is no wildness in it. And I marvel that she is able to express so much and so finely—yes, fine is now the word—within such narrow limits, like Shelley's skylark in a silver cage.

* "Alexander Pope." By Edith Sitwell. 15s. (Faber & Faber.)

Well, in this her first full-length prose work Miss Sitwell flies out of her cage and back to the manner of "Wheels." The book is chaos lit with lightning flashes. Her enthusiasm for Mr. Pope knows no limits, nor her scorn, her contempt for his critics. The scorn does not surprise me, since I seem to remember that in her battles with contemporary reviewers Miss Sitwell has shown herself an adept at invective, but here the invective pours out white hot, not only against Pope's detractors, but against all the moderns, including persons who write about beer, or indeed about anything. The enthusiasm surprises me very much indeed: it is so girlish. And it is so likeable.

Miss Sitwell is out to prove two things: first, that Pope is one of our greatest poets; second, that he was one of the most lovable of men. She proves the second; I think she fails to prove the first. I do not mean that I dispute Pope's claim to greatness, but that his champion's defence is a weak one.

The bulk of the book however is the story of Pope's life. I would that it were, in two senses, plainer. Some of the lyric flights are magnificent, but more of them are—well, girlish. And Miss Sitwell is so deeply in love with Alexander that she does not see him as clearly as she sees Swift, Gay, Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, Atterbury and Bolingbroke. Swift she sees more clearly than any, and paints his tragedy with inimitable touches unto the terrible last years when he "was like the eyeless stone statue of a giant in a tropical forest."

Lady Mary she sees because she hates her so. I like this spurt of venom: "a dilapidated macaw, with a hard, piercing laugh, mirthless and joyless, with a few unimaginative phrases, with a parrot's powers of observation, and a parrot's hard and poisonous bite."

As to Pope himself, Miss Sitwell puts the evidence before us—impartially, in spite of her enthusiasm—and the evidence convinces us. As a matter of fact, I know at least one writer rather like him. And I can well understand the vain, lovable, vindictive, generous little man to whom lying came natural. The dastardly attacks on him by Dennis and Lady Mary made him bitter, perhaps, though I must believe that he had always had a splendid strength of hatred; but no doubt the lying came natural. He was one of those romancers who live almost all their days in an unreal world—William James's pragmatic world, wherein things are what you want them to be. He was a boy—a boy scout, and a Red Indian, and a romantic lover (God help him!), and he rewrote—and even readdressed—his letters to his friends before he published them. Of course he was vain. God made him a cripple that he might write. Should he not exult in his one great gift? I am wrong, though. As Miss Sitwell shows us, he had another great gift: courage, and of that he does not seem to have been aware.

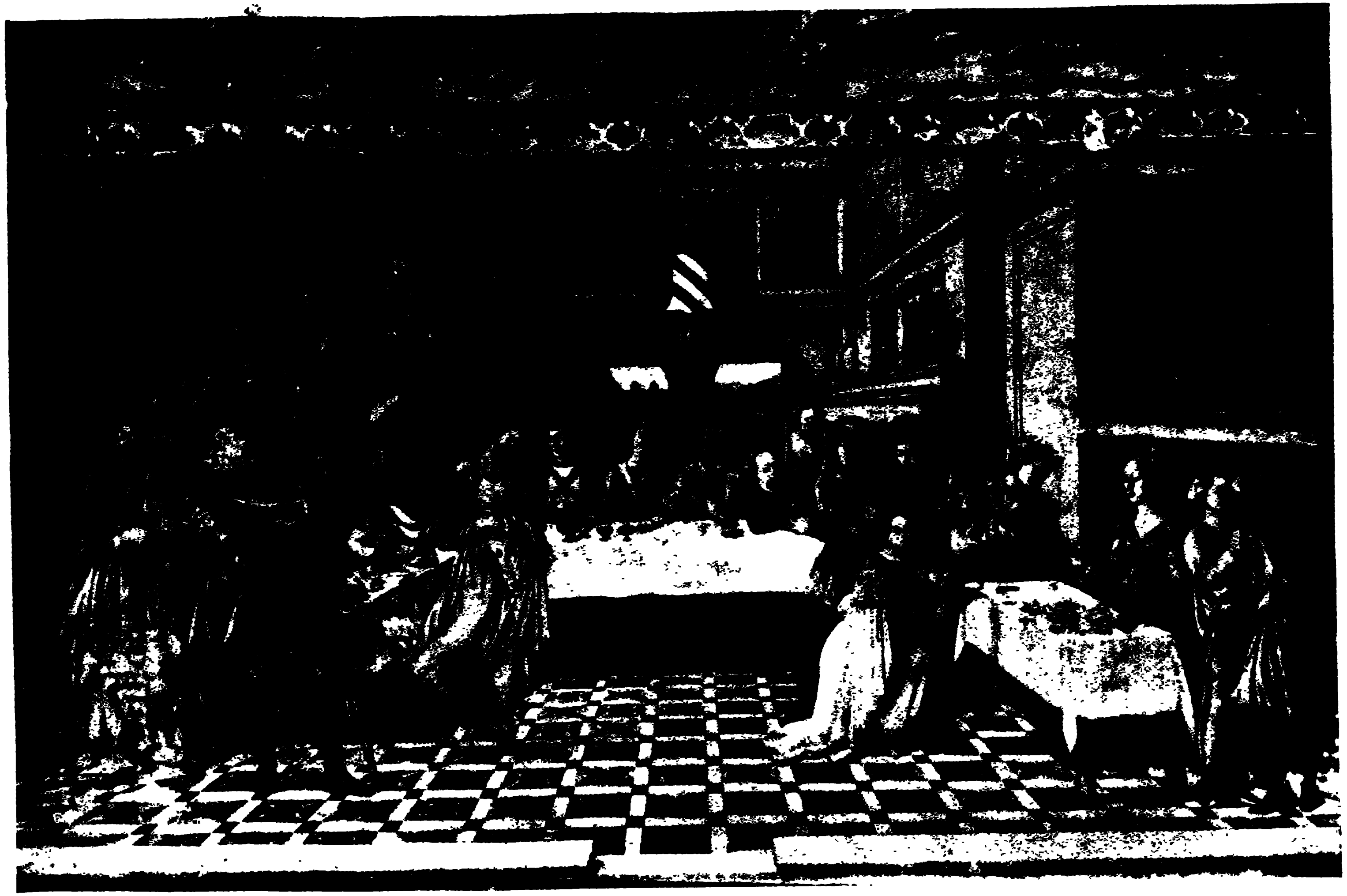
The story fails for me in three particulars. (1) It gives me no clear idea of what Pope was like—yes, notwithstanding the above general description which I recognise so well. (2) It states that he loved his mother dearly; yet Mrs. Pope remains a thin shadow: we are not shown her living beside and fussing round her beloved son. (3) And, worst of all, the tragedy of Martha Blount and Pope fails to occur. We read of their early meetings, and get almost near to her; we read of Pope's misunderstanding with her sister Teresa; there is a long hiatus, and then we learn in an aside that Martha was his close and tender friend throughout his life. That is a great pity, for the clean and passionate friendship of Pope for Martha Blount is, as our author knows well enough, the heart of the matter.

So far from it are you that when Pope rededicates to Lady Mary lines at first addressed to Martha you wonder if his first and only love were anything more than a tragic phantom in his unreal world. It needs this letter of Pope's to prove the contrary: "My poor father died last night. Believe me, if I do not forget you this moment I never shall." Whereto Martha replies: "Sir, my sister and I shall be home all day. If any company comes that you do not like, I'll go up to my room with you. I hope we shall see you." Oh, yes, here is reality, that is true love. But



Pen and ink sketch by POWYS EVANS.

PROFESSOR J. ARTHUR THOMSON.



From "FLORENTINE FRESCOES,"
By TANCRED BORENIUS
(Jack.)

FRA FILIPPO LIPPI: THE BANQUET OF HEROD.
(Prato Cathedral.) Photo: Alinari.

Miss Sitwell, perhaps because she is too eager to prove things, obscures the tale.

And come now, since we are talking of proofs, I seem to be on Miss Sitwell's side in her argument that the subject of a poem matters little. But I am not. Her subject was either the life and tragedy of Alexander Pope, or a polemic against his detractors. Her fault lies in her divided aim.

As for verse, the subject matters supremely. Poetry is the garment of a thought which rises to ecstasy. But Miss Sitwell would have us believe that she goes to church for the sake of the vestments. Of course she doesn't. And Pope proves her case against her. As a poet Pope had only one really strong emotion—hatred. He liked moralising, had a keen relish for it, and so he wrote some spirited didactic poems. His occasional verses, his essays in description—nearly all of the finest texture, as Miss Sitwell proves, are nevertheless namby-pamby stuff. But when he hates he takes fire. His mastery of technique—and of that no doubt he was a master—elsewhere wasted on virtuoso-exercises for the pianoforte, gives him full power to scorch and scalp and slay. You had thought that in his hands the heroic couplet was a gentle ambling creature: you were wrong; it is capable of any pace, of any gesture. There is passion in the portrait of Lord Hervey in the "Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot," but it is only in the "Dunciad," our greatest satire, that the landscape widens and darkens, and the thunder and lightning come.

Miss Sitwell may think that the "Rape of the Lock" is one up to her. If so, I disagree. In dealing with any emotion but hatred Pope was trivial except in this poem, where the emotion is quite unreal and the subject trivial, and there he achieved a dainty perfection.

Miss Sitwell's highfalutin is sometimes painful and often funny, but when she does come off! Ah, then! One of the few occasions upon which she gives us the very perfume—and the whiff—as well as the colour of Pope's century is in the beginning of Chapter XI (pages 138 and 139). It is too long to quote, but I commend it to the attention of the judicious. Here are colour and movement indeed; this breathes and glows.

An interesting book. When Miss Sitwell writes her Jonathan Swift," may I be there to read.

W. R. TITTERTON.

ART IN ITALY AND ENGLAND.

Though the great exhibition at the Academy is over, the interest in Italian art continues, and each month new books on the subject supply more information to those in search of greater knowledge. Many people who now for the first time realise the extent and magnitude of Italian mediæval painting have expressed a mild wonderment why in these centuries there should have been so much painting in Italy and so little in England. We shall see later that there was painting in England even in these early times, but meanwhile the explanation of Italy's initiative in this matter, as well as manifold proofs of the splendour of her achievement, may be found in a new volume by Professor Tancred Borenius on "Florentine Frescoes."[1]

The revival of painting in Italy was largely due to the economic need of the churches for something that would combine decoration with religious instruction. In the south, where sunshine is plentiful, the architectural ideal is to build so that an interior provides coolness and shade. In northern countries the architectural ideal is the exact opposite, the desirable attributes of an interior being light and warmth. Consequently the Italian churches presented large areas of blank wall spaces which were most easily and quite suitably decorated by wall paintings. In northern countries those blank walls had to be pierced more and more with windows to give light to the interior. Consequently, while painting was in Italy the major element in church decoration, in northern lands it was only a subsidiary ornamentation. The true English equivalents of the frescoes by Giotto, Masaccio, Fra Angelico and their successors—superbly reproduced in colours in Dr. Borenius's book—are the stained glass windows in our cathedrals and old churches.

[1] "Florentine Frescoes." By Tancred Borenius. £7 7s. (Jack.)—[2] "St. Christopher in English Mediæval Wall-Painting" By H. C. Whaite. 10s. 6d. (Ernest Benn.)

While we are ever grateful to Vasari for handing down to posterity details of the lives of so many famous artists, we have now learnt how terribly unreliable he was as an authority. Himself a Florentine, he was a violent partisan, and his bias causes him to give an entirely false account of the beginnings of the Florentine school. What had previously been done in other cities he practically ignores, and he presents his fellow citizen Cimabue not merely as the "Father," but practically as the recreator of Italian painting. Modern research however has proved incontestably that:

> "An unbroken line of descent from Classical and early Christian art first takes us down to the great work of the Roman School of the eighth century—the series of frescoes in the Church of Santa Maria Antiqua in the Forum."

There follows the period of Carlovingian art, of which the outstanding examples are the frescoes in the Lower Church of San Clemente, dating from about the middle of the ninth century—and thence on the progress of painting in Rome can be traced clearly till there arises in the thirteenth century the great figure of Pietro Cavallini. Modern research has established the fact that Cimabue was working at Rome in 1272, and must have been influenced by the painting he saw there; that at this time—when Giotto was little more than an infant—Cavallini was a Roman artist of experience and established reputation; and finally that Cavallini subsequently painted some frescoes at the Church of St. Francis in Assisi, whither the young Giotto came, probably as an apprentice of Cimabue, to learn his trade of wall painting. True, Vasari does just mention Cavallini, but he describes him as a "pupil of Giotto"! This is putting the cart before the horse with a vengeance.

Imagine a too enthusiastic Oxonian writing a history of English poetry, praising Cary as the translator of Dante and author of the "Elegy on a Country Churchyard," and dismissing Gray in a few lines as a mere imitator of Cary—then you get a notion of the veracity and dependableness of Vasari.

Dr. Borenius straightens these matters out, goes deeply yet clearly and concisely into the relations between Cavallini, Cimabue and Giotto, and with impartial justice allots to each the credit which is fairly due.

How then does it come about, if Rome had an unbroken succession of decorative artists from classical times, that the revival of painting in Italy is always associated with Florence? To this there are two explanations, one material, the other historical. In the earlier centuries, following a fashion set by Constantinople, it was more usual for these church decorations to be executed in mosaics instead of in fresco. Hence though there were paintings executed in Rome during these centuries, we are apt to think of this early Roman art in terms of mosaics. Secondly, as Dr. Borenius tells us:

> "The Roman school of painting . . . was brought to an abrupt end as a result of the calamities which overtook Rome at the beginning of the fourteenth century, when the Pope was dragged to Avignon, and the eternal city was left a prey to internal discord and misery. . . . The centre of gravity of Italian art shifts into Tuscany, where Florence becomes the leading city."

For the general reader the term *fresco* demands a word of explanation which Dr. Borenius also gives:

> "*Fresco*—or more fully *buon fresco*—denotes the technique whereby wall paintings are mainly carried out in pigments, mixed with water, on the plaster (of sand and lime), while still wet ("fresco"). It was the technique preponderantly used in Italy all through the Middle Ages and the Renaissance, though . . . occasional more or less experimental and exceptional departures were made from it, and the practice of retouching the fresco when set (*a secco*) is of long standing—ultramarine, for example, was always applied *a secco* with an egg vehicle. English mediæval wall paintings, on the other hand, though often loosely termed frescoes, were executed in a radically different technique, on the plaster *after* it had set, the pigments never penetrating very deeply into the plaster."

This note reminds us that, in addition to many valuable contributions to art criticism from his own pen, Dr. Tancred

Borenius, as Durning-Lawrence Professor of the History of Art in London University, has been the means of encouraging others to art research. A most promising pupil of his, Mr. H. C. Whaite, has devoted much time to making faithful copies of extant mural paintings of St. Christopher in English churches and admirable reproductions of these, with Mr. Whaite's scholarly commentary, are given in the first of what is to be a much-needed series of monographs on various aspects of English mediæval art.[2] The method of these English painters, as described above, is one reason why so many of these fifteenth century and earlier English wall paintings have vanished or are vanishing; and the wholesale destruction of art works during the latter part of the reign of Henry VIII further accounts for their comparative rarity. Yet, as Mr. Whaite's plates prove, they are worth preserving, several of them having genuine æsthetic beauty as well as undeniable archæological interest.

It is good to know that efforts, however tardy, are now being made to preserve these relics of our own native mediæval painting, for these have their importance in our own national life and history even if they cannot rank for excellence with those masterpieces of Florentine frescoes, from Giotto to Andrea del Sarto, which Dr. Borenius discusses in his erudite and fascinating volume. With its wealth of illustrations in colour and monochrome, this sumptuous work is certainly the best and most comprehensive book on the subject that has yet appeared.

Frank Rutter.

THE GOTHICK NORTH.*

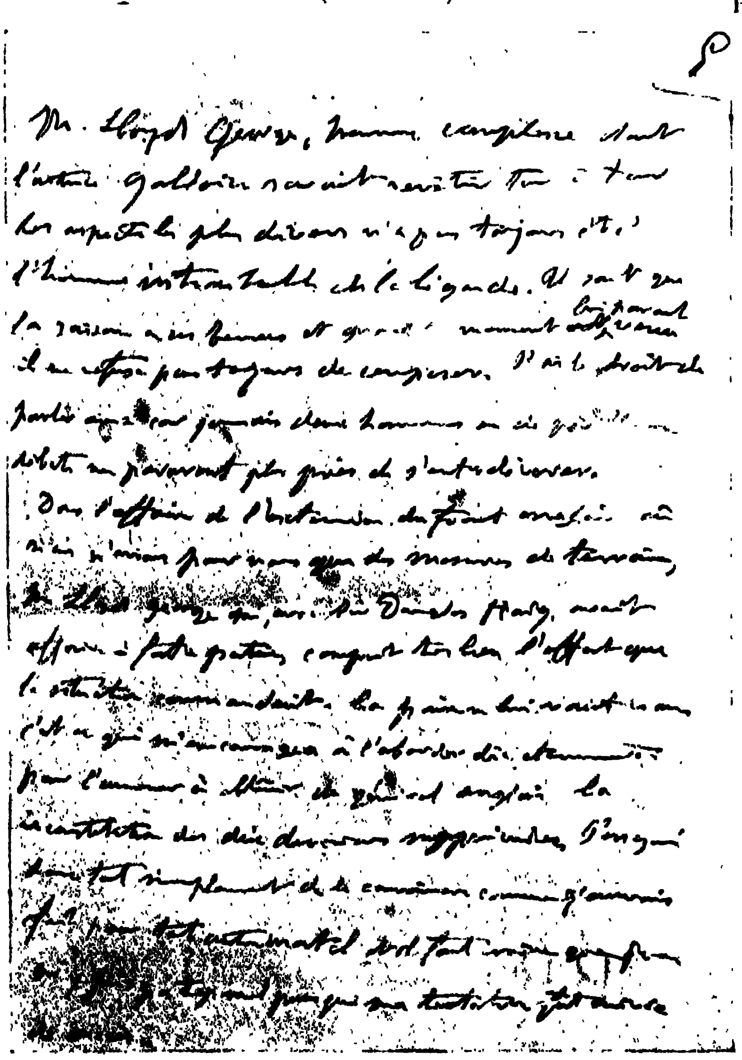
One hesitates to define the contents of the third and concluding volume of "The Gothick North," lest by so doing there should be spoiled by suggestion the impression of its delightful desultoriness. It would be difficult to say by what apparently haphazard—in reality cunningly ordered—ways we reach its cumulative picture of the monastic life. We approach it through a double encounter with beggars on a Spanish road: "ascetics and beggars there have always been, and always will be, and in their extremes of achievement these two strange careers come nearer to each other than might be imagined"; saying which, Mr. Sitwell adds a half-promise to write a history and a handbook to beggars one day, "for there is no doubt that, the lunatic asylum always excepted, we can study early man to better advantage among beggars and monks than anywhere else."

Then he plunges into a description of the Refectory and the Common Room as seen in the paintings (the former here reproduced) of Alessandro Magnasco, and by and by, back a century or two, to the chilly cell of the illuminator—for though some of its trophies may be the work of lay artists, their handiwork was the complete and final development out of the cloister. Such are the miniatures in a (Huth) Book of Hours in the British Museum—its little roundels of the months in the Calendar, and its flower paintings in the borders; the poems of Christine de Pisan, a Harleian MS., with miniatures descriptive of the dying feudal age; and the Prayer Book of Charles the Bold of Burgundy, in the Imperial Library in Vienna, with its wonderful painting of Maximilian and Maria of Burgundy kneeling at prayer in a great cathedral. This last, and examples from the other MSS., are illustrated. There follows an excursion among the miniatures of Persia, Bihzad's in particular, from which we pass to Eastern temples, and back again to building in the West, and in especial the Catalonian monasteries, like Poblet and Santas Creus, and those of Alcobaça, Batalha and Thomar in the centre of Portugal.

By these devious yet considered discursions is the subject illuminated, our minds meanwhile kept alert by the writer's freaks of fancy and provocative reflections. It is the same in "The Fair-Haired Victory," the volume's other essay, in which it is traced how definitely and for ever established became the predilection of the Italians for the fair Northern type. Benozzo Gozzoli, Signorelli, Botticelli, Pisanello, Piero della Francesco, the masters of the High Renaissance, the Venetians especially, all are invoked to prove how the Italians who had made a spiritual conquest over the great kingdoms lying to the north of the mountains acknowledged the greater resources of their enemy and paid this tribute to the strength they had subdued. This is Mr. Sitwell's fair-haired victory.

D. S. Meldrum.

* "The Gothick North: The Fair-Haired Victory." By Sacheverell Sitwell. 8s. 6d. (Duckworth.)



A Page of the Original Manuscript
From "Grandeur and Misery of Victory," by Clemenceau (Harrap).

TWO GREAT ENGLISHWOMEN.*

To appreciate Miss Thomson's "survey," whereon a large amount of loving toil has been expended, the reader must already have considerable familiarity with Jane Austen's work, or must read each novel before seeking Miss Thomson's aid in understanding it. The value of that aid is affected by her curious habit of judging the characters as much by their moral values as by their excellence as works of art. Moreover she tends towards the common error of confusing the personal views of novelists with those of their creations. When, in "Northanger Abbey," its author defends novelists from their detractors, she makes it clear, by using the first person singular, that her own opinion is expressed. But when Miss Thomson wonders why she selected "Lovers' Vows" for "so severe a condemnation" in "Mansfield Park," she may be reminded that this play exactly suited the purpose

* "Jane Austen: A Survey." By C. Linklater Thomson, F.R.Hist.S. 10s. 6d. (Horace Marshall.)—"Mrs. Gaskell: A Brief Biography." By George A. Payne. 3s. 6d. (Manchester: Sherratt & Hughes.)

of the novelist in the development of her plot. Many plays more "morally enervating"—to borrow Miss Thomson's opinion of Sterne's works—would have been far less convenient.

Perhaps the most useful pages in this "survey" give, with some long illustrative extracts, various sources of Jane Austen's occasional reflections, usually satirical, of the works of other novelists, particularly Richardson, Miss Burney and Mrs. Radcliffe.

On some points of criticism Miss Thomson does not appear quite to "know her own mind." For instance, in dealing with the diverting burlesque, "Love and Friendship," written in its author's fifteenth year, she says: "Apart from the fact that novels written in the form of letters were then fashionable, the convention was one that was especially suited to Miss Austen's genius," and she gives reasons. Yet, later on, she tells us that though at first the novelist "composed her stories in the form of letters, she soon abandoned that cumbrous method."



Water colour drawing of Mrs. Gaskell by Miss Meta.
Original in Publi Library, Knutsford.

Of "Pride and Prejudice," Miss Thomson tells us that Mr. Bennet's "superior attitude annoys even the reader, as in the first two chapters," but on another page she says that this novel "opens with the conversation of the Bennet family about the arrival of Mr. Bingley, a beginning so brilliant that one wonders she did not employ the method more frequently." Is not the "brilliance" of the opening mainly due to that "superior attitude" of Mr. Bennet which "annoys even the reader"?

Miss Thomson is indeed a "difficult" critic. She asserts that in "Persuasion" we too often become acquainted with the characters "by the descriptions of the author," whereas, in the chapter on "Workmanship" she questions whether Jane Austen "does not use the method of dialogue too frequently."

We are here told that "one of the objects of the writer in describing Pemberley is to impress on the reader the disinterestedness of the heroine in refusing so much magnificence." This is in strong opposition to Sir Walter Scott's idea, which Elizabeth herself, in conversation with her sister, may be said to have originally anticipated, though in a jesting spirit. The real weakness of Miss Thomson's remark lies in the fact that Elizabeth had refused Darcy before she had seen his home!

Of Mr. Rushworth, in "Mansfield Park," Miss Thomson tells us that his "ponderosity is indicated by the fact that we never hear his Christian name." According to Mr. Rushworth's mother, he was christened "James."

Admiration for "the pure fiction" of Mrs. Gaskell, and a conviction of its "beneficent influence upon all who read it," have impelled Mr. Payne, who had already published a sketch of her relations with Knutsford, to prepare a modest record of her life and work. It contains little or nothing very attractive for her present devotees, but it may have the reward of bringing an increase to their ranks. The pleasant incident of Charlotte Brontë's postponement of "Villette," in 1853, till Mrs. Gaskell's "Ruth" had a chance to obtain a welcome, is not forgotten, nor is the unpleasant dispute over the account of Branwell Brontë, four years later, in Mrs. Gaskell's life of Charlotte, though the cause of complaint is not particularised. Of Mr. Gaskell some readers may hear with mild distress that he was "always most immaculately groomed." Three portraits of Mrs. Gaskell, and one of her Aunt Hannah, add to the interest of this little book.

W. H. HELM.

SOME FIRBANK STORIES.*

Mr. Ronald Firbank's stories, having been issued in an expensive collected edition, are now appearing one by one for the delectation presumably of a wider public. Yet it may be doubted whether they will ever appeal or deserve to appeal to more than a small audience, composed of those who are interested in an original literary technique. As a pioneer in a new method by which the logical continuity and circumlocutions of narrative were avoided, and as an executant, often brilliant, in the art of dialogue, Firbank is indeed worth study. But the more he is studied the more apparent becomes the vacuity behind his surface pyrotechnics. Like the Lady Parvola of the first of these stories, we are driven to admit "I go about as other fools, in quest of pleasure, and I usually find tedium." This is true equally of our own experience in reading these stories, and of the characters, if they may be dignified by such a word, whose incessant tittering fills Firbank's exotic pages, or whose flickering inanities play like summer lightning through a soft neurotic haze. Devotees applaud indeed his humour. Yet it is hard to find humour in such silliness or such poor taste as is revealed in sentences like these:

"'I miss Père Ernest,' Mrs. Hurstpierpont sighed, leisurely sipping her tea.
"'Yes, dear, but he had too many ultramontane habits. . . . There was really no joy in pouring out one's sins while he sat assiduously picking his nose.'"

Or:

"Between the windows were canopied recesses, denuded of their statues by the Queen's desire, 'in order that they might appear suggestive.'"

Or:

"Looking back, I remember the average curate at home as something between a eunuch and a snigger."

The snigger either of a veiled indecency or of vapid mockery at religion is constantly repeated throughout these books. And if occasionally his humour is touched with insight, as when he writes of the Countess of Tolga that "She looks at other women as though she would inhale them," it more often descends to mere puerility. Of such King William's conundrums are a superior example:

"'What is the acme of nastiness?' he paused of the English Ambassador to inquire.
"Lady Something turned paler than the white candytuft that is found on ruins. 'Oh, *la*, sir,' she stammered, 'how should I know!'
"The king looked the shrinking matron slowly up and down. 'The supreme disgust——'
"'Oh, *la*, sir!' Lady Something stammered again.
"But the king took pity on her evident confusion. 'Tepid potatoes,' he answered, 'on a stone-cold plate.'
"The Ambassadress beamed."

So doubtless did Firbank, as he wrote it. But literature is something more than a parlour-game. And this passage illustrates well the combination of technical adroitness with adolescent silliness, which is the characteristic of most of his work. He reacted from the "routine, vulgarity and boredom of life" to puerility or to exoticism or to a blend of the two. And if technically he discovered a method by which the story could be freed from the heavy

* "Valmouth," "The Flower Beneath the Foot," "Concerning the Eccentricities of Cardinal Pirelli," "Caprice," "Inclinations," "Vainglory" and "The Princess Zoubaroff." By Ronald Firbank. 3s. 6d. each. (Duckworth.)

chain of logical continuity, he sacrified in the process the inner continuity of a developing organism. There is no necessary relation between either the incidents or the characters of his stories, because neither have their roots in human or earthly reality. Sometimes he can paint a scene, as for example that at the Archduchess's death-bed, in " The Flower Beneath the Foot," which is complete in itself, although quite artificial. But his unifying capacity never goes beyond this. And the fundamental reason is that his world has no creative significance. " I see life to-day," says one of his puppets, " in the colour of mould." And much of his humour is like the phosphorescence of decaying things. " It amuses one," said another puppet, " to watch their dying flutters." But the twitching of people who have never really come to life is neither amusing nor pitiful. It is too trivial for the most part to be anything but tedious. Doubtless we will be accused of breaking a butterfly on the wheel of criticism. And Firbank ran out of the house of life, as Nivi-Esther in " Valmouth " ran " out of the house (old, grey, grim, satanic Hare) into the garden, where, with her bride's bouquet of malmaisons and vanessa-violets, she was waywardly in pursuit of a butterfly." But even to pursue a butterfly successfully one needs to be something more than a butterfly oneself.

Hugh I'A. Fausset.

OUT OF THE EAST.*

Mr. Somerset Maugham did not have to teach himself to be a dramatist—he was born one. But early and easy success in that field was not enough for him ; he wanted to be recognised as a writer, and to that end laboured very hard in his youth, intensively studying such objective phenomena as were to be worked into his writings, striving to perfect himself in the niceties and even preciosities of style. Eventually he realised that his best course was just to let his pen run on, simply and straightforwardly inditing what seemed the sense of the matter in hand. It was in his case a good policy to pursue, for his readers will be intrigued to discover how in that process, candidly outlined in the confessions and asides which so charmingly humanise and enliven the diary of his Eastern travels now before them, Mr. Maugham has developed into a prose artist of the first water.

* " The Gentleman in the Parlour." By W. Somerset Maugham. 7s. 6d. (Heinemann.)—" The Jungle Tide." By John Still. 7s. 6d. (Blackwood.)



Adam's Peak.

From " The Jungle Tide." By John Still (Blackwood).

Through Burma, the Shan states, Siam and Indo-China, on foot and mule-back and pony-back, by forest, mountain and stream, Mr. Maugham took his leisurely, unbusinesslike and entirely unmotivated way, writing his book in halts by the wayside, and finding its odd title in Hazlitt, who had ousted Charles Lamb as his spiritual confidant upon the march. Not his first adventure of the kind, by a long way, yet for all his inveterate restlessness Mr. Maugham votes himself a bad traveller, for he has not " the gift of surprise," and remains uninterested in the differences observable between what he knows at home and what he sees abroad, nor finding matter for astonishment in the fact that men may eat with chopsticks instead of forks or write with a brush instead of a pen.

This blend of portraiture, of drama, of sensitive and piquant comment on things seen and felt, suits Mr. Maugham. The wit of his comedies may dazzle, the power behind the best of his short stories heretofore published impress, but most of us have felt a little repelled by his cynicism. Here however the cynicism has been purged away ; compassion and understanding illuminate his presentation even of the most derelict and degraded types of humanity. He laughs sometimes, and bids us laugh, at other people, but not seldom at Mr. Maugham.

Mr. Still gives us something different. Yet this too is an " Eöthen," a breath of the authentic East. Mr. Still's travels have been circumscribed—it is of Ceylon only that he writes. Not the Ceylon of the globe-trotter, even of the average European resident in that delectable Eden, but Ceylon of the game-path and the water-hole, of buried cities still inaccessible by the motor-bus ; of hunting grounds the Veddahs have forgotten, and rock dwellings whose last hermit died (presumably of malaria) five hundred years ago, with his face to a wall arabesqued with inscriptions no man could read even in his day ; of that valley long sought but still unmapped where the elephants go when they die.

Mr. Still has known this fascinating island for thirty years, not as the present generation of motoring, tennis-playing, club-haunting Englishmen know it, but as archæologist, hunter and naturalist, and pioneer tea-planter. He has the spirit of the true nature-lover, admitting candidly that although as a youth it gave him, after the normal fashion of adolescence, pleasure to carry a gun in his jungle explorations and use it for other purposes than the excusable ones of self-defence and bodily sustenance, he now prefers either a camera or the still simpler adjuncts of good eyesight and a retentive memory.

Of the jungle lore, on which he is a profound authority, he weaves a fascinating narrative, abounding in all sorts of ingenious suggestions by which new vistas in the development of both man and nature in the tropics are opened up. Animals he sees, and supports his argument by very convincing evidence, as the road-makers of this planet, and suggests the introduction of elephants to lighten the task of pioneers in the impenetrable forest regions of New Guinea. He has a scheme for the formation of a vast sanctuary, not only for game but for the fast vanishing pre-Buddhistic ritual and custom of the villagers and wood folk, in conjunction with the hydro-electric undertakings now in progress upon the flanks of Adam's Peak, the most sacred mountain in Asia. He prophesies too an ultimate overflowing of the " Jungle Tide " over existing planting areas in the days to come, thus repeating the inexorable processes of nature observable in the Northern Province, all but abandoned now, but once the haunt of teeming populations. Altogether an arresting, even an absorbing book.

Ashley Gibson.

SUPPLEMENT TO "THE BOOKMAN,"
APRIL, 1930.



Drawing by LEO BATES.

MARK HAMBOURG.

AN EXERCISE IN STYLE.*

Mr. Thornton Wilder's new novel, "The Woman of Andros," is in some respects a disappointment. It certainly has nothing of the spiritual individuality which made "The Bridge of San Luis Rey" so remarkable a book. It is filled nevertheless with many graciously psychological aphorisms, but these lack any real pregnancy of illumination, and, if it were not for the felicity of their phrasing, they would in many places be more platitudinal than effective; as it is, the magic of Mr. Wilder's style gives them all the appearance of profundity. In this respect Mr. Wilder is nearer to Pater than to Bacon.

The story, if story it can be called, is simple. It is derived, in part, from Terence's "Andria." Chrysis, a young courtesan from Alexandria, in retirement from her profession, has settled on the Greek island of Byrnos, and becomes the only centre of intellectual life among the conventional and faintly disgusted islanders. But she gathers about her, as did most of the educated *hetairæ* of Greece, a symposium of young men, among whom is Pamphilus, the son of the leading trader on Byrnos. Chrysis dies and Pamphilus falls in love with the dead woman's younger and secluded sister. The family of Pamphilus are persuaded by the old trader into the very un-Greek action of accepting such a girl as a legal wife, but almost at once she dies in giving birth to a dead child. That is all, but the real interest lies rather in the analysis of the characters than in any outside events in which they may engage, and undoubtedly these various cameos of psychological insight have a remarkable subtlety. But Mr. Wilder's method is so entirely undramatic that for the most part his characterisation, illuminative as it continually is, seems to waste its subtlety on the desert air. He *describes* his people, but does not *present* them. When the author speaks all goes fittingly; when he makes his characters speak—which is not often his limitations as a novelist are at once apparent. He can make most just and most penetrative comments upon his dramatis personæ, he can even set them most accurately in movement, but he cannot endow them with any outer validity of voice and gesture. The result is that his book remains a study in style rather than a direct presentation of human beings.

Yet even as a study in style it is a little too much under the influence of Pater to be entirely individual. Cadence by cadence "The Woman of Andros" is curiously like the chapter entitled "White-Nights" in "Marius the Epicurean." But it contains two sentences such as Pater would never have allowed to disfigure any page of his own. On two pages Mr. Wilder admits into his otherwise classical English the hideous and unpardonable Americanism "way back."

WALLACE B. NICHOLS.

A TRUE STORY.†

Analysis as a science has had of late a depressing influence upon both fiction and biography. From being the servant of the artist's creative impulse, it has too often become his master and a very arbitrary master at that, not only disintegrating the life which it should be his purpose to integrate, but fixing it in a strait-jacket of professional formulas.

Psychology however may prove a valuable corrective to subjective impressionism, and a subtle instrument of imaginative insight. And Mr. Hudson exemplifies the fact. His "True Story" is primarily the study of a man whom innate sensibility and damaging circumstances reduce almost to impotence. It is a subject over which the psychoanalyst might well lick his lips, particularly as the loss of assurance from which Richard Kurt increasingly suffers, and his inability to find any purpose in his life, have their roots in a sort of Œdipus complex. But Mr. Hudson never reduces his hero's boyhood to the terms of a complex. Rather he enters into it imaginatively and becomes the boy whom he is studying so intimately that he speaks his language. And so we live through, instead of merely making a mental note of the early warping of Richard's emotional nature by an unsatisfied love for his mother and the judicial severities of his father. And the same is true of the second fatality to which he succumbs—a hasty marriage with a cold, self-interested and calculating woman, who exploits first his youthful passion, and then his sense of honour and responsibility to tie him to herself. From this marriage he never recovers until on the last page he literally buys his freedom and a possible resurrection from the death in life to which it has brought him. Mr. Hudson traces with a patient and sensitive thoroughness his hero's fluctuating but ineffectual efforts to build up a new and worthier personality in spite of his wife, whose heartlessness has set a blight of sterility upon his life, and the society of continental pleasure-seekers and dilettantes which aggravates his drifting tendency.

Particularly convincing is his treatment of Richard's relations with his father, although at times, in his determination to define such relations as precisely as possible, he is inclined to explain them rather too elaborately. But the whole book has a solidity and depth seldom found in modern fiction, and the fact that it is reconstructed from four volumes which have previously appeared under different titles, far from suggesting that Mr. Hudson's inventive powers are limited, testifies to his conscientiousness as an artist and student of human nature.

HUGH I'A. FAUSSET.

MATERIALISM.*

Round the question of materialism a battle has raged for hundreds of years and is still raging. Battle-fields, battle-cries, banners, weapons have varied, but the *casus belli* has ever been radically and fundamentally the same. The centuries are strewn with great names, and fierce and formidable words. Great names—Democritus, Lucretius, Aristotle, St. Thomas Aquinas, Descartes, Berkeley, Hegel, Fichte, Kant, Darwin, Weissman, Huxley, Haeckel, Newton, Einstein. Fierce words—nominalism, realism, materialism, idealism, epiphenomenalism, sensationism, neo-realism, vitalism, orthogenesis, entelechy, relativity, teleology, psycho-physical parallelism, emergent evolution. Theologians, philosophers, physicists, psychologists, anatomists, biologists have each played a part in the battle. For wherever the battle-field, whatever the battle-cries, banners and weapons, there has always been at stake, in some form or other, man's conception of himself, of life and of deity, and on that conception every advance—scientific knowledge, every change in theological and philosophic doctrine has had its repercussion. To and fro has surged and swayed the tide of battle. Now a materialistic view of the universe has dominated, and now an idealistic, varying to a great extent with the spirit and with the particular intellectual activities of the age.

In the last decades of last century, atomic chemistry, Darwinian biology, Newtonian physics, material prosperity and mechanised industry all made for a materialistic, mechanical view of both the inorganic and organic world; living organisms and vital functions were believed to be physico-chemical phenomena, and even thought was believed to be a product of the chemistry of the brain cells.

To-day the atom has been reduced to electric charges vanishing in ethereal radiations; to-day Darwinism is moribund and Newtonian physics are partly superseded by Einsteinism; to-day material prosperity and mechanised industry have been found wanting, and there is a big reaction among thinking men towards a more theistic view of the world.

Prominent among the advanced thinkers is Professor W. McDougall, and in his new book he not only gives a most fascinating survey of the situation as it is to-day,

* "The Woman of Andros." By Thornton Wilder. 6s. (Longmans.)

† "A True Story." By Stephen Hudson. 8s. 6d. (Constable.)

* "Modern Materialism" By Professor W. McDougall. (Methuen.)

but by his own arguments casts much new light on the problems at issue. At the moment the chief battle-field is biology, and the fiercest fighting is taking place round the problems of life and evolution, and especially round the theory of "emergent evolution," and round the theory of emergent evolution much of Professor McDougall's argument revolves.

We cannot here adequately discuss the author's position with respect to the many moot questions he tackles, for both the questions and his reasoning are extremely subtle and difficult; but briefly he maintains that the mind is not a product of the material organisation of the brain, but that it has independent existence and causal efficacy. He does not believe that mind emerged from living matter at some stage of organic evolution. He does not believe in an emergent evolution of cognition and conation *via* anœtic passive sentience, or through an associative conjunction of sense-qualities. Accepting evolution, he denies Darwinism, for he claims that teleological causation pervades the organic world, and that the teleological activity of mind has been a guiding influence and an essential factor in organic evolution. His reasoning is as strong as it is courageous, and his conclusions will be welcomed by all unprejudiced thinkers; but to an idealist his dualistic conception of mind and body must seem unsound, and we would fain protest against his extraordinary notion that the production of unconsciousness by compression of the carotid artery in any way invalidates idealism. Just as well try to prove the objectivity of matter by kicking a stone.

Quite apart from Professor McDougall's strong and courageous arguments in support of his own particular views, the book is intellectually fascinating, and gives a remarkably full and fair summary of the various divarications and varieties of modern materialism.

RONALD CAMPBELL MACFIE.

LATTER-DAY ENGLAND.

It is a sign of the times that the man with private means, who used to provide material for so much of our fiction before the War, is now very conspicuously out of date. Most of the people in novels these days—women included—justify their existence by doing some sort of work, which is a true enough reflection of modern life. Post-War England is an England of industry, and the social class that can idle away its time in love intrigue and epigrams has become curiously unsatisfying. Even our novels of rural life deal rarely with the gentry—perhaps because the gentry themselves are a little obsolete. Or are we outgrowing a certain snobbishness and discovering there is a greater depth of romance among the common people than among those who fritter away their days and nights in empty activities? Mr. H. W. Freeman's new novel [1] contains more realism than romance; like "Joseph and His Brethren," it is a novel of the earth, with the earth's loveliness and the earth's crudities gathered together impartially. He does not try to escape to any loftier plane; his imagination walks through the fields and woods of Suffolk, conscious of the ugliness of human passion and the beauty of a flower; but it never acquires wings. His story is of a draper who flees from the dullness of a small country town to the peace of an old-world village. Here the yeoman blood in him finds expression working on the land; he mingles with the village natives; he flushes with romance the drab life of a woman tied to a brute of a husband, and finds romance himself in the unreticent passion of a young country girl. The characters are drawn with a detachment that makes for vividness; humour and tragedy blend, as in life; nothing is omitted, not even the unsavoury. The result is a faithful, unforgettable picture of rural England in the strong outline of a woodcut.

In "Dear England" [2] and "The Return of John Storey" we get another side of English life—the industrial side. Peter Halliday, in "Dear England," was born to fortune, only son of Sir James Halliday, Chairman of Halliday & Pease, Ltd., and at thirty was happily married, on the board of directors, comfortably rich and enjoying every confidence in his country and countrymen. Then something happened and his suspicions were aroused that England was not "a glorious, dear, magnificent country, nurtured on fair play and high aspirations." A strange new patriotism disturbs his content. "What use are we, living as we do?" he asks his wife. "We both reckon to love old England, don't we? But what are we doing for her, Margot?" Margot however cannot understand his point of view, and the awakened Peter has much to endure before he can fight his way through to some sort of faith in England and himself.

John Storey[3] is also fired by devotion to his native land, from which he has been absent for twenty-eight years, and is antagonistic to present-day Capitalism. He cannot bear to see the place which gave him birth under the heel of an upstart owner, and sets out to save the mine from the greed of Sir Thomas Grey. A forceful story with a charming love interest running through, the ending as dramatic as it is unexpected.

In "The Mink Coat" [4] we have again a working-class family, neither in the country nor the provinces this time but in London. Albert Raynor is a furrier, a quiet, unenterprising little man, the only Englishman among a collection of Jewish workers. It is however with his home life we are concerned, and we see his children growing up in an atmosphere of sordid respectability, breaking away from it, seeking their own destinies. Their histories are traced by Miss Edith Brill with sympathetic insight and deft touches of characterisation, resulting in a quiet novel, competently done, subtly realistic.

Both Mrs. Hamilton and Miss Morgan Gibbon take for theme the after-effects of a dramatic climax; in each case the story begins when the actual drama is over, and we are brought up against the tragedy of redemption. Most famous crimes have their echo in fiction, and we do not have to possess very long memories to guess the source of Mrs. Hamilton's arresting plot.[5] Hers—the only one of this group—is a War-time novel, the theme murder. Harold Claviger has murdered his best friend, believing him to be his wife's lover, and is on trial at the Old Bailey. Through the mental anguish of Jean Claviger, we visualise all the incidents leading up to Stephen Henshaw's death, and incidentally get a masterly study of war-time psychology.

The psychology in Miss Morgan Gibbon's book [6] is less grim and less profound, and is enlivened by delightful comedy and some of the best humorous character drawing she has done. In "The Albatross," Tony Dircks returns home after serving two years' imprisonment for embezzlement, and is determined to remain in his home town, among his relatives and friends, and work out his salvation. Fundamentally honest, in spite of his one lapse, he came to realise at length "the real escape of life was from sin, not from punishment." If the story ends in tragedy, it also ends in achievement, and is one of the finest Miss Morgan Gibbon has yet given us.

ALMEY ST. JOHN ADCOCK.

[1] "Down in the Valley." By H. W. Freeman. (Chatto & Windus.)—[2] "Dear England." By Eric Simons. (Hodder & Stoughton.)—[3] "The Return of John Storey." By Olive Gregory. (Bodley Head.)—[4] "The Mink Coat." By Edith Brill. (Humphrey Toulmin.)—[5] "Special Providence." By Mary Agnes Hamilton, M.P. (Allen & Unwin.)—[6] "The Albatross." By M. Morgan Gibbon. (Ernest Benn.) 7s. 6d. each.

ELIA AND THOMAS HOOD.*

This is one of the too rare books that do the heart good. The title page bears the names of three lovable men; and it is welcome for what it represents as well as for what it is. When, at the end of last October, Walter Jerrold passed through the Ultimate Doorway—possibly

* "Thomas Hood and Charles Lamb: The Story of a Friendship. Being the Literary Reminiscences of Thomas Hood." Edited, with certain additions, by Walter Jerrold. 10s. 6d. (Ernest Benn.)

to be greeted by the kindred spirits of Thomas Hood and the ever-beloved "Elia," thereby making the Uncertain Future, called Heaven, infinitely more tolerable for himself and for others like him—we who knew him, and in our inexpressive ways loved him, were conscious that henceforth this world must be permanently so much the emptier and colder for his having gone. It is therefore a happy circumstance that he has left behind him this legacy of an attractive and characteristic volume. In its pages are revealing truths of Thomas Hood, a rare heart of great spiritual courage; of Charles Lamb in his comings and goings and inward seriousness and outward playfulness improving upon Puck; and incidentally of Walter Jerrold, a bookman of industry and wise discernment, who never was known to be unkind, ungenerous or selfish.

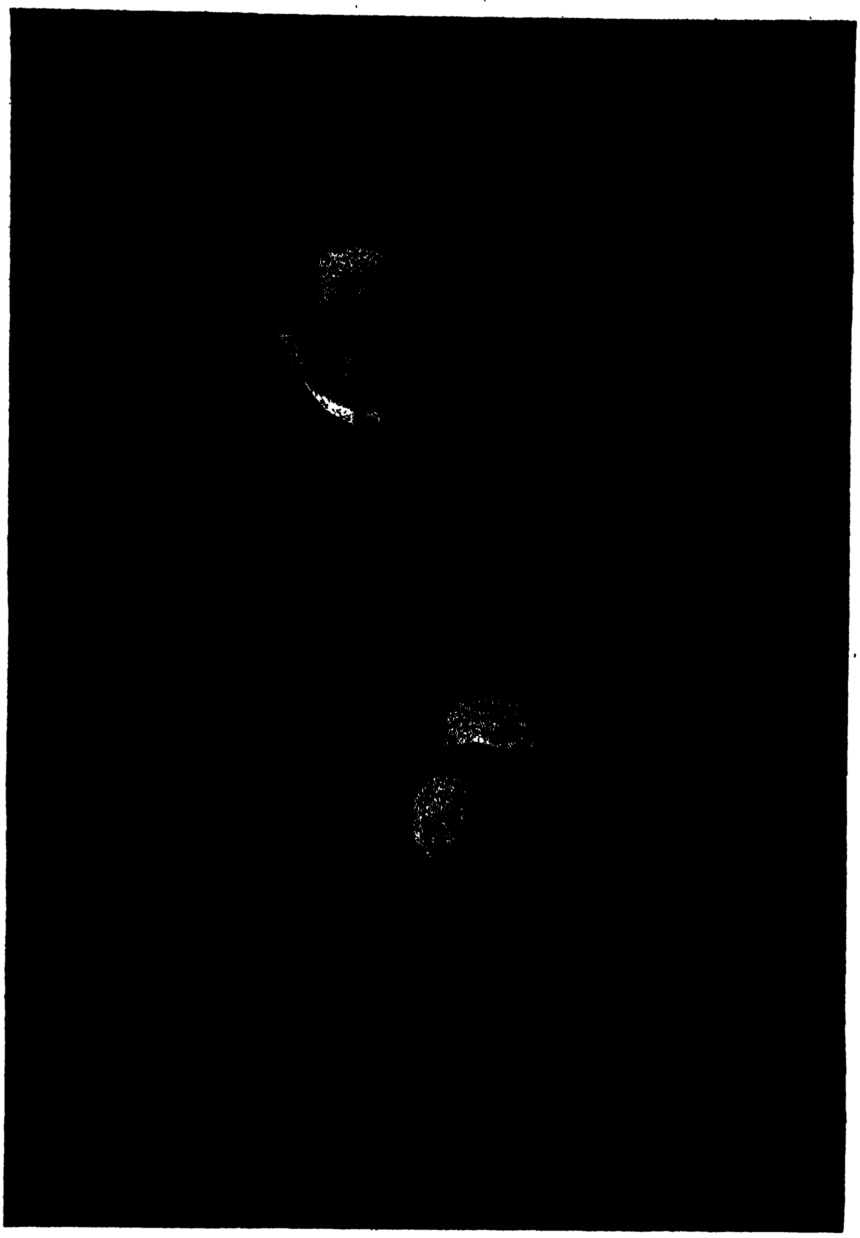


Photo by Reginald Haines. From the painting by George Robert Lewis. **Thomas Hood.**

It was an excellent thought to revive these essays, reminiscences and forgotten verses of Thomas Hood, penned just over a hundred years ago. In a small way of course they were known to those who had the will and leisure to seek for them; but were altogether lost to the multitude. In a measure this book is pre-eminently Thomas Hood's, not only because it mainly consists of his written contributions to the *Comic Annual* and the *London Magazine* and what Walter Jerrold shrewdly and mischievously declares was "the chief fact that makes the reign of the Fourth George memorable"—but also for the reason that, directly or indirectly, his personality is here disclosed in a manner which makes him for the first time evident to the majority. Hitherto Hood has been a shadowy jester, with his pathos and puns, and was ever to be confused in the general mind with his son, who, without his power of sympathy, carried on his comic practice into the seventies. And the man disclosed is of truest gold; in many respects very like Elia, though lacking the quaint and fresh originality, the elf-like contradictoriness and impish naughtiness, and indeed the intellectual greatness of Charles Lamb. The two were at any rate alike in their shyness, their inward flow of humour with its intolerable indulgence of puns—horribly inherited by Walter Jerrold, who was not his grandfather's grandson for nothing—and their rich and warm humanity; while the spiritual strength of both is disclosed in their brave endurance of the pain that came to them in life. Lamb, as we are reminded here, never permitted the shadow of the tragedy under which he lived to fall across the pages that he wrote for public perusal; and Hood, though doomed to ill-health from boyhood and suffering painfully throughout his last years, kept all evidence of his anguish from his readers until the end when, as he put it, "death stops my pen." It is a record and example worthy of remembrance.

The Elia encountered in these reminiscences is identical with him we already know and love. Hood, having been compelled to abandon the office-work to which he was first put and not exactly succeeding as an engraver, had become the assistant editor of the *London Magazine*, and one day was engaged with his chief when "in came a stranger—a figure remarkable at a glance, with a fine head on a small spare body, supported by two almost immaterial legs." Clad in black, the visitor looked like "a literary modern antique, a new-old author, a living Anachronism"—and that we may be sure is humorously true. "With a cheerful 'How d'ye,' and one of the blandest, sweetest smiles that ever brightened a manly countenance, Lamb held out two fingers to the editor." There follows a delightful study of the visitor, made by the "silentish young man" who closely observed while Elia was in talk. Amongst other characteristics he noted "the striking intellectual face, full of wiry lines, physiognomical quips and cranks, that gave it great character." It all is very revealing of the best-loved person in the world of books. It was however some little time before Hood again saw Lamb, who at last called when Hood was sitting sick and sad in his bedroom, racked with rheumatism. Once more the two fingers of greeting were extended, and so a familiar friendship was begun. They enjoyed mutual hospitalities, and we have a delightful pen-picture of Lamb at supper with the Hoods. Pressed to sing, Elia offered instead to pronounce a Latin eulogium, and according stammered forth a long stream of Latin words for about five minutes. They thought that, as the name of Mrs. Hood was often mentioned, he was praising her, but it transpired that the eulogium was a tribute to the lobster salad.

Well, here is a book for Elians, dedicated to their present-day patron saint, the very unecclesiastical Augustine, and for all other lovers of literary quality and spiritual courage who possibly, impossibly, have not yet fallen under the spell of the late and ever-living Mr. Lamb.

C. E. LAWRENCE.

"DIZZY."*

At the outset let tribute be paid to the publishers. In the autumn of 1910 appeared the first volume of this biography, and ten years later the sixth was issued. Mr. Monypenny was responsible for the first two volumes, and for the last four, Mr. Buckle, once editor of *The Times*. The publishers, with the assistance of Mr. Buckle, have now brought out the work in two volumes comprising over three thousand three hundred pages, at the price of one guinea, which will enable it to be obtained by many who could not afford the original issue. Even in these days when "omnibus books" are so to speak three a penny, this is a marvellous feat, on which Messrs. John Murray are to be wholeheartedly congratulated. More: it is a national service to give to the public an accessible Life of one of the greatest and most famous of British prime ministers.

This edition is to all intents and purposes a reprint of the original work. Nothing has been omitted except a number of illustrations; but Mr. Buckle "has carefully revised the work throughout, but solely with a view of correcting mistakes, making needed explanations and adding such new facts of importance—in themselves extremely few—as have come to light since the original publication."

The original issue of the biography was criticised for its bulk; but as Mr. Buckle quite rightly says, the comprehensiveness and authority of it have never been questioned. In fact, they will never be. It is and, if prophecy be permitted, will be for all time the "standard" Life of the great statesman of the Victorian era.

It is of undeniable interest to consider what in the nineteen years since the first volume appeared has happened to the reputation of Disraeli. Let Mr. Buckle, with whom the present writer ventures most humbly to agree, be quoted:

> "During the whole period," he says, "Disraeli's reputation, compared with that of his contemporaries, has steadily increased; and his creation, the modern Conservative party, though subjected to-day to a formidable competition unknown in his time, has just polled even in this moment of its depression, more votes among a fully-enfranchised democracy than any other single party."

But that is politics, with which here we are not concerned.

Still, let Mr. Buckle speak again:

> "The Conservative leader, Mr. Baldwin, a man about as different as possible from Disraeli in race, circumstances, upbringing and personality, never tires of proclaiming, between forty and fifty years after Disraeli's death, that his own political creed is based on that of the great man's teachings."

This again is politics, but it is Empire politics. Disraeli stood for "a real Throne," "Imperium et Libertas," "Sanitas Sanitatum." For this last, to take an example, he was at the time much laughed at, for it was generally thought that sanitation was a matter beneath the consideration of a serious statesman—and to-day there is a Ministry of Health.

It is not, however, as Mr. Buckle is careful to give a reminder, merely among partisans and politicians that Disraeli's fame has grown. Not only does Disraeli the man and Disraeli the author exercise a wide fascination; but his personality has impressed itself upon this generation. When, nearly fifty years after the author's death, so distinguished a man of letters as Mr. Michael Sadleir thinks it worth while to "introduce" a youthful trifle written by the great man, "The Dunciad of To-day," published in the long-forgotten *Star Chamber* of 1826, the question of his enduring fame is set beyond doubt.

Books on Disraeli are always appearing. One writer criticises the novels; another treats of the political side; more than one deals with the biography of his subject, and endeavours to elucidate his personality. This is but natural, for there can be no question that Disraeli was the outstanding figure in politics during the reign of Queen Victoria. There were in fact none to compare with him. There were other great political reputations, such as Peel, Palmerston and Gladstone; but the one dominating and surviving personality is indubitably Disraeli.

"You have chosen the only career in which a man is never old," he said in his last days to a young man starting on his political career; "a statesman can feel and inspire interest longer than any other man."

And there, in these words, is given the master-key to his character—to inspire interest.

LEWIS MELVILLE.

* "The Life of Benjamin Disraeli, Earl of Beaconsfield." By William Flavelle Monypenny and George Earle Buckle. New and Revised Edition. 2 vols. 21s. net. (John Murray.)

SEED OF THE MOON.*

Few contemporary English poets have any noticeable popularity in America, and fewer contemporary American poets have any in this country; so if Mr. Cale Young Rice feels that our public is a little neglectful of him, he may find solace in the reflection that he is sharing the common lot. In America he has his own following, and the lot that falls to him there is far from being a common one. Not long ago one of his poetic plays, "A Night in Avignon," was produced with great success as an opera; and last autumn his sixteenth century romantic drama, "Yolanda of Cyprus," arranged as an opera by himself and set to music by Mr. Clarence E. Loomis, met with an enthusiastic reception on its first production in Chicago, and is still touring successfully through the chief cities of America.

In his new book, "Seed of the Moon," Mr. Cale Young Rice includes two long narrative poems, "Life Goes On" and "Lorna Quade," written in that irregular metre he used with such effectiveness, in an earlier volume, for the tragic story of "Apaukee, the Half-Breed." These rhythms, he remarks in a foreword to the new book, "seem fresher and better suited to the temper of American life than does penameter blank verse—formal or informal." They leave him greater freedom in unfolding the matter-of-fact details of his tale, and are susceptible of rising to its higher moods and flowering into beauty of phrase, or being wrought into a forceful and poignant utterance of its dramatic moments. Mr. Rice breaks away from the poetic tradition that will not allow a spade simply to be called a spade; and in telling his stories of everyday life and present-day people he uses with a subtle art the everyday language of ordinary speech. These two narrative poems are perhaps the most striking things in the book, but the very qualities that give them power, their stark realism and direct simplicity of style, make it impossible to represent them adequately in a synopsis or by quotations. They must be read in their entirety that the reader may feel the cumulative effect of their method and manner in shaping the whole story.

In the new lyrics here, as in all his later work, Mr. Rice tends to rely less and less on rhyme and conventional metrical forms, but he never lapses into the eccentricities and pantomime verbiage that seem to satisfy some of our eminent *vers libristes*. He does not sit down to practise oddities of verse construction under the impression that he is writing a poem; you would say that he starts with an idea, and allows that idea to flow into whatever form of words and metre most easily and adequately give it expression. Always too there run through his verse a sensitive feeling for the beauty of the visible world and a wistful, baffled awareness of the life unseen that everywhere environs it, as in the terse and suggestive "Cries in the Night":

> "I walked in the pines. A coyote
> On the brink of the cañon pointed a nose
> At infinity filled with planets
> And washed by floods of the moon.
> He bayed his awe of the vastness,
> His harsh, uneasy fear of the strangeness
> Of night stretching unknowably
> Out and beyond him forever.

* "Seed of the Moon." By Cale Young Rice. 7s. 6d. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

He shrank away to his hunting
Or mating. And I, on the brink then,
Faced, as he, the universe,
And knew that his cry was my cry."

It is an undertone in " Horizons "—

" A man whose ships never come home
Looks ever to sea "—

it is in the atmosphere of the twelve brooding " Songs for a Winter Fire," in the wind that blows through them, the dawn, the night, or the twilight, when the day, that did not a moment since seem old, is " creeping westward grey and grim,

" Like age's very self it turned to go,
Clutching the dusk about it as a cloak."

There are touches of satire and irony, a passing sense of the vanity of things in some of the poems, but their prevailing philosophy finds still " a budding morrow at midnight," and in the lonely loveliness of an evening star has glimpses of

" Why earth is not enough for men."

Mr. Cale Young Rice is a poet who should make many friends in this country as well as in his own.

ARTHUR RUTLAND.

ROBERT SMITH SURTEES.*

The position of Surtees in the literary firmament is always bright but remote, and, to vary the metaphor, a taste for him is caviare to the general. Like caviare, too, he is expensive to buy; his first editions may be worth £24, or £45, or £145. There are no cheap reprints; collected or uniform editions are valuable, and the most recent of these, in ten volumes, costs £17 odd. This would astonish the late W. P. Frith, could he know of it, for in his Life of John Leech he wrote: " Amongst the many books illustrated by Leech are some sporting novels, written, I think, by a Mr. Surtees . . . as these works are ornamented by coloured steel engravings and innumerable woodcuts by Leech, it has been my duty to look into them: read them I cannot." Against this opinion may be placed that of the present Lord Lonsdale in a speech last year: " I remember being asked by the head master of Eton what was the best book in the world. I replied that my father said it was Shakspere, that my mother told me it was the Bible, but that I thought it was ' Jorrocks.' " Yet it is by no means necessary to be a sportsman in order to appreciate Surtees; he is also the delineator of the social manners and customs of his time, and as such his pictures of life in the period 1830–1860 place him with Dickens, Thackeray, Smedley, and Trollope. Mr. Frith lost a good deal of amusement by his inability to read Surtees, all the more surprising in that he himself had a keen sense of humour for the misfortunes and comic accidents of life—such contretemps as befall the sporting votaries of a Surtees novel: the mischances and horse-play pranks which have ever attended the great exemplars and victims of humour from Falstaff and Don Quixote through Pickwick to the creations of Mr. Charles Chaplin. And it must not be forgotten that Pickwick undoubtedly had his origin in Surtees's Mr. Jorrocks.

Robert Smith Surtees (1803–1864) was a country gentleman, a member of an ancient northern family, and the squire of Hamsterley Hall on the borders of Durham and Northumberland. At the outset of his life, as a younger son, he followed the profession of solicitor in London. But after he became the heir of Hamsterley he was enabled to follow his natural bent to write on the subjects he loved best—horses, hunting, and sport in general, combined with all the humour and jest these matters evolve in practice and experience. So it was, in 1831, there commenced to appear in *The New Sporting Magazine* a series of papers relating inimitably the sporting adventures, accidents, and *obiter dicta* of a Cockney grocer, John Jorrocks, of Great Coram Street, who had a prototype in an actual follower of the Surrey Hunt. These sketches developed into the famous work, " Jorrocks's Jaunts and Jollities." In 1835–1836, Dickens was asked by Chapman and Hall to write a series of sketches relating the humorous adventures of the members of a Nimrod Club, who were to get themselves into difficulties by reason of their ignorance of shooting and fishing, and so on. This was the origin of the Pickwick Club, and at first Dickens adhered to the proposed scheme, but, it is scarcely necessary to add, he later amplified the work and extended it on the lines of his own individual genius. Nevertheless, as I pointed out on a previous occasion,* there are several points of contact between Jorrocks and Pickwick, even to the extent of a legal action in which the one is defended by Mr. Serjeant Bumptious and the other by Mr. Serjeant Buzfuz.

So great was the success of Jorrocks that his creator reintroduced him in a full-length novel as a Master of Fox-Hounds. This was " Handley Cross, or the Spa Hunt" (1843),† reissued as " Handley Cross, or Mr. Jorrocks's Hunt " (1854) with the splendid illustrations of John Leech, who used as an unconscious model for Jorrocks the face and figure of a coachman named Nicholls, in the service of Lady Louisa Clinton, seen and sketched by the artist during service in Barkway Church. Surtees took the character of James Pigg from Josh Kirk, a pitman turned huntsman. Pomponius Ego was a skit on the author's friend, C. J. Apperley—" Nimrod," the celebrated writer on sport—and apropos of this, when Lockhart reviewed " Handley Cross," to the extent of nineteen-and-a-half pages of *The Quarterly Review*, in a laudatory way, he also admonished Surtees to " by all means curb his propensity to caricature." There has been much discussion as to the locality and scenes of " Handley Cross." The Spa is undoubtedly a picture of Leamington, but the hunting country described seems to be a combination of land known to the author, such as the Raby country in his native north, that round Warwick in the centre, and a great deal of the Ashford Vale, Kent, in the south. The money Surtees received from this book he expended in building a new bridge in the grounds of Hamsterley Hall, and this bridge is still called " The Handley Cross Bridge."

" Handley Cross " appropriately forms the first two volumes of this new edition, for it is the most characteristic of Surtees's novels; chronologically it overlaps " Hillingdon Hall, or the Cockney Squire," a story not included in this series, although it continues the adventures of Jorrocks. " Handley Cross " is a delightful picture of its period. How excellent is the glimpse of one of the early railway trains, with the trucks carrying unhorsed vehicles in which were seated the owners, its rattle disturbing the peace of the country-side and setting all the cattle a-caper. Mrs. Barnington can compare with Mrs. Proudie, and with Mrs. Major Ponto, of " The Book of Snobs," and her servants are of the kind presented by Thackeroy. Indeed, it might be demonstrated that Snob's visit at " Some Country Snobs " (written in 1846–1847) was directly inspired by the visit to the Muleygrubs depicted in three chapters of " Handley Cross," which had appeared some three years before. Thackeray admitted to Surtees that he had borrowed from Jorrocks in another matter, for in a letter of 1849 he says: " Mr. Jorrocks has long been a dear and intimate friend of mine. I stole from him years ago, having to describe a hunting scene with which I was quite unfamiliar, and I lived in Great Coram Street once, too." Curiously enough, it might be retorted that Surtees also borrowed from Thackeray, for the name of the Hawbucks, who come to call on the Pontos in " Some Country Snobs," was used by Surtees as the title of his next novel, " Hawbuck Grange," 1847, though it appears that name was selected by the publishers, the Longmans, who did not like the original title, " Stable Talk."

" Hawbuck Grange " in this new edition reproduces the excellent illustrations of Phiz. The story is not so generally

* The Novels of R. S. Surtees, in 10 volumes, with the original illustrations: The first 5 volumes. (Eyre & Spottiswoode; Scribners.)

* THE BOOKMAN, December 1922.

† The first twenty chapters appeared in *The New Sporting Magazine*, 1838–39.

popular as some of the author's other books. There is no feminine interest, but there is fine description of hunting runs, and the experiences of the hero, Thomas Scott, at the various country houses and inns he visits in the course of his pursuit of hounds and horn is in Surtees's best vein. The remaining work of the present instalment of Messrs. Eyre and Spottiswoode's beautifully produced edition is the ever welcome " Ask Mamma," which, with Leech's art at his very best, is a delicious panorama of the modes and fashions of 1858, for the career of fine Billy, son of the lady's maid who became a countess, is as much a social as a sporting progress.

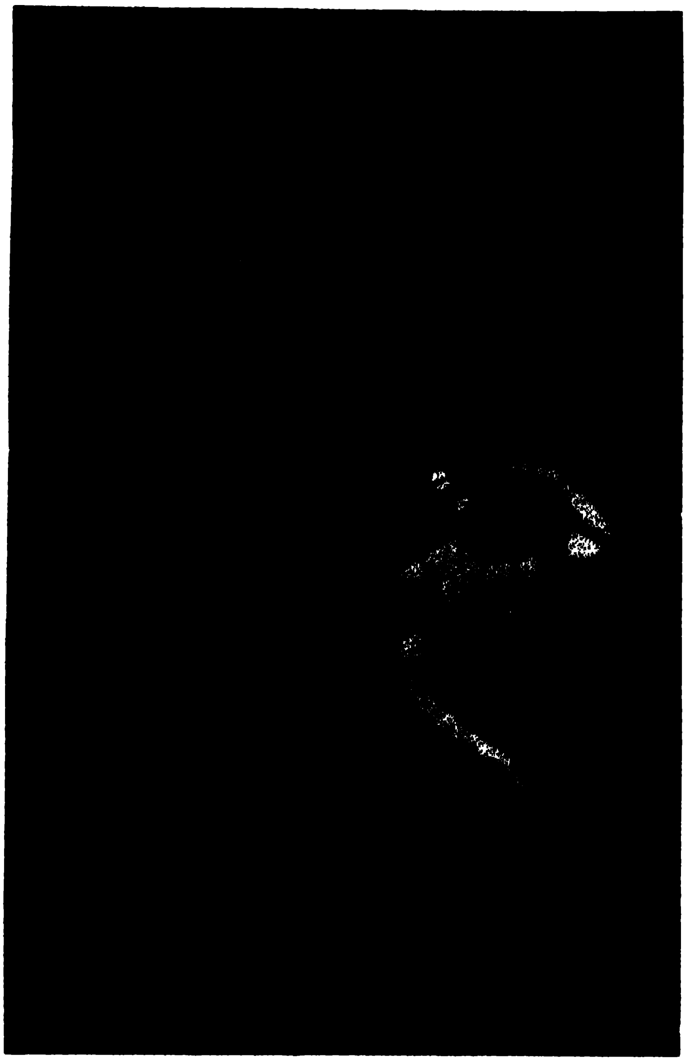
S. M. Ellis.

TWO WOMEN OF FRANCE.*

So much that is contradictory has been written about the Empress Josephine that any fresh attempt to portray her is beset with difficulties. To hold the balance between the Josephine who bore her martyrdom with fortitude and forgiveness, and the Josephine who "would drink gold from the skull of her lover," is a delicate task.

Dr. McNair Wilson, in ' Josephine : The Portrait of a Woman," sketches the outline of his portrait with every intention of strict justice, but the details have become coloured by the personal view which he, like all students of the voluminous Josephine literature, has found himself obliged to take. While admitting that she must always remain an enigma, he has explained the bewildering inconsistencies of her character by his own estimation of it. He regards her as " a woman of intelligence far above the ordinary," and from that point of view, all her behaviour is, to him, directed by a deep capacity for intrigue. Even her graciousness, surely one of her greatest natural assets, becomes but a means to an end, while the floods of tears, to which not only she, but her son and daughter, seem to have been strongly addicted, are regarded as one of the most powerful weapons in her armoury. Yet would not a more skilful schemer have learnt to control the " hurricane of lamentations " and the outward manifestations of jealousy which she must have recognised as an inevitable irritation to a husband like Napoleon ? Her incredible extravagance and undiscriminating generosity would also appear the outcome of an incurable muddle-headedness, rather than of a more than ordinary intelligence.

Whether Dr. McNair's portrait is regarded as a faithful likeness or a strange travesty, it is at least a fascinating presentation. Through the whole story of her unhappy marriage to Alexandre de Beauharnais, her straitened and somewhat disreputable two years of widowhood, and her marriage to the earnest and uncouth little Corsican general, there runs the thread of her extraordinary lack of money sense. Extravagance, debt, and more extravagance, was the key-note of her career. Even the coffers of the Emperor of France, deep as they were, felt the strain of her delvings for treasure. Yet to the end she was loved by her children, and by the man whose star she had seen rise and fall. " Excellent Josephine ! " he exclaimed at her grave, " She at any rate would not have abandoned me." " That may be doubted," is the author's comment. Foolish Josephine ! she undoubtedly gave justification for such a doubt. " Foolish " is the last epithet which could be applied to the heroine of Miss Maud Cruttwell's biography " Madame de Maintenon." Here is the portrait of a woman made of sterner stuff than poor Josephine. If the reading of this detailed, documented record does not leave quite the impression which the author wishes to convey—that of " a saint whose sole ambitions were to convert her king and alleviate the misery caused by his wars " —there can be no possible doubt that she was neither the malevolent tyrant nor the hypocritical religieuse of some of her contemporary biographers. Her religion, though strongly tinctured with narrowness and bigotry, was the moving force of her whole life. Clinging to her faith through the vicissitudes of her early life with the poet Scarron, so deformed that he resembled " the letter Z " ; her unenviable position as the custodian of the children of Louis XIV and the stormy Montespan ; the chequered glory of the years by the side of the greatest monarch of Europe, she turned to it more and more fervently for consolation as age, infirmity and grief assailed her indomitable spirit. One could have wished that its influence might have softened the harshness which must have made her feared as well as loved. She made no allowances for those who dared to think otherwise than as she taught. Poor Madame de Glapion, innocently bringing reason to bear upon some of the problems which oppressed her in the seclusion of St. Cyr ! " Intelligence is not for you," wrote Madame de Maintenon angrily. " It is only vanity which makes you desire it."



The Empress Josephine.
From the painting by Prudhon.
From ' Josephine," by R. McNair Wilson (Eyre & Spottiswoode).

The foundation of St. Cyr, an institution unique alike in its aims and its accomplishment, is a monument to her tireless energy and genius for organisation. Perhaps the secret of the almost incredible activity which enabled a woman of over seventy to entertain a bored monarch, attend to affairs of state, deal with the intrigues of the most profligate Court of Europe, and arrange the smallest details of a huge establishment like St. Cyr, lay in the intense pleasure and recreation she derived from this cherished creation of her own brain. " I think God gave it me," she said, " not only for my salvation, but my repose, for it serves me not only to pray and collect my forces, but also to relax myself and make me forget other things." Here she spent the last years of her life, freed from the intolerable strain of court life, but saddened by the downfall

* " Josephine : The Portrait of a Woman." By McNair Wilson. 15s. (Eyre & Spottiswoode.)—" Madame de Maintenon." By Maud Cruttwell. 15s. (Dent.)

of her favourite foster-child, the Duc du Maine. Here she died, prophetically fearful for the future of her beloved St. Cyr in the hands of the scandalous Regent.

This is an invaluable as well as a profoundly interesting document for every student of that brilliant, extravagant, decadent period of which Louis le Roi Soleil was himself the emblem.

ETHEL BROWNING.

NOTABLE PEOPLE.*

Madame Kelly's "peregrinations" occupy 232 pages, but though she has met many people of interest, fame and notoriety, and has something to say about them all, she does not succeed in telling us much that is new or significant; perhaps she suffers from being, as she describes herself, "one who makes no claim to renown." Yet she has travelled widely and with sympathy, and her style is bright, occasionally vivid, always chatty—she talks to you round the fireside rather than addresses you in a public meeting. For this reason her book ought to prove very acceptable on inhospitable rainy evenings.

Who is the author of "Recollections of Three Kaisers"? Did he write his diary in German or in English? Who expanded it into its present form? What liberties, if any, did the translator, or adapter, take with the original? Such complete anonymity shrouding the published work seems to me to arouse, not the reader's sense of mystery alone, but also and inevitably his scepticism, suggesting to him a possible relaxation of responsibility on the part of someone or other whom he ought to be able to trust. After all, the book itself contains less startling revelations than have been published elsewhere by men who have not been afraid to own a name. It is pleasantly discursive, entertaining, and discreetly indiscreet. But it would, I think, have carried greater weight among serious readers, if its translator or adapter had not been as incurably modest as its author.

As to the three remaining books, it is more difficult to settle their order of precedence—they are all so good. Sir Dunbar Plunket Barton compresses into one fat volume the gist of his three previous works on the same subject. The story he tells is amazing indeed—of a man who, starting as a runaway recruit, became Marshal of France, Prince of the French Empire, King of Norway and Sweden, and a founder of the Royal House of Sweden. Of the same race as d'Artagnan, he possessed all that swashbuckler's fire, energy, and canny prudence; but unlike d'Artagnan his star led him into the highest places—and he followed his star. The book, already of absorbing interest, is the more worth reading for being written by a man of special authority on his subject; and it is fully documented.

About a year ago, Mr. Forester won great praise by his naval novel, "Brown on Resolution." This he has followed up with a vivid popular account of one of England's greatest sailors, a portrait of the man rather than a history of his doings—though naturally his career, so full of adventure, is indispensable to the proper delineation of his portrait. But the career takes an almost secondary place in the book; Nelson himself becomes human—a man of indomitable determination, inexhaustible energy, and unshakeable sense of duty who, as he entered the battle of Trafalgar, took leave of one of his commanders with the words, "God bless you, Blackwood, I shall never speak to you again." Mr. Forester's work might have been more valuable to students had it included a page-by-page note of sources; but as a character sketch authoritatively and beautifully written there will be few books this spring to rival it.

* "The Great Earl of Peterborough." By Brigadier-General Colin Ballard, C.B., C.M.G. 21s. (Skeffington.)—"Nelson." By C. S. Forester. 12s. 6d. (Bodley Head.)—"The Amazing Career of Bernadotte." By the Right Hon. Sir Dunbar Plunket Barton, Bt., K.C., P.C. 21s. (John Murray.)—"Recollections of Three Kaisers." By ? 10s. 6d. (Herbert Jenkins.)—"Twelve Milestones." By Ethel Knight Kelly. 10s. 6d. Brentano.)

The career of Charles Maudant, Earl of Peterborough (1658–1735), was full of adventures, turns of fortune and romance. He was soldier, sailor, politician—and, according to his friend, Dean Swift, "the ramblingest lying rogue on earth." The biography of such a man as this, living in a peculiarly intricate age, requires a writer of voluminous knowledge, insight, sympathy, and literary charm. General Ballard goes far towards combining these essentials. He has presented us with an extremely good piece of work—a book of unflagging interest, which carries its readers through a long and complicated life with clarity and ease. Its value, alike to the historian and to the book-lover, is further enhanced by its reproductions of contemporary prints and portraits.

W. Branch Johnson.

LIFE IN CHINA.*

Man records his existence in the world in many forms. There was a time when the word "slavery" was merely a callous recognition of a brutal fact; later it was glossed over with platitudes about the dignity of labour and the brotherhood of man; now all that is best in human nature recoils from the contemplation of its horrors. We comfort ourselves with the thought that it is one of those unhappy things long since relegated to the limbo of the past, and we are rudely disillusioned by Lady Simon's statement that there are at least four million—probably six million—slaves still in bondage, victims of "the supreme offence against the human race," as Lady Simon says. Abyssinia accounts for over two millions. In Arabia there are about 700,000, probably 500,000 in Liberia—which was founded in 1847 as a national home for liberated slaves—and something like two millions in China. Slavery exists in Sierra Leone and in Burma, and in Central and South America is to be found that peculiar system of peonage which is called debt-bondage by its apologists.

Under the guidance of Lord Cecil the League of Nations passed its Slavery Convention in 1926. At the time it was estimated that there were three million slaves in the world. Abyssinia, Liberia and China are members of the League. In China slavery exists as child servitude—the Mui Tsai system. Mr. Coates's picture of the sufferings of some Mui Tsais, quoted by Lady Simon, is by no means a true picture of their condition generally. Great destitution prevails in China. There is no organised charity, and the Mui Tsais are invariably the offspring of necessitous parents. On the whole, they enjoy a much higher standard of living than they would find in their own homes. Geographical proximity makes it inevitable that Hong Kong should share some of China's social evils; but the Mui Tsais belonging to Chinese families in the British colony are protected by law against outrages of any sort. Orders have now been issued for the complete suppression of the evil there.

We have not yet succeeded in abolishing slavery in the Protectorate of Sierra Leone, nor do we seem to be within measurable distance of doing so. Indeed in 1927 a Court—sitting at Freetown!—ruled that a slave-owner in the Protectorate was entitled to recapture a runaway slave.

Lady Simon has set out on the fine endeavour to put an end to slavery all over the world. Hers was a great incentive: "I was compelled to write this book as a duty to my own conscience." She pays no particular heed to the difficulties that retard official action. Perhaps she is right. The magic of political discussion can transmute base metal into pure gold. Yet there must be quick action, for at the present rate of emancipation it will take about a thousand years to free all the slaves in the world. Lady Simon appeals to the League of Nations to secure an international agreement, which is the only way of bringing about corporate and effective action in this vital matter.

"Slavery" is not a noisy denunciation of an atrocious institution. It is a brave and stimulating book, written with the eloquence begotten of sincerity and complete honesty of purpose, yet not without skill in handling a mass of material. Lady Simon has made an important contribution to the study of a great and urgent problem.

China is a land of endless surprises. We have unfortunately little trustworthy evidence of the daily life of her inscrutable people. Where else in the world would a man be chairman of a society for preserving an ancient wall as an archæological relic and also chairman of another society for tearing it down to give place to a tramway? Browning might have helped us much if he had thought fit to write some "Parleyings with certain Chinese people." But his interests lay nearer home.

Lady Hosie's intimate knowledge of China and the Chinese entitles her to speak with authority. Intimacy and wise understanding lead to sympathy, the true sympathy that can castigate as well as condone, and Lady Hosie writes with an affection shorn of all false sentimentality. She has already made her contribution—a very delightful one—to a correct knowledge of the Chinese in "Two Gentlemen of China." That book dealt with the generation that is passing. The present volume deals with the Chinese of to-day. She discusses the people rather than their leaders. That is all to the good, for we know far too little about the simple, courteous, lovable people. Of the leaders, military and political, we have greater knowledge and it inspires neither confidence nor respect.

The central figure of the book is Mrs. Sung, a charming lady of the new China. But there is a background of diversified types—professors, doctors, nuns, soldiers, bandits, etc. Lady Hosie has arranged her material deftly into an entertaining and informative book, illustrated by twenty-five appropriate photographs, which can be confidently recommended to all who would acquire useful knowledge pleasantly. Naturally she dwells on the estimable qualities of the Chinese, but she gives us glimpses of the less engaging side of their character as well. Centuries of gruelling poverty have converted the masses to a fatalism that enables them to endure the direst tribulations with equanimity. The horrors of lawlessness and cruelty are accepted as part of the natural order of things—a fact that greatly puzzles the foreigner.

Arthur McClay.

* "Slavery." By Lady Simon. 12s. 6d. (Hodder & Stoughton.)—"Portrait of a Chinese Lady." By Lady Hosie. 21s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

WHAT IS COMING IN RUSSIA?*

Nearly half a century ago Europe was startled by the publication of a series of articles in the *Contemporary Review*, signed "E. B. Lanin," revealing almost unspeakable corruption in Tsarist Russia. It gradually transpired that "E. B. Lanin" was an Irishman, by name of Dillon, ex-professor in Kharkov University, and editor of a great Russian paper. Later Dr. Dillon joined the staff of the *Daily Telegraph*, and from that time has ranked among the great figures of British journalism.

He is a true cosmopolitan. Born in Ireland of an Irish father and Russian mother, educated in Belfast, Paris and German universities, and winning his doctorate in Oriental languages in Petrograd and Louvain, he brought to his life's work rare gifts. I first met him, a quiet-spoken little man, immediately after the siege of Peking, where he had employed his leisure making a new translation of the Greek Testament. That was typical of him. His journey through Armenia in disguise, when Turkey had slammed the door of that land in the face of the world, is an epic of the Press.

Russia has always been Dr. Dillon's own special field. In the autumn of 1928 he revisited it to study the changes wrought by Bolshevism. Such a journey, almost as though a man had come back from the dead to a transformed world, could not fail to be of interest, and Dr. Dillon's description is gripping and moving.

* "Russia Yesterday and To-day." By Dr. E. J. Dillon. 16s. (Dent.)—"The Riddle of Russia." By E. Ashmead-Bartlett, C.B.E. 10s. 6d. (Cassell.)



Drawing by FRANK E. SLATER.

A. A MILNE.

He started at Leningrad, the one-time Petersburg, where he had lived so many years. "Standing now in front of the Kazan Cathedral, contrasting past with present, I felt that since Medea cut a tough old ram to pieces, boiled these in her cauldron, and then took out a frisky young lamb, no such an amazing metamorphosis was known even to legendary lore." The once crowded Nevsky Prospekt, the Regent Street of Petersburg, was now so deserted that a rifle could be fired down its centre without harming human being; its once almost continuous procession of splendid carriages and brilliant uniforms had disappeared; its rich and alluring shops had now turned to broken glass, nailed-up windows and doors and scaffolding used to screen ugly ruins; the once fine droshkies were decrepit and filthy. The old life had gone.

Had Dr. Dillon ended here, he would have said no more than scores of visitors before him. We are all familiar with tales of the ruin of Russia and the sufferings of its people. But Dr. Dillon uses this admitted destruction and suffering as the beginning of an investigation into what Bolshevism has actually done. "To me it seems to be the mightiest driving force for good or evil in the world to-day. It is certainly a stern reality, smelling perhaps of sulphur and brimstone, but with a mission on earth and a mission which will undoubtedly be fulfilled." Again he describes it as "one of the vast world cathartic agencies to which we sometimes give the name of fate, which appear at long intervals to consume the human tares, and clear the ground for a new order of men and things."

If he found death where there had once been life, he also found life where there was once death. "Under the regime of the Soviets, the Ukraine has risen from the dead." "The disenthralment and cultural uplift of the peasantry by the leaders of Bolshevism is one of the most marvellous feats on record."

Dr. Dillon gives much space to the problem of the peasant, for on the issue of the struggle now proceeding between him and the Government the future of the Communist State largely depends. "The peasants deliver no speeches. They merely act, leaving others to interpret their actions. Thus the authorities preach, exhort, menace and chastise, but the *moozshik* goes his way silently, mayhap unconverted and unrepenting, bearing with him the clue to the future of Sovietdom."

The second chief problem before Bolshevism Dr. Dillon finds in the sectarians, the Stundists, Molokani, Pashkovists, Adventists and the like, who refuse to be turned from their ways by the blandishments, threats or heavy pressure of zealous local authorities. "All the military force in the world is powerless against these obscure heroes." Dr. Dillon is convinced that the furious official campaign against religion has injured the Soviets, endangered the success of their policy and needlessly lowered their prestige. He ends his volume on an interrogative note. Knowing Russia so well, he refuses to forecast its future.

My second volume comes from another distinguished representative of Peterborough Court. Mr. Ashmead-Bartlett was recently dispatched by the *Daily Telegraph* on a special mission of investigation into conditions in Russia. At the outset he described himself as impartial, going to Russia with an open mind. But Mr. Ashmead-Bartlett's whole training and viewpoint are in sharp opposition to the Bolshevists, and open-mindedness cannot come merely by desiring it.

Within obvious limits Mr. Ashmead-Bartlett has done his work very well. His pages are entertaining and eminently readable, and from them one can obtain a sharply defined picture of conditions as they appear within the Russian cities to-day. Mr. Ashmead-Bartlett did not apparently go much outside the great cities, and did not probe deeply below the surface. Many of his facts and conclusions were evidently gleaned from the diplomatic representatives of some of the European Powers then resident in Moscow.

The correspondent was received with much friendliness by the Soviet chiefs, and they have since made no secret of their view that he treated their hospitality somewhat

cavalierly. Certainly he has criticised the manners and appetites of his hosts and fellow guests in a way that is not common. He is convinced that existing conditions cannot endure indefinitely. Sooner or later a palace revolution, within the ranks of the Communist party, will pave the way for a more moderate regime.

F. A. MACKENZIE.

THE TRADE OF POLITICS.*

It is not easy to place Mr. Oliver's book in its part of the subject-index of the library. In his first lines he tells us that: "Its subject is the endless adventure of governing men. Its object is to show how politicians of various sorts contrived to carry on governments, and to thwart, discredit and destroy governments, during the reign of George the First and a portion of the reign of George the Second." And when he goes on a little later to write: "I have not concerned myself except from necessity with battles, sieges and campaigns, with social and industrial progress, or with evolution of religion, art, science and literature," one begins to feel that all he has left is the rather sordid tale of how a few political adventurers—note it is his own term!—have squabbled for their spoils just as pirates (or rats) fight for their prey.



Mr. Theodore Dreiser,
whose new book, "Gallery of Women," Messrs. Constable will publish this month.

Of course Mr. Oliver is not nearly as bad as he thus threatens; although he declares that his endeavour will be "to consider their craftsmanship rather than their morals," yet he obviously attaches great importance to the standards and ethics of public life and practice. Indeed later on he tells us that morals "can never be kept out of any discussion of human affairs." It is perhaps unfair to judge of his success; for the present volume is only the first of three. One can only say that so far it is not very clear at what end Mr. Oliver is aiming. He very frankly says that "this book is no more a biography than it is a history." When he also confesses that he has not discovered any fresh material by original research, the statement will not disappoint the sensible reader. For we have got to a point in the study of history when it is more important to rearrange and revalue the material already collected than to spend years in cataloguing and sorting out documents which are usually of somewhat trivial aid towards a judgment. So if Mr. Oliver has directed his energy to interpretation of documents already printed rather than to clearing up muniment-rooms, that will probably be all to the good.

Nevertheless one cannot see very clearly that he has served any very useful purpose. He has written of a period in English history when the older mediæval political system had gone through the transition stage of the Tudor and Stewart experiments, and was just emerging as the fairly distinct structure of the modern Parliament, with its Cabinet and all the manners and methods that were attaching themselves thereto. He might, in short, have written a scientific study of the early days of parliamentary government. But one can scarcely say that would be an accurate description of this book. Mr. J. M. Robertson has written a political study of Sir Robert Walpole and Lord Bolingbroke; and so seriously did he take his subject that he found it necessary—as an introduction—to write a long book on the development of political theory and practice since the days of Greece. It is one of the most scholarly and brilliant works of social science; and when he faced Walpole himself he gave us a very profound analysis.

Compared with Mr. Robertson's scientific work, Mr. Oliver's volume is rather like the amiable chatter of a rather glib conversationalist at a smart West End club. It is quite good conversation undoubtedly; but it reminds one a little too much of the rather vague talk of retired generals and their friends (certainly very nice and honourable fellows), who have been so busy with official duties that they have never had time to dig very deeply into the more abstract realms of thought. And like some of the retired military gentlemen, Mr. Oliver is lured away by the name Lenin into a long digression. The present reviewer confesses he skipped that digression; for having already been held up by a discussion as to whether Scot or Scotch, etc. etc,, was correct, he could no longer resist a desire to hear something about the immediate subject of this book. Now, with twenty pages of notes before him, he endeavours to sum up what he has discovered of new thought on Walpole and his political companions and enemies. Most of the "thought" may be "new" in West End clubs, but it will be scarcely very revealing to anyone who has given any time to historical literature. It is all rather superficial. For example, on the South Sea Bubble, a very great event in Walpole's career, it would be hard for the most intelligent reader to get any accurate impressions of the main issues; indeed Mr. Oliver writes: "The true inner history of these occurrences has never been laid bare." Has he never read the masterly account of the whole affair written by Professor W. R. Scott in his great work on English Companies?

This is just one hint of the amateurish quality of Mr. Oliver's book. As against the professional historian, who so often cannot see the wood for the trees, there is great need for the amateur. But the new historian must stick very rigidly to the facts, and not let himself be allured along side-roads of vague guessing and verbose imagination. Most of Mr. Oliver's many character sketches are probably as near the truth as mortal judgment can go; but it would be more helpful (as well as more courteous to his readers' intelligence) if he gave us more of the facts on which his sketches are based. After all, a few words by contemporaries like Hervey and Chesterfield are better than modern commentators. One turns page after page with scarcely a contemporary quotation—from a speech or a letter or a pamphlet; and paragraph after paragraph of rather fluid remarks, in which the solid substance is floated along rather evasively in a conversational stream that sometimes tends to drowsiness. So much of Mr. Oliver's wisdom, one would hope, is more obvious than he appears to imagine.

One is glad to note that Mr. Oliver is not a great believer in war as a way of becoming prosperous and happy. He says: "Commercial and financial interests have frequently been misled by it. It has been the favourite bait, thrown out to catch the vulgar by military cliques and by groups of factious politicians." During the recent Great War Mr. Oliver wrote a book, "Ordeal by Battle," which the Annual Register described as "written mainly for the purpose of advocating compulsory military service." Which is an example of how easily the soldiers and politicians trap the best of men.

G. R. STIRLING TAYLOR.

* "The Endless Adventure." By F. S. Oliver. 15s. (Macmillan.)

STANDISH O'GRADY.*

This book is not, and probably is not meant to be, the memoir that Standish O'Grady deserves at the hands of his countrymen. It is slight. It is disjointed. It is good only in parts. From it one can gather an impression of the man and writer O'Grady was, together with some imperfect account of his adventures in other fields than

* "Standish James O'Grady, the Man and the Writer." A Memoir by his Son, Hugh Art O'Grady, with a Foreword by Alfred Perceval Graves, and contributions by A. E. and others. 3s. 6d. (Talbot Press: Dublin and Cork.)

letters; but few who remember the man, know his writings, came under his influence, were infected with his enthusiasms of various kinds and qualities, will rest satisfied with impressions. In a book of its size Lytton Strachey might have done O'Grady justice; failing one of his capacity, we must rest content with what we have, for the present, in these eighty-four pages by various hands, feeling thankful that O'Grady is not forgotten, that the Talbot Press are issuing cheap editions of his more famous writings, and that the tribute herein printed from the hand of A. E. is in itself memorable.

The memoir of twenty-five pages, by his second son, gives some of the salient facts of O'Grady's full and varied life. He came of an old Irish family of country squires and notables, one of whom became Lord Chief Baron; another was the Standish of "Jack Hinton," another was one of Nelson's captains, and O'Grady's own father entered the Church and is the original of that charming old scholar who appears in "Lost on Du Corrig" and "The Chain of Gold." As a boy Standish himself drank full of the wild grandeur and loneliness of Crookhaven and Dunmanus; more, and perhaps to more effect, among those hills and vales of South Ireland, he had early vision of those Veiled Forms that, as much maybe as any aspect of nature, influenced the development of his genius. He grew, we learn, to manhood with two main possessions—a deep religious feeling and a minute knowledge of the Bible; two possessions, by the way, that left a vivid mark on almost everything he wrote. Current evils to O'Grady always were devilish things to be denounced by him with a fervid eloquence akin to the style of Isaiah or Jeremiah. And he did not shrink from applying the ethics of the Sermon on the Mount to the plight of erring women and destitute children.

He loved Virgil too, and Homer gave him the models of those Irish heroes and Elizabethan chieftains that you shall find, large and magnificent and glowing with abundant life, in the Cuchulain Cycle, in "Finn and His Companions," and in that magnificent book, "The Flight of the Eagle," a story full of research and the most patient labour. If it was mere chance, as might appear, that turned O'Grady to study and re-creation of Ireland's legendary past—what inspiring chance was that! For it is only truth to say that Standish O'Grady made possible the famous Irish movement in drama and letters; inspired Yeats, Synge and George Russell, his most enthusiastic disciple; he too who nurtured the spirit of revival, so clamant now in the affairs of the Free State he worked for and lived to see accomplished.

Anyone who wishes to gauge O'Grady's influence in Ireland, not in a literary direction altogether, but in such matters as politics, industry, social reform, the fate of landlordism and aristocracy, should read A. E.'s fine tribute in this volume to a man whom enthusiastically, almost passionately, he acclaims as epic poet, incomparable historian, bestower of "the greatest spiritual gift any Irishman for centuries has given to Ireland," furthermore a fighter born than whom "no man in Ireland intervened in the affairs of his country with a superior nobility of aim."

Tributes and memoirs however are not enough, but only preliminaries to that acquaintance with the man, writer and publicist so manifest in O'Grady's books. These are now available in the cheap uniform edition, published by the Talbot Press; at least the best and most popular of them, including the great Cuchulain Cycle and the other heroic tales, the books your boys will love, and the rest. Later you may advance to O'Grady's studies in Elizabethan history, gaining thereby new light on tangled fields; to those passionate appeals to landlords and gentry and the no less stirring denunciations of their national worthlessness; may go on even to find in the columns of *All Ireland*, that whimsical and unique effort in one-man journalism, how lovable a man Standish O'Grady was, how courteous and dignified and humorous, yet possessed always of a real spirit of Christian humility and kindliness.

Shan Bullock.

TAKEN FROM LIFE.*

In England little is known of Colonel William Smith or his Lady, for they lived when "the half-built audience-room of the White House was used as a drying-room in which to hang up the clothes," when the great staircase was not finished and but six chambers were made comfortable. It was thus in 1800, when John Adams and his wife Abigail ruled at the White House after George Washington. The author of this volume has made the best possible use of many letters relating to the Adamses and their son-in-law, Colonel William Smith, and also of the journals left by Abby Smith and her daughter Caroline—discursive, intimate writings, which are fragrant with sweet memories and full of history. When John Adams was appointed Commissioner to France he took his wife and daughter there with him, and it was there and in England that the Colonel wooed his lady. In the beginning of June, 1786, John Adams writes: "I have given my daughter to Colonel Smith, a man of merit formed in the school of his country's afflictions." The Colonel had to live in that school to the end, for his uprightness and independence made him political enemies who kept him from advancement.

The wandering desire is developed in us mostly during youth, when there is generally no chance of gratifying it. Major A. Radclyffe Dugmore however just fell into it naturally, for as a small boy he lived with his people in an Irish castle which was centuries old; and changed that for a yacht seventy feet long, in which the family lived in the Mediterranean for nearly two years. Then the yacht was run over to America, and so began the wanderings in quest of wild life. Major Dugdale tells a fascinating story of his journeyings through America and Africa, of his successes and failures, one which nature lovers will welcome the more that he never shot the animals except with a camera. He had many thrills with elephants, lions and other big game, and some pleasant triumphs with birds. Major Dugdale's work is now so well known through pen, pencil and film that it seems superfluous to praise it.

Miss Eveline Godley has retold from the State Trials the account of the trial of Count Königsmarck in February, 1682. She prefaces it with a biography of this Swedish-German Count, which certainly flings an heroic halo about him. He did doughty deeds on the sea which seem to belong to the viking period—indeed "gossip, scandal and legend followed him like his shadow." His sending men to shoot Tom Thynne because he had married an heiress coveted by himself is very much the sort of thing a viking would do. He got his man killed and three men, one a most faithful vassal, hung, and went free himself, though he never married the lady. Five years later, when fighting against the Turks, Königsmarck was killed at the age of twenty-eight. His body was taken to the family mausoleum in their German estate at Stade. Thomas Thynne's body had been buried in the Abbey, where his ridiculous tombstone can be seen any day. For the faithful vassal, Königsmarck himself had provided; the body of Kratz was embalmed with great care, placed in "a rich coffin lined with lead, too magnificent for so daring and horrid a murderer, and by the king's permission transported to Holland." So says Evelyn.

Miss Godley's extracts from "State Trials" give a valuable glimpse into the method of trial in those days.

CLARE JERROLD.

THE PREJUDICES OF PURITANISM.†

Epictetus once declared that he was a soul dragging about a corpse. He was, in the broadest sense of the word, a Puritan. He drew a sharp distinction between the life of the instincts, which we share with the beasts of the field, and the life of reason, which is characteristically human. And he would place the reins of control wholly in the hands of reason. Although it is not possible nowadays to accept so simple a psychological creed, the attitude towards life which such a creed implies is always possible. There will always be people with so profound a mistrust of the natural instincts and impulses as a guide to human life, that they refuse them any say in its direction. There will always in fact be Puritans. And the title of Mr. Kingsmill's book is a misnomer, unless we use the word Puritan in a narrower sense.

This in fact Mr. Kingsmill does. He defines Puritanism rather vaguely as "an attempt to simplify the relation of man to the universe in accordance with the model of this relation exhibited in the Hebrew Scriptures." Beginning as far back as Tudor times, the movement, according to Mr. Kingsmill, came to an end about 1850. He contends that it would have died an easy and natural death about 1820 had it not been kept alive by artificial stimulants. These stimulants were supplied by the wealthy classes, who, threatened by the revolutionary spirit that had broken out so disastrously in France, "instinctively turned to Puritanism, an engine of repression exactly suited to their needs."

The main thesis of Mr. Kingsmill's book is the decline and fall of Puritanism during the second half of the nineteenth century. The enemy was mainly within the gates. The author's method is to deal in detail with the lives of four men who were largely responsible for the break-up of the system—Dean Farrar, Samuel Butler, Frank Harris, and W. T. Stead. Dean Farrar and Mr. Stead were Puritans to the end (for the author regards Evangelicalism as the guise taken in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries by the Puritans of the seventeenth century), and even Samuel Butler was a Puritan under his skin, as the Darwinians discovered when they scratched him. As for Mr. Frank Harris, I fear that his sole claim to be regarded as in any sense a Puritan would rest on the fact that his father was one and that he was brought up in the North of Ireland.

Leaving out Mr. Stead for the moment, we find each of Mr. Kingsmill's heroes knocking down different pieces of the Puritan structure. Farrar destroyed the belief in hell, and challenged the doctrine of the total depravity of children. The older Puritans never wasted any sentiment on children. Children were conceived in sin and all their ways were wicked. In the Victorian era however a flood of emotionalism poured over the young. Many a tear was shed over the May Queen of Tennyson, and many more over the sickly children of Dickens's imagination—Little Nell and Paul Dombey. So when Farrar wrote "Eric, or Little by Little," he was not consciously attacking a theological doctrine, as he was in his sermons on "Eternal Hope," but almost unconsciously expressing the spirit of the age.

Samuel Butler's contribution was of a different kind. His attack was on the Puritan theory of the family. That theory is expressed by the author as follows:

> "Fallible human beings, merely through becoming parents (not a highly specialised achievement), took on a sacrosanct character, appearing to their children as faultless beings who were delaying their return to Heaven solely from a great-hearted resolve to redeem their thankless and depraved offspring, if redemption were any way possible, from the well-earned pains of hell."

"The Way of All Flesh" is a bitter comment on this theory. But Butler went further than that. He was not content with questioning Christian theology, he questioned Christian morality as well. The full significance of the satire in "Erewhon" was not grasped till some years after the book was published.

Frank Harris's point of attack was Victorian reticence. There never was a time in the history of English literature when the mention of certain aspects of human life was so rigidly tabooed as in the days of Victoria. To-day there is a violent reaction. From the age of the Puritans we have arrived at the age of the Impuritans, as a recent writer

* "Colonel William Smith and Lady." By Katharine Metcalf Roof. 24s. (Constable.)—"The Autobiography of a Wanderer." By Major A. Radclyffe Dugmore. 18s. (Hurst & Blackett.)—"The Trial of Count Königsmarck." Edited by the Hon. Eveline Godley. 7s. 6d. (Peter Davies.)

† "After Puritanism." By Hugh Kingsmill. 8s. 6d. (Duckworth.)

has called them. One of the earliest of the Impuritans was Mr. Frank Harris, at one time editor of the *Evening News*, at another time editor of the *Saturday Review*, and more recently the author of an autobiography which is unobtainable in this country.

Mr. Kingsmill finally deals with Mr. Stead, towards whom he appears much less sympathetic than towards his other characters. Stead did nothing towards breaking down the tyranny of Puritanism. In fact he was himself a Puritan of the most rigid type, attempting methods of reform which had become out of date. The author credits Mr. Stead with good intentions in publishing the "Maiden Tribute" articles, but seems to regard the whole thing as much ado about nothing. Nor does he take very seriously Stead's interest in spiritualism. In fact he regards Mr. Stead as a Puritan born too late.

It is quite clear that the author is influenced by the psychological teachings which emanate from Vienna, and has consequently no great love for Puritanism. That mental state which the Puritans call "a conviction of sin"—a desirable state leading to salvation—is referred to by him as "a sense of guilt"—an undesirable state leading to neurosis. Yet he does not produce an impression of unfairness. He exhibits certain modern views, more often by subtle implication than by overt assertion. And he has a caustic humour which is very diverting. In fact the book is eminently readable and throws abundant light on the trend of thought in England towards the close of the last century. What Mr. Kingsmill has really shown us is how certain of the prejudices of Puritanism have passed away. But there are principles inherent in Puritanism which will never pass away. The dross will go, but the gold will remain.

P. B. Ballard.

MYSTERIES.

It is an indispensable condition of a good story of the occult that the reader should believe in it. Many of the authors who have dabbled in this attractive form of literature have been so absorbed in the supernormal incident which induced them to write that they have not given enough thought to the normal happenings which led up to their incident and have consequently failed to endow the incident itself with verisimilitude. Some of the stories in the American volume[1] have excellent themes with striking climaxes, but too often the preliminary matter is so perfunctorily sketched—as if the author himself were not interested in it—that the reader's mind is not properly prepared. "What Was It?" a well-known yarn by Fitz-James O'Brien, suffers in this way. The theme itself is hair-raising enough but the author hurries along with statements like: "Mr. A., as everyone knows, escaped to Europe, and died not long after of a broken heart," which are so casual and unconvincing in themselves that the mind is not ready to give credence to the horrors which are afterwards described. There are, however, some good specimens of strange stories in this volume, by famous dead writers like Poe, Mark Twain, Washington Irving, Ambrose Bierce and Nathaniel Hawthorne, as well as by living authors like Theodore Dreiser, Edith Wharton and many others.

Algernon Blackwood on the other hand is known chiefly for his work in this genre, and the omnibus volume which Messrs. Heinemann have just issued[2] witnesses not merely to his productivity but to the high level of his achievement. Very rarely does he choose a hackneyed theme, and many of his stories possess an individuality which separates them from the mass of spookmongery which some competent story-tellers are prone to exploit. There is also a half philosophical, half metaphysical current streaming through his work which may not reach great

[1] "Ghosts." American Ghost Stories selected by C. Armitage Harper. 7s. 6d. (Jarrolds.)—[2] "Strange Stories." By Algernon Blackwood. 7s. 6d. (Heinemann.)—[3] "The Last Home of Mystery." By E. Alexander Powell. 18s. (John Long.)—[4] "Enigmas" By R. T. Gould. 12s. 6d. (Philip Allan.)

depths but does create that atmosphere of serious conviction which is an essential ingredient of stories of the occult. Moreover Mr. Blackwood shows considerable skill in the manipulation of words and can make them express what he wishes. That strangely convincing though, coldly considered, incredible story of "The Man Whom the Trees Loved," for instance, might have been ludicrious in less skilled hands:

"For wet and shimmering presences stood grouped all round that bed. She saw their outline underneath the ceiling, the green, spread bulk of them, their vague extension over walls and furniture. They shifted to and fro, massed yet translucent, mild yet thick, moving and turning within themselves to a hushed noise of multitudinous soft rustling."

It was a happy inspiration to gather these twenty-six stories together in a single volume. All of them are readable; many of them as good examples of their kind as one might hope to find, and they are written in that intimate, circumstantial manner which makes them especially suitable for reading aloud over the fire o' nights.

Colonel E. Alexander Powell's book deals with another order of mystery. Here we have not fiction but (one fears) fact. The "last home of mystery"[3] is Nepal, but nearly half of the book is concerned with the journey on the way thither through India. Colonel Powell has a lively, practised pen and a certain power of description which is most effective when he is least self-conscious. His somewhat overheated accusations make one a little chary of accepting all his generalisations, especially as he cultivates an audacity which bespeaks a love of sensationalism. Among other unorthodox opinions he throws out this comment made by a British official about Colonel Lawrence. "Lawrence?" he repeated. "Oh, yes. He's quite a clever fellow, and did some rather useful work out here during the War. But I can name half a dozen men who have forgotten more about the Arab than he ever knew."

He spares us no detail of the horrors associated with the Hindu religion as practised in India. "Mother India" has familiarised us with such matters, and Mr. Aldous Huxley's "Jesting Pilate," though more discreet, was scarcely more reassuring. Nepal—some of whose magnificence the author not ineffectively describes—seems no less corrupt, and one feels that the chief need here, as in India, is for a completely new system of sanitation, moral and physical. There are a number of excellent photographs.

Mysteries of yet another kind are the subject of Lieut.-Commander R. T. Gould's "Enigmas,"[4] which would probably find itself in Charles Lamb's category of biblia-a-biblia—books which are not books. The author describes it as a "book of unexplained facts," and in a modest preface claims to have put together, with the relevant material which he has collected, "the facts relating to a number of incidents which have not, at present, been satisfactorily explained." Thus, we have a chapter on giants, full of curious information and accompanied by an interesting engraving; the diverting story of "Old Parr," who was over one hundred and fifty when he died, and other cases of alleged longevity; an account of the Bealing Bells (which "rang scores of times when no one was in the passage, or back-house, or house, or grounds unseen"), which links this book to those dealt with earlier; interesting chapters on alchemy, the landfall of Columbus, the canals of Mars, and divers queer matters. "Enigmas" is another book for a rainy day, a book which will stock the reader with knowledge unlikely to be in his friends' possession and thus give him the pull over them.

HERMON OULD.



Ewelina Korzeniowski
(the mother of Joseph Conrad).
From "The Polish Heritage of Joseph Conrad." By Gustav Morf Sampson Low).

THE POLISH JOSEPH CONRAD.*

Among the many sketches and fragmentary studies of Conrad which have appeared since his death in 1924, this book takes a leading place by reason of the author's thorough understanding not less than his special knowledge. It is especially good in its presentation of the neglected Polish background of the man who, after making a success of the career of an English seaman, made a still greater and more difficult conquest by becoming a famous novelist in our alien language.

Dr. Morf is able to go through the already voluminous literature about Conrad, and the often misleading confessions of Conrad himself, and to cross the "t's" and dot the "i's" of truth for us. I find especially interesting his examination of the biographical associations in "Nostromo," for that yarn of a very brief glimpse of Venezuela, and an incident noted in an old book which Conrad gave out as the origin of the story, was far from adequate to explain the richness of feeling, the imaginative passion poured into the most complicated of his novels.

One example may perhaps be quoted to show the importance of Dr. Morf's special knowledge, allied to his critical faculty, in interpreting Conrad for us. He says:

"On page 479 of 'Nostromo' may be found another Polish reminiscence. Every year the owner of a famous coffee plantation sends three sacks of coffee-beans to a patriotic society in remembrance 'of the third of May,' the date of an important battle. Now it so happens that the third of May (the only date mentioned in 'Nostromo') is one of the most important dates in Polish history—so important indeed that it is now the National Day. On that day, in 1791, the famous 'Constitution of the Third of May' was adopted by the Diet, converting Poland into hereditary limited monarchy with ministerial responsibility, and establishing the *libreum veto* and other anomalies."

This is followed by quotations from the same novel, concerning the name of Nostromo, which was a mispronunciation of the Italian *Nostro uomo*, and the quotations amply support Dr. Morf's conjecture that Conrad had developed an "alien complex" from the misuse of his Polish name, Korzeniowski, while he was a seaman. This he had changed to Conrad, his second Christian name, long before he began to write. There is much in a name, in spite of the fact being well known that the most English names by no means certainly indicate the most English blood!

In the same helpful way the author is able to explain to us important characteristics of Polish temperament and "culture," all of which are elements of any reliable portrait (or should one say "psychograph"?) of Conrad. It is scarcely necessary to say that Conrad's critics in this

* "The Polish Heritage of Joseph Conrad." By Gustav Morf, Litt.D. 7s. 6d. (Sampson Low.)

country have lacked the necessary clues to explain many of Conrad's imaginative impulses. As an instance of how Conrad's personal confessions might lead one far from reality, I recall a long talk with him, during which I asked him if he could say what made him start writing. " Simply that I needed an occupation for my leisure," he replied. " It was not the need of self-expression." I must confess that I did not take the assertion seriously, but Dr. Morf, in his scrupulous examination of Conrad's work, leaves no room for doubt of the psychological necessity which drove Conrad to express through romantic fiction those unconscious elements in him which he could not disentangle logically.

The greatest of Conrad's inner conflicts was his divided feeling about Poland, to which all his temperament was loyal, and yet, by expressing itself in an escape from Poland into the wide adventurous world, it led him into what he himself said could be regarded strictly as a betrayal. This feeling, which he was constantly trying to banish by elaborate explorations into the reasons for being adventurous and romantic, caused him to burden most of his chief characters with an unescapable past. Perhaps no novelist in English has equalled, though some in Russian have done so, Conrad's dramatisation of the sense of sin.

A review of this book would be incomplete without reference to the connexions traced by the author between Conrad's mentality and the contrasting types of his paternal ancestors, the romantic and brilliant Korzeniowskis, and the maternal relatives, more practical and scrictly disciplined, the Bobrowskis. He brings fresh light to a reading of the two big volumes of Conrad's " Life and Letters," by M. Jean-Aubry, whose very useful work was mainly that of the gathering together of data rather than that of analysis.

The volume is interestingly illustrated, and almost free of misprints, though I may perhaps be allowed to mention one in the bibliography, since my " Talk with Joseph Conrad " is stated to be by " D. L. Mégroz " !

R. L. MÉGROZ.

POETRY AT PRESENT.*

This is Mr. Charles Williams's first book of prose, and it is written with the excellence to be expected from a poet of his distinction. It is doubly interesting because of its subject. Mr. Williams is concerned here with the poets of his day, and a poet's opinion of his fellows cannot fail to attract. " Poetry at Present " consists of sixteen chapters devoted to some eighteen authors, the members of the Sitwell family clubbing together to make one poor gaudy day. All the writers dealt with are living at the moment —whatever be their future—with the exception of Thomas Hardy, who died after the scheme of the book had been determined upon. The poets treated here must be considered those amongst his contemporaries for whom Mr. Williams feels the most distinguished consideration. Some names are omitted that one could wish to have received attention, but Mr. Williams's plan obviously includes criticising by silence. It would have given pleasure to some had the essayist's sensitive conscience consented to include Sir William Watson and Mr. Squire at least in these pages. The preface mitigates this severity by admitting " There are very distinguished poets now living whose work is generally admired, but they seem to have created that work not only within the tradition, but without affecting the tradition. It is possible that in a hundred years they may be remembered when some of the poets here discussed are forgotten, but even so, they are of their own order, and are therefore here excluded." These politenesses are not absolutely convincing, for it is plain that these writers are not the objects of Mr. Williams's predilection. He is certainly entitled to his opinion. It is

* " Poetry at Present." By Charles Williams. 7s. 6d. (Humphrey Milford.)

very evident that he is a sound scholar and a sensitive critic, and of a devastating honesty withal. Seldom indeed are such critical acumen, good taste, and candour packed within the limits of one short essay. When the essayist is in accord and sympathy with his subject, as for instance in the chapters devoted to the Laureate and Mr. Lascelles Abercrombie, the result is a remarkably penetrating and subtle piece of appreciation, which cannot fail to be gratifying to these distinguished recipients. Other writers, less congenial to his temperament, may find that criticism goes like an arrow between the joints of their harness. This might be illustrated by the description of the essayist's reaction to reading the fifteen poems of Mr. Hardy's "Satires of Circumstance" at one sitting, but Mr. Hardy was ever a humorist, and perhaps it may be more convenient to stress this frankness from a general statement rather than from a particular occasion. Mr. Williams remarks in one of these essays that "It has been said, and not wholly unjustly, that the younger contemporary poets have only one fault—dullness. Observation, dexterity, feeling they have, but between their experience and their expression the interest has slipped away." Undoubtedly Mr. Williams would make drastic and immediate reservations from this sweeping statement. The work of Mr. Yeats, Mr. de la Mare, Mr. A. E. Housman and Mr. Hodgson, for example, is for him, as for us all, full of magic and excitement. But certainly much of the poetry of our day is dull. It fails to give the thrill that the Lake poets communicated. It does not excite as did the Victorian and the Pre-Raphaelite poets. Possibly it is because our present-day poets work on a smaller scale, deal with moods rather than emotions, and are frequently low-spirited in the trough of the War. For the poets of ideas enchant us still. Mr. Chesterton may be a traditional Catholic and Mr. Kipling an Old Testament Protestant. It is a trifle that their ideas are fundamentally opposed. Ideas are there, and incidentally the rhythm in which they are expressed is not dissimilar. Their enthusiasm is contagious, and they move and convince the reader while under their spell.

I remarked earlier in this notice that Mr. Williams is known—and he should be better known—as a poet. Affixed to each essay included in "Poetry at Present" is a poem reminding the reader agreeably of his quality. These end-pieces to the various chapters at times are studies in the matter and manner of the author under discussion. At others they give his personal reaction to his subject, as in the delightful poem to Mr. Yeats, the first poet he ever saw when young.

"Poetry at Present" is in the truest sense a memorable book. No saner and more sensitive studies have been written on the poets of to-day. It is a necessary handbook for the serious student of modern verse, and should that verse at times unfortunately prove dull, the hand of the dyer is not subdued to what it works in.

EUGENE MASON.

PASSING GOOD.*

To find plays of interest and distinction is said to be difficult, but this, when one can pick up half a dozen novels as good as these, cannot be said of fiction. Although representing several schools of creative writing, all are good of their kind. If Mr. Manning-Sanders's first novel was as interesting as "The Burnt Man," it is no wonder press and public gave it a good reception. His second is one of those the reader cannot put down till the final "they lived as happily as two people can, who have perfect faith in one another, gaining sanctuary against all the petty and greater ills of life that perplex the souls of men," and that in spite of certain irritating flaws. Why for instance should he speak of a woman as "virile"? Also does he not know—or wasn't there a doctor at hand to tell him—that people who have been long dumb, owing to a stroke (apoplectic seizure), do not on their deathbed regain the power of speech. Owing to a curse uttered by the moribund, Humphrey and Judy come together. So excellent however has been Mr. Manning-Sanders's characterisation that the reader is in no wise perturbed by this false note. Given their temperaments, those two must have married, and the how and why is not of the first importance. The tale is closely woven and the setting shows a deeply observed familiarity with country life. Humphrey Daine, in order to escape from unhappy circumstance, has fired his home and workshop and run from the scene. "The Burnt Man" gives his further adventures till he seeks sanctuary in a western village, eventually marrying Judith Ancell. Daine's father died insane, and one of the most convincing parts of the story is the way in which Daine himself is shown to be on the borderland for much of his time. Should such men marry? Well, they do, and leave their offspring a heritage of nerves. But Judy was sound as a bell, so perhaps in this particular instance all would be well.

"Time, Gentlemen, Time!" is also a second book. Its technique reveals events through the minds of the characters, and does this so continuously that narrative shows as a stream of thought. The title of the book is the potman's cry at closing time; and the story gives us a few days in the lives of a drunken solicitor and his unhappy wife. Not once has the temptation to sentimentalise individuals or situation been yielded to. Norah Hoult is to be congratulated on a fine book.

A slighter novel but more amusing is Mr. Gerhardi's "Pending Heaven." By means of a wandering, discursive, irresponsible narrative he deals with the love affairs of a fat, middle-aged novelist. Max Fisher is the type of man who makes more or less serious love to every woman who is willing that he should. As a consequence he eventually finds himself settled at Bou-Saada with three out of the many. He does not care greatly for any of them, and they remain in order to prove that each is preferred to the others. A fourth presently arrives and is a little surprised to find three already in residence. It is suggested by one of the four that they shall turn Mahommedan and constitute—whether Max likes it or not—the four wives allowed by the Prophet of Islam. The American however prefers monogamy and a man to herself, and departs with Max's best friend. In the end Max also departs in order either to live in a Grosvenor House flat or die—it is not quite clear which, nor with so unsympathetic a character as Max does it much matter. Humour the book has, also wit, but not much else. It is, as the writer says, "in the book of life a sorry page," but it offers an occasional pithy saying, as for instance: "There are two ways of being disappointed: getting what you want and not getting it."

"The Rough House," by Bruce Marshall, is an even more witty book than "Pending Heaven." It presents a slice of life instead of telling a story. To the modern such a slice makes a pattern. Mr. Marshall's slice is the rough house of the ideals and philosophy of life now generally accepted, and he contrasts with skill the offerings of self-mutilation made to the "bitch-goddess, Success," with those it would have been natural for a man to offer. I hope "The Rough House" will have more readers than seems possible from its subject. It should appeal to the young, to those as yet untainted by the madness to which Bruce Marshall demurs. The book paints rapidly a picture which both saddens and amuses. It is filled with laughter-evoking scenes and sayings, such as—"The American girl is very virtuous. Her stockings may be of silk but her morals are of granite," yet its content is serious.

From these books which are so English that their reader could believe England and her opinions and politics the largest and most important, if not the only country in the world, it is an interesting change to turn to Jo van Ammers's

* "The Burnt Man." By G. Manning Sanders. (Faber & Faber.)—"Time, Gentlemen, Time!" By Norah Hoult. (Heinemann.)—"Pending Heaven." By William Gerhardi. (Duckworth.)—"The Rough House." By Bruce Marshall. (Jarrolds.)—"Tantalus." By Jo van Ammers. (Jonathan Cape.) 7s. 6d. each.

"Tantalus," a study of Dutch life. In "The Rebel Generation," her previous book, we were given the reactions to the feminist movement of three generations. That was an interesting bit of history, but this is an intimate study of character, and as creative work the finer book. Seldom has a woman originated so close, so solid, so true a conception of masculine impulse as in this story of Evert Tideman, for it is not given to most women to sympathise with the wandering male. That Mrs. van Ammers should have selected him as the subject of her story shows the breadth not only of her gift but of her spirit. Tideman is happily married to as good a wife as can be imagined, he has pleasant children, yet he is a dreamer and he dreams of women. His business takes him to France and eventually to America, and in these lands he seeks new sensations. One of the subtlest strokes in the story is his failure—the natural failure of a weak man—to obtain the love of the women to whom he is attracted. Actually, instead of seducing, he is seduced. He falls a victim to a predatory woman past her first youth who insists on taking him from his wife and family; and who, because she is the stronger, succeeds. She is not domestic, she takes him into surroundings of discomfort, yet he cannot escape. Even as he is the prey to his unruly desires, so also is he the sufferer when his supposed desires are gratified. "Only you and I know that he was really not a Don Juan without scruples, but a big, silly boy always chasing the same dream," says his brother-in-law, but Evert was more than silly, he was spineless, and nothing Thora, his wife, could have done would have prevented his descent into hell. Mrs. Jo van Ammers has told an enthralling story. Each of her books is an advance on the last, or as the well-worn cliché puts it, she goes "from strength to strength."

C. A. Dawson Scott.

STILL THEY COME.*

If the present writer has done nothing else for literature he has, at any rate, given the word "spate" a breath of fresh air. A couple of months ago, when commenting on the torrent of War books, he remarked, "Still the spate roars by unchecked." Since then either these actual words, or the metaphor implicit in them, have confronted him in journal after journal and in review after review. From Golder's Green to Grub Street spate has lined up amongst the "blessed words" of journalism. The books still pour by. The cry is still they come. Echo indeed answers, "More than that: some of them come back a second time." There are second editions, reprints and new impressions. The French however have an apt saying to the effect that to go back is not to return.

"Mons, Anzac and Kut" originally appeared anonymously—in the "dead" year of 1919 and is now published for the first time with the author's name, as well as with an introduction from the pen of Mr. Desmond MacCarthy describing Mr. Aubrey Herbert's remarkable and attractive personality. The title is self-explanatory, and it will be seen that the scope of the book is roughly the first half of the War. The reviewer confesses that it is a relief to him to get away from the views and impressions of platoon commanders and privates of the New Armies and to have some change from the everlasting Ypres and Somme. Aubrey Herbert was Eton, Christ Church and Foreign Office—a man of high social position, widely travelled, master of several languages—one being Turkish—and with deep knowledge of men and things. He was in Parliament when war broke out, and in addition had been honorary attaché first at Tokio and later at Constantinople. Defective eyesight put combatant service out of the question, and he was at first attached to the Irish Guards in 1914

* "Mons, Anzac and Kut." By Aubrey Herbert. 7s. 6d. (Hutchinson.)—"Pass Guard at Ypres." By Ronald Gurner. 7s. 6d. (Dent.)—"Mud and Khaki." By H. S. Clapham. 7s. 6d. (Hutchinson.)—"Everyman at War." 6s. (Dent.) —"Journey's End" (the Novel). By R. C. Sheriff and Vernon Bartlett. 7s. 6d. (Gollancz.)—"The King's Regiment (Liverpool), 1914–19." Vol. II. By Everard Wyrall. 7s. 6d. (Arnold.)

as interpreter; wounded at Villers Cotterets, he regained his liberty by the battle of the Marne. Later he held Intelligence appointments in Gallipoli and Mesopotamia, owing to what he modestly describes as " a fairly fluent smattering of several Eastern languages." The book is a reproduction of his diary which closes on May 12th, 1916. Its chief charm is the air of detachment in which it is written, enhanced by the fact that, to a certain extent, the author had a foot in both camps. Particularly was this the case in Mesopotamia where, in the negotiations which preceded the fall of Kut, Aubrey Herbert had more than one interview with Turkish generals and renewed acquaintance with Turkish officials he had known before at Constantinople. Throughout the book there runs a strain of slightly cynical reflection from a rather " superior " viewpoint. It has an interest of its own, but it wears a bit thin at this time of day.

The next two books on the list—" Mud and Khaki " and " Pass Guard at Ypres "—deal entirely with the famous Salient; and in each book the deepest blood-bath is " Hooge, 1915," than which, in the opinion of many who went through the whole War in France, there was no more dreadful experience. The former volume is confined to part of the year 1915, and consists of the record of a private in the ranks of the H.A.C., jotted down on occasional off days. The key-note of the book—the foreground and the whole middle distance of the picture—is mud. The publishers say in a note that this " cheerful " account may be contrasted with " All Quiet on the Western Front," as the author and his friends " appear to have enjoyed life even in the worst of times." We have an uneasy feeling that this is what our American cousins would call " blah." There is no " enjoyment " in the book. How could there be? But it is interesting as the record of a soldier not cursed with too vivid an imagination; who had no illusions whatever; and who had " guts "—about the finest make-up that anyone committed to the Salient in general, and to Hooge in particular, could have possessed.

Except for the common background of Ypres, " Pass Guard at Ypres " is of an entirely different kind. It is in the form of a novel and is, in its tragic intensity, as terrible as a Greek play. The subject has become hackneyed enough—the breaking of a boy's body, the sapping of his courage, the shattering of his ideals, and the killing—almost—of his soul. The qualification is called for seeing that in the final pages Ypres becomes personified and consoles the dying lad. We frankly say that we consider the ending unworthy of the terrific but restrained strength of the rest of the book. It smacks of Hollywood rather than recalls Æschylus. And we feel—just as we feel with " Retreat "—that the characterisation is rather over-emphasised The curly-headed young officer is just too cherubic—even if he was nicknamed " Cherub "—and we might indeed say too green. The old soldier—with his reminiscences of South Africa—is rather too like what Mr. Kipling might have have made of one of " Her Majesty's Jollies." And we frankly say that the regular officer commanding the depot of the Southshires—a medley of the Reverends Barlow and Eliot Warne—is sheer knock-about. Still, we place this book just on the borderline between the " great " and the " very good " books of the War, and we are by no means sure that it does not merit inclusion in the former rather than in the latter category.

" Everyman at War " opens up the rather disconcerting prospect that everyone who fought in the late Armageddon may in time write a book or an article about it. It is almost as difficult to review this book as it would be to comment on a composite photograph. Some forty years ago Mr. Stead used to make a feature of these things in the *Review of Reviews*, and the recollection left upon the memory of the present writer is that if Sir William Harcourt's countenance was one of the superimposed faces, then he dominated the result completely. In this book the army almost submerges the sister services, for Sea and Air contribute but three chapters apiece out of the sixty that go to make up the book. And as regards the proportion of land warfare, we hardly feel that the Western Front should have more than eighteen times the amount of space vouchsafed to Mesopotamia. As regards the articles themselves, they vary—naturally—a good deal in merit. But it is trying Everyman rather high to launch his rather staccato reminiscences at a moment when the literary merit of War books is so extraordinarily good.

A review of " Journey's End. The Novel " divides itself naturally into two parts. The first is concerned with the pre-war narrative of Stanhope, Jimmy Raleigh and Madge as quite young people. This is short; contains some very conventional public-school stuff; and is quite obviously but a peg on which to hang the story proper. The second part—the " novelisation " of the play—makes one feel at first rather like the man who thought that " Hamlet " was made up of quotations, and after that there is a kind of feeling that one has got hold of a stage manager's copy with copious stage directions and scribbled details of " business." In the end one is left rather wondering how the story would have held its own against other War novels had the play never been written. On the whole we feel that it would have come well out of the ordeal, but a verdict can only be given by someone who has never seen the play; nor read it in the contemporary press; nor heard it on the wireless. There must be few in such a *securus judicat* position.

Mr. Wyrall's second volume about The King's in the Great War is one of those books which, although caviare—by the hundredweight—to the particular people concerned with, or interested in, the regiment, are Gargantuan mutton cold to the general public. Inevitably this must be so in the case of a regimental history, which has to deal with several battalions not—as is the case in Continental armies—all part of one whole and acting together, but without any tie whatever in the field, or at any rate, as a very general rule. The magnitude of Mr. Wyrall's task will be understood when it is borne in mind that he is in this volume dealing with twenty-one separate battalions, and that each of them requires separate and detailed narration. That Mr. Wyrall has achieved the remarkable result of writing a volume in which the Battles of the Somme, 1916, and of Arras absorb the crowd of battalions instead of being overwhelmed by them is a tribute to his skill. The worst of all regimental histories is that they are so objective. An exception is of course Mr. Kipling's great History of the Irish Guards, but then he had but two battalions to deal with, and a separate volume for each.

F. E. WHITTON (Lieut.-Colonel).

Novel Notes.

THE GOLDEN GOAT. By Donn Byrne. 5s. net. (Sampson Low.)

To many readers it must seem that the death of Donn Byrne was a great and irreparable loss to English fiction. His rise to fame was rapid and was won by nothing but sheer merit. He could write a fascinating story in fine, crisp English and his humour lit up a book as if with sunshine. Some of his charm is not apparent in " The Golden Goat "; for the scene is not laid in Ireland, and it was in depicting Irish life with an Edgeworthian humour that Byrne reached his highest achievement. But in this novel there is the old grace of writing, the admirable character drawing. We are given wonderfully brilliant pictures of Monte Carlo, when Angela Turnbull, a very attractive American girl, becomes enmeshed in the lures of the table and is rescued only in time by her humorous and cool-headed American lover. The story is slight, but the characters and scenes are extraordinarily vivid.

THE ROSICRUCIAN. By Temple Thurston. 7s. 6d. (Putnams.)

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surprise at the end. If indeed we have one serious complaint to offer, it is that he sometimes sacrifices too much for the unexpected *dénouement*, as in the story called "Dementia," where the blank cheque which a husband gives his wife serves no apparent purpose but that of putting the reader on the wrong scent. Such stories again as "The Rosicrucian" and "The Grey Quakers," both of which deal with the supernatural, put too great a strain upon credulity, though they are well worth reading for the authentic atmosphere of horror and mystery which they convey. Mr. Thurston excels in atmosphere, whether it be the natural or the macabre. He excels too in the swift delineation of character—particularly a certain type of feminine character. It is a pity that he sometimes spoils what would be a first-rate "sketch" by twisting it into a "story."

MOLTEN EMBER. By John Lindsey. 7s. 6d. (Chapman & Hall.)

The picture of post-war England, in "Molten Ember," and its studies in the psychology of modern young men and women, may not be altogether pleasant, but they are unfortunately true. Hugh Burford finds himself in this chaotic world, his religious beliefs shaken, his ideals rather damaged. There was no need for him to work; "he had an assured income arising from investments in the business his father had left." It was expected that he would take some business appointment, but he disliked the notion and, chiefly with a wish "to keep up his games," became a master in one of the smaller public schools. But a turning-point in his career comes when he meets and dances with the charming, unconventional Jenepher. She is an artist, an idealist, impatient of the shackles of civilisation, and keen to devote herself to working for the happiness of others. He is infected with her ideals, throws up the school, and drifts, vaguely trying to find something he can do for the good of humanity. His baffled quest leads him to a troublesome and futile farming experiment; his relations with Jenepher bring disgrace to her, disaster to her slum mission and disillusion to himself; and after a too hysterical chapter in which he rages over his experiences, an epilogue shows Hugh as a stockbroker, no longer seeing visions and dreaming dreams, but recklessly given over to the raffish pleasures of the typical man about town.



Mr. John Lindsey.

There are bitter things in the shrewd, pagan philosophy of the book; but it is well written, its characters cleverly drawn; and one looks with confidence to hear further of its author.

THE WOLF'S BRIDE. By Aino Kallas. Translated by Alex Matson, in collaboration with Bryan Rhys. 5s. net. (Jonathan Cape.)

Very beautifully told in straight, simple, picturesque language, translated from the Finnish, this story of Prüdik and Aalo and the wolves is a little gem of its kind. Prüdik, the young forester of the Esthonian Island of Hiiumaa, seeing one day a gathering of boys and maidens by the brink of the water, for the summer washing of the sheep, notices among the rough women one fair, red-haired girl with gentler ways. Himself hidden, he watches her with eager eyes, and straightway is filled with love for her. They are married, and in due course a baby girl is born to them. And then, when the spring comes again, come the great wolf-hunts, for the island is infested with these wild creatures. And Aalo, who is watching with others the hounding of the packs, hears a mysterious voice calling her. It thrills her. She goes home and tries to live her usual life and resist the call, but it is the wolf-call, and her heart leaps to it. And then one night, in mad eagerness, she goes to the wolves. She returns and is Püdick's excellent wife by day, and Püdick does not suspect. But at last his eyes are opened, his beautiful wife is a werewolf. The end of the story is tragedy. Aino Kallas has the power to write this difficult style of tale. She handles mystery with the sure touch of the artist. It is a little book and it is perfect in its own way.

WOOD SANCTUARY. By M. E. Francis and Margaret Blundell. 7s. 6d. (Allen & Unwin.)

Michael Shirwood, betrayed by the girl he loved, disillusioned after his service in the War, sought only to hide himself from his fellow men and make beautiful his own corner of the earth. George Pritchard, his batman, had likewise suffered and was glad to join him in his exile, and so on a slope of the Welsh hills they cultivated a market garden. There was a little wood behind his land, and in this Michael Shirwood roamed at will, nursing his bitterness against the world. Suddenly his sanctuary was invaded. A young widow bought the land adjoining his and, to his horror, erected a cheap bungalow and came to live there with her maid and little son. Both he and George were terribly affronted; more so when the young widow started a rival market garden. Gradually however she won them round with her sweet helplessness, and by the time her bungalow caught fire and was burnt to the ground, Michael was desperately in love with her and fiercely jealous of the wealthy man whom, for her boy's sake, she had promised to marry. This is a charming, sensitively written story which will delight those who prefer the quiet events of the country-side to more hectic drama.

SUPREMACY. By H. D. Slater. 7s. 6d. (Hutchinson.)

Seventeenth century London. London just after the fall of the Commonwealth—a London of dark, narrow streets, of intrigue and adventure, of religious and political discord—this is the London Miss Slater draws for us in vivid detail, following the history of Paul Rooksby, whose early worship of Cromwell influences his whole life. As a child he sees the great Protector and vows to uphold the ideals he represents; later he witnesses the execution of dead men at Tyburn—the corpse of his hero hanging in chains. And then into his monotonous existence comes the chance of working for those things he holds dear—working in conjunction with that mysterious, vital force, Lord Shaftsbury. It was his tragedy that love and duty pulled in opposite directions; that his love for a penniless little Catholic, Ann Cary, should imperil him in his secret service to his country. Yet, faithful to his pledge, though he loved Ann and married her, he tried not to let her baulk



Miss H. D. Slater.

his ambition. He goes through severe ordeals and many dangers, and Miss Slater writes with a deep knowledge of her period, and a sympathy with her characters which makes them very real to us and absorbingly interesting.

THE CLOCK. By Guy Rawlence. 7s. 6d. (Constable.)

A tale of superstition, temperate and beautiful. Writing with a love and appreciation of the country, Mr. Rawlence fully understands the complex reactions caused by mixing the town and the land, and he gives a sympathetic study of a pretty little shop-girl married to a farmer, and her gradual hatred of the lonely country-side, which she had thought "lovely to visit." The story, while being concerned with blundering human beings, is even more concerned with the clock that has dominated the farm-house and the Stroud family for generations, and whose powers are believed to be supernatural. Quietly, yet deftly, with real drama, the story unfolds, while round its unfolding are touches of descriptive power. There is strength and beauty throughout the book, and a joy in the rich, warm smell of the earth.

SHEEP'S-HEAD AND BABYLON. By Marjorie Bowen. 7s. 6d. (Bodley Head.)

It is a truism to say that in Miss Marjorie Bowen's books one always finds careful, admirable work, that she always knows what she is writing about, knows it so well indeed that she suffers no temptation towards anachronism. But one finds more than this in "Sheep's-Head and Babylon." Careful, admirable work sometimes leaves an opening for dullness, but in this volume of short stories no dullness is to be found. There are nine "Stories of Yesterday" and nine "Stories of To-Day"; and even inside these groups there is a sub-classification, for some are supernatural and some are not. The initial story, "Sheep's-Head and Babylon," is supernatural, or at any rate the overworked brain of the Reverend Zachary Barlas makes it seem so, and the sheep's-head resting so naturally on the kitchen-table of the manse, makes even the normal reader shiver a little, how much more, then, the overwrought minister, who was warring against the Devil? Miss Bowen certainly achieves her right atmospheres. We thrill to the account of "The Prescription" and to "An Appointment with Stiff-key." And how dainty and picturesque we find "The Triumph of Mrs. Westfield." There is fun too to be found in the volume; seek it in "The Careful Youth." A book, this is, for all moods.

STEEL CHIPS. By Idwal Jones. 7s. 6d. (Knopf.)

Oil wells have been a favourite topic with modern novelists and dramatists, but this is probably the first time that steel trusts have been the groundwork of a novel. In "Steel Chips" it is more than the groundwork; the characters themselves, lacking in the gentler sentiments, appear to have taken on the attributes of the steel with which they work, and emerge vital, hard and ruthless. Bram Dartnell, the son of a mechanic-pugilist and an educated woman, is forced unwillingly into the Atlas steel works, where "the noise was a screaming, vibrant song that set every nerve in his body tingling." Through him we feel the fascination of these steel works, where efficiency is all that matters ("Trego had achieved perfectibility"), where the characters are not so much human beings as super-sensitive machines, with the romance of Bram and Bertha the welding of two vital parts, and Max's betrayal the breakdown of a faulty rod.

TURN BACK THE LEAVES. By E. M. Delafield. 7s. 6d. (Macmillan.)

The author wishes it to be understood that this study of a family of strict Roman Catholics is in no way intended for propaganda, either for or against the Roman Catholic faith. Nevertheless her picture of the somewhat dreary family of Floyd, with the fanatical Sir Joseph at its head, does not show Roman Catholicism in a sunny aspect. Miss Delafield, in her customary admirable reticence, never allows her story to become exaggerated, but it suffers from the fact that there is a shifting of the heroines. At first we are told everything about the illegitimate Stella, but later the man she marries is dismissed with a word, and Veronica, then Chloe, then Helen take the stage. This tale is neither as light nor as interesting as other of Miss Delafield's novels, but full of sad things and thwarted people. Sir Joseph is so peculiar as to be practically mad, and Stella never wins our hearts. The other girls are so strictly brought up that they are not entirely normal. It is a gloomy picture, painted with scrupulous fidelity and ability.

GOOD SIR JOHN. By Phœbe Fenwick Gaye. 7s. 6d. (Secker.)

It was a very bold proceeding on Miss Gaye's part to make a novel out of Sir John Falstaff, for if that attempt had not come off the critics would have had little mercy on her. But her experiment has vindicated itself more than creditably if not quite triumphantly. Here and there, towards the middle of the story, the action flags and we chafe a little at the author's perhaps too numerous interpolations of potted history. While certain phases and episodes of the knight's career are admirably pictured, a babyhood and childhood for instance with which Shakespeare never concerned himself, the old reprobate's public humiliation by his idolised Harry, retold in a fashion to make the reader himself go hot and cold all over, there is a flatness about the final scene which imparts a sense of anti-climax. The Nell Quickly of Miss Gaye's fancy is seen as being quite inarticulate in face of this calamity; Falstaff himself, dying in his favourite Dauphin chamber at the "Boar's Head," as he would have wished to die, at somebody else's expense, is mute, his thoughts, we are told, are all of Harry, but he does not "babble of green fields." Yet whatever its faults the book remains a very remarkable *tour de force*. Apart from Falstaff, Miss Gaye presents some admirable vignettes of portraiture. Throughout Miss Gaye keeps vividly before us a realistic, colourful and, we do not doubt, historically accurate background, her writing is full of delicacy and insight, and her style limpid, easy and natural, a constant delight.

SONG BIRD. By Sophia Cleugh. 7s. 6d. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

Here we have a full and attractive story told with a skilful unexpectedness. In other hands it might easily have been a well-worn theme presented in a well-known way. A beautiful Spanish circus-girl with a fine voice meets a handsome and selfish young Spanish aristocrat, runs away with him, lives with him, till his mother's influence and his own behaviour drive her desperate; she runs away again and in course of time becomes a famous singer, meets her former lover again and so forth, and so forth. But "Song Bird" is to be placed in quite a different category. Here is good characterisation, here are vivid and haunting impressions of beautiful places, and of unbeautiful places. Nina is by no means merely a lovely, wronged girl who attains fame and wrings a selfish lover's heart. Nina is full of spirit and caprice; and constantly, even to the end, the unexpected happens.

DRIFTING LEAVES. By S. H. McGrady. 7s. 6d. (Elkin Mathews & Marrot.)

This is a distinctive piece of work. The author has perhaps aimed higher than he has achieved, but in spite of this we do get a fatalistic impression of his puppets as leaves blown hither and thither without volition or resistance. Some are swept away by the hand of death; others are left to be trampled upon, while others again drift into some place of security. His fictions, although deft and sympathetic, are observed from the outside rather than from within, and if occasionally with an illuminating phrase he will create a character or a dramatic episode, as when through the churchyard "among the wet, scattered leaves beside the low wall a rat was creeping," at times a hackneyed phrase will kill the interest of his prose. Even the introduction of the War does not bring reality into these lives. It is just a bigger, wilder storm playing further havoc with soulless nature. It brings no nearer to completion the love of the steward.

THE INTRUDER. By Vicente Blasco Ibañez. 7s. 6d. (Thornton Butterworth.)

The manner of this book is if anything more lucid, more ironic and more illuminating than its predecessors. The style is flexible and suave as a branch of history, and the subject both thoughtful and penetrating. For this reason the reader regrets the shrill cry of the propagandist. Too many "*à bas!*" defeat their own ends. The novel is staged in the Biscay country, that strange, fanatically religious land where St. Ignatius was born, and a hatred of the Jesuits creates unbounded belief and trust in the divinities of the new religion, "Science and Social Justice." The plot works out well and carries its interest to the end in spite of a lack of toleration. It is certainly not the Roman Catholicism of Sheila Kaye-Smith or even of E. M. Delafield. The character studies are among the best that the author has ever achieved; Dr. Aresti and Padre Pauli standing for the two protagonists of modern times.

I AM JONATHAN SCRIVENER. By Claude Houghton. 7s. 6d. (Thornton Butterworth.)

This is a very clever and original "thriller," and there go to its making literary gifts and qualities not generally associated with sensational fiction. James Wrexham, an able but unsuccessful middle-aged man, in answer to an advertisement, is appointed librarian to Jonathan Scrivener, who leaves London before Wrexham's arrival. Wrexham is presently installed in a luxurious house without any inkling as to the reason or purpose of his appointment. Presently his loneliness is invaded by a number of men and women who had been given the right of entry to Scrivener's house. Their histories form the real substance of the novel, and so varied are they that we are given a wide range of characterisation and pictures of Bohemian life. But the absent Scrivener is made the central figure of the book in virtue of the mysterious influence he had exercised on all the other persons of the drama. The interest is very adroitly maintained and suspended.

The Bookman's Table.

CALIBAN IN GRUB STREET. By Ronald A. Knox. 7s. 6d. (Sheed & Ward.)

The recent fashion for *symposia* in the Press in which popular novelists and others confide to the public their personal views on such questions as the Divinity of Jesus, the possibility of an after-life, or God as a Person may suggest to some a revival of religious interest, to others the decay of religious thought. Others might with some justice dismiss it as a journalistic " stunt." But we would hardly expect the expert theologian to view it tolerantly. Yet Father Knox succeeds in doing so. The temper in which he examines the confessions and conjectures of the " symposiasts " is admirable throughout. He is searchingly and even scathingly critical, but his own position is for himself so secure that he can afford to expose the vagueness and self-contradictions of the religious amateurs with a smiling wit, while he very seldom uses his wit unfairly. He aims at stinging people into considering what it is that they really believe and he shows quite clearly and convincingly not only that the majority of the " symposiasts " have never really thought out their belief, but that they rather pride themselves upon the fact. The suspicion of reason, so prevalent to-day, is understandable so far as it represents a reaction against the unjustifiable claims of science. But it is a tragedy when it extends to metaphysics. And we do not need to be Catholics to applaud Father Knox when he writes: " A religion which shrinks from intellectual inquiry and takes refuge in emotional affirmation can at best only be a weak and lopsided religion. For it does what Christianity has always been accused of doing; it treats the intellect, the reason, as something to be feared and distrusted; as if this, too, were not the gift of God." Those in fact who treat reason as if it had no say at all in the affairs of the soul put the soul at the mercy of the feelings. They have no means of testing whether what they claim to be religious experiences are anything more than subjective delusions. The majority of the " symposiasts " whom Father Knox examines are in this position. They prefer vague sentiments to exact argument; they " only believe in what they want to believe in, and only because they want to believe in it." And Father Knox has done a real service both to the cause of true religion and of exact thought in exposing with such cool and devastating wit the inadequacy of such beliefs.



"A very old Witch who was stirring her pot and mumbling to herself."
From "Broomstick Nights," by Anne Corner (Wells Gardner).
Reviewed in Supplement.

THE LOVE DIARY OF A BOY. By Shaw Desmond. 8s. 6d. (Humphrey Toulmin.)

Mr. Shaw Desmond claims that this record of adolescence is based upon " authentic documents and the memories of a living boy." Its truth, he thinks, will be apparent to adult readers who are honest with themselves and who have not forgotten. The diary form, with occasional letters here and there, is a dangerous medium to employ and one is always reminded by the distinctive style and odd gleams of irony that Shaw Desmond, novelist, has edited the book. Boyhood's dreams, generosity, priggishness, loves, sexual and religious terrors are woven round the very ordinary experiences of an Irish Protestant youth who passes his life till his nineteenth year between the Irish country-side in the South and London. But these ordinary and sometimes nauseous and painful gropings of youth towards balance and freedom could hardly be better interpreted than this book interprets them. There should be a great bonfire of youthful diaries since Shaw Desmond has fixed within the framework of a human story both what was often thought but ne'er so well expressed and what has ne'er been published before. There is a frank insistence upon the physical side of life blended with passages of sheer beauty and naïve plans for the world's future: " And all the men would go about in kilts if Irish or Scottish, the Irish wearing green kilts. But the English would wear the stockingette of the Middle Ages which showed the leg and which with its colours was so beautiful and all wool Jaeger underclothing. . . . And nobody would speak to anybody about sex and everybody would know everything and everybody would know that the other knew and that also would be perfect. . . . Ultimately the world would be one whole with all men and women brothers and sisters but every nationality would be separate and distinct and ferociously proud of it. . . . So three cheers for Ireland, for the world and for the Universe and for God! Hip-hip-hip hurrah!" In brief, plenty of poetry, plenty of truth, and plenty of Mr. Shaw Desmond.

THE CAUSAL AND THE CASUAL IN HISTORY. By John Buchan. 2s. (Cambridge Press.)

This is the Rede Lecture for 1929. Addressing a Cambridge audience, Mr. Buchan said that he was conscious of treading on delicate ground, since Cambridge scholarship tends to support the view propounded by Professor Bury in 1903 that " History is a science—no more and no less." It is this conception which Mr. Buchan seeks to refute. The Muse of History, he says, is " a lady of many parts," and he here pictures Clio " with the puzzled and curious face of a child, staring at the kaleidoscope of the centuries, and laughing—yes, laughing—at an inconsequence that defies logic and whimsicalities too fantastic for art." He does not minimise the importance of the causal element in events, but he holds that to be blind to the casual is to run the risk of misrepresenting history to suit some thesis —a danger into which too many " scientific " historians fall. Mr. Buchan then takes a number of instances at random—from the time of Charles the First to the Great War—and shows how events have often been influenced, if not revolutionised, by the merest accident or the oddest mischance; and he concludes his breezy and convincing lecture by agreeing with Burke that it is " impossible, in these political inquiries, to find any proportion between the apparent force of any moral causes we may assign and their known operation."

BLACK MAGIC. By Paul Morand. 8s. 6d. net. (Heinemann.)

The exotic manner in which this book is produced is in keeping with the somewhat overheated contents, and even Mr. Aaron Douglas's strange and effective illustrations—superimposed flat blacks, greys and whites—are Eastern rather than negro in their decorative opulence. M. Paul Morand's stories range from the Congo to the U.S.A., from Syracuse to Antilles, but they are always peopled by negroes of some degree of colour. His manner

SUPPLEMENT TO "THE BOOKMAN," APRIL, 1930.



Drawing by FRANK E. SLATER.

PATRICK HAMILTON

is essentially objective, and although his astute observation provides matter for controversialists, his own prejudices—if he has any—are never obtruded. Like a true Frenchman, he does not confound art with morals nor tell a tale in order to prove a point. The spectacle of the human comedy is for him of never failing interest, and in this collection of stories he has chosen to reveal one stratum of it as it strikes a post-War European. If we who read him are disturbed by the revelation of colour prejudice, we may be sure that we are not reflecting a disturbance in *his* mind. His concern is to picture a number of somewhat bizarre incidents vividly, and his success is not to be denied. Whether his expression of "coloured" pyschology is accurate we do not know; all we can say is that he makes it so convincing that we accept it, at any rate for the duration of the book. If Mr. Hamish Miles's translation is as accurate as it is fluent (and we have no reason to suppose that it isn't), it is a remarkable piece of work. The style is as *choisi* as if it were an original book of his own. The same translator's version of "La Mare au Diable" ("The Devil's Pool")—8s. 6d.; Scholartis Press—one of George Sand's most delightful stories, is equally fine.

A HISTORY OF FREE-THOUGHT IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY. By the Right Hon. J. M. Robertson. 2 vols. 25s. (Watts.)

Even those who dissent most profoundly from the views on religion which Mr. J. M. Robertson enunciates in "A History of Free-thought in the Nineteenth Century" will be prepared to admit, as they turn the pages of this, his latest work, that in comprehensiveness of plan, symmetry of execution and sustained mental alertness, it is fully worthy of its author. The scheme and method which Mr. Robertson adopts is very much like that which Sir Leslie Stephen employed in describing the Deist and Socinian controversy in his "History of English Thought in the Eighteenth Century." But whereas Sir Leslie compromised by allowing considerable weight to the defences put up by the champions of orthodoxy and even rejected the plain testimony given by De Quincey to the privately proclaimed heterodoxy of that doughty Christian apologist, Dr. Watson, Bishop of Llandaff, Mr. Robertson defends Free-thought and attacks Christian Theology with all the vigour of the game and with something of the acrimony of the Bradlaugh-Holyoake school. As a history of the intellectual revolt against the old and exploded orthodoxy, Mr. Robertson's new book then may be regarded as supplementing admirably the work already done by Lecky and Stephen.

IN QUEST OF THE SUN. By Alain Gerbault. 20s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

In his "narrow-built and deep cutter," *Firecrest*, Mr. Gerbault spent more than seven hundred days at sea and covered 40,000 sea miles single-handed. The whole trip is full of romantic adventure, but the crux of it lies in the last word—single-handed. There is almost a touch of the magician in his amazing activity. "It is not easy to tack single-handed under three head-sails and with four sheets to attend to. In this narrow channel I was not able to keep on the same tack more than thirty seconds, and during this half-minute I had to take bearings and run forward and look out ahead of my boat." Such agility leaves the non-technical reader wellnigh breathless. There were times when his log was a succession of references to "squalls, thunder, lightning, dead calms, deluges of rain and trimming of sails," but against all these and divers other difficulties lies a generous balance of diverting and unusual experiences, yielding not a little in the way of interesting facts and customs. Starting from New York in November, 1924, for the Bermudas, Panama, the Galapagos Islands, the Marquesas, Tahiti, Fiji, across to Natal, round the Cape, the gallant though battered *Firecrest* finally reached Havre in September, 1929. Under all conditions the author's resourcefulness was wonderfully equal to the occasion.

Books of the Month.

From February 15th to March 15th.

(Books reviewed in this Number are not included in list.)

HOMEPLACE, by Maristan Chapman (7s. 6d.; Philip Allan), renews the delightful acquaintance made in "The Happy Mountain" a short time ago. Once more we are wrestling with strange colloquialisms, this time we fancy rather more involved (despite the many helpful footnotes, quite a number of words leave us perplexed—froshed, shogging, scunnerest, agley, smooch, etc.). But glimmering through them all is a rare and bashful beauty curiously in keeping with the simplicity of these lives and surroundings. Dena and Waitstill have gone to their homeplace, while Fayre (as tangled up as ever) and Bess pursue their thorny path to peace and happiness. Everyday happenings in Happy Mountain are commonplace enough, but the quaint diction, with its biblical resonance, added to Miss Chapman's delightful delineations, convey a sense of dignity and real charm. She has appropriated a little plot of country and made it uniquely her own, much to our delight.

Daphne and her friend Pamela were drably plodding in a drapery establishment when a veritable upheaval came their way in the shape of Jimmy and Billy. Daphne and Pamela lost their posts, and Billy, whose "old top" was "near enough to a millionaire that you wouldn't know the difference by candlelight," got the brilliant idea of floating **DAPHNE LIMITED** (by Richard Starr. 7s. 6d.; Herbert Jenkins) for their benefit. Mr. Starr has kept the farce at a steady level of joyous inconsequence and entertaining banter, particularly a most hilarious telephone conversation which occupies pages, and only came to an end with Billy's surprising store of coppers. Sheer comedy and romance are generously balanced and move at a swinging pace.

In **THE ROMANTIC LUSTRE,** by A. E. N. Andrews (7s. 6d.; Heath Cranton), the political and romantic affairs of the little state of Montesacria are pleasingly woven into a colourful picture. An English girl, Elizabeth d'Estecourt, had been appointed governess-companion to the Princess Elena, and it is principally through her eyes that we glimpse the varied happenings, the political disturbances, the life inside the palace and, most outstanding of all, the young King Christopher's romance with a peasant shepherdess. In the latter cause, despite her own feelings, Elizabeth proved their strongest ally. Real charm and delicacy, and in the end a true sense of fitness, characterise an excellent first novel.

The period of the Norman Conquest, with all its manorial rivalry, servitude and gallantry, is glowingly depicted in **WHEN THE SAINTS SLEPT,** by E. O. Browne (7s. 6d.; Heath Cranton), a romance of the evil days of Stephen. The beautiful Mary de Gifford, commanding in person and half royal in blood, dominates the book in her struggles to honour her husband's memory and keep his fief for their little son. Jealousy, brutality, deception, romance, intrigue, all wage a persistent battle around her, bringing her at last to breaking point, in a powerfully conceived scene, in the house of her deadliest enemy whose son has cruelly lured her daughter away. Her honour was saved and she wins through to happiness, but at a terrific cost.

SWORD AND SCYTHE, by Elizabeth M. Weale (6s.; Daniel), is a romance of the French Revolution by a young author who is still in her teens. "During a visit to Paris and the neighbouring country," she says, "the buildings and palaces gave me an ideal setting for a story of the downfall of the French throne and the ensuing Revolution."

Men of letters and of business, ministers of religion, members of the peerage, scientists, lawyers, army and navy officers, physicians, educationists, musicians, actors and miscellaneous centenarians all contribute confessions in **LIVING AS WE DO,** by Leonard Henslowe (2s. 6d.; Joseph), to the habits of life by which they have secured good health. Many smoke, and many do not; many take alcohol, many are abstainers; their diets, hours of work and recreations vary widely. The moral seems to be that if you wish to live long and be happy you may eat and drink and do whatever you find agrees with you, so long as you avoid excesses. The series of records from personal experience with Mr. Henslowe's own chapters are both interesting and of value. Perhaps, in view of his warnings against obesity, Mr. Henslowe is a little too harsh on those who rush about at night, going to theatres instead of sitting at home in comfortable chairs listening to the wireless. Otherwise his advice is common sense of the soundest and broadest kind. "The ideal drink is pure, soft water," but one deduces that you may safely take alcohol, provided you take it as two of the centenarians do, either "not as a beverage," or "only medicinally."

ART

Dent.—Artwork. Edited by D. S. MacColl. 2s. 6d.
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Watkins.—The God of Shelley and Blake. John Henry Clarke.
Williams & Norgate.—The Little Man in Blue. Ernest Ballard. 6s.

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(Price 7s. 6d. each, except where otherwise indicated.)

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Appleton.—The Eyes Through the Tree. Maude C. Keator.—Even Sara. Gladys Blake.
Arrowsmith.—Embryo. Sibyl Phillpotts.—Murder at Midnight. Luke Allan.
Brentanos.—The Lady Jean. Frank Dilnot.
Thornton Butterworth.—The Beloved Physician. Naomi Jacob.
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Cassell.—The Bran-Tub. Guy Fletcher.—Secret Places. Joan Sutherland.
Chapman & Hall.—Giving the Bride Away. Margot Neville.—Black Storm. Thomas C. Hinkle.—Miss Vell Intervenes. Jeffery E. Jeffery.—He-Who-Came? Constance Holme. 6s.—London Is My Lute. Winifred James. 6s.
Chatto & Windus.—Sanatorium. Donald Stewart.
Cobden-Sanderson.—Singermann. Myron Brinig. 8s. 6d.
Collins.—Rift Valley. Florence Kilpatrick.
Constable.—All Smoke. Ferdinand McFayden.—The Man in the Red Hat. Richard Keverne.
Heath, Cranton.—Ships That Pass. R. L. Dearden. 6s.—Milled Grain. Sidney Hopwood.—The Blue Flower Mystery. Nora Cassera.
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Duckworth.—Rondo. Basil Maine.
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The Writer's World

No. 2 | April, 1930 | For New Writers

What Editors Want

By a Professional Journalist

If you are able to view a subject in a new light, you are, if you can write English, a potential journalist capable of earning a considerable income in your spare time.

The key-note of all newspaper contributions is novelty. There are comparatively few new subjects, but there are many variations on the same themes. Any averagely intelligent person is capable of striking a new note. It is that new note, that variation on familiar themes, that literary editors want—in fact, one type of " magazine " article is nothing more than a novel point of view upon a familiar or topical subject.

But there is another kind of article—that which deals with unfamiliar aspects of, or gives interesting facts about, a particular business, profession or experience. They are usually signed " By a Lawyer," " By a Hostess," " By a Teacher," " By a Gardener," " By a Philatelist," etc. It is quite possible for one person to be hostess, gardener, philatelist, and a dozen other things, so that the writer's scope is not limited.

That is the secret of subject choosing.

Ideas for articles are endless. But the free lance needs something more: he needs to know the technique of article writing. It is not difficult to acquire. Anybody who takes the trouble to do so and can learn how to treat subjects in an entertaining way has a wonderful chance to add to his income—and in a way that is not only really fascinating but which broadens his outlook and interests amazingly.

The Regent Institute offers practical correspondence tuition in article and story writing. If you have aptitude for literary work—if you, for instance, can write an interesting letter—you can be trained to turn out articles for which editors will pay big prices. Send for the interesting booklet " How to Succeed as a Writer " (free and post free) to-day, and learn how the Institute has enabled hundreds of men and women to write for the Press. *Many of them started to sell their work while still taking the Course.*

. . . Now I Earn £400 a Year

By JOHN CLEMENT

The assertion that writers are born, and that the art of writing saleable articles and stories cannot be taught, is quickly disproved when one becomes a student of the Regent Institute.

My literary career began after an interview, some two years ago, with the Assistant Director of Studies. I knew nothing whatsoever of writing at that time, and, moreover, I had not the advantage of a good education.

After reading a sample of my work, the Assistant Director told me that I had a fair chance of success, provided, of course, that I was willing to work. That day I enrolled as a student, and although I have much more to learn, I am now a professional journalist earning about £400 per annum.

It is but giving the Regent Institute their due to say that I owe my success to their valuable tuition, and the infinite pains to which they were put in instructing one who knew absolutely nothing about journalism. I have no hesitation in recommending those who have an urge to write to place themselves as students with the Regent Institute. The fees charged are ridiculously small when compared to the remuneration that success brings.

That I enjoyed none of the advantages of a public school education, and yet progressed to the extent of contributing to most of the big daily and weekly newspapers within eighteen months, is sufficient to illustrate the great value of the tuition offered by the Regent Institute.

Earning While Learning

Swift Success of Regent Students

Hundreds of Regent students have earned money by the pen during tuition; many of them have recouped the fee several times over while taking the Course. Most of these successful pupils were novices when they enrolled. Typical reports of *earning while learning* are given below :—

Selling Two or Three Articles a Week.

" For some time the *Liverpool Echo* and the *Evening Express* (and occasionally the *Weekly Post*) have published one article each week. . . . I remodelled a few articles according to the hints in your lessons, and they were at once accepted."

Thirty-Three Times in Print.

" I have now (after Lesson 6) been in print thirty-three times."

Permanent and Remunerative Work.

" I have secured permanent and remunerative work besides selling every one of my exercises."

Over £30 Earned.

" I am doing fairly well. I expect to touch £50 from Journalism by December, as I am now beyond £30 (after eight lessons)."

A Busy Writer.

" I now forward my ninth lesson for criticism. . . . At present I can scarcely find time to continue with your Course, as every spare minute is spent in writing articles. Some weeks I place as many as four."

Write to-day for a copy of the Institute's prospectus, " How to Succeed as a Writer." This interesting booklet will be sent free and post free on application to The Regent Institute (Dept. A/93), Regent House, Palace Gate, London, W.8.

How I Made £600 in Spare Time

By a WOMAN WRITER

I had always been keen about writing, though I had no practical knowledge as to how to dispose of my MSS. I decided to join the Regent Institute, for the simple reason that the slogan " Earn While You Learn " appealed to me! I paid my fee, and before I had got to the end of the third lesson had refunded myself in full. Evidently the slogan was a true one.

I finished the Course, which I found tremendously interesting, stimulating and helpful. Not only were my articles criticised and corrected, but I was given the names (with the happiest results) of those papers likely to take my MSS. In a few months I had made more than enough to encourage me to continue.

It was pointed out in one of the lessons that an author should only write on those subjects of which he or she has some personal and practical experience. This advice has been the key-note to my success. I asked myself what subject I knew most about. The answer came in a flash. I wrote my first book. It ran at once into over 20,000 copies and is still selling. I followed this up with others on the same subject, and in four years have made well over £600. Last year I made £240 from royalties and other sources, and this in the midst of a very busy life.

Truly, my introduction to the Regent Institute was a very lucky one—for me!

D. H.

Cut out this coupon and post it in an unsealed envelope (½d. stamp), or write a simple request for the booklet.

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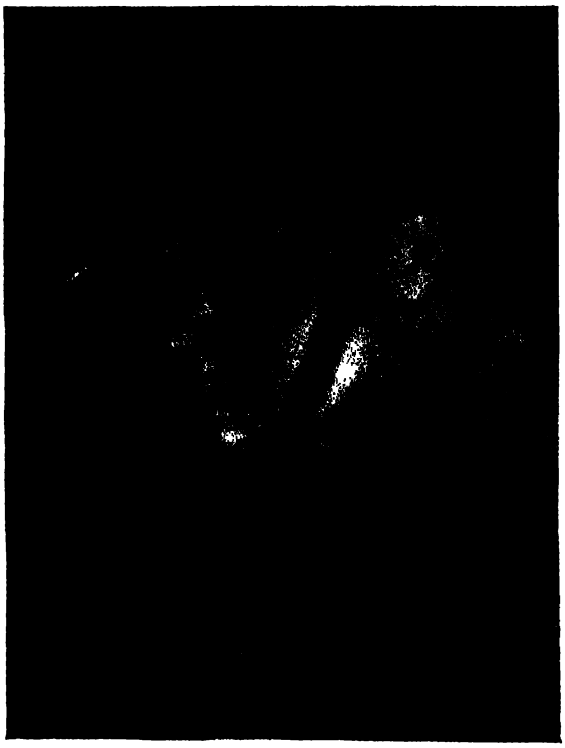
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POETRY

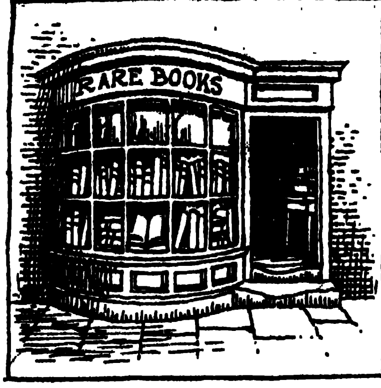
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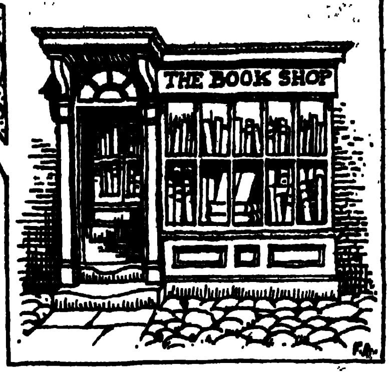
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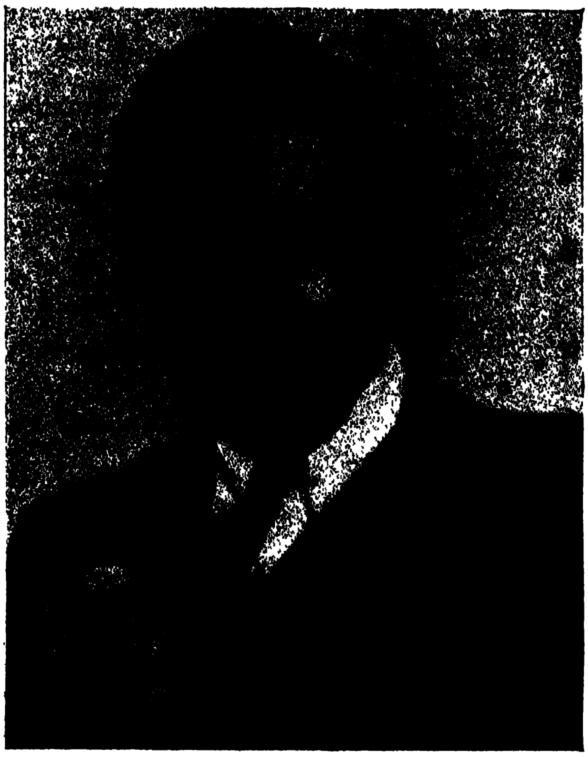
The Collector

"Let not the collector, therefore, ever, unless in some urgent and necessary circumstances, part with any of his treasures."—Burton



FINDING FIRST EDITIONS.

It is more than evident that the interest in the collecting of books, especially modern first editions, is growing and expanding. There are many people who say that this interest is purely a fashion of the moment and that, like everything else that comes into the public eye in this way, it will soon pass. Those who say and write such things do not understand. I am quite ready to admit that in all movements, of any kind, there is always a percentage of those who become interested in doing something because so many others are doing it. The crowd psychology cannot be entirely obliterated. It must always be with us, and the trouble is, it frequently influences others who have little capacity to resist it. In the case of book-collecting, there is an additional influence among those who are always captured by the mood or interest of a large body of people. It is the very potent influence of potential money-making. There is no need for any one of us who collects books for the love of the books themselves, to cast a stone at those who are drawn to collecting by the profits that come out of it. Many are susceptible to the double lure, and each finds his own contentment and joy in the pursuit.



Portrait by Howard Coster. **Mr. J. B. Priestley.**
First editions of whose "Good Companions" are in demand among collectors.

The man who brings to the pursuit both a love of literature and a good commercial instinct has perhaps the hardest field to hoe. He is a reasonable, logical being. Times are hard, and how can it be when, having bought a much desired volume for £1, some tempter offers him £50 for it? There's the butcher, the baker and the candlestick maker to be paid; clothes to be bought for man and wife, and the irresistible taxman to be made content; so what would you? He stifles his regret and lets his treasured volume go. His sorrow is greater than yours or mine. I know one big-souled fellow who always asks five times what he knows is the market price. I have heard him. "What a cheek!" says the matter-of-fact one. But he is wily in his spiritual rapture. He knows that no one will pay the price, so he saves the situation and goes his way with a quiet conscience, when he should have sold his book and paid his bills.

Book-collectors of all kinds are in and around about us. They are thriving, and increasing in numbers. They are, each in a different way, earnest and thorough. They know, as we all know, there is always something to be learned. No one is completely in possession of all knowledge. No one is omnipotent. No one can be omnipotent. I come across proofs of this day after day. There are those who will bluff you—or rather try to do so: for no expert likes—least of all myself!—to be found out. Hence, there is much writing and inquiring about the prices of this and that. The letters are anxious ones: full of pertinent questions, full of intelligence, all showing how thoroughly the correspondents are interesting themselves in the business. Sometimes the answer is simple; sometimes it is complicated and difficult. It all proves my point that there is a truly tremendous and growing interest in book-collecting, in all directions.

But however great this interest may be, it can lead nowhere unless there is some plan by which one may learn how to discover the first editions which are, or will be, of value. Following fashions in collecting is more or less futile. We can all do that, and with ease. There is so much information provided in the press these days, that any intelligent person may, without much difficulty, keep track of those books that are commanding high prices. I suppose most readers of this article have only that system as a guide. Let me say at once, it is fraught with many problems. One learns that the first issue of the first edition of, shall I say Mr. Robert Graves's "Good-bye to All That," containing the poem that was afterwards deleted from the subsequent printing, is fetching £6 or £7, and that there is promise that it may go up to even a higher price. It may, or it may not. It may even depreciate in price. This is happening always in the first edition market. It is one thing to buy at a high price in the hope of an advance,

but it is usually quite a different thing when it comes to selling.

To follow the current fashion has its attractions, and I will admit it may possibly work out to our satisfaction, if we are quick enough to buy a book long before it has reached a high price. But it has many dangers, and I, for one, will never recommend it as a general policy. Of course it is conceivable that the demand for a particular volume is so prevalent that the market price goes on advancing. As in the case of J. B. Priestley's "Good Companions." I think this is an instance where a first edition collector may well invest in a copy, if it can be found, even at the present price of £3–£4. The book is important as a piece of literature. In years to come I think it will stand out as one of the notable volumes of the twentieth century. Mr. Priestley was comparatively little known a few years since, but to some of us, whose duty and pleasure it is to watch and weigh the work of current writers, it was clear that Mr. Priestley would one day, and before very long, rank high among his contemporaries. He has climbed to the heights with "Good Companions." Frankly it emphasised his importance earlier than I had anticipated. But he is always such a steady worker, and so exacting a critic of himself, that one never doubted he would, sooner or later, win the wide recognition that has come to him.

If the average collector had recognised this probability in, let us say, Mr. Priestley's "I For One" or "Lilliput Papers," or in some of his other books, he would have laid up for himself treasures of no mean literary value. And in the future they will have considerable commercial value. My point is, we must establish our own literary standards and remain faithful to them. Then in spite of fashions and conventions, we shall go forward and regularly add each new book of the author whom we have judged as an important addition to our collection. We shall of course make mistakes. At least so far as fashion is concerned. But shall we not have established a fashion of our own? And the chances are that as experience and light come to us, we shall find that we have been collecting just those books which fashion has selected for the "boom" of the moment. Harking back, if we had established this plan, some of us by now would have had a richer collection of such authors as Walter de la Mare, John Galsworthy, Henry Williamson, H. M. Tomlinson, W. B. Yeats, J. M. Barrie, C. E. Montague, G. B. Shaw, and so on. When we see the crowd buying these authors and others, we wonder why *we* did not begin collecting them earlier. There is just one excuse: our collecting may have been so definitely individual, so limited to authors whose writings make a special appeal to us, that we had not had the desire to add to our shelves the books of one or another of these whose first editions have now become precious.

DISTINCTIVE CATALOGUES.

There can be no completed understanding of book-collecting, if the book-collector does not make a habit of receiving and studying the many catalogues now issued by all antiquarian booksellers of any standing. There is more information to be gleaned from such lists than is generally realised. These catalogues are complete

in details as to year of publication, condition, special particulars relating to first editions, and many other facts. If earnest book-collectors not only examined these lists closely, but committed to memory at least the important information provided, there would be much less difficulty in the search for the books which the collector is anxious to obtain, and there would be no difficulty in personally recording the market values of a great number of books. Some antiquarian booksellers give a short description under the titles, and sometimes we wonder if the special lists devoted to modern first editions might not regularly have a foreword about the market in general, and the books contained in the catalogue in particular.

We have on the table before us a galaxy of lists, and in writing that they are all of considerable attraction to the book-collector, we are in no way exaggerating. They are very tempting indeed to the genuine book-collector and, if we dared, we should deal with all of them in detail. As we have said before, a good catalogue of books, either old or new, is always fascinating; sometimes more so than some new books.

Just as we reach this point, the postman, good man, brings us Catalogue No. 29 of Elkin Mathews, Ltd. There is also before us, asking for a word, the same firm's list of books on "Byron and Byronia." The latter is a very valuable list, and one that we shall keep for reference. It is a long time since we have seen anything more useful of this kind. The "First Editions" list should be asked for, and studied carefully, on the lines we have mentioned above. Interestingly enough, we are pleased to note, on opening it, that here is a list that includes exactly what we have suggested above: there are two pages of excellent and helpful notes for collectors.

Messrs. Fletcher, Ltd., send us Catalogue 46. Here again is a list of miscellaneous books in all classes, at moderate prices; something like eleven hundred odd titles. Looking through this catalogue, we observed a number of valuable books on costume and the decorative arts from a collection formed by the late Atillio Cormelli. In going through it, as so often happens, we indulged in the pleasant task of marking those books we, perhaps wickedly, coveted.

Different businesses of course have different ways of making their lists. The one that comes to us from Henry Danielson is easy to read. We like the bold type of the titles, and the especial display of the more notable works. The number of this list is 29; it includes both old and modern books, many in fine bindings, principally from the libraries of the late Sir Edmund Gosse, and that great collector, Clement K. Shorter, affectionately known among us as C. K. S. There are also illustrated works and books on the fine arts, besides a large number of modern first editions, including many printed on large paper. Being something of a maker of association books ourselves, we are glad to note several such works in this list.

One of the handsomest of the catalogues on our table just now is Messrs. Myers's new (No. 274) illustrated catalogue of rare books, manuscripts, autograph letters, historical documents, etc. It includes, among much else, rare first editions of Wordsworth and Coleridge, of Marlowe's "Hero and Leander," Jonson's "Volpone," the three volumes of Hardy's "Dynasts," the poems of Gray and Dr. Johnson, an exceptionally good copy of the Third Folio Shakespeare; and a large selection of letters from Shaw, Southey, Dickens, Scott, Crabbe, George Moore, Thomas Moore, Livingstone, Nelson, Henry Fielding, Longfellow, Cruikshank and many another famous person of to-day or yesterday. Many of the letters are printed, and this, with the facsimile title pages and excellent portraits of Scott and Samuel Richardson, make this, even apart from the number and variety of books in its list, a most interesting as well as most attractive catalogue—the sort one cannot see without being tempted to write to the bookseller for a copy. We reproduce on one of our art pages the Scott portrait—a beautiful and rare mezzotint after Raeburn, priced at £35.

A very nicely arranged list is issued by the Frank Hollings Bookshop. A really useful catalogue it is. Naturally such a list contains only a small proportion of the books which Mr. Hollings has for sale. Here again the titles are very easily readable, and we observe that this is one of those lists that, in many cases, includes a note underneath an entry. The distinctive character of the catalogue is that when there are many books by an author included, the name of that author is printed in large type at the beginning of that author's titles. This is a pleasing plan.

From Grafton & Co. we have received three lists: One (No. 76) devoted to recent purchases of books on medicine, chemistry and allied subjects; another (No. 81) is a list of books on Italian art, bibliography, history, topography and literature; a third (No. 79) quite an interesting and valuable catalogue of works on transportation.

Recently two magnificent catalogues arrived from Messrs. Maggs. Catalogue No. 534 is unique and beautifully produced, with a great number of extraordinarily fine illustrations It is Part II of "Bibliotheca Nautica." It is of inestimable value to the specialist, and fascinating for the general book collector. We should dearly love to write at length about the catalogue, because there are many, many most alluring items in it. There is only one way out. The reader must try to get a copy of it from Messrs. Maggs. Speaking generally, we may say the same about the other catalogue, No. 533, deals with books of the fifteenth century, from the presses of one hundred towns. This is Part I—there will be others later—and includes towns of Austria, Belgium, Czechoslovakia, England and France. There is also an important foreword of eight pages printed at the beginning of this notable catalogue.

Other lists which are on our table have been issued by Henry Sotheran, Ltd., and W. M. Murphy & Sons. The Sotheran one is illustrated, and concerns itself with a country library, and includes many fine books of English literature and rare Americana; while Messrs. Murphy's list, of nearly a thousand volumes, covers the various branches of literature purchased recently from private libraries. There are some good items in this, and not at all high-priced.

Two or three, we are interested in noting, have come from U.S.A. Messrs. Goodspeeds, of Boston, send us two—one of autographs and one of first editions.

It is always a useful study to compare English prices and American. On the whole they do not vary a great deal, but if there is a difference the American price is higher than ours. A very delightfully made list is that of the Gotham Book Mart, of New York. It is full of the titles of those books which we are all conventionally collecting. There are many items of Barrie, Chesterton, Coppard, Galsworthy, Hardy, Huxley, Kipling and so forth. A signed edition of Galsworthy's "Caravan" is marked at \$250; "Forsyte Saga," ordinary edition, \$125; limited signed edition, \$500; "From the Four Winds," \$675, and "Villa Rubein," \$475.

We have again been looking over Foyles' recently issued catalogue. There is an attractive item in the first edition of Jane Austen's "Emma"—we wish people would read her books again—and a number of collections of autographs, containing some very rare items. We note a unique collection of G. B. Shaw's pamphlets for £16, and a great number of first editions, at extremely low prices, as well as many association books.

We have been browsing over Messrs. Pickering & Chatto's catalogues (Nos. 260 and 261) with great enjoyment. There are some first editions of John Evelyn that particularly attract us; some of Henry Fielding, including a first of "Tom Jones," in six volumes, which is getting scarce; some of Fletcher and Ford, and and other of the Elizabethan dramatists; Phineas Fletcher's "Locusts" and Habington's "Castara," which we covet perhaps as much as any. Leigh Hunt is well represented, and we hear that his first editions are appreciating; so too are those of that once popular eighteenth century novelist, dramatist and essayist, Eliza Haywood; and there is a first edition of Matthew Green's witty poem, "The Spleen," at a very moderate price. Some of these minors are curiously attractive—Elijah Fenton for instance, who helped Pope with his translation of the Odyssey; Laurence Eusden, who was poet laureate after Rowe and before Colley Cibber—his official odes and other poems fill a page—these two poets have a niche in our literary history and are interesting in themselves as well as in their associations. We have only jotted down a few of the items that for personal reasons appeal to us, and would recommend you to obtain the catalogues for yourself; they are well illustrated with reproductions of title pages, and give a selection of nearly two thousand books, another of which that tempts us, by the way, is a first edition of Gay's "Trivia."

A pleasant sight that catches your eye as you come out of Charing Cross station into Villiers Street is the Little Bookshop across the road. There is always something interesting in the window, and the catalogue which has just reached us indicates that collectors will find it worth while going inside. Modern authors whose first editions it offers at moderate prices include Tomlinson, T. F. Powys, Walpole, Milne, Kipling, C. E. Montague, Arthur Machen, David Garnett, Galsworthy, D. H. Lawrence, and a number of others, in addition to a large selection of "Press" books.

Mr. Basil Hyman's 1930 catalogue, No. 4, also contains an excellent list of Shaw, Galsworthy, Chesterton, Bennett, Priestley and Tomlinson first editions, and a



Title page from Poems, by Robert Gomersall, 1633.

From Messrs. Pickering & Chatto's Catalogue, "The Booklover's Leaflet" (No. 260).

selection of seventeenth and eighteenth century first and rare editions of which we have not space to give particulars. If you have not got this and the Little Bookshop catalogue—write for them.

Before finishing this month's Catalogue notes, we should like to draw attention to a few lists that have come in just as we are going to press. Catalogue No. 38, from Mr. J. D. Miller; No. 3, from Mr. Gilbert Jamieson; a new one (No. 341) from Messrs. W. Heffer & Son; a list of English colour-plate books of the early nineteenth century, from Messrs. Francis Edwards; and a very useful catalogue in quarto size from Mr. Harold Halewood, of Preston. This latter catalogue is very readable in its "lay-out," as we say, the titles and prices being quickly seen on opening the list. This is an aspect of catalogue making that is always worth while studying. The Halewood list has a general appeal, and includes old and rare, as well as modern books. We notice a first edition of that wonderful book of Butler's—"Erewhon"—for £8 12s. 6d. Other lists we shall deal with at length next month.

THE MARKET.

In another column, the writer of the article about current lists suggests that a foreword might well be printed in all catalogues of modern first editions. It is an interesting suggestion, and we feel sure it would be appreciated by all collectors. We have noted such an introduction in more than one catalogue that comes from America, and we are particularly interested in the two pages entitled "Notes for Collectors" that preface the new list of Messrs. Elkin Mathews, Ltd. This prefatory note deals with advertisements in books, and it is both an informative and intelligent commentary. We have definite views about these advertisements, and agree with the writer that "They form no part of the book, and unless they are dated very much later than the year the book was published, they can be safely ignored by collectors." It seems to us poor judgment to allow the presence or absence of the advertisement pages to affect largely the value of the book, except when they are dated a year later than the advertisements in another copy of the same book, and would so seem to indicate that it is not a first edition. We have several such instances of this sort in mind, and shall return to the matter at a later date.

There are some excellent and critical paragraphs about collecting in the current spring number of the *Library Review*. Much of what the writer says is true, but there are bound to be a good many who will not agree with him. We do not for instance altogether accept as a fact that "The position is that the buying of first or limited editions is, to quite a considerable extent, going into the hands of people who are speculators." To some extent this may be so, but we honestly and hopefully believe that there are a goodly number of collectors who are collecting for the joy of it, and out of a real love of literature. Of course there are commercial collectors, but we have no right to criticise them. It is an honest calling, and if a shrewd individual can turn a few shillings into a few pounds, there is no harm in that. Profit making is always a stimulating experience. The astute speculator may make a loss, and in that we would sympathise with him, as we are ready to congratulate him on his successes. "The person," says the *Library Review* note-writer, "with more money than sense is almost sure to be caught, unless he goes into the business with his wits about him, and his eyes open." We leave it at that.

Although the prices of many of the first editions of Mr. Galsworthy's early books are much lower just now, there is no need for those who have copies to be disturbed. Mr. Galsworthy's first editions will always be valuable possessions. We saw a fair copy of "Villa Rubein" marked at £85 the other day, and "A Man of Property" for £100. These prices are many pounds lower than were secured for the same books some months since. A fine copy of "From the Four Winds" was also offered by Mr. Raphael King for £165; "Caravan," £20; and "The Forstye Saga," £20. This latter book is appreciating again.

We were much interested in noting in the list of Mr. King's Catalogue a copy of that fine story of George Moore's "Evelyn Innes." It is a presentation copy from the author "For Bertha Newcomb, from her friend the Author." The inscription is dated July, 1898, and the price £25.

The latest "find": a Toronto lady had a piece of good fortune the other day. She bought a pile of old books for a shilling or two. When the lot was carefully gone over, there was found among the books a first edition of Hawthorne's "Scarlet Letter," and she was offered several hundred pounds for it. One does not often come across such a distinctive piece of luck these days.

Readers of THE BOOKMAN, who are also collectors, should not assume that when they see a scarce first edition priced at, shall we say £100, they can secure such an amount for the copy which they may be fortunate enough to possess, and desire to sell. It would be wise always to assume that they will obtain for it not more than half that price. The chances are, they may get more, but it is well to be cautious and avoid disappointment.

Some fine books have been sold at Sotheby's lately. They included the following: Several Boccaccio, notably "De Mulieribus Claris," £740, and "De las Mujeres Illustres en Romance," £800; Lytton's "Eugene Aram," £990; Shakespeare's "Comedies, Histories and Tragedies," £680; and Fielding's "Joseph Andrews," £165.

The series of portraits in colour by "Ape," "Spy," Max Beerbohm and W. R. Sickert, which for so many years appeared weekly as *Vanity Fair* cartoons, supply a gallery of portraits of the famous men of the fifty years beginning in the seventies, with Carlyle, Browning, Tennyson, Ruskin, Matthew Arnold, Wilkie Collins, Huxley, Darwin, Swinburne, Trollope, and closing in the first decade of this century with Sir Oliver Lodge, Shaw, Maeterlinck, Mark Twain, Ibsen, Rosebery, A. E. W. Mason and Tolstoy; Gilbert, Hardy, Kipling, Meredith, Pinero, Churchill, Oscar Wilde, and many another coming into the years between. We reproduce the Darwin cartoon, on one of our art pages, by permission of the Vanity Fair Cartoon Company, from whom the prints in this unique series may be obtained, most of them at half-a-crown each, some few at five shillings. A good selection of these brilliant cartoons makes a collection that is of great interest and will be of increasing value.

To commemorate the four hundredth anniversary of Wolsey's death, which falls in November, the Richards Press will publish an edition limited to three hundred copies of George Cavendish's Life of the Great Cardinal, as the first in a series of fine editions planned to include all the classic English Lives.

TO A BOOK-COLLECTOR.

DEAR ——,

You tell me you have recently become interested in book-collecting, and you would like to have some general advice from an older hand at the game. Well, let me begin by congratulating you, for book-collecting is a pursuit that will give you not only a good deal of interest and amusement, but, if you go about it wisely, considerable profit as well. Even men who collect solely because they like books and without any intention of selling

CATALOGUES

again, must feel pleased that profit has been gained and can be realised if they wish. And most book-collectors have this satisfaction. The rises in the prices of some books during the past few years have been extraordinary. Five years ago, to take one example, a first edition of Fielding's "Tom Jones" could have been bought for about a hundred pounds; to-day it would cost about five times that amount. Similar rises have taken place in the values of other famous books during the same period. Darwin's "Origin of Species" was then worth five or six pounds; it would now fetch about sixty. Burke's "French Revolution" has advanced from a couple of pounds to twenty or thirty—an uncut copy in the original boards would cost you a hundred pounds. And the prices of Gibbon's "Decline and Fall," Adam Smith's "Wealth of Nations" and Byron's "Don Juan" have multiplied nearly ten times.

These are a few examples of rises in values, and what has happened in the past will happen in the future. Some books which are now cheap will fetch prices five years hence that will make you wonder why on earth you did not snap them up. Part of your business as a young book-collector is to mark down those books, to find them, and to buy them for your collection. But don't forget that there is another side to the picture, and that in the book market, as in all other markets, there are falls as well as rises. In the early years of the nineteenth century enormous prices were given for the Aldine and Elzevir editions of the classics. These prices gradually declined, and, with a few exceptions, such books are not of much commercial worth to-day. And even within the past few years we have seen remarkable declines as well as remarkable appreciations in the values of books written by some modern authors.

What, you will ask, are the causes of these rises or falls? It is hard to say, but one thing about book-collecting seems to me to be quite certain. And that is that books which are the best of their kind, or that have had a deep influence on the thoughts of men, will always continue to rise in price. You will have noticed that the books I mentioned at the beginning belong to this class, and there are others which a little thought will show you come very near to books of this calibre. Is it not likely that Macaulay's "England," the second most famous history in the English language, will follow the path of Gibbon and become a valuable book? Has not "The Golden Bough" done in anthropology what "The Origin of Species" did in biology? And if Mr. Pickwick is a figure known all over the English-speaking world, is not the same true of Sherlock Holmes?

You will, I think, be wise if you give at least some consideration to speculations of this nature, and one reason why I mention them is because I want to set you right about a matter in which you seem to be entirely mistaken. You say that you envy me the bargains I made years ago when books were cheap, and you regret that no such opportunities are to be had now. This is a great mistake. Cheap books can always be bought if the buyer is able to recognise them when he sees them. Take the Victorian writers. Until the other day most of them could be got for next to nothing, and there is still room for a big appreciation in their prices. You can buy books by Tennyson and Browning for sums which your children will think ridiculously small. Or, to go back a little further, a collection of first editions of Thomas Hood would not cost you much. Yet Hood is sure of a place in all anthologies, and for this reason his books have some enduring value. The best bargains are only to be got by looking out for something that other people do not yet want, but which they will want when its importance is brought to their notice. The great field for this is in writers who have enduring merit but are not of the first rank, and writers of whose work only a small part will live. Do you know in what books "Rule, Britannia," "Home, Sweet Home" and "A wet sheet and a flowing sea" were first printed? None of these pieces is of much literary value, but he would be a foolish collector who despised first editions of the books that contain them.

What I have said, up to the present, has had no bearing on modern first editions. This I believe to be the most difficult and speculative branch of book-collecting, but as you are a man of your own time, it is bound to occupy some share of your activities. Values of modern " firsts " are largely determined by the American market, and as American collectors are very fickle in their tastes, prices rise and drop with bewildering rapidity. The first thing I would say then is never to pay a fancy price for a modern first unless you are sure that it is so genuinely scarce that the supply is not likely to satisfy the demand. Scarcity is always difficult to determine, but if you can find out the number of copies first printed, or any fact like the destruction by fire of most of the first edition of Mr. Wells's " Love and Mr. Lewisham," you have something to go upon. Buy a book at the first opportunity if it is a genuine rarity, but if there is any reasonable doubt, don't.

But the real problem remains. You want to buy modern books at the published prices, as they come out, but your time and your space are limited, and how are you to select ? You cannot obviously read more than a small proportion even of those new books that might appeal to you. Your difficulty is to find some sort of sieve that will separate the wheat from the chaff. Well, there is no sieve, and the only plan I can think of is that you take in three or four of the best literary papers, and read the reviews in them. When you find the critics agree in praising a book, read it, and if you are sufficiently impressed, collect the books of that author. Unanimity among critics is a guide, but not an infallible guide. Don't think them sure to be right because you agree with them, but don't think them wrong because they disagree with you. Remember that George Meredith in one generation, and Joseph Conrad in another, were steadily and consistently praised by the reviewers long before they came into the popularity which they afterwards enjoyed.

Before I end this letter I should like to remind you of the one rule which is universal and absolute in book-collecting. *Never forget the importance of condition.* Most collectors only learn this by experience. They begin by preferring to buy a fair or moderate copy of a book cheap rather than a fine copy dear. It is a short-sighted policy, and I would strongly urge you to make a small collection of really fine books rather than a large collection of books in indifferent state. The difference between a fine copy and even a good copy of a book is simply immeasurable.

Yours,

X.

THE PLEASURES OF GRANGER-ISING.

It is supposed that a Mr. Granger was the first man to think of extra-illustrating books, and of adding to them articles and other data relating to the subjects dealt with. Whether this be so or not, this particular person of the name of Granger has certainly given his name to a practice which, though more popular in the middle and latter part of the last century than to-day, has much to recommend it, and certainly provides an interesting hobby for the enterprising bookman.

Many people, indeed, must often have regretted when reading biographies, for example, the absence of portraits of some of the people mentioned in the text ; just as other readers must often have longed for the pictures of certain beauty spots or historic buildings in books of travel. And it was doubtless this desire which gave to Mr. Granger the idea of extra-illustrating books which came into his possession.

In pursuit of this hobby he collected portraits and other pictures, which were inserted into specially bound copies of the books that he had set out to " granger-ise," with the result that often a single volume would by this process be extended into four or five, an extension necessitated by the amount of new material incorporated with the original work.

A friend of ours, who has been a Granger-iser for many years, possesses half a score of works, occupying several

shelves in his library, which have in the course of years been each of them expanded by several volumes. One MacCarthy's "History of Our Own Times," originally a four volume edition, has with portraits, pictures of places mentioned in the text, autograph letters from people referred to and other matter, been swollen to no less than ten volumes, providing a most fascinating work, of interest, far in excess to that of the original, interesting and readable though that undoubtedly is.

This particular friend has also extra-illustrated ones of the best known travel books of the latter half of the last century with pictures of the places mentioned in it as they were at the time the book was written or the author visited them, and with many pictures of the places as they were a few years ago. Morley's Life of Gladstone has also been treated in this way, and the original two volumes have been extended to no less than six by the insertion of portraits, newspaper cuttings neatly mounted on separate pages, autograph letters, and other material. An illustrated book upon Fashions, issued in the early years of the present century, has been enlarged to four volumes by the insertion of illustrations, mostly in colour, and interesting cuttings relative to the more eccentric of fashions prevailing during the Victorian era.



National Portrait Gallery. **Robert Southey.**

There is no limit to what can be done in the way of Granger-ising, but it has indeed been said, not without reason, that it is a hobby which can easily be carried to excess. But careful and intelligent Granger-ising has much to recommend it, and in such cases is far from an unprofitable hobby.

For example, not long ago, a Granger-ised volume, dealing with the social life of the late Georgian and Early Victorian eras, expanded to eight volumes was sold for upwards of £300. The original book had been published at a little more than a sovereign. The description of the book was as follows:—"Enlarged by the insertion of 362 portraits, steel engravings and plates; 118 views of noblemen's seats and other places mentioned in the text; nearly 100 autograph letters and signatures, and a large number of interesting newspaper cuttings referring to the people mentioned in the text." It is possible that the whole of these additions may have cost the gentleman who made them from £90 to £100, but he had the pleasure experienced by a collector in the carrying out of his idea, and a profit over expenditure of something approaching two hundred per cent.

Half the pleasure of Granger-ising is the search for material in old print shops and old book shops. A long sought for Bartalozzi print of a once famous beauty, for insertion in a Georgian book of reminiscences, was discovered and purchased for a couple of shillings not long ago in a print shop of a little West Country town, and was found quite by accident when searching through a portfolio of miscellaneous prints and engravings.

A friend, who has made this extra-illustrating of suitable books a hobby, picked up an almost unknown mezzotint of Charles II. in a little print shop in the Rue de Seine, not far from the Institut de France in Paris, for five francs not long ago, and he certainly would not part with it for one hundred times the amount paid. This same collector acquired two letters written by Lord Nelson to Lady Hamilton when in Rome a few years ago. He paid a good deal for them, but not a quarter of their real value, and they are now included in his very much extended copy of Southey's Life of Nelson. Possibly the collection of autograph letters is one of the most expensive departments of Granger-ising, but often quite large sums have to be given for portraits and old coloured prints.

Quite recently we were shown a wonderful book dealing with the "Ancestral Homes of England" which had been enormously extended by the inclusion of beautiful coloured and copper plates gathered from various sources. The book was valued at several hundred pounds, but the present owner, who is not in need of the money, declined an offer by an American for it.

To those who wish to take up this hobby a few hints may not be out of place. The most suitable books to be Granger-ised are "full dress" biographies in the larger sizes; books dealing with the people of past ages, for example, "The Memoirs of the Comte de Grammont"; books of travel; and histories in which the social life of various periods is thoroughly dealt with and famous people are mentioned. It is well to commence by obtaining portraits, and views of the principal places, mentioned; supplementing these by degrees with places of lesser note. But one thing it is well to remember never to lose an opportunity of acquiring a special portrait or view, even if not quite perfect, as another opportunity may not occur. Even if it does, and a more perfect copy turns up, the other can always be disposed of.

A perfectly Granger-ised book is one which has been thoroughly "combed" through with reference to the people and places mentioned in it, and has been most carefully supplemented by portraits and pictures of these. It is a work of time, of course, and of some expense, but it is a fascinating hobby and, carefully done, can generally be expected to pay for itself, if one excludes any consideration of the time occupied in pursuing it.

The Granger-iser of the lesser kind is however a terror to the librarians of our public and circulating libraries, as he has sometimes the unfortunate habit of detaching plates from the books he borrows, to add to any book he may be "extending." And careful as most librarians are to examine valuable illustrated books when returned by borrowers, it is not always possible, in these days of enormous business and numberless books taken out by borrowers, to detect when a plate here and there has been abstracted.

Clive Holland.

A QUEER BOOK (BAILEY'S DICTIONARY).

Edmund Gosse relates in "Father and Son" how he caught his first glimpse of romance on the page of a cheap novel, which was stuck to the lid of a leather trunk. He read there of the sorrows of a lady of title, who had to flee the country and was pursued by enemies bent upon her ruin. A fearful interview with a "masked minion" scared young Gosse. "Minion" was too much for him, and he searched for an explanation. There was a dictionary handy—Bailey's Dictionary. And there he found to his evident chagrin, that minion meant "*favourite or darling, also a great gun.*" He was nonplussed; but I don't believe Gosse put the dictionary back again. I believe he spent the rest of that morning absorbing it.

He came back to it again, and again. Over it, he says, he would pore for hours, playing with the words, and delighting in the savour of the rich, old-fashioned country phrases. But Nathaniel Bailey is lost to our generation. I suppose the advent of the cross-word *did for him*, if—which is doubtful—he was not already *done for*. For where efficiency is at a premium, Bailey is no favourite. Also the "great lexicographer" cut him out. But it is notable that Dr. Johnson worked from Bailey, and built

his work around this earlier compilation. He had an interleaved copy and filled in the gaps. By using Bailey as a basis, Johnson paid the richest compliment that could come from an executioner to his prospective victim. But still, metaphorically, Bailey scrambled up after the blow and ran off with Johnson in pursuit. This is one of the exciting races of the eighteenth century—Bailey's old dictionary, born in 1721, running neck and neck with the learned folio of the other. There were nearly fifty years to go to the end of the century. It is almost incredible, but Bailey won. By 1800 he had gone through twenty-four editions, with Johnson halting along on eight.

But now, as we said, Bailey is forgotten. He was the veritable king of dictionaries in his day. His predecessors besides being few were also shoddy. Cockeram and Kersey and Blunt they were. Bailey set out to please everybody, which was hazardous. But I believe he succeeded. He wrote "as well for the entertainment of the curious as the information of ignorant, and for the benefit of young students, artificers, tradesmen and foreigners." He drafted in "several 1000 new words." Many of them, it is true, are creatures of fearful length and cacophony, hiding as often as revealing matters of mysterious import. They would still make a happy hunting field for sesquipedalian concatenations of enigmatical and superbiloquent reproach. But then, Bailey, like Thomas Browne, fondled and gloated over the happy captures which he drew out of the great murmuring sea of sounds. Listen to his explanation of "nostock": "it is the stinking tawny jelly of a fallen planet, or the nocturnal solution of some plethorical and wanton star." Here indeed is the voice of Sir Thomas Browne.

We have not done well to forget such discoveries as "pigritude," "quappe," "ugsumness" or "rogitate." He went far afield for his prize efforts. He trimmed them and laid them arow. Then he set about discovering their ancestry. This is very much to the credit of Bailey—that he produced the first etymological dictionary. Johnson did not. Johnson gave "early readings," but Bailey first tackled roots and derivations. Because to-day we work from Johnson, we do not realise that Johnson himself was a debtor. It is a pity that, as Professor Skeat says, Bailey's Anglo-Saxon is in a fearful state, and that he is only right by luck. He evidently knew little about the work of the Queen's Scholars. But at least he was well intentioned.

What eventually, it will be asked, are the "rich, old-fashioned phrases" that Gosse mentions? But one has only to seek out such quaint terms as "white-hart silver," "mercury women," "hell-kettles," "maid-marrion" or "weat the head," to realise why the young boy delved so excitedly. They are strewn thickly through the book. Who knows what a "lawless court" is? In Essex every Wednesday after Michaelmas Day, they meet on King's Hill at cock-crowing, where they whisper and have no candle, nor any pen and ink, but a coal. Another legal curiosity is the "Free-bench," when "if a customary tenant dies, the widow shall have her free-bench in all his copyholds. But if she commit incontinency she forfeits her estate; yet if she will come into the court, riding backwards on a black ram, with his tail in her hand, and say the words following, the steward is bound by custom to readmit her to Free Bench.

> "Here I am
> Riding upon a black Ram,
> Like a Whore as I am;
> And for my Crincum Crancum
> Have lost my Bincum Bancum;
> And for my Tail's Game,
> Have done this worldly shame."

The dictionary is rich with this local lore. Bailey was also something of a Nestor; saws and proverbs are regularly expounded. We may learn here why "hungry dogs eat dirty pudding" or how to be "as good as George o' Green." "What is got over the devil's back," he explains, "will be spent under his belly."

But beside expounding proverbs, Bailey also betrays a weakness for slang. There are some men who never forget a word once they have heard it. Bailey must have been

one of these. He was a born dictionary-maker. He absorbed the vocabulary of the "rattling cove" and the "mumping cadger." And there certainly is something pungent and enticing about "crashing cheats," "moon curser," and "rum-boozing welts." "Stow your whids" is even more expressive than the "nark it" of the modern cockney. It is a delightful fancy to picture Bailey holding high converse over a glass of rum-gutlers with all the culleys and cheats and coves, mumpers and padders and nappers who came his way, and scoring up their choicest phrases for his own delectation. Perhaps he made assiduous journeys to "Ruffins Hall" for that very purpose.

But Bailey is always careful to distinguish cant from dialect—vulgarisms from a regional tongue. It is one of the valuable features of his book that he caught and preserved many of the old local idioms of speech—"to cut the neck" or "cry the mare" for instance; both of them old reaping terms. The "Lying wonder" of the Kentish longtails is thus put on record: "The Kentish men are said to have had tails for some generations, by way of punishment; for the Kentish pagans abusing Austin the monk and his associates, by beating them, and opprobriously tying fishtails to their backsides." Bailey also relates another interesting old saying concerning Sir William Tracey, the most active of the four knights who killed Sir Thomas à Becket. A miraculous penance was imposed on his descendants, so that whether they go by land or water, "the Traceys have always the wind in their faces." But if this were so, Bailey adds, it was a favour in a hot summer to the females of that family, and would spare them the use of a fan.

But beyond folk-lore, what a wealth of sea terms Bailey collects. Had we not known him for a schoolmaster (yet no pedant) we might have supposed that he came from the sea. From the technicality of "loxodromicks" to the lore of the high-seas he was master. He had heard too of that bream fish—"a sea monster like a pike, a dreadful enemy to man"; and of the equally murderous sea-unicorn with "six large fins like the end of a galley oar and a deadly horn issuing out of its forehead nine foot long." We rather suspect that this beast came out of some map-maker's imagination to break the monotony of the curling waves. For Bailey's natural history is amusingly naïve in its credulity. Here are his specific details of the land unicorn—"a beast as big as a horse, having one white horn in the middle of the forehead, about five handfulls long, found in the province of Agoas in the kingdom of Damotes in Ethiopia, said to be a timorous beast, residing in the woods, but sometimes venturing into the plain." Bailey also believed that the tarantula's bite was cured by sweet music, that the salamander survived the fire and that a vital flame resided in the hearts of animals.

While searching for his new words, Bailey also made notes of local matters of unusual interest. His dictionary is therefore something of an encyclopædia. You will find in it, *inter alia*, notes on the Lollard's Tower, Long Meg of Cumberland, St. Wilfred's Needle, and Audley End. There are concise biographies of Zeuxis, Fair Rosamond and Rowena. Everything is 'pintledy-pantledy," one of those rich mixtures, those salmagundis and olios, whose piquant blend was happily discovered in that quixotic "age of Reason."

Philip Parker.

CRABBED AGE AND YOUTH—A BOOKMAN'S CAUSERIE.

The new book has a manifold appeal. Its pages are crisp and clean, its plates guiltless of even the tiniest suspicion of "foxing," whilst its binding displays miracles of gilded blazonry. These are only a few of its more obvious attractions, yet, to the bookman at any rate, it has one grave defect. It has no past. Ironically enough, though between its pages may be some learned contribution to history, the book itself has none. Unknown to its virgin pages are the pencilled marginalia of the scholar or the dirty finger-prints of the demagogue. It has still to taste the peace of some collegiate library or the indignity of the "twopenny" box. Its newness is at once its virtue and its damnation.

Why do most of us fight shy of the aggressively new in the book world? The feeling is partly physical, I suppose. How well do we remember the evening we took down the *de luxe* edition of a book on the fine arts. It was a magnificent book and we ought really to have enjoyed it. Somehow, however the art-paper reflected the light in a most annoying manner, the leaves refused to turn and, in spite of its magnificence, the book was undeniably clumsy. Anyway it was returned to the shelves.

In exchange we took down the tiny, hundred-year-old volume of Clare's poems. What relief—even in the physical sense only—we experienced. The paper was browned with age but was pleasant to handle. The leaves obeyed our fingered demands; in fact (strange contradiction!) the book would remain open at certain pages—bearing witness to the favourite verse of some reader long since departed. The old blunt-faced type was comforting to read too. And then, after slowly enjoying the beauty of some such poem as "Summer Evening"—true country-breathing verse, in spite of rather overworked alliteration—to return to the bookman's delight of a leisurely, caressing inspection. To muse upon the fact that the book was really poor Clare's "first edition." To reflect on the short tale of the poet's works (how well we knew the titles and dates of each!),and to wish the Northamptonshire peasant, than whom poet never spent a more unhappy life, could have peeped over our shoulder and have seen the book-plates pasted in the book. What pleasure would Clare have reaped from reading the names of "Frederick Locker" and "Austin Dobson"! Strange again that although both of these men were poets, there the resemblance ceased. Locker and Dobson were as comfortably circumstanced as Clare was miserably; as Clare's voice was tuned to country life so did the others sing the joys of town.

When we returned "Poems Descriptive of Rural Life and Scenery" to its shelves (so much more carefully than we had handled Mr. *De Luxe*!), our fingers picked upon the *magnum opus* of one of Clare's friends. The once popular "Farmer's Boy" of Bloomfield. In age it was some twenty years older than the other (as bookmen we should describe it as "Third ed. large paper"), and we remember we bought it chiefly for the assurance of the dealer, who had inscribed it "Bewick cuts" (this in spite of the fact that the frontispiece was plainly signed "Thurston" and "Nesbit," and the rest of the engravings were as much unlike Bewick as could well be imagined). And how later, when collating our purchase, we chuckled to find the unusual book-plate, which consisted of a small portion of Psalm xxxvi, cut from some Bible, and carefully pasted below the signature. The extract ran: "The wicked borroweth and payeth not again"! Truly a most delectable *de libris*!

And so we spent the evening. Somehow the chain of circumstance that had led us from Clare to Bloomfield, urged us from Bloomfield to Crabbe, and from Crabbe to Cowper. We did not pretend to read each poem or to turn each page. It was just a quiet, ambling journey, but though we extracted much enjoyment from the text, it would be idle to deny that a lot of our pleasure came through just handling these old books. We liked to conjure up pictures of their one-time owners, who had so carefully written their names on fly-leaf or cover (with the inevitable addition of "His," or now and then "Her Booke"). To wish how keenly, that it might be possible to trace the successive owners from 1800 to the time the book took its place upon our shelves!

We do not disparage the new book (which in any case can well look after itself), for it will in due season attain mellowness. Its leaves too will brown; its plates will suffer mutilation, and mayhap its back (though never we hope its heart) will be broken, but we must humbly subscribe to a preference for those age-worn volumes in shabby calf or, better still, clothed in what the catalogues so delightfully term "old sheep"!

H. T. Kirby.

THE BOOKMAN ILLUSTRATED SPRING SUPPLEMENT.

RUGBY.

By Joseph Pike. 3s. 6d. (Black.)

RUGBY SCHOOL.

By G. H. Bettinson, O.R. 2 guineas and 1 guinea. (Birmingham : Rugby School,)

By a coincidence which should prove a happy one, two books appear simultaneously about Rugby, each being, or should be, as the titles show, the complement of the other. For the exquisite delicacy of Mr. Pike's twenty-four drawings we have nothing but admiration and appreciation. In their delightful finish and artistry they have caught and happily reflect the glamour that has attached itself to these scenes through succeeding generations. Twelve are of the school itself and the remainder portray typical bits of old Rugby and the villages of Dunchurch and Brownsover, the latter with its curious old cottage, to which clings the very doubtful tradition of being the birthplace of Lawrence Sheriff. Mr. H. C. Bradby, a master at the school for many years, has contributed a running commentary on the pictures, which has been sketched to include a wide and interesting survey of the town's history and associations. Mr. Bettinson does not claim for his book that it contains anything new, but what he has been at pains to present is a collation of all the relevant information extant by a system of chronological order, with full acknowledgements and an excellent index. For his successful manipulation of his material he is to be congratulated. In this compact, concise form it will be of real value to all Rugbeians, past and present, while outsiders may readily pounce on much that they will find immensely interesting. Needless to say, the War Register makes a sadly significant and impressive contribution.



From Rugby
By Joseph Pike
(*Black*).

THE QUAD GATE FROM HIGH STREET.

RETURN TO SCOTLAND:

An Egoist's Journey.

By Moray McLaren. 8s. 6d. (Duckworth.)

Here we have a genial account of the author's experiences in revisiting Scotland. Very well did Mr. McLaren know that much nonsense has been written about Scotland and the Scots, " and though," says he, ' I realised how difficult it is to understand them, I surprisingly found myself being angry as I thought of the stupid, uncomprehending abuse which the Scots themselves have in some ways done so much to deserve, and of the far more painful sentimental slobbering over them which they have done nothing to deserve." What then did Mr. McLaren find on his journey in the height of summer, on foot? He was now twenty-five and past that adolescence which he considers more painful for a Scot to endure than for any other youth. He travelled without much money, and his first landlady at " Beds for Gentlemen, half a crown a night," near Leith Walk, was bewildering enough, for she gave him a glass of milk without charging for it! His new observation of Edinburgh gave him the impression that it is sharply divided. Restrained and exact are the lives of the professional classes, exaggerated and wild are those of the very poor in their high crows' nests. In a pub he immediately discerned the difference between the talk of the Scots and a conversation held in like circumstances in an English bar. Brain and coherency are with the Scot. Some of the very cream of Scottish conversation and argument has taken place in the tavern. All of us who know Edinburgh are aware of the variety and interest of its population. These grey, solid houses, so reserved and private that you have locked gates to most of them, are typical of the dumb, observant, able citizens who inhabit them with such depressing denial of any colour, as a rule, at the windows. Cool, critical, unimpressed, full of a certain gloom which represents a lack of courage in pleasure (Mr. McLaren saw that), the fear of being laughed at is the curse of the Scottish middle class. This book is a clever and illuminating study. Mr. McLaren wandered far, and the fact that he travelled very light makes his narrative all the more fascinating. He had struggles, he knew dismay, he tasted adventure. He saw the Inner



From The Annie Marble in Germany
By C. S. Forester
(*Bodley Head*).

SCHNOKENBERG-ON-ELBE.

Hebrides becalmed in their magic sea, and he loves the mountains in the west which after days of sea mist emerge soft and forgiving. He has something to say of Stirling, and of the Glasgow type. Nobody that loves Scotland, that loves to read about her in this modern day, should miss this brilliant journal of swift impressions.

A HISTORY OF CLARE, SUFFOLK.

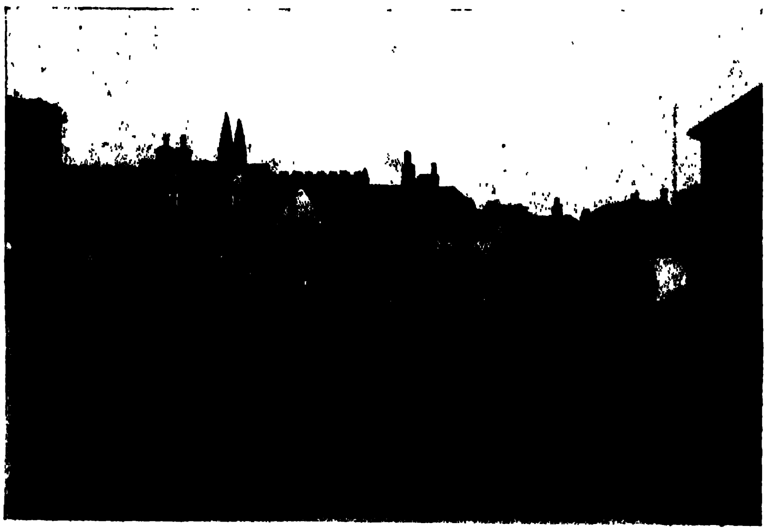
By Gladys A. Thornton, B.A., Ph.D., F.R.Hist.S. 10s. 6d. (Heffer.)

This admirable and comprehensive work of historical research was first published in 1928, and the fact that a cheaper edition has now been issued, is proof in itself that it met with the success it deserved. Originally written as a thesis for the Ph.D. degree of London University and since slightly altered and extended, no pains have been spared in its compilation. Particular interest attaches to the mediæval period when Clare was a seignorial town, and to the history of the woollen industry which dated back to the fourteenth century and probably earlier. For these and the numerous other aspects, administrative, religious, architectural, etc., Miss Thornton has had unusual opportunities for access to original documents and records in the possession of private people, and has turned them to excellent advantage. Special mention must be made of the delightful old print of Clare Priory in the eighteenth century, and numerous other interesting illustrations.

THE ANNIE MARBLE IN GERMANY.

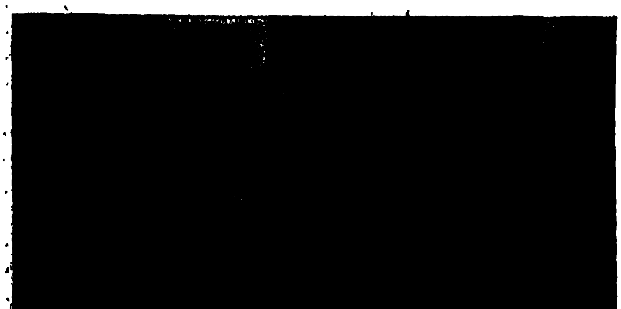
By C. S. Forester. 8s. 6d. (Bodley Head.)

Annie Marble is an old friend who has provided many with delightful imaginary holidays. In these days of amazingly increasing road traffic it is particularly alluring to examine the possibilities from the motor-boater's point of view. Mr. Forester is an authority on that viewpoint concerning England, France and Germany, and in blithesome vein compares many of their outstanding points, undoubtedly to the advantage of the last. The Elbe " has no locks at all for the whole 400 miles of its length from Bohemia to Hamburg, and only at one point (Magdeburg) is navigation in the least dangerous." In joyous, care-free mood the course is followed up the rivers Elbe and Havel, the various canals to Potsdam and back by the Mecklenburg lakes. The culinary and other interests aboard *Annie* and the shopping dilemmas freely mingle with the hance acquaintances, the vivid descriptions of unspoilt villages with their mellowed cottages and various varieties of weather. Once again Mr. Forester has fired us with a keen desire to hit the trail ourselves.



From A History of Clare, Suffolk
By Gladys A. Thornton
(*Heffer*).

THE MARKET HILL.



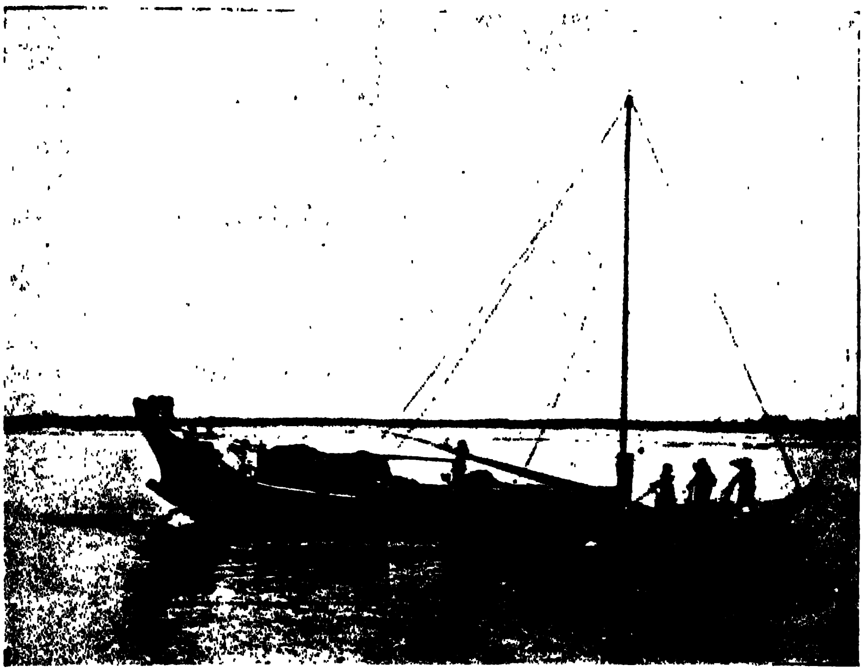
From The Annie Marble in Germany
By C. S. Forester
(*Bodley Head*).

THE GATEWAY, WERBEN-ON-ELBE.

URGENT PRIVATE AFFAIRS.

By H. Fletcher Moulton. 7s. 6d. (Arrowsmith.)

1916! What a lot of memories the year brings to most of us, no matter whether we were at the front, or on the home line. But, anyhow, the year will always be a time for vivid memories of Captain McCarthy. He had to hurry, eventually, to Doctors' Commons, although it was only his enthusiasm that made him do a bit of hustling. It is some years since we read Mr. Moulton's first novel, but there were sure signs in it that he would do a very good piece of work—as the saying goes—one of these days. And here it is. This " Urgent Private Affairs " business is as exciting a story as anyone may wish. It will not fail to entertain. This good McCarthy finds some troublesome business at home in the dark days of 1916, and we can assure you that these troubles become positively moving, confusing and complicated before long. And, of course, attractive as we find the hero, he is not in it when we come upon Marjorie Fleming, *the* lady of the piece. There is a generous heap of incidents, but all comes out satisfactorily in the end. Although there is a lot of pother to happen before you get to the Doctors' Commons business, " Urgent Private Affairs " is decidedly worth putting down on your library list.



From The Roaring Forties and After
By Captain D. J. Munro
(*Sampson Low*).

A MYSTERY SHIP ON THE IRRAWADDY.

THE ROARING FORTIES, AND AFTER.

By Captain D. J. Munro, R.N., C.M.G. With a Foreword by Admiral of the Fleet Earl Jellicoe of Scapa, G.C.B., O.M., G.C.V.O. Illustrated. 12s. 6d. (Sampson Low.)

The age of the clippers has passed, only one square-rigged vessel flying the "Red Duster" remains afloat, and the men now living who actually served on those ships are becoming few and far between. As one of this dwindling band Captain Munro has contrived to produce, before it is too late, some sort of record for us as to what life was like for mariners who set their course, under the old house-flags of the Albion, Loch, and White Star Lines, "for the Southern point of New Zealand, on the Great Circle Track, commonly called the Roaring Forties." Obviously those were the days. As Earl Jellicoe points out in an introduction that is as ship-shape and straightforward as the modest narrative that follows it, we have heard a lot lately about the romance of the clippers, but precious little about the reality of life aboard them. Captain Munro now attends to all that, and adds further yarns of Burmese and other territorial adventure.



From Great Thames Mysteries
By Elliott O'Donnell
(*Selwyn & Blount*).

MILLWALL, FROM THE RIVER.

GREAT THAMES MYSTERIES.

By Elliott O'Donnell. 18s. (Selwyn & Blount.)

THOU SHALT DO NO MURDER.

By Arthur Lambton. 18s. (Hurst & Blackett.)

STRANGE COMPANY.

By S. Theodore Felstead. 12s. 6d. (Hutchinson.)

Two themes can never fail the compiler of crime records—the themes of the first two of these three books: murder, and London River: an inexhaustible mine. But the compiler, even though denied the "nine-and-ninety ways" of the novelist, has still some range of choice in the handling of his material: as these two volumes show. In "Great Thames Mysteries" Mr. Elliott O'Donnell is frankly sensational. He relies largely on reported dialogue to achieve his dramatic effects, a plan which, though making for variety, has one serious drawback. The essence of these mysteries is that they were mostly mysterious—that is, they were revealed in their results, whereas the details of their working-out could only be guessed at; so that the talk of their protagonists, as invented by the author, is at once too fictional for good record writing and too sordidly fact-bound for good fiction. All the same, "Great Thames Mysteries" cannot fail of its appeal to anyone who has ever felt the romance of the river, a romance which the author has judiciously heightened by including one or two authenticated tales of the supernatural.

In "Thou Shalt Do No Murder" the author's treatment is in marked contrast to that of Mr. O'Donnell. His theme of course is sensational; but his consistent tendency is towards psychology rather than sensation. His touch is

light, his horrors often mitigated by a sense of humour. Query the sense of humour, if you will, in such company (some readers may decide that Mr. Lambton's does not always escape the pitfalls of bad taste); the fact remains that his chief concern is with human nature, which has a way of being not the less odd and complex and intermittently humorous, even when its connections are grim. And certainly, in concentrating on the criminal's psychology, he has achieved a book which is much more than a mere record of crime. It contains some extraordinary things—the failure of two separate doctors to attend on Matilda Clover; the folly of Mrs. Maybrick, in giving so damning a letter to her servant to post; the odd lapse of Dr. Lamson, the "quinine poisoner," who returned from abroad to volunteer his help at the Yard—his pockets full of quinine powders, and a warrant already outstanding for his arrest! Strangest of all, the long immunity of George Joseph Smith, who enriched himself from three successive brides by drowning them in a bath.

These two books cover a long period ("Thames Mysteries" goes back as far as the early 1700's); and one arrives at the conclusion that undetected murder, even twenty years ago, was a much easier proposition than it is to-day. Crime keeps its end up, we are told, by an increase in motor raids and in scientific burglary; it would be interesting if some compiler of crime annals would collect statistics that we might see how the account stands.

"Strange Company," the third book on our list, lives up to its title handsomely. There is a murderer or two; but for the most part Mr. Theodore Felstead finds material far more interesting in the procession of most plausible rogues who troop through his book on journeys that stop short of the gallows. He introduces us to forgers, blackmailers, secret service men (in several good war-time stories), fences, dope traffickers and confidence tricksters. He is not given to morbidity; he has an eye for character and a witty turn of narrative. There is good reading in the "Theft of the Nelson Relics," and in the tale of the bluff gentleman who posed as a Yard detective: much food for thoubgt in the case of the luckless Adolph Beck: and the full flavour of romance in a story of Australian pearl-fishing. In short, this is a thoroughly companionable book, which stands out both in its writing and in its variety as the best of the three.

GRAHAM SUTTON.



From The Hardman Papers By S. M. Ellis (*Constable*).

REGENT STREET IN 1866. From *The Illustrated London News*.



From C. B. C's Review of Revues (*Jonathan Cape*).

MASQUERADE AT RANELAGH, 1751. Woodcut by Althea Willoughby.

MEDITERRANEAN PORTS.

By ALICE HUNT BARTLETT. 6s. (Cecil Palmer.)

In this book of verse, with one prose interlude—an interview with Mussolini—Mrs. Alice Hunt Bartlett gives us a pleasant record of her journey from New York to the Mediterranean, describing the various ports she visited and the impressions she received. Most of the verses are short, some are longer, but all are interesting, particularly to those who have covered the same route. In Algiers a little Arab rug-weaver moves the writer to pity:

" Before her rug she sits the whole day long,
Unlearned, for learning makes one free !
And that, alas, this child will never be !
Over, over, singing her bit of song,
Her deep, dark eyes pleading for liberty . . ."

She sees London under a July moon:

" . . . stilled and girdled with the green
Of her sweet gardens' wealth . . ."

The second half of the book is made up of miscellaneous lyrics, many of them fresh in idea and pleasingly musical.



From Mediterranean Ports
By Alice Hunt Bartlett
(*Cecil Palmer*).

MRS. ALICE HUNT BARTLETT.

THE ROMANCE OF THE SUBMARINE.

By G. GIBBARD JACKSON. 6s. (Sampson Low.)

Mr. Gibbard Jackson, in this well printed, handsomely illustrated and judiciously written book not only reveals the romance of the submarine, but answers every question the most curious could ask. In nineteen very full chapters he gives an historical account of the early history of the submarine from quaint ideas in the time of Alexander the Great until the present day, a technical but lucid description of submarine models in the various European navies, and many sidelights on the tragedies, heroisms and scientific triumphs which the history of the underwater craft affords. Particularly striking are the accounts of the Great War, the submarine in America and the salvage of submarines. Emphasising that the submarine, though useful as a blockade runner is a terrible weapon of war, the author opines that with the limitation of navies its use will be more and more restricted.



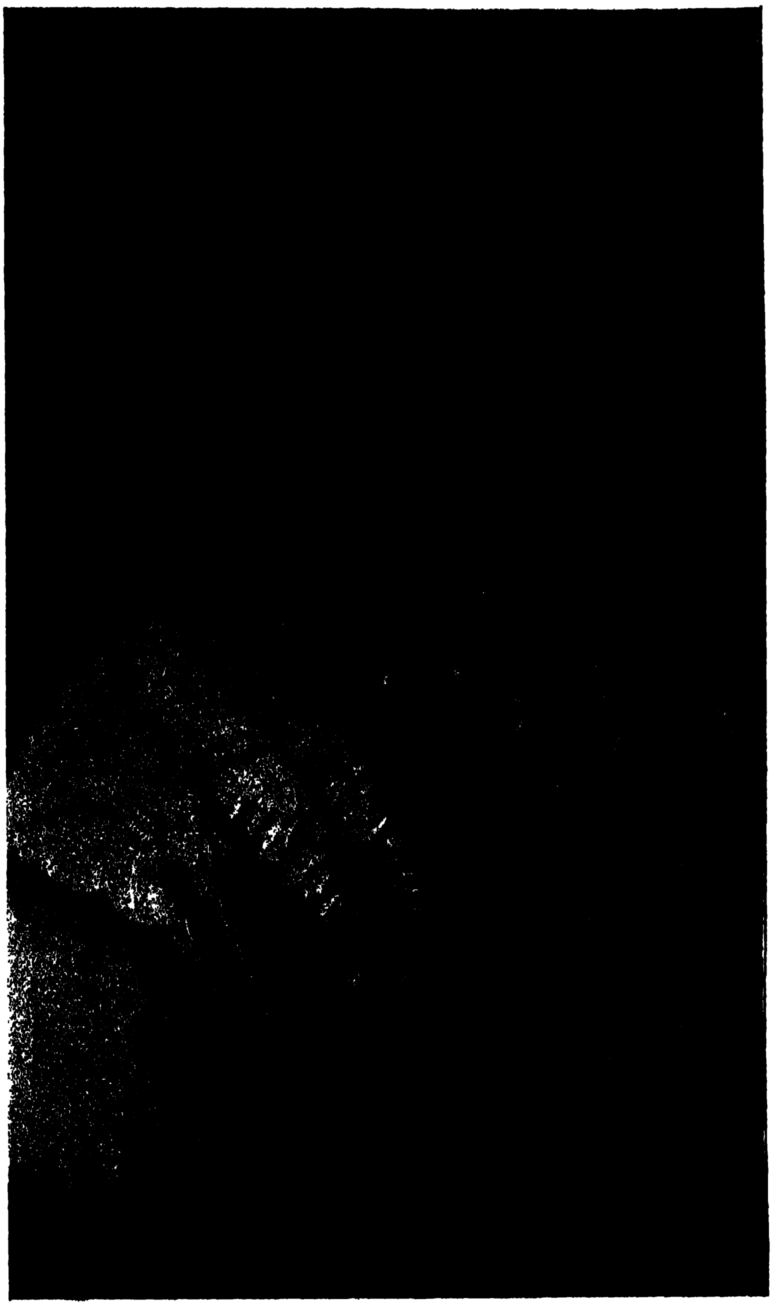
From Clemenceau
By Jean Martet
(*Longmans*).

CLEMENCEAU AT THE HORSE-SHOE TABLE IN HIS STUDY IN PARIS.
Recently reviewed in THE BOOKMAN.

THEATRE STREET.

By Tamara Karsavina. With a Preface by Sir J. M. Barrie. 25s. (Heinemann.)

The delightfully characteristic preface by Sir J. M. Barrie is an added attraction to a volume already overflowing with vastly entertaining glimpses behind the scenes. " It is," he says, " mainly a story gay and buoyant only because of its gallantry, of work as hard as that of the breaker of stones or the double firsts, set in a scene very strange and picturesque to us." There is the volume in a nutshell. From a mere mention of some of the friends met with—Stravinsky, Debussy, Strauss, de Falla, Picasso, Cocteau, Isadora Duncan, Lovat Fraser, etc.—and the fact that she was painted by Sargent, Glyn Philpot and Laura Knight, some idea may be gleaned of the wide sweep of interest that has been gathered together and infused with the graceful charm that belongs, both on and off the stage, to the brightest star of the Russian Ballet. Over fifty reproductions of works of art by Sargent, Laura Knight, Dulac, Scrov and Bakst, as well as many rare photographs of leading dancers, help to swell the feast of good things the book offers.



From Le Obliviscaris By Lady Frances Balfour (*Hodder & Stoughton*). Recently reviewed in The Bookman.

Lady Frances Balfour. From picture by Edward Burne-Jones.

DEADMAN'S BAY.

By L. A. Knight. 7s. 6d. (Sampson Low.)

A good bustling detective story centring on the activities of cocaine smugglers in the extreme west of Pembrokeshire. Bits of Welsh lore are well introduced, and some acute knowledge of woodcraft, by a tramp named Jerry Scant, who would have been a real acquisition to the Scouts or Kibbo-kift. The characterisation is good and the style easy—though it is a pity that the author indulges in such phrases as " rather unique " —" came the dawn," etc. But don't let a little slip like that prevent you from making a start on the book—having started, you will have no difficulty in reading through to the end.

THE SPLENDID CRIME.

By George Goodchild. 3s. 6d. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

Who was the Reckoner ? That is the question which tantalises us through nearly the whole of Mr. Goodchild's thrilling mystery story, and only in his own good time does he allow us to put a finger on the real man behind the painted rubber mask. In the criminal world of London, the Reckoner is a person to be reckoned with. Calm, audacious, brilliantly clever, he baffles the police, despite his habit of giving his victim a timely warning. Ann Blackham, though herself an innocent girl, finds her path cast among criminals. It is the Reckoner who helps her to escape, who enables her to secure work with the artist, Reynolds. It is the Reckoner indeed who through the medium of crime is all the while working for noble ends—a modern Robin Hood. Hunted by the police, his own confederates turning against him, he is forced at last to put up a desperate fight. Mr. Goodchild has made an excellent story round this mysterious figure, and blends romance and excitement with his usual ingenuity.

VAGABONDS AND PUPPETS.

By Walter Wilkinson. 7s. 6d. (Geoffrey Bles.)

Through sun and rain, through cold and heat, went Mr. Wilkinson with his barrow. The puppet box, full of the admirable company of players, is fixed on a little carriage with the theatre, the showman's tent, his knife and fork and bread and cheese, and he wanders. When an audience can laugh and be young again, before a simple puppet show, it makes the owner feel that there is still some hope for the silk stocking age ! There is nothing of course of such poignant interest as the *true* story of a pilgrimage undertaken without money. The rebuffs and disappointments, the welcomes and successes, the ever recurring problem of the stand in the market square, with boisterous policeman behaving boisterously—all this is described with a simplicity and an engaging humour. One of the most charming chapters is about a gipsy audience. The gipsies enjoyed the show and spoke in a curious soft manner, sitting on a clean bit of grass bright with daisies. Mr. Wilkinson's reception is usually good at children's schools. He is not out to make much money, but to have pleasant pastime with his little theatre of dolls, and we wish this true artist well with all our hearts.

AS I KNEW THEM.

Sketches of People I Have Met on the Way.

By Ella Hepworth Dixon. Illustrated. 21s. (Hutchinson.)

Miss Ella Hepworth Dixon, daughter of a one-time editor of the *Athenæum*, and herself for many years an indefatigable worker in Fleet Street, has met all the stars who have glittered in the social and professional firmaments during the last forty years, and now assembles a record of these contacts under their various categories, theatrical, social, writers male and female, "the people I have met in trains," "people in the War" and so forth. Her portraits are not very profound, nor in most cases particularly vivid, but it cannot be said on that account that her book lacks interest. Its appeal is popular, and it is sure to prove so. Miss Dixon has known, and apparently got on extremely well with, practically every person or personality recognised as "in the news" since the eighties of last century, and in its unpretentious way this account of a singularly full, active and happy life is a real contribution to the social history of three reigns.



From As I Knew Them By Ella Hepworth Dixon (*Hutchinson*).

Ella Hepworth Dixon, 1930. Portrait by Hoppé.

THE LITTLE WOOD.

By Temple Lane. 7s. 6d. (Jarrolds.)

"Inasmuch as it features neither politics, peasants, gunmen nor hunting, this is not an 'Irish novel,'" say the publishers on the jacket of Miss Temple Lane's new book. But it remains most essentially an Irish novel, for all that. Hyacinth Comerford, the centre and substance of the book, is altogether Irish—poetical, temperamental, misunderstood, melancholy and fanciful—she is indeed the embodiment of the Irish spirit, as interpreted by the Irish, and the world seems a hard place to her. An unsympathetic nurse warps her early years, and throughout her youth—for she is still a young woman when the book closes—she comes in contact with people and things that wound her sensitive nature. A love of beauty, a desire to express herself in the language of poetry, bring her success more swiftly than it comes to most poets. Happiness is not so easily won. A disastrous love affair sends her back to the Ireland of her dreams, and here we see her gathering together again the broken threads of her life. Hyacinth, drawn with delicacy and understanding, stands out against a background of less definite characters, her childhood being particularly well done, and Miss Lane is to be congratulated upon a very unusual piece of work.

BITTER WATERS.

By Heinrich Hauser. 7s. 6d. (Wishart.)

A remarkable book in all ways—as a first novel especially remarkable. Highly praised by Thomas Mann, Wassermann, and other leading German novelists, and accorded the Gerhart Hauptmann prize for 1929. In an introduction, Liam O'Flaherty says that it may not be a great book; nevertheless it is amazingly vivid in its jerky sentences, forceful like the rhythmic spit of a piston-rod. It is a sea story, about a sailor and a girl of no reputation, which takes you from Mexico to the Baltic. Extraordinarily powerful; in parts, moving too. And only 240 pages. An admirable translation by Patrick Kirwan. And, last but not least, a beautifully produced book, a joy to handle—makes the usual run of seven-and-sixpenny novels look by comparison mighty poor stuff.

ARSENIC.

By John Remenham. 7s. 6d. (Skeffington.)

Is it that a sensational affair in the courts last year, provided the first idea for this story? At least there seems to be a certain generic similarity between them. Four members of a family die in quick succession under uspicious circumstances. There are inquests, trials, and the usual paraphernalia of mystery—to which the title of the book gives a solution. The now indispensable Scotland Yard man "unravels the complex problem." The story is well told and well sustained; it contains plenty of thrills and a satisfactory background of characterisation; and the setting out of the court scenes in the form of question and answer enhances their effectiveness.

MR. ABSALOM.

By Alan Sullivan. 7s. 6d. (John Murray.)

"Mr. Court, are you coming here? . . . If you do, 'twill be a stiffer thing than you've tackled yet. I've seen

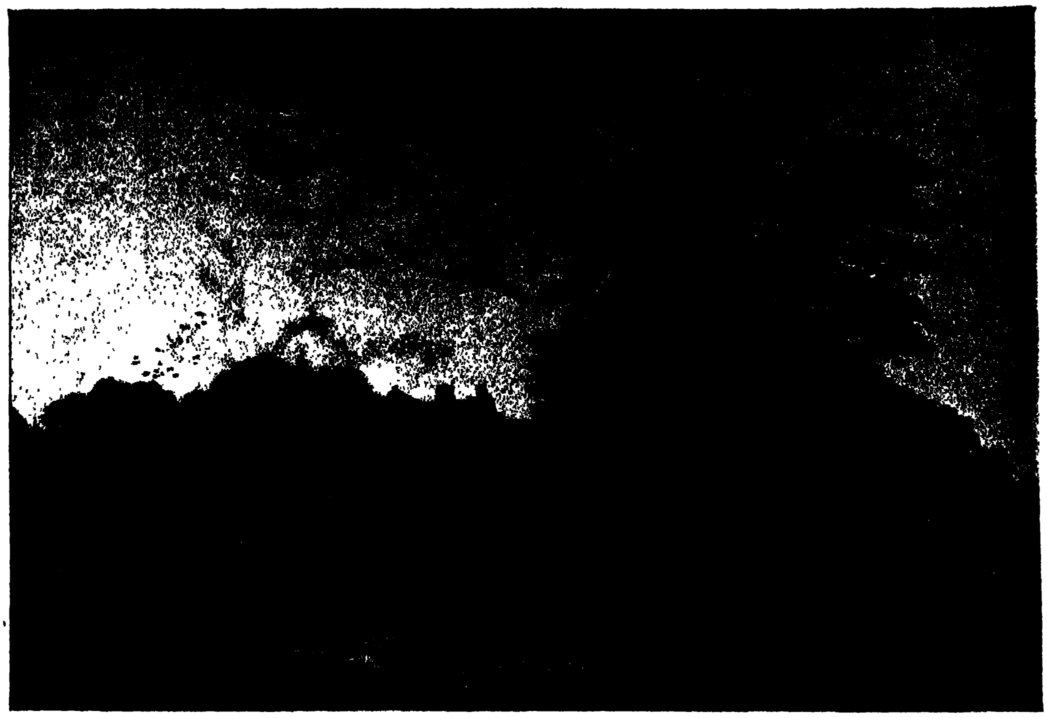
you fight like a lion, but it's another sort of courage that is needed here." Thus whispered the butler at Monk's Mount to Hector Court, who had just been appointed secretary to its owner, Mr. Absalom. The reader who likes thrills will find plenty here, and yet there is no villain, only someone who has made a great discovery which causes people to hail him as blessed, and then sometimes wonder if their judgment be right. Mystery broods over the house, the black servants, the ancient and forbidding animals, the great hidden laboratory and the master of them all. It broods also over that master's delight when Hector falls in love with Anthea, his stepdaughter. It is an especially well constructed and well written story.

TRADITIONS OF LANCASHIRE.

Second Series

By John Roby. 7s. 6d. (Warne.)

Lancastrians, especially those living in exile, will welcome a reprint of old John Roby, whose "Second Series" was first published in 1831. These folk-tales are like the men and women of the County Palatine who created them—a curious mixture of religion, superstition, patriotism and sentiment: the latter notoriously qualified by the *flair* for a good bargain. "Set a sprat to catch a whale!" is the old saw that will recur most often to his Lancashire readers. And there are tales which give us vivid glimpses of the real old Lancashire: of a seaboard of flat, unending sands, where there is silence save for the faint suck of the water beneath, and where the sea shows only a far silver line on the horizon: where summer days bring skies of unbroken turquoise, and the dunes roll for miles knee-deep in their coarse sea-grass, and the "foreigner" gets lost: or of bleak moors inland, bounded by strange-shaped naked hills, and broken here and there by tumbled masses of rock: where boggarts still lie in wait, to coax the wicked or unwary towards the deadly morass. Lancastrians will appreciate such a book. But it is also good reading for the "foreigner," who knows the county only as a place where coal is mined or cotton loomed, a district of dirt and dock strikes. For these things are not all; they have been superimposed on the old Lancashire by men too eager for "brass," forgetful of the warnings which their own legends convey.



From **Traditions of Lancashire** By John Roby (*Warne*). **Bewsey, near Warrington.**

A HISTORY OF THE MODERN CHURCH

By J. W. C. Wand. 8s. 6d. (Methuen.)

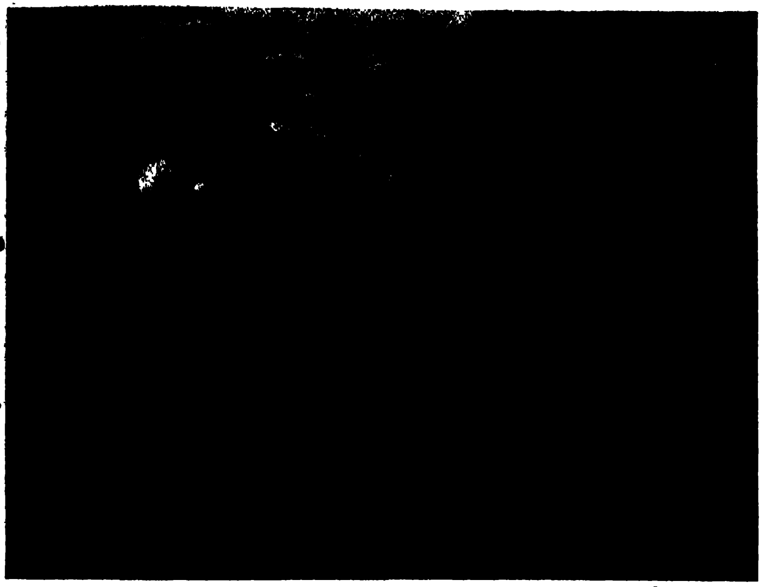
Mr. Wand's book is a companion volume to Miss Deanesly's "History of the Mediæval Church." It is no reflection upon the excellent way in which she performed her task to say that, compared with Mr. Wand, Miss Deanesly had an easy task. It was possible for her to speak of one attitude towards life, one faith and one Church system. Mr. Wand has had to trace the rise of many attitudes towards life, many conceptions of the faith and many ecclesiastical systems; and these have had to be set against a highly complicated background of general history. Undaunted by immense difficulties, he has succeeded in giving us a really lucid and well balanced survey of the whole field of universal Church development from the sixteenth century to the present day. His book, if necessarily elementary, is a marvel of compression and, considering the nature of his task, of fairness. While writing primarily for Anglican students and not hiding his own Broad Church affinities, he summarises with insight and sympathy the varied achievement of the many religious groups which have arisen since the break-up of the mediæval unity, and he sees those groups as each contributing its distinctive quota towards a fuller and truer unity in the future. As an introductory textbook to its subject, his volume, with its admirable chronological tables and index, should immediately take its place as the standard work.

THE TRIUMPHANT FOOTMAN:

A Farcical Fable.

By Edith Olivier. 7s. 6d. (Martin Secker.)

The answer to the fable must be that virtue brings its own reward, for the triumphant footman certainly owes more to his virtues than to his eccentricities. He tells a lie, or many lies, now and then to adjust matters more delicately, but he is absolutely honest when handling his employers' concerns. His great asset is his capacity to learn, by which he makes himself master of four languages, and becomes a connoisseur of gems, pictures, and bric-à-brac. But sometimes the devil of mischief enters into him, and he sets the social world round him spinning, and then it cannot be foretold what will happen, a bear in a ball-room, or perhaps a circus, at a dance. In any case it is a most amusing story; Miss Olivier has the daintiest touch in comedy, and at the end invokes Nemesis to visit the footman for his first lapse from the path of virtue.



From **Among Prisoners of War in Russia and Siberia**
By Elsa Brändstrom
(*Hutchinson*).

LAKE BAIKAL.

AMONG PRISONERS OF WAR IN RUSSIA AND SIBERIA.

By Elsa Brändström. Illustrated. 18s. (Hutchinson.)

As daughter of the Swedish Ambassador in Petersburg at the outbreak of war, Elsa Brändström enjoyed peculiar facilities for work among prisoners of war in European Russia and the whole of Siberia for the ensuing five and a half years. She worked the first year of the War in Petrograd and with the transports of severely wounded prisoners exchanged between Russia and Germany; in the winter of 1915–16 in Siberia; in the spring of 1916 in the Government of Pensa, the point of transit for employed prisoners of war; then six months in Moscow; later in Petrograd, and the second half of 1917 in Siberia; then again in Siberia from the summer of 1918 till that of 1920. In all, her work in camps, hospitals and labour depots brought her into touch with some 700,000 prisoners of war. Her notes of that experience are now published in the hope that they will rouse public opinion to the necessity of new legislation for dealing with prisoners of war; to this end she has written her book "not as an accusation, but as a duty."

EARL BEATTY: ADMIRAL OF THE FLEET.

By Geoffrey Rawson, Lieut.-Commder R.I.M. (Ret.). 12s. 6d. (Jarrolds.)

If there is one biography that the British public should enjoy reading, it is a life of Lord Beatty, who has always been a romantic figure for them, and will probably grow more romantic as the years pass. Commander Rawson's biography is so good, that the romance of Earl Beatty's life is bound to expand until it absorbs all the admiration that the British are ever ready to give to one of their heroes. How far this romance has sprung from the alluring tilt of the gallant Admiral's cap, who shall say? Great things come sometimes from little things, and there is no doubt that the cap's famous angle has had a lot to do with the fascination of the Admiral's appearance. But our respect and enthusiasm for Lord Beatty are based upon something more solid. He is a great sailor and a great leader. He might have been a success as one, and a failure as the other. Fortunately for us, he was, and is a past-master at both. Commander Rawson is a wise biographer, never unbalanced, and always shrewd in his judgments. We not only see the Admiral as a man who has learned all there is to know about his profession, but—and this perhaps is almost always more important—he knew, in those fateful days in the North Sea, how to apply his knowledge. And that is the genius, and always has been, of Earl Beatty's life. No doubt this book will find, as it should do, many readers among many kinds of people.

SAMSON THE NAZARITE.

By Vladimir Jabotinsky. 7s. 6d. (Secker.)

To present a Biblical legend from the angle of modern psychology is a daring venture. That however is what the Russian writer of this novel has achieved, starting from the basis of a deep knowledge of archæology, and seeing those events whereof Samson was the central figure as though



From **Earl Beatty, Admiral of the Fleet**
By Geoffrey Rawson
(*Jarrolds*).

GERMAN BATTLE-SHIPS STEAMING TO THE RENDEZVOUS AT THE SURRENDER OF THE GERMAN FLEET.

he were recording them to-day for a contemporary newspaper. The book is tremendously impressive in its background of semi-civilised, semi-tribal life; it is inevitably less convincing with its people because, despite the author's theory, they are too remote from us in time and place. They hover on the borders of legend. The dramatic climax of the story is spoiled by being recorded in a letter rather than being interwoven into the text of the book, but apart from this the telling of the story is remarkably well done. Whether in fact the theory of unchanging human nature upon which the experiment is based holds good remains a moot point. Often one is tempted to think that it is the author and not the character supplying the motives for the action, but in the handling of the relationship between Samson and Delilah, although the author has embroidered the legend, we have a very convincing and subtle study. " Samson the Nazarite " is not everybody's book, but those who like its type will hail it as genius.

TENT FOLK OF THE FAR NORTH.

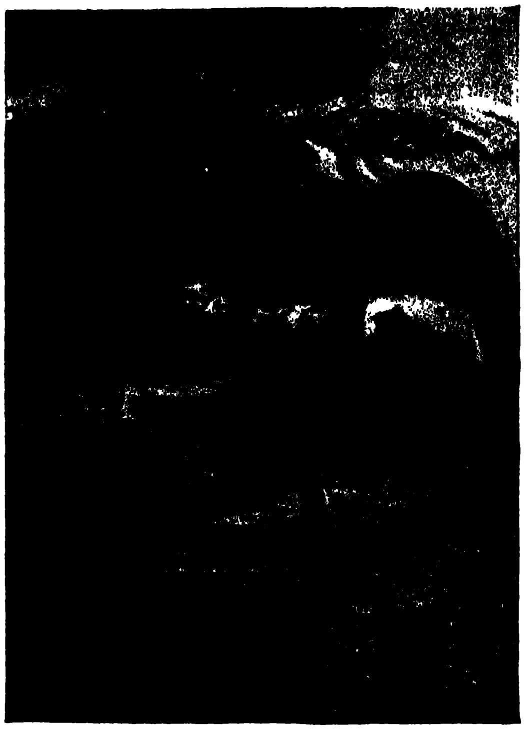
By Ester Blenda Nordstrom. 12s. 6d. (Herbert Jenkins.)

Miss Nordstrom was appointed by the Swedish Government as teacher in the Lapp summer school in the settlement on the shores of Lake Tarpallajauri. The descriptions of the school's early days, the author's housekeeping experiments with her little Lapp maid Ellekare, not to mention her various daring adventures forth, are all entertainingly related, but they pale beside the vivid pictures of her trek with the tribe from Soppero to the Swedish-Norwegian border. " The storm clutched us with cruel hands, greedy and merciless, as if no pity existed in all the world." " Two tent poles had to be sacrificed for the fire that night and provided us with a few cups of coffee." " Whirling flakes cutting like a thousand sharp knives," and yet, so warm was the native hospitality and friendship that it was with a sad heart the author heard their last jolly " Boris, Lärarinna " and reflects " no other spot on earth was marked by a greater peace and freedom."

RIFT VALLEY.

By Florence Kilpatrick. 7s. 6d. (Collins.)

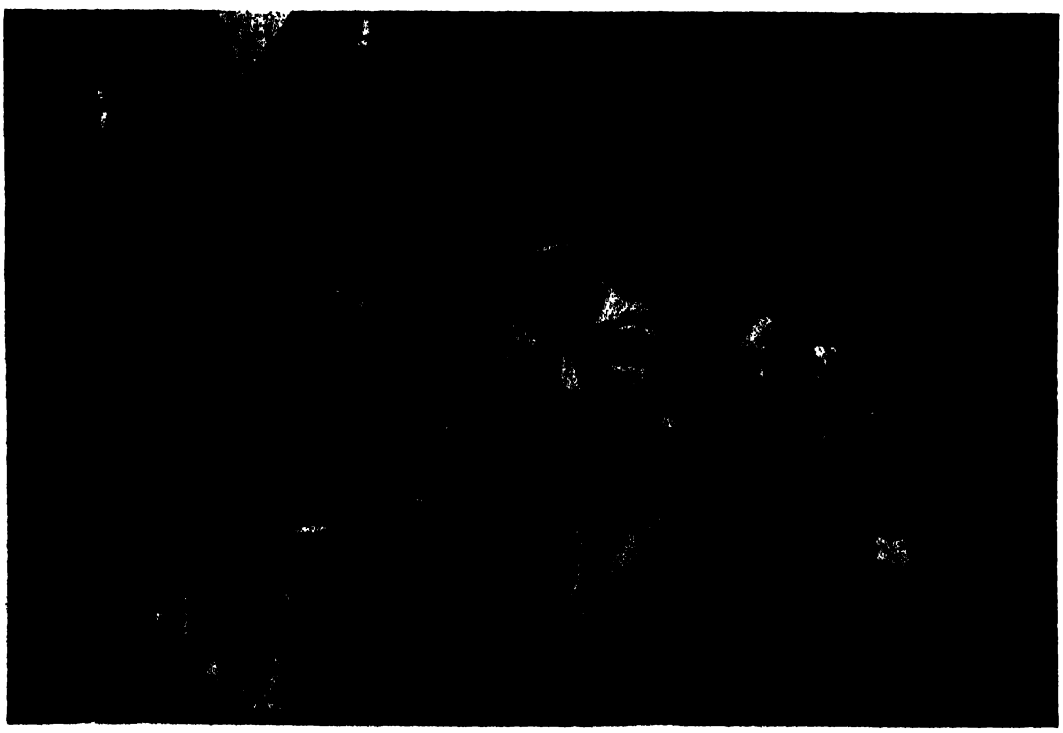
Another tale of Kenya from Mrs. Kilpatrick's pen is very welcome, and here, as in " Red Dust," the strange



From **Turkey and Syria Reborn**
By Harold Armstrong
(*Bodley Head*).

Druse Carter.
(Behind are the snows of the Lebanon Mountains.)

fascination, the discomforts, dangers and disillusion of East Africa are cleverly introduced as background to a dramatic story. If you can accept the improbability of Michael Lorimer consenting to impersonate Justin Ferraby and go out in his place to the lonely farm in Kenya Colony, you will enjoy a good, romantic tale of a man in an exceedingly difficult position, burdened with another man's past. Lorimer and Ferraby meet on board ship, bound for Africa. Lorimer is going out in the hope of finding work; Ferraby has been banished by his family to make good on an uncle's farm. Stricken with illness and dying, he pleads with Lorimer to take his place; and for the sake of a girl, whose portrait Ferraby shows him, Lorimer agrees. It is soon impressed upon Lorimer that the ne'er-do-well he is supposed to be has earned a particularly discreditable reputation in England, and it is up to him to live down that reputation. He falls in love with Gloria, the girl, and she falls in love with him—but Ferraby's past is between them. The story holds you, for the action is brisk and the situation becomes more tense and complicated, till a cousin who knew Ferraby arrives from England, and then . . . But you must read it for yourself and discover how the unfortunate adventurer escapes from the tangle.



From **Tent Folk of the Far North**
By Ester Blenda Nordstrom
(*Herbert Jenkins*).

Interior of a Lapp Tent.



From An International Drama
By Henry Morgenthau
(*Jarrolds*).

A Greek Family Moving from Thrace to Greece.

SCRAPS OF PAPER: INDIA'S BROKEN TREATIES, HER PRINCES, AND THE PROBLEM.

By A. P. Nicholson. 21s. (Ernest Benn.)

AN INTERNATIONAL DRAMA.

By Henry Morgenthau. 18s. (Jarrolds.)

Mr. A. P. Nicholson in "Scraps of Paper" has presented a thoughtful, detailed and historical account of the Indian Princes and their treaties with the paramount authority. The author has taken infinite trouble to place before his readers the causes and events leading in so many cases to the breaking or modifying of these treaties; he has had access to the same material as the Harcourt Butler Committee. A very illuminating chapter dealing with "The Tyranny of Words" shows to what a very large extent outward and visible signs count with this Empire of the East. For instance, a vast amount of irritation has been caused by the use in connection with the States of the word feudal or feudatory. First adopted by Lord Ellenborough, it has frequently been interpreted by officials in its English sense. The Indian system however is entirely different from our own remnants of feudalism. Land was not granted to prince or peasant in India because we had conquered it. It was theirs by right and the political agent was not an overlord. This is but one example of the ever outstanding difficulty of blending East and West, and in spite of laws and treaties smooth relations always must ultimately rest on the personal good will and feeling of the persons concerned in each case. Still, there may be another side to some of the vexed questions. It is possible that in a dim and distant past just one or two princes may not have proved always anxious to hear, consider and adopt all reasonable suggestions for the general good. Scindia of Gwalior used his "courage and craft" *for* us in the Mutiny; others with more craft, subtlety, and evasion may have brought about the necessity for a little deeper thinking, a little closer attention, and perhaps some unwelcome suggestion on the part of the agent. The necessity for immediate action may have been great. In a short notice it is impossible to deal with every part of the book. Mr. Nicholson's "Perspective" gives a clear and concise summing up of the position of Indian affairs as they appear to-day, and should be read by everyone who has the welfare of this vast country at heart. The Princes have proved their loyalty to us in the past, and, says Mr. Nicholson, "it is a political absurdity to suppose that any arbitrary arrangement (with British India) would stand whereby land-locked States were circled by a dominion that could penalise imports, or arrest communications." The illustrations and maps are excellent.

"An International Drama" brings us back from Asia to Europe, and the problem here is to deal with just over six million people, not upwards of 322 millions, as is the case in India. Still, when it is remembered that Greece is a small country and that over a million of these people were "dumped" on their brethren after the frightful catastrophe at Symrna in 1922, and that the immigrants



From Post Boy to Air Mail
By G. Gibbard Jackson
(*Sampson Low*).

Mail Cart Used for Collecting Outgoing Letters from the Coffee House.
See page 97.

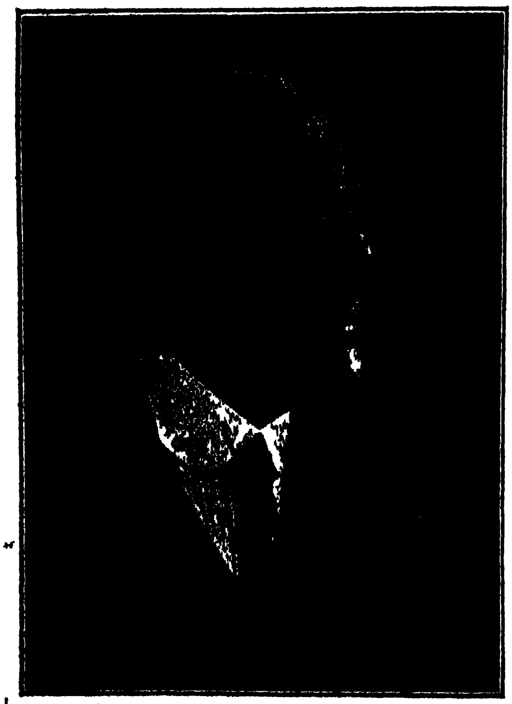
brought nothing with them beyond the clothes they wore, it does not require a great deal of imagination to realise that an acute problem was presented to the nation Greece willingly and courageously did all she could for her starving countrymen But the undertaking was stupendous, and Greece was poor. In 1923 a Refugee Settlement Commission was created by the League of Nations with Mr Henry Morgenthau, late American Ambassador at Constantinople, as chairman He was sent to Athens to undertake the very difficult task of handling the problem Gifted with faith, self-confidence, energy and a special knowledge of Balkan difficulties his amazing achievement is recorded in this book Funds had to be raised, and Mr Morgenthau s interviews with the Governor of the Bank of England reveal a vivid picture of the undaunted American spirit This same spirit was manifest in Greece when things appeared specially difficult or workers were disheartened The political situation also was not particularly cheerful, for ministers were beginning to get busy to exchange a king for a president Mr Morgenthau however steered a very happy course and was friendly with all, his great services were acknowledged by a grateful country, and the greatest honours were conferred upon him The book must be read in order to grasp the full significance of the marvellous results accomplished in this small peninsula during the last six eventful years.

WILFRID L. RANDELL.



From Lincoln
By Emil Ludwig
(*Putnams*)

LINCOLN 1864.



From Thou Shalt do no Murder
By Arthur Lambton
(*Hurst & Blackett*)

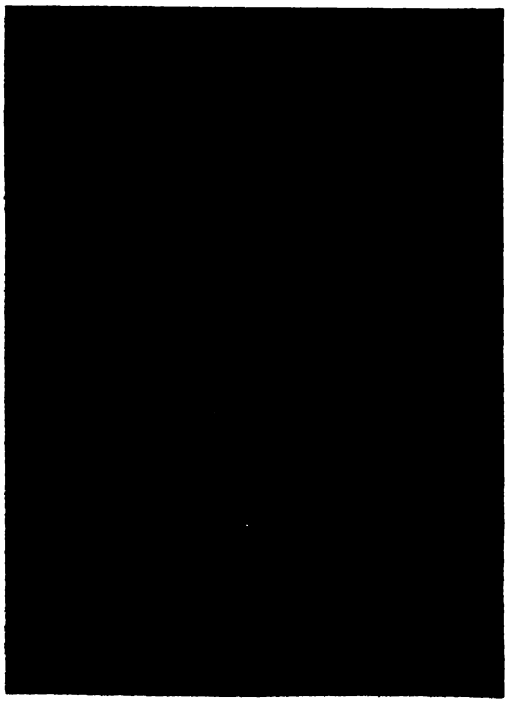
THE LATE SIR EDWARD MARSHALL HALL, KC

LINCOLN.

By EMIL LUDWIG

21s (Putnam)

Up to the present it is a generally recognised fact that the best biography and the best play written round Lincoln's life have been from the hands of Englishmen (Lord Charnwood and John Drinkwater) this despite the fact that thousands of books have been written about this rugged, gaunt figure Now comes a real contribution from the hands of that brilliant biographer Emil Ludwig, and it will be interesting to watch its reception Armed with enthusiasm born of a long and deep admiration, he has drawn into focus the whole span of Lincoln s life from the early struggles in the cabin down to the last tragic years Such a scope naturally means considerable compression, but the real gain in this volume is the full length powerful figure that stands out vividly against the turbulent background All the towering strength, the amazing simplicity, the just as amazing humanity, the loneliness of soul, the eccentricity, the gentleness that went to the making of that paradoxical figure are charmed into these pages and cast their spell afresh a spell that grows with the years Numerous portraits of Lincoln at different periods of his life add their quota to a book of absorbing interest We are greatly indebted to Eden and Cedar Paul whose translation runs with the fluency of an original, thanks to their excellent labours.

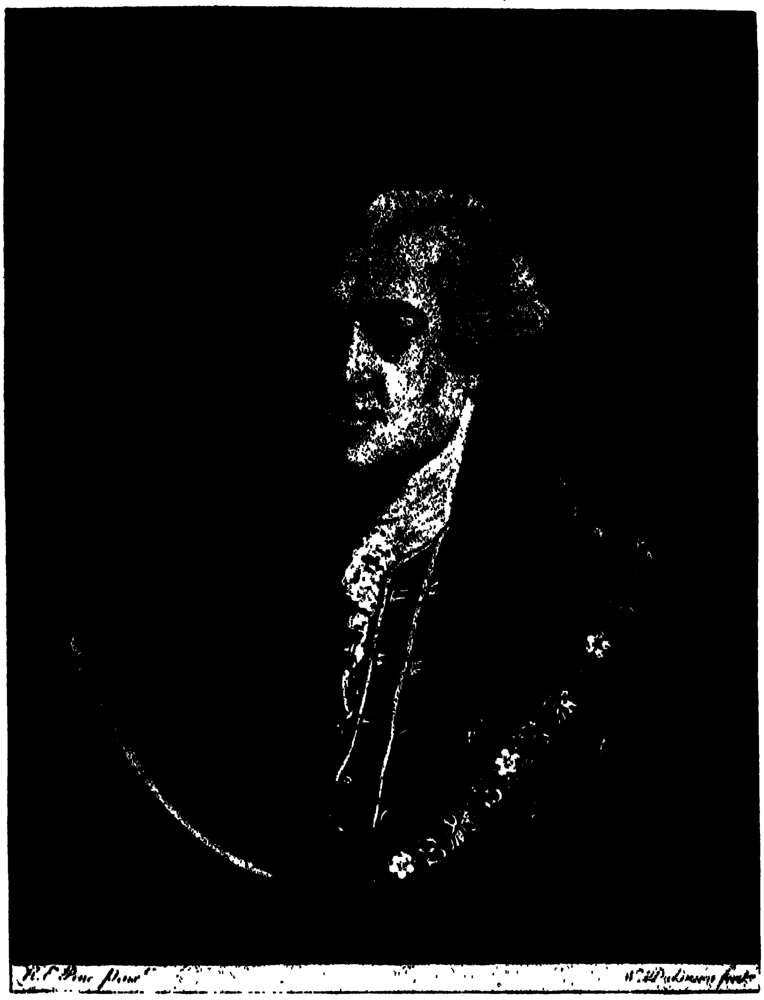


GUSTAV FRENSSEN,
Author of "Otto Babendiek"
(*Harrap*)

A LIFE OF JOHN WILKES.

By O. A. Sherrard. 10s. 6d. net. (Allen & Unwin.)

The author of this eminently readable apology would have us see John Wilkes as "the father of modern democracy." That won't do, though Mr. Sherrard makes out a very good case for his client. Wilkes was hampered from the start. With a father, the whiggish and wealthy distiller of Clerkenwell, set on having his son John a gentleman, a mother rigidly puritan, and the marriage *à la mode* at twenty with an heiress ten years his senior, it is no matter for surprise that the youthful Wilkes was a rake, profligate and spendthrift. The trouble was that the reputation—quite richly earned—could not be lived down till middle age had come. Dr. Johnson, to whom Wilkes in 1763 was no more than "an abusive scoundrel," revised his opinion after Boswell had arranged a meeting, and it was "Jack has a great variety of talk, Jack is a scholar, and Jack has the manners of a gentleman." But that was in 1777, when Wilkes was nearly fifty. As for the last meeting of Johnson and Wilkes, has not Boswell painted it for all time?: "When I returned I was struck with observing Dr. Samuel Johnson and John Wilkes, Esq., literally *tête à tête*; for they were reclined upon their chairs, with their heads almost close to each other, and talking earnestly in a kind of confidential whisper. . . . It presented to my mind the happy days which are foretold in the Scripture, when the lion shall lie down with the kid." The public life of John Wilkes in Parliament and in the City of London was entirely creditable. It belongs to eighteenth century England and to political history. Mr. Sherrard's biography of the talented, courageous and engaging John Wilkes, a man of ready wit and large social gifts, is a capital piece of work.



From **A Life of John Wilkes**
By O. A. Sherrard
(Allen & Unwin).

JOHN WILKES.
After a painting by R. E. Pine in the Guildhall Library.

THE LAST OF MRS. CHEYNEY.

By Denys G. Herriot. 7s. 6d. (Collins.)

In a few weeks' time the first holiday of the year will be upon us, and in "The Last of Mrs. Cheyney" the author has provided just the type of novel suitable for a period of leisure. Dealing with crooks of the lighter type, the story is amusing, and much of the dialogue particularly smart. Mrs. Cheyney's two lovers, men of entirely opposite characteristics, are entertaining people, as is also the Hon. Willie Wynton, the rather brainless youth of the party. The two tense scenes of the play (the book is adapted from the play by Frederick Lonsdale), one when against her will the female crook, Mrs. Cheyney, is locked in her hostess's bedroom with Lord Dilling, and the other, when Lord Elton's letter, with its scathing criticism of hostess and guests, is shown to all and sundry, are also two of the most arresting passages in the story.

RED LIKKER.

By Irvin S. Cobb. 7s. 6d. (Jarrolds.)

There are some very fine passages in this story, and although the author assures his readers that the setting and characters are all products of his imagination, the whole has been so well welded that by the time the last page is reached it is difficult not to feel that such a striking personality, for instance, as Colonel Bird, the soldier and distiller, who lived and saw so much during his varied and eventful life, is not a real character. The story touches upon the American Civil War and the Great War of Europe. Most of its scenes are laid in Kentucky, and it deals with three generations of Birds, and their discovery and distilling of the "Red Likker" of the title. The author does not take sides when Prohibition rears its head. He simply tells the story of its effect upon different people to whom he introduces us, and the result is a most arresting and uncommon story.

THE ELIZABETHAN HOME.

Discovered in Two Dialogues.

By Claudius Hollyband and Peter Erondell, and edited by M. St. Clare Byrne. 5s. (Cobden-Sanderson.)

The original limited edition of this book was deservedly exhausted almost as soon as it was published, and all who wish to taste the flavour of the Elizabethan age at its most intimate will be grateful that a second and unlimited edition has now appeared. The dialogues which it contains have been selected from the conversational manuals composed by two Huguenot refugees who taught French for their livelihood in Elizabethan London. They were born of their makers' practical experience of the difficulties of teaching French, but they serve a purpose to-day never intended, by throwing open to us the privacy of the Elizabethan home and schoolroom. They are full of quaint entertainment, and if Hollyband creates more successfully the illusion of immediate conversation, Erondell realises with an even greater verisimilitude the atmosphere of an aristocratic household directed by a great lady from the moment of waking to her retirement at night after family prayers.

THE TUNNELLERS OF HOLZMINDEN.

By H. G. DURNSFORD, M.C., M.A. 6s. (Cambridge University Press.)

This is the second edition of a book originally published in 1920. It certainly deserves reprinting, for it contains not only one of the fullest but one of the raciest accounts that have been written of the life of our soldiers in a German internment camp during the War. Mr. Durnsford gives us a vivid description of the conditions, the humours and the pains of imprisonment at Holzminden, "that highly advertised Brunswickian retreat which, on a day in September, 1917, flung open its hospitable gates to its first English guests." But Mr. Durnsford has also a remarkable story to tell of how, in the teeth of every imaginable difficulty, the "English guests" bored a tunnel by which many of them, including himself, made their escape. The account of his own "making good" is more thrilling than most novels.



From The Tunnellers of Holzminden
By H. G. Durnsford
(*Cambridge University Press*).

ORDERLIES DIGGING OUT THE TUNNEL BETWEEN KASERNE B AND THE OUTER WALL.

CONFESSIONS OF ZENO.

By ITALO SVEVO. Translated from the Italian by BERYL DE ZOETE. 12s. 6d. (Putnams.)

Freud and James Joyce appear to be Italo Svevo's gods, and we are told that but for the encouragement given to the writer by the author of "Ulysses," these "Confessions of Zeno" would never have been set down on paper, let alone published, which they were in Italy some seven years ago, to be hailed on their advent as the product of genius. The reception on this side of what appears to be an admirable translation is likely to be a little more mixed. Zeno Cosini is hypochondriac, valetudinarian and amorist, haunted by a "sense of sin" and a "sense of disease," and spares his readers very little indeed by way of self-revelation in this diary alleged to have been composed on the advice of a psychoanalytic practitioner. The idea was apparently that the patient would benefit from the effects of a spiritual purge. Whether he did so or not remains unrevealed, but as Cosini is a mere figment of the author's imagination, the point need not be pursued. The ordinary person will dip into this queerest of books and find himself repelled at first, then rather fascinated. Possibly his compatriots are right, and Signor Svevo is in effect a genius.

THE GREAT LITERARY SALONS: XVII and XVIII Centuries.

With Illustrations. 7s. 6d. (Thornton Butterworth.)

There is a distinct and distinctive charm about this volume. It reveals with clarity and an absence of dry detail the reality and the allurement of five of the most notable *salons* in France in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. The chapters are the special lectures of the Musée Carnavalet, written by five "leading French critics," and translated by Miss Mabel Robinson. Louis Batiffol writes of the Marquise de Rambouillet; André Hallays treats of Madame de la Sablière; Paul Reboux, of Madame de Jencin; the *salon* of Madame Geoffrin is described by Nozière, and that of Madame du Deffand by André Bellessort. And Louis Gillet contributes an introduction which gives just the right key-note, so to speak, to arouse interest in the charming chapters which follow. It is impossible to learn of these gathering-places of the intellectual and the great without learning subconsciously much of the history and atmosphere of the times. The clear, lively yet dignified "lectures" leave lasting and pleasant impressions on the mind.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A BRITISH YARN MERCHANT.

By W. F. M. WESTON-WEBB. Illustrated. 10s. 6d. (Cayme Press.)

Politicians and painters, soldiers and students, judges and jailbirds, usually sit down to write their reminiscences when they attain a certain degree of eminence, but for some obscure reason it is very unusual for merchants to do so. This makes Mr. Weston-Webb's story of an honourable and successful career in the world of "business" very acceptable, concerning as it does various aspects of English life which are worthy and characteristic, but very seldom written about. Destined for the Navy, Mr. Weston-Webb had to take to clerking in his teens owing to inability to conquer sea-sickness, but seems to have conquered everything else life had in store for him. Raising himself before thirty to the position of a captain of industry, he still found time somehow to compete and excel in many sports, shooting, fishing, volunteer soldiering, cricket, and boxing. As Mr. Stephen Gwynn remarks in his preface, it is extraordinary to read how this Englishman, knowing no language but his own, managed to establish not only connections but branch establishments all over Europe, in France, Germany, Austria, Russia. He even had a shot at Turkey.

PHILIPS' RECORD ATLAS.

10s. 6d. (Philip.)

This is a seventh and revised edition of a complete reference Atlas that maps the whole world with great thoroughness and has been in every particular brought up to date. The scheme of colouring displays all recent territorial changes, and there is a comprehensive index.

THE EVOLUTION OF THE FLYING MACHINE.

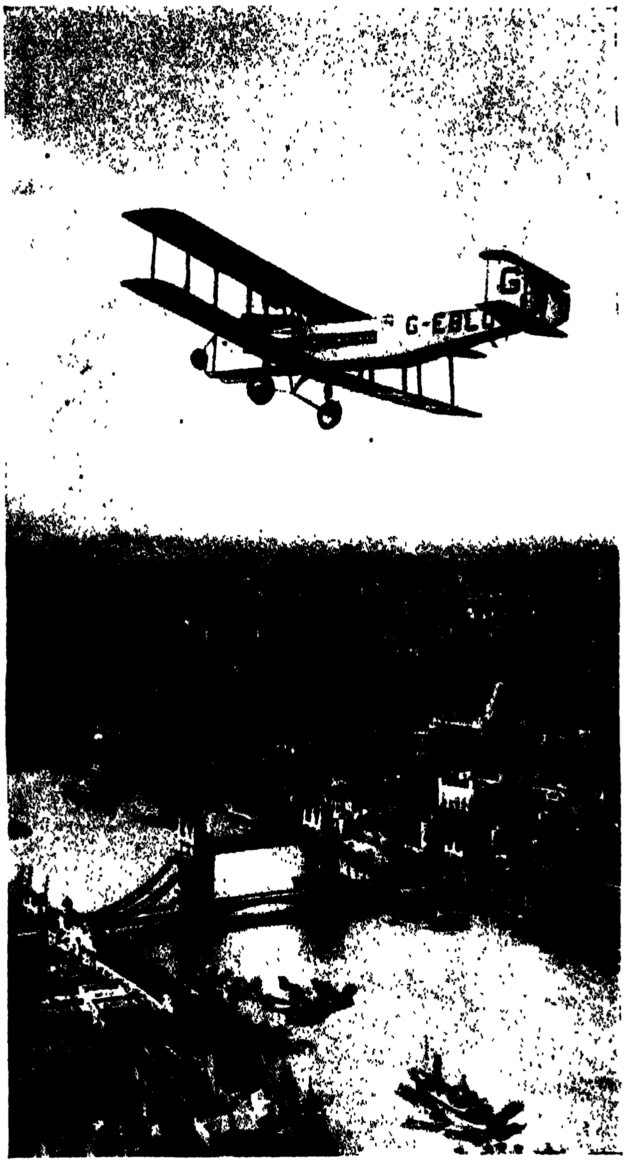
By Harry Harper. 21s. (Hutchinson.)

FROM POST BOY TO AIR MAIL.

By G. Gibbard Jackson. 12s. 6d. (Sampson Low.)

These two books have this much in common: they trace incidentally the development of speed, the one in relation to man's conquest of the air, the other as it concerns the carrying of the mails. But Mr. Harry Harper, the air correspondent of the *Daily Mail*, has the more romantic theme and, with the aid of a generous assortment of illustrations, he has made the most of his opportunity. He adds little or nothing to existing knowledge but that, one imagines, he had no thought of doing. What he has done, and done well, is to produce a book which gives a vivid survey of the evolution of all types of aircraft from times legendary to the R 101. It is a story fabricated of humour and tragedy.

The dream of conquering the air has troubled the days of a curiously diverse company of men. Poets and scientists one would expect, but here are Jesuit priests, a humble locksmith, a bishop, a manufacturer of lace machinery, monks and a watchmaker. They gave their time and their money, and some of them gave their lives. Not many of them knew the joys of achievement. There is pathos in the labours of Francesco Lana, who wrote a long treatise on an aerial ship whose lifting power was to come from globes of thin copper exhausted of their air. His idea was not put to the test, so he lived out his life and never knew that his metalled vacuums would have collapsed before the pressure of the outside air.



From The Airway to See Europe
By Eleanor Kisner
(*Marriott*).

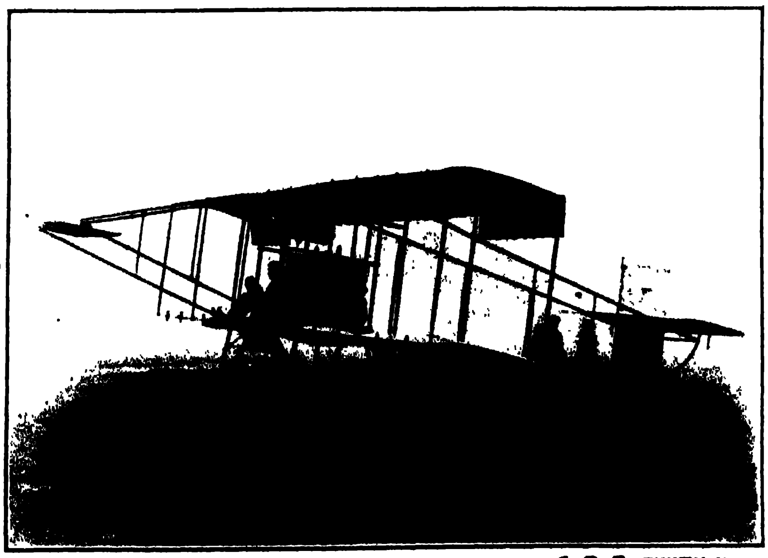
"Silver Wing" over Europe.

The real story begins with the Montgolfier brothers and their hot-air balloons. The earliest of all balloon passengers were a sheep, a cock and a duck. The first of the Montgolfier man-carrying balloons, flamboyantly painted and decorated, was fitted with a brazier so that the pilot could prolong his aerial voyage by stoking the fire. A gallant young Frenchman, Pilatre de Rozier, earned undying fame as the first balloon pilot. He soared into popularity at a bound, but, like many who came after him, he did not long survive to enjoy the sweets of fame. In an attempt to cross the Channel in a balloon which combined the hot-air and hydrogen principles, he fell in flames near Calais.

There followed attempts to make balloons navigable, and we get systems of oars and sails. In the suggestion of General Meusnier for a rotating oar placed vertically instead of horizontally we see the idea of the modern propeller. So the pageant passes before our eyes to the age of steam and electric engines until, with the perfection of the petrol engine, we come to the airships of our own times.

The story of the development of the heavier-than-air machine is less picturesque, but has more of purpose in it. Mr. Harper tells of the long and patient gliding experiments of Otto Lilienthal, whose work inspired the Wright brothers towards their first free flight in a power-driven heavier-than-air machine. With the achievement of the Wrights in 1903 the flying age dawned. The progress made in the last quarter of a century has been phenomenal and offers ample material for speculation on the future.

Mr. Jackson, whose book is also delightfully illustrated, tells the history of the British Post Office. His theme is less exciting than Mr. Harper's, but it is also less well known to the average reader. He goes back to 1484, when relays of horsemen were organised to convey early news to the King of a possible landing by Henry Tudor. In this initiation of a system of Royal posts he sees the genesis of the idea that the Posts should be a State institution. The Royal monopoly was confirmed by Queen Elizabeth, but Charles I passed it to a private citizen who used his privileged position to enrich himself at the expense of the public. Thence afterwards for many years the posts were "farmed" to the highest bidder, and although the inefficiency and abuses of the system were glaring, it was not until 1667 that the main service



From The Evolution of the Flying Machine, Balloon, Airship and Aeroplane
By Harry Harper
(*Hutchinson*).

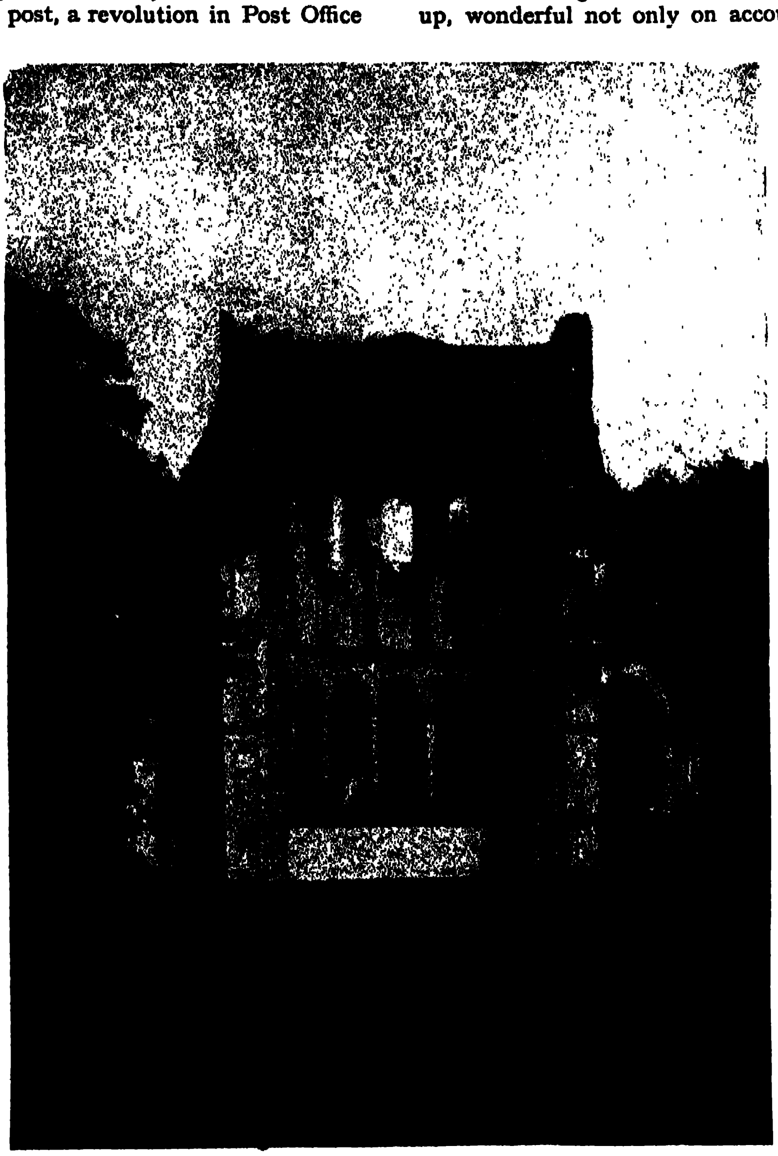
Mr. T. O. Sopwith in an Early-type Howard Wright Biplane.
"*Flight*" *Photograph.*

reverted to the Government. More than a century was to pass however before the first mail coach was run. This, a marvel of speed in its day, covered the 118 mile journey from Bristol to London in seventeen hours. For fifty years the mail coaches, with all their pomp and circumstance, flourished.

In November, 1830, the first rail-borne mail was carried between London and Manchester. The development of the railways and the inspired advocacy of Rowland Hill brought about the penny post, a revolution in Post Office history. From now onwards the Post Office grew apace. The number of letters handled yearly has jumped from seventy-nine millions in 1839 to the three thousand millions of the present day.

And the Post Office has added other great activities to its organisation. The story of the ocean mails, the travelling post offices, the post office tube railways, the money-order and savings-bank businesses, the telegraph and the telephone systems, is told by Mr. Jackson with a keen eye for the romance of their development. We would have welcomed from his pen the inner history of the part played by the Post Office telephone organisation in the air-raid warning schemes which did so much to limit the threat of the airship and aeroplane attacks during the War.

H. A. JONES.



From Life in the Middle Ages By G. C. Coulton (*Cambridge University Press*).

THE CHOIR OF THE CISTERCIAN ABBEY OF HEISTERBACH.

LIFE IN THE MIDDLE AGES.

Vol. IV.

Selected, edited and arranged by G. C. COULTON. 10s. 6d. (Cambridge University Press.)

This is the last volume of Dr. Coulton's invaluable anthology illustrating, from contemporary sources, the life of the Middle Ages. This final book is concerned with Monks, Friars and Nuns, and Dr. Coulton, whose authority for such a task is unrivalled, has collected no less than 121 long extracts from mediæval human documents. "The records here printed," he modestly claims, "represent thirty years' study among all kinds of mediæval writings, and could scarcely be outdone in this respect but by scholars who have better work to do." Drawn from six different languages, the majority of the extracts are now translated for the first and perhaps the last time, since "they are only the cream from bulky and often inaccessible volumes." Dr. Coulton's anthology is indispensable to the growing army of readers who wish to get at the real Middle Ages.

THE AIRWAY TO SEE EUROPE.

By ELEANOR ELSNER. 6s. (Marriott.)

The term "just a flying visit" falls glibly enough from one's lips when it merely implies a hasty one, but Mrs. Elsner has infused the words with a spirit of reality, tinged them with magic. It is a wonderful vista that she opens up, wonderful not only on account of its thrills and the charm of new aspects, but because of its enormous possibilities. To breakfast in London, lunch in Rotterdam and dine in Berlin and attend the opera there the same night no longer savours of the magic carpet stories, but is an attractive possibility. Mrs. Elsner has had exceptional facilities for collecting her material, and in its disposal she gives free rein to her excellent descriptive powers, her infectious enthusiasm and her ready recognition of salient features and interests. Now that safety, comparable to any mode of travelling, is an accomplished fact, and comfort added to it, the lure is a tremendous one. It only remains for the important point of cost to be improved, and Mrs. Elsner, with her happy knack of blending the practical with the adventurous, should do much towards paving the way for the needed improvement by winning an enormous response from all who are interested in the popularising of travel by air.

DAWN ON MONT BLANC.

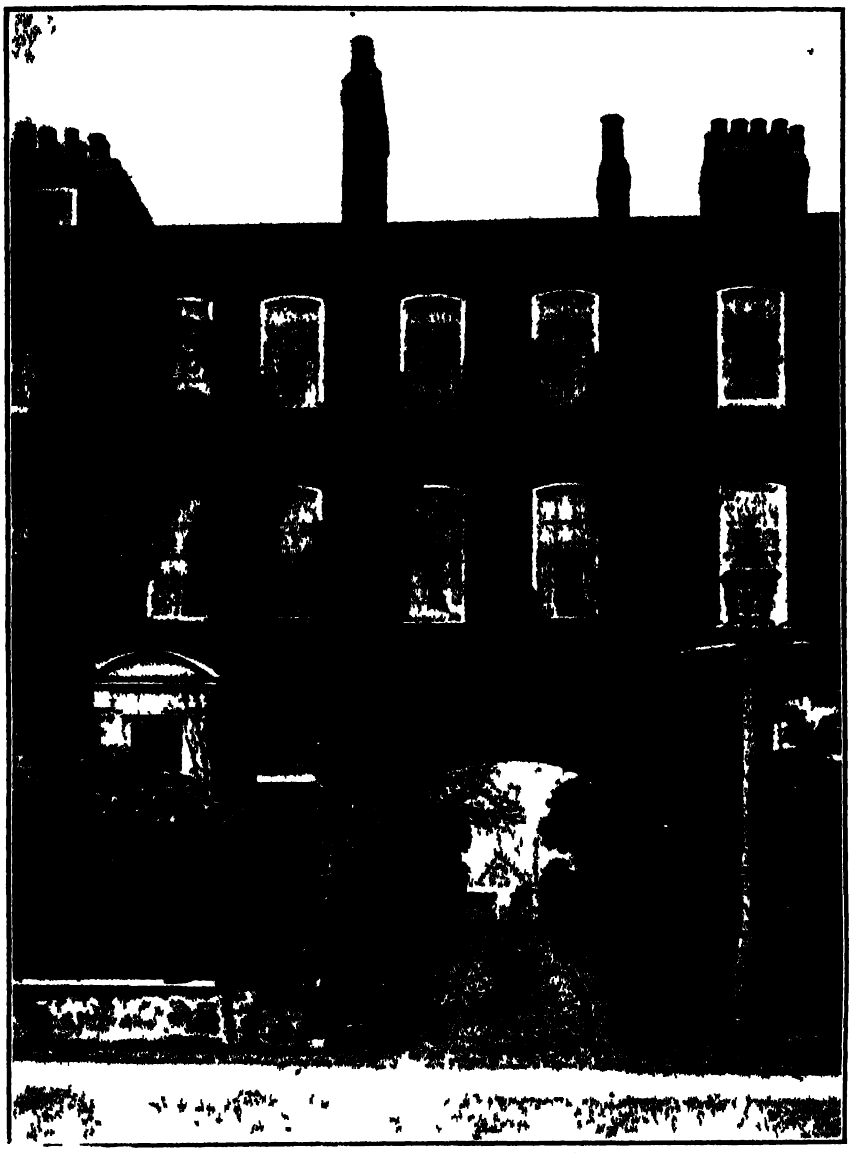
By WILFRID BENSON. 7s. 6d. net. (Hogarth Press.)

Mont Blanc really had nothing to do with it, though Madame Schloop, whose interruptions are always welcome, gives us the word at the very end. Roger Maiteland was a thoroughly good fellow, there's no doubt about that, but he had no sense of humour; and so there was bound to be trouble at Veagen when Roger came to be employed in the International Institute of Racial Peace." (The reader will quickly understand that Veagen is Geneva.) And then Nina was rather a tough proposition for official society at Geneva, more particularly after Roger was married. No one can blame Barbara for running away. How could she tell her husband was not in love with Nina? The author's note assures us that Geneva is surmounting the difficulties of the institute "by its team-work." We are glad to hear it. But as the author depicts them in this very clever novel, what a set they are at Geneva!

THE CHRONICLES OF CLAPHAM.

By J. H. MICHAEL BURGESS Privately printed. (Anthony Cavendish & Co.)

This is a selection from the reminiscences of Thomas Parsons, formerly a member of the Clapham Antiquarian Society, who died recently at the age of eighty-eight. He left behind five manuscript volumes in which he had written his own recollections of Clapham, and historic records of the district gleaned from many sources. From these volumes Mr. Burgess has made an admirable selection, furnishing it with notes and an introduction, and a wealth of additional matter in eleven appendices. Most of the houses round the Common have a history, and retain memories of men who were important in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. There is the house of Mr. Robert Thornton, a wealthy London merchant in the Russia Trade, where Pitt and his Cabinet were entertained at a banquet. It was occupied after Thornton's death by Lord Teignmouth, and then by Mr. Spencer Perceval, the premier who was assassinated in the Lobby of the House of Commons in 1812. There is the house in which Mr. Edgar, of the firm of Swan & Edgar, used to live; the house of William Wilberforce; the one in which Captain Cook resided; the Academies where Thomas Hood and Macaulay were among the scholars; and, to say nothing of others, here is the site of Gauden House, where in his latter days Pepys lived with his former clerk, Mr. William Hewer, whose name is familiar to readers of the great Diary. All this and much more make "The Chronicles of Clapham" a local history that, as Mr. de M. Rudolf says in a foreword, is an indispensable addition to the bibliography of Clapham. It is illustrated with many excellent photographs and drawings.



From The Chronicles of Clapham By J. H. Michael Burgess (*Anthony Cavendish & Co.*)
LORD MACAULAY'S SCHOOL.

A LITERARY HISTORY OF THE ARABS

By REYNOLD A. NICHOLSON. 21s. (Cambridge University Press.)

This book, well known and indeed indispensable to all students of Arabic literature and Moslem culture, was first published over twenty years ago. It is now reissued, from another press and with some revision, as a companion to the late Professor Browne's "Literary History of Persia," and it is worthy to stand beside those famous volumes. Though intended in the first place for students of Arabic, it may be read with pleasure and profit by those who have no knowledge of that language, for Professor Nicholson has set his detailed accounts of writers and their works against a background which is a lucid exposition of the culture which produced them. He pays particular attention to poetry, which he exemplifies by frequent and admirable translations of his own making, but to read his book is to gain knowledge not only of a literature, but of a remarkable civilisation in all its aspects, political, social, religious and philosophic.

NOT ON THE SCREEN

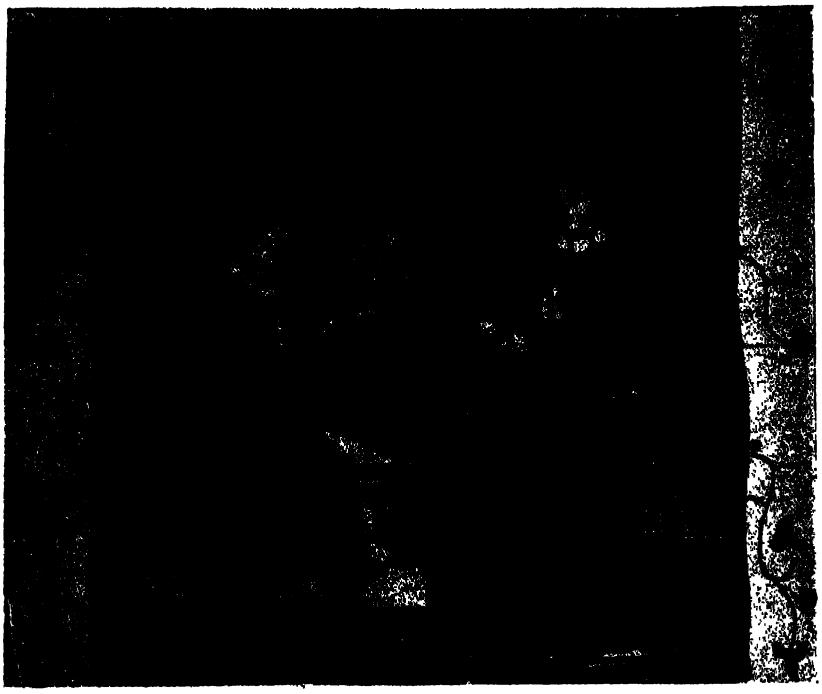
By HENRY B. FULLER. 7s. 6d. (Knopf.)

Is the coloured wrapper going out of fashion? Of six current novels which the present writer has to review, five of them have a plain printed jacket. The one that has a coloured wrapper is this novel by Mr. Fuller, and, like the novel itself, it is an extremely good one. It seems there are two kinds of novels largely being read these days—War novels and novels about Hollywood. The former, they say, are likely to be fewer in number in the future, but Hollywood stories will always find their readers, especially when they are as good as this. It comes from America, which is, naturally, a recommendation for a story set in Hollywood, or rather novels with Hollywood plots. But what is a Hollywood plot? The chances are that when we think of such things, we see ultra-melodrama and bizarre situations, which the serious student of fiction avoids like the plague. Here, in "Not on the Screen," we have indeed a very clever travesty of such things, as the title might well suggest. You may readily recognise the ingredients of a cinema story in this novel, and by the time you have reached the end of it, you will realise the clever subtlety of the author who, alas! died last year, and this novel was his last.

THE MYSTERY AND ROMANCE OF ASTROLOGY.

By C. J. S. Thompson. 15s. (Brentano)

There is always a curious fascination about the prediction of the future on the one hand and the pseudo-sciences of the past on the other. Mr. Thompson, who is an expert in such matters, gives full rein to both—he shows how empires have been led astray through the belief of their rulers in what is now recognised as a falsehood; he shows also how remarkably accurate have proved some of the predictions made by the astrologers of old. Covering, and covering well, a remarkably wide field, the book gives evidence of loving and thorough research; but, though Mr. Thompson night reply that it was out of place in a popular volume, one reviewer at least would have welcomed even a short bibliography or other note of sources.



From The Mystery and Romance of Astrology
By C. J. S. Thompson
(*Brentano*).

Astrologers making Observations.
(From a manuscript of the sixteenth century.)

WHY STAY WE HERE?

By George Godwin. 7s. 6d. (Philip Allan.)

The threatened slump in War stories has not yet started; we hear of many still to come, and one we had heard of was "Why Stay We Here?" It is worth reading for itself—which is almost as good a thing as you can possibly say about a novel; it is certainly realistic, and *decidedly* unflinching. It is not crude or coarse—but ruthless—yes. There is another reason why we should read it; why we have read it: it is a story of the Canadian Expeditionary Force in France. We do not think we have had any other novel about the Canadians in the War. Goodness knows, we have read countless novels about warriors of almost every nationality under the sun, and we are indeed grateful to Mr. Godwin for building up a story around the Canadians. Mr. Godwin is a brilliant writer in many ways, and in "Why Stay We Here?" one feels and sees the irresistible imagination of the author. It was certainly time we had a story about those gallant heroes from the Dominion, and Mr. Godwin's is worthy of them.

COMPOSITION AND EXPRESSION IN LANDSCAPE PAINTING.

By F. J. Glass. 15s. (Seeley, Service.)

"To say to the painter that Nature is to be taken as she is, is to say to the player that he may sit on the piano. . . . The artist is born to pick and choose." This is the text, taken from Whistler, upon which Mr. Glass founds an eminently practical course of instruction to the student of landscape painting. He treats his theme comprehensively and thoroughly. With a welcome avoidance of æsthetic jargon (in passing he has some hard things to say of some of our art critics), he discusses the principles of picture-making from the preliminary sketch to the finished work in pencil, charcoal, pen-and-ink, water-colour, etching, aquatint, mezzotint, drypoint, wood and lino-cutting and so forth, using simple and effective diagrams to clarify his directions and reproductions from old and new masters of the British and foreign schools to the number of nearly a hundred and fifty, their points in each case carefully analysed, to illustrate his argument.



From Composition and Expression in Landscape Painting
By F. J. Glass
(*Seeley, Service*).

White on Black.
Valuable White Notes

FROZEN SLIPPERS.

By A. M. Williamson. 7s. 6d. (Chapman & Hall.)

" She froze her slippers,
But her feet were never cold."

For many years this talented author has given us novels of the utmost charm, and "Frozen Slippers" is even better than some of Mrs. Williamson's earlier novels, all of which have been worth the reading. In the present story, though you may not be much interested in life at Hollywood—but who is not attracted by the cinema these days?—once you start reading "Frozen Slippers" you will find yourself changing your mind, for the plot is so swift and thrilling that the reader is, willy-nilly, compelled to be interested. This is always the test of an entertaining story, and Mrs. Williamson, as those who know her work would always expect, gives us striking evidence once again of her distinctive capacity for story-making. Her knowledge of the world behind the scenes at Hollywood must be as complete as is possible, but she only lets it appear in the lives of her cleverly drawn characters.

CHATS ON OLD ENGLISH TOBACCO JARS.

By REGINALD MYER. 15s.
(Sampson Low.)

The charms of My Lady Nicotine are delightfully exploited and amplified in Mr. Myer's description of his almost unique collection of tobacco jars. Surely a new field of interest this. Fully recognising the fact that by thus sharing his treasures with an extended public his future prospects are almost inevitably jeopardised, he has nevertheless done it generously. It is impossible to do justice in words to the beauty of many of the jars here reproduced, they are delightful examples both in design and interest. They lure not only the student of art, of manners, customs and beliefs, but bear a definite relation to history. Added to Mr. Myer's vastly interesting stories of his experiences while collecting and much general information concerning the jars, there is also included a reprint of a book on "The Westminster Tobacco Box," published in 1824, and an Introduction by Mr. Charles R. Beard, himself an authority on the subject.



From The Gothick North : The Fair Haired Victory
By Sacheverell Sitwell
(*Duckworth*).

See page 40.

ILLUMINATION FROM THE POEMS OF CHRISTINE DE PISAU.

THE ROME OF ST. PAUL.

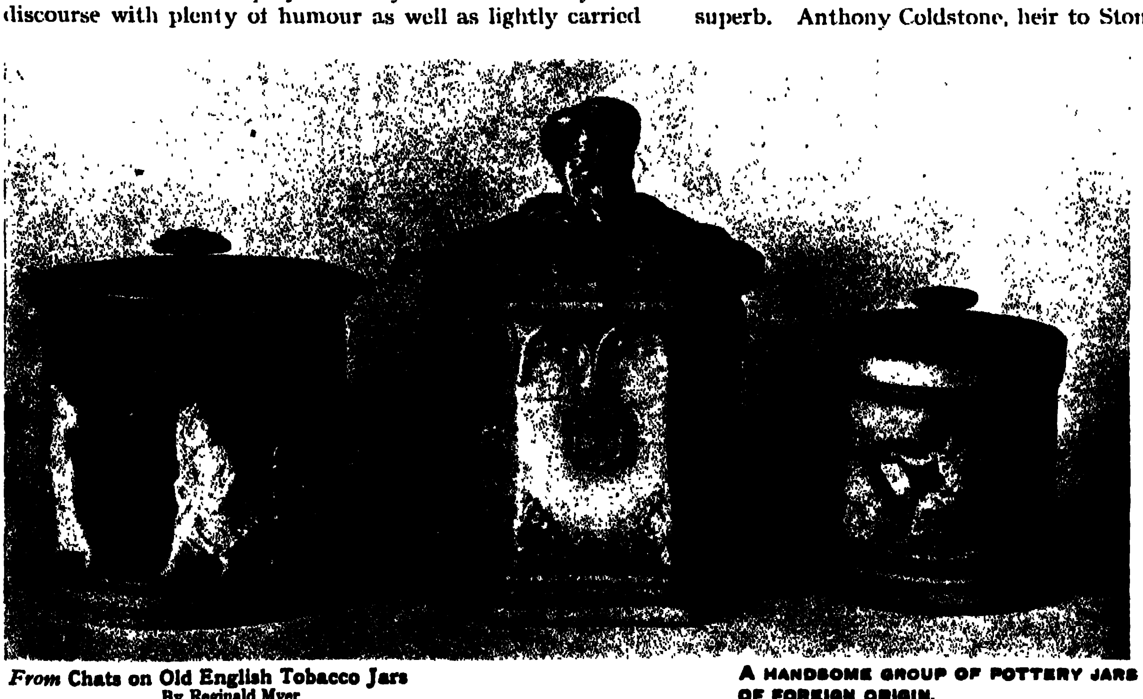
By A. G. MACKINNON. 7s. 6d. (R.T.S.)

In this handsome volume Dr. Mackinnon has completely realised what we take to have been his intention. He has written an account of ancient Rome that is at once scholarly and popular, and the book will be read with unflagging interest by readers of very different attainments. To readers of the New Testament it provides an invaluable historical background, and even classical students will find their interest quickened by the manner in which Dr. Mackinnon brings out the innumerable points of resemblance between the social problems and conditions of the present day, and of Rome in the days of St. Paul. He writes as one deeply fascinated by his subject, and to achieve his end he employs an easy and familiar style of discourse with plenty of humour as well as lightly carried knowledge. The book is splendidly illustrated from Professor Gatteschi's fascinating reconstructions of ancient Rome.

THE COLDSTONE.

By PATRICIA WENTWORTH. 7s. 6d. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

This novel has the qualities that one has come to expect from the novelist of originality, a keen sense of character and some historical sensibility. Primarily a mystery story, the plot gathers not moss but bricks and mortar from its setting; whether this be a country village, hag-ridden with a fear of the Middle Ages, or the very flamboyant atmosphere of Chelsea. For if Camilla is an entertaining character, even for Chelsea, with her jungle room and her Finns—or was it Kurds? Gran with her pawky humour is superb. Anthony Coldstone, heir to Stonegate and a dead man's strange bequest, comes upon mystery after mystery when he claims his property, till, finally, he discovers the solution to the secret, and the treasure of the house. Giving full weight, Miss Wentworth rounds off her novel with a romantic love incident, for her modern squire troubles not at all over the antecedents of his pretty village maid.



From Chats on Old English Tobacco Jars
By Reginald Myer
(*Sampson Low*).

A HANDSOME GROUP OF POTTERY JARS OF FOREIGN ORIGIN.



From The Life and Reminiscences of Jessie Bond (*Bodley Head*).

RUTLAND BARRINGTON AND JESSIE BOND AS SIR DESPARD MURGATROYD AND MAD MARGARET IN "RUDDIGORE."

MY MARRIED LIFE WITH LUDENDORFF.

By MARGARETHE LUDENDORFF. 18s. (Hutchinson.)

It is always interesting to view well known happenings from the converse point of view, and to glimpse the human nature behind the familiar stern exterior. That Ludendorff had a tender side is evidenced over and over again in this story which is told by one who was his wife, with much frankness and yet with unfailing good taste. Perhaps that latter is Frau Ludendorff's greatest charm, allied to her undoubted facility for drawing intimate word pictures and pen portraits. In an easy flowing sequence they steadily present the wearing anxieties, rumours and ordeals behind the German lines during those fateful years, especially from the woman's point of view. The activities at their home when the Kapp and Hitler plots were being hatched are of special interest, as is the story of the estrangement between Ludendorff and Hindenburg, on which the book closes. It is all general knowledge, but with a difference, and viewed through intimate and kindly if not always approving eyes.

THE LIFE AND REMINISCENCES OF JESSIE BOND.

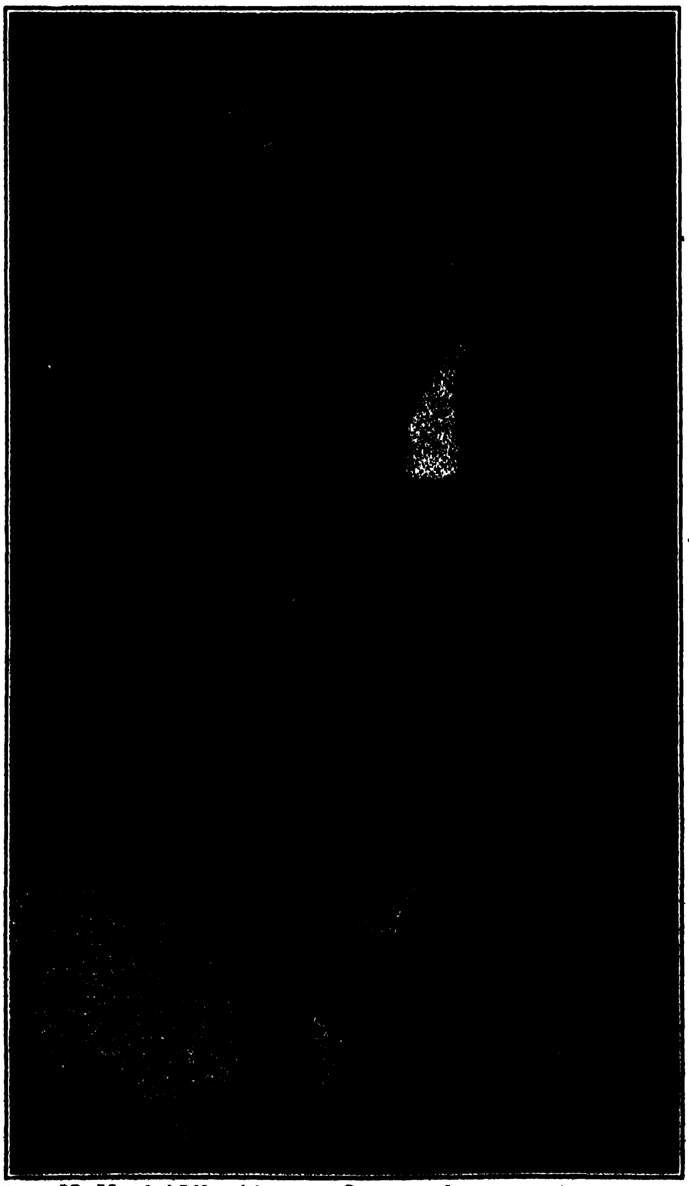
As told by herself to ETHEL MACGEORGE. 7s. 6d. (Bodley Head.)

Jessie Bond is one of the last survivors of the original Savoyards who worked under the direct inspiration of Gilbert and Sullivan. How she danced and sang her way into the hearts of Savoy audiences is well known, but the vivid pictures in this book reveal the early struggles that led to the ensuing brilliant successes. From the safe anchorage of her peaceful retirement she now looks back over the stormy sea of those struggles and attainments and presents them deftly interlaced between intimate glimpses of many outstanding people with whom she was on familiar terms: Gilbert, Sullivan, Edward VII (then Prince of Wales), Santley, Garcia, Charles Wyndham, to mention but a few. How quaint now sounds Gilbert's stern discipline, but not more so than the author's reprimand of the then Prince of Wales when her dignity was slightly aggrieved. Fifteen illustrations show Miss Bond in some of the parts she did so much to create.

BROOMSTICK NIGHTS.

By ANNE CORNER. 5s. (Wells Gardner.)

A happy idea, this of Miss Corners, to look more closely into the home life of the Nursery Rhymes. Humpty Dumpty—we are sure that none of the children who devour this book will ever have heard it—Humpty Dumpty was put into his ugly egg-case because he was a cry baby and a sorrow to his parents! There is a long story about Bopeep's home and mountain. And in the story about the Old Woman Who Lived in a Shoe a great secret is revealed. The ancient dame wasn't their mummy at all; she was just a nasty old woman who didn't like housework! As for Wynken, Blynken and Nod, how delicious it is to meet them again, this time at school under the sea. They inherited their names from tiresome little tricks they had. These artless and cheerful tales will suit people up to eight years old, and Mr. Michael Stachowitsch supplies pictures well above the average.



From My Married Life with Ludendorff By Margarethe Ludendorff (*Hutchinson*).

GENERAL LUDENDORFF WITH HIS WIFE, MARGARETHE LUDENDORFF.

PRODUCING PLAYS.

By C. B. Purdom.
7s. 6d.
(Dent).

Mr. Purdom is well known as the dramatic critic of *Everyman* and as one of the leading amateur producers in Great Britain. He was responsible for "Mr. Sampson" when that play won the David Belasco Cup at New York in 1927 and the Lord Howard de Walden Cup at London in the same year. In this copiously illustrated volume he offers, from his own ripe experience, a wealth of practical advice for amateur producers of plays. He deals fully, lucidly and interestingly with every aspect of his theme, there being twelve long chapters under such headings as "Choosing the Play," "The Actor," "Rehearsing," "Stage Management," "Scenery," and (not least important) "Finance." The book should be eagerly welcomed by amateur producers everywhere, and a careful study of it should do much to improve the standard of their performance.



From General Hertzog
By L. E. Neame
(*Hurst & Blackett*).

General Hertzog as seen in Parliament by "Quip."

THROUGH THE KENNET AND AVON CANAL BY MOTOR BOAT.

By Cyril Herbert Smith. 3s. 6d. (Roberts.)

Considerable interest undoubtedly attaches to traversing the old Kennet and Avon Canal, which has existed as a waterway since 1810, "if only," as Mr. Smith says, "to see the feat of engineering which was accomplished when the canal was built, also it is worth anybody's time to pass through the Bath Arm and Savernake Tunnel." Nevertheless he and his wife needed more than enthusiasm to carry them through such a delicate venture. Perseverance, patience and genuine hard work indeed were just as necessary and occupy so much of the space that there is very little left for the scenery they passed through or for more personal reflections. The daily log invariably runs after this manner: "We accomplished 3 mile from Reading and 5 locks"; "we only covered 7 miles again and 9 locks"; "10 miles and passed through 19 locks," and so on. In fact so much labour with locks, swing bridges, weeds, etc., was involved that considerable outside help was needed as well as a regular assistant on board. The idea is very attractive, but one would scarcely be unreasonable in wishing for smoother waters in which to indulge it.

GILBERT THE GHOST.

By R. Raleigh King.
7s. 6d. (Cecil Palmer.)

It is somewhat puzzling to know in what class of fiction this story should be placed. Perhaps farce is the right word to use; as such it is really excellent. Its centre is Ben Alder, a house in Hampshire, said to be haunted and in which is hidden a chest containing £80,000 in gold. In addition to the owner of the place, his son and son's fiancée and daughter Patricia, there gather three members of a Psychic Research Society (*alias* crooks), a detective, an actress, a lunatic baronet, a money-lender and a widow lady, nearly all treasure hunting. And there are three Scotch ghosts. What could not be made of such a company?



From Producing Plays
By C. B. Purdom
(*Dent*).

"The Carthaginian."
By Frank Taylor.
The Cambridge Festival Theatre,
Produced By Terence Gray.



From Producing Plays
By C. B. Purdom
(*Dent*).

"Adam The Creator."
By Karl and Joseph Capek.
The Cambridge Festival Theatre
Produced by T. G. Saville

FOREST LIFE AND ADVENTURES IN THE MALAY ARCHIPELAGO.

By Dr. Eric Mjöberg. Translated from the Swedish by Anna Barwell. Illustrated. 12s. 6d. (Allen & Unwin.)



From Scraps of Paper By A. P. Nicholson (*Benn*). See page 93. A TROOPER IN THE FAMOUS BIKANER CAMEL CORPS, WHICH HAS FOUGHT IN MANY WARS.

Dr. Mjöberg, a Swedish naturalist, here tells the story of eight years spent recently in exploration and research among the tropical forests of Borneo, Sumatra and other islands of Insulinde. His record is interesting, but for a scientist he seems a little too prone to accept hearsay for fact. The Malayan gavial, tomistome or fish-eating crocodile, for instance, is not confined to a few rivers on the coast of Borneo as he states, but has long been known in the Perak, Pahang and Selangor rivers of the Peninsula and their tributaries, and specimens from this district are to be seen at the Reptile House in Regent's Park. Our own Zoo too has also harboured the serow or "goat antelope" (*kambing gurun* of the Malays), though Dr. Mjöberg claims to be the only European, barring "Governor Swettenham," who has ever set eyes on the beast. Admittedly not often seen or shot owing to the nature of its habitat, this animal is really quite common on the high ranges and isolated limestone crags throughout the Peninsula. Probably Dr. Mjöberg's most real contribution to science made on this trip was his identification of the male (a full grown but tiny beetle) of the eccentric monstrosity known as the "Trilobite larva," whose life history has long been an unsolvable riddle to entomologists. There are some interesting photographs of this and other subjects.



From Forest Life and Adventures in the Malay Archipelago By Dr. Eric Mjöberg (*Allen & Unwin*). A JAVANESE FEMALE COFFEE-PICKER.

THE FLAGRANT YEARS.

By Samuel Hopkins Adams. 7s. 6d. (John Hamilton.)

New York is the centre in which Consuelo Barratt makes her lonely struggle for life, and we are given a lively and impressive picture of a section of the workers in the greatest city of America. Consuelo is almost starving when she meets "Ipsi-doodle" Smith, who advises her to work in a beauty parlour, and writes her an introduction to the head of one. She follows the advice, and incidentally comes into contact with many people and aspects of New York life; and has just decided to marry Rowdy Pontefract, to save him from himself, when he disappears. It is not only an interesting but a lively story, which betrays the difference that exists in social and moral ideas between girl workers in New York and in London. There is certainly more candour in the former.

THE ADMIRABLE SIMMONS.

By Katharine Tynan. 7s. 6d. (Ward, Lock.)

"Just a bit out of life" is the kind of remark one might utter as the last page of a book by Katharine Tynan is turned. But it is an amusing bit chiefly, and interesting always. Her men and women are men and women who might easily be one's near neighbours, and their talk the talk we might expect from them under like circumstances. But those critics who know something about people and about writing, know that this is deftly concealed art. The one character in this novel who would be an unlikely near neighbour is the Admirable Simmons himself. He comes first into our ken as the butler of the young couple named Hunter, who have just come to live at Summerfields." There is no doubt about his faithful adoration of the Hunters, and his loyal protection of them at all times. There is a bit of mystery hinted at in connection with the Admirable one, now and then, but not till his biography nears the end of the volume is the solution suggested. Here is a pleasant story, very human, and taking us again, for a short while, through some of the War days at home.

VAGARIES OF A VAGABOND.

"The Fighting Parson."

By George Gray. 12s. 6d. (Heath Cranton.)

Dedicated with affectionate reverence and esteem to Dame Madge Kendal by the author, who was for long in the Kendals' company. Dame Madge contributes a foreword, and there is a delightful photograph of the popular actress as frontispiece. Mr. Gray has many amusing things to tell; he is perhaps most widely known for his playlet, "The Fighting Parson," which was produced in 1903. It ran for over a hundred and fifty performances at the Holborn Empire and brought its author and hero many interesting letters. Throughout this volume are photographs of Mr. Gray in his various rôles, showing his wonderful versatility. His handsome, genial, shrewd face changes subtly into the old man, the Indian, the Russian. Mr. Gray in his retirement is still active and useful as Deputy in the Jersey Royal States Assembly, and has taken the part of the Examiner in "Outward Bound" in an amateur production he undertook at the request of the Dean of Jersey.



From Vagaries of a Vagabond
By "The Fighting Parson"
(*Heath Cranton*)

THE AUTHOR'S INDIAN MAKE-UP.
Undertaken at Mrs. Kendal' request.

EN GARDE.

By Samuel Morse. 7s. 6d. (Cassell.)

How is this for a dramatic opening sentence to a narrative of romantic France? "The austere primate, silhouetted in the firelight before the mantel, raised a monitory finger, and Comte Henri thought covetously of the great sapphire on the slim uplifted hand." In this picturesque manner the story proceeds, and continues to the end, and all lovers of the flowery historical novel should put its name on their library lists. It is a brave tale tricked out with intrigue and roguery. Monsieur le Comte de Villeron goes to Indry, in Poictou, to wed Liane, the daughter of Monsieur le Comte de Montremy. He does not love her; but for France at a troubled time it will be a service. But Liane, proudly crying "You may inform her gracious Majesty that Liane de Montremy will choose her own husband," escapes by knotting the sheets of her bed and dropping from her balcony; and she borrows the ostler's jacket and breeches. A pretty situation, and Mr. Morse develops it with art and spirit, and in the end true lovers, moonstruck with love, are united.



From The Odyssey of an Orchid Hunter
By F. D. Burdett
(*Herbert Jenkins*).

PYGMY NEGRITOS OF LURZON CAN CLIMB TREES LIKE A MONKEY.
These two little fellows are scared by Mrs. Fred Burdett's dogs.

THE ROMANCE OF NAVIGATION.

By Captain B. W. Whall. Illustrated. 6s. (Sampson Low.)

Rear-Admiral "Broke" Evans, in a foreword to this volume, recalls that on his earliest Antarctic expedition the first two works of seamanship put into his hands by his skipper were Whall's "Handy Book of the Stars" and Todd and Whall's "Merchant Service Seamanship." He adds that they were the first textbooks of their kind he ever found attractive, and when in command himself on subsequent polar ventures, he saw to it that his ship's library possessed every work with which the author's name was associated. It is not surprising therefore that he should find Captain Whall's last book, described by himself as an attempt to tell of navigation ten thousand years ago, of the golden age of Henry the Navigator, of Columbus and his followers, of Pirates and Buccaneers, of the wonderfully swift sailing ships, tea-clippers and so forth, of his own time, as "beautifully written and of absorbing interest from cover to cover, besides promising to be a standard work." That is the view of an expert, and no layman is likely to question it. In the author's stirring narrative much curious lore is embedded, the account of the long forgotten Harrison's manufacture of the historic chronometers tested on Cook's second voyage, and rightly earning their inventor an Admiralty award of £20,000, being particularly interesting. Really remarkable photographs,



From The Journal of Maarten Harpertzoon Tromp
By C R Boxer
(*Cambridge University Press*)

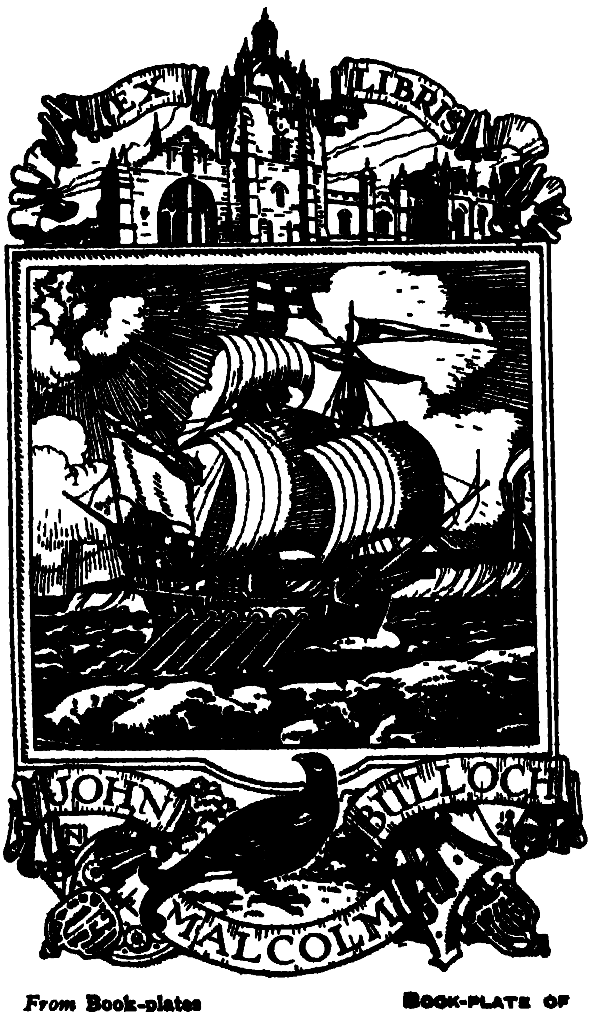
TROMP'S FLAGSHIP "AMELIA."
c 1639
Photograph of a contemporary engraving in the Nederlandsch Historisch Scheepvaart Museum

not only of ships and rigs now obsolete, but of wrecks and measures taken to avert them actually in progress, enhance the attraction of a truly splendid book.

BOOK-PLATES BY HAROLD NELSON.

Arranged and edited by CLARENCE PEARSON HORNUNG. 21s (Batsford)

This is a volume as much for the lover of beautiful book production as for readers who are interested in book-plates for their own sake There are forty full-page reproductions of book-plates designed by Mr Nelson to suit the needs and temperaments of various clients, by whose permission the facsimiles are here presented Mr J M Bulloch in a sympathetic preface, claims that Mr Nelson has done more than any other artist to carry on the tradition of the book-plate, and explains the methods and motives of his craft The examples of his art are certainly given a worthy setting in this handsome quarto, printed by the Caxton Press of New York, on white Normandy vellum, and bound in boards covered with Japanese wood veneer. The edition is limited to 525 copies.



From Book-plates
By Harold Nelson
(*Batsford*).

BOOK-PLATE OF JOHN MALCOLM BULLOCH, LL.D.

THE JOURNAL OF MAARTEN HARPERTZOON TROMP.

Anno 1639.

Translated and edited by C R BOXER 21s (Cambridge University Press)

To most English readers Admiral Van Tromp is connected with a single event in our history, and he himself is vaguely associated in their minds with a broom What sort of man was Tromp? What were his other exploits besides the burning of our ships in the Medway? And what were conditions like for the common sailor in the seventeenth century Dutch navy? These and many other interesting questions are answered by Mr C R Boxer, who for the first time has translated into English the "Journal" of Tromp for the fateful year 1639, and has introduced it with some admirable explanatory chapters The book, which is excellently produced and illustrated, not only throws much light upon the period, but reveals in Tromp himself, as Mr. Boxer says, "one of the noblest and most sympathetic figures in the richly crowded canvas of Holland's Golden Century."

The Bookman

"I am a Bookman."—*James Russell Lowell.*

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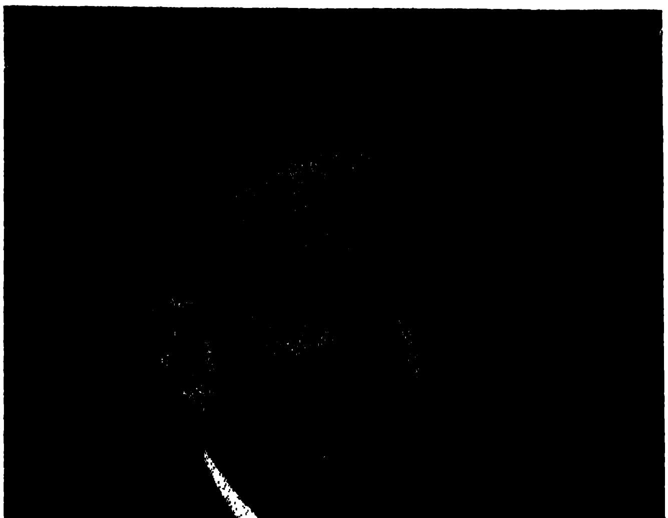
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THE TENDENCY OF RECENT FICTION.

By J. D. Beresford.

A FEW years ago, I and certain of my brother-novelists agreed that the novel in its popular form could hardly survive another generation. It may be that we were all suffering from the effects of the War, and the ban which at that time was laid by most publishers on war novels. Our themes were horribly restricted; the whole of modern life had been sharply divided into the two incompatible periods of "before" and "after" the great event, and it was exceedingly difficult to bridge them and still preserve the nice sense of continuity that was essential to the life-story of hero or heroine. Also, some of us had reached that stage in which we suffered from a kind of mental "stitch." We had expended our first energy and had not yet got our "second wind." I remember very clearly that in the years immediately following the War I often felt that for such non-combatants as myself there was little left to write about.

I am less pessimistic in this connection at the present time, but I still believe that there will be within the next few years, a strong reaction against the conventional type of fiction. As a literary form it has had a wonderful vogue; a hundred and ninety years, if we may date it for this purpose from the appearance of Samuel Richardson's "Pamela" in November, 1740. And in the course of that period it has exhibited almost every possible variety of subject and treatment. What more can be done with the neat, constructed story of the type that was so generally popular in the nineties and still provides the staple of the provincial lending library? Its plots have all been worked again and again, and the expert is able to forecast the development and climax with tedious certainty from the first two or three chapters. It may still have a public, quite a large public, among those who forget all about a book as soon as it is read, or are ingenuous enough to take every variation with a simple seriousness. But the time is coming, if it is not already come, when no author of any talent will dare to write a story of this kind, oppressed as he will be by the consciousness that his plot must certainly have been used before.



Portrait by E. O. Hoppé. **Mr. J. D. Beresford.**

The main line of escape from this perplexity is the resort to an honest realism. The development of modern conditions moves so swiftly that raw material is always within our reach; and the younger generation prefers to read stories of its own times rather than of those "costume" periods behind the dread year of 1914 that so suddenly closed an era of history. If some young Dickens were to arise now and write of life as he sees it, using the big canvases of the Victorians, but speaking without their all too obvious repressions, he would find a ready welcome.

The nearest thing that we have had to this ideal in the last year or two was "The Good Companions" of Mr. J. B. Priestley, and if he can go on writing as well as that he is sure of a large audience. The quality that for me distinguishes this book from the mass of contemporary work is not so much the bonhomie and freshness which have been as highly praised as the honesty of his portraiture, but the fact that Priestley has gone straight to life for his characters. And I believe that the chief reason why so much modern fiction produces upon me an effect of almost unbearable

ennui is that in an intolerably high proportion of novels the characters are the product of the authors' imagination, which means, in fact, that they come out of other books. I do not mean by this that Mr. Priestley has made close studies of each of his characters from some living model. The nature of his story precludes that possibility. But the people of "The Good Companions" appeared to me to come out of the author's experience rather than out of his quite extensive knowledge of books.

I would say the same of Lady Eleanor Smith's "Red Wagon." Now and again I recognised the influence of what we may call "conventional psychology," which means that the novelist is using the test of probability rather than that of experience in his or her characterisation. But Lady Eleanor's protagonist, Joe, must have been founded on observation, as must, also, her general account of circus life. This is of course a very unusual first novel and exhibits a high degree of literary attainment. The descriptions of English country are better than anything Mr. Priestley has given us. And apart from the interest of the story, the power of the writing would have guaranteed the author a warm reception. But for my present purpose it is the resemblance to life that is the chief recommendation.

Other recent novels that have had a reasonable success solely, or almost solely, on this account are "The Story of Button Hill" and "Time, Gentlemen, Time." In each of these cases the story, from the more or less sentimental, lending-library point of view, has little to recommend it. Both are stories of failure. In "Button Hill," the important love interest ends in a sudden and accidental tragedy, while disaster of a kind descends upon the Leeds suburb that is the true protagonist of the story. In "Time, Gentlemen, Time" there is not the ghost of a love interest and our whole attention is concentrated upon the increasing degradation of an idle, drunken solicitor and the miseries of his unhappy wife and children, none of whom is in any degree sentimentalised. Nevertheless these two novels come to the mind as counting among recent successes, almost entirely, I believe, because they produce an effect of being taken directly from life.

Another symptom that exhibits the same tendency is the astonishing vogue of war stories, whether presented as fiction, as in the case of "The Retreat," frankly autobiographical, as in Robert Graves's "Good-bye to All That," or a mixture of the two, as in Mr. Tomlinson's "All Our Yesterdays.' In this case, the form is evidently of small importance. What matters, apparently, to the educated reading public is that they should have the truth about these things. And the success on the stage of "Journey's End" is not due mainly to the desire to be harrowed, but to the desire to witness something that by the magic of Mr. Sherriff's fine art produces so powerful an effect of reality.

The other outstanding phenomenon in the world of fiction is provided by the excessive increase of detective novels, none of which presents the facts of familiar life nor even, in most cases, the persons. Nevertheless this development also has a bearing on my main contention, since it illustrates a tendency to find relaxation not in the unrealities of the typical novel but in a form of mental exercise and excitement. Moreover the craze for detective fiction must be ephemeral. There are only a limited number of plots, and although the variations may mount into thousands, they are not inexhaustible. The time will come, and that before very long, at the present rate of output, when anything approaching originality in the field will be impossible. We have had over seventy years of it, dating its inception from the publication of Emile Gaboriau's "L'Affaire Lerouge," and it is exhibiting the marks of senility, as all "genre" novels must in the course of time. I prophesy a tremendous slump in detective fiction within the next ten years.

Also within that period the already powerful influence of the cinema will have an increasing effect upon the book trade. The films are able to condense the plot of a detective story or a romantic novel into an hour and a half's entertainment, and present it in a form that appeals more directly to the attention of the crowd than the most highly skilled writing. And with the coming and perfecting of spoken dialogue to supplement the obvious deficiency of the silent films in competition with the novel, the scope of the cinema will be enlarged and include a type of book that has hitherto escaped this form of rivalry.

The full effect of this will not be felt until such time as the expert novelist finds himself ready to break away from tradition and experiment in a new medium. But I do not think that that time is many years distant. This new medium is a peculiarly fascinating one for the writer of stories, and provides facilities impossible upon the ordinary stage. And once a sufficiently large public has been educated up to the point of taking an interest in the film presentation of a form that depends less upon its action than upon its psychology, another and a very large class of printed fiction will feel the effects of urgent competition.

Wherefore my view of the tendency of the novel presents it as departing more and more from the classical and romantic forms that can be exhibited with greater effectiveness upon the screen, and developing a sterner though by no means necessarily a more depressing realism. The public that provides author and publisher with a means of livelihood will get its "stories" at the picture-palace, but will still go to printed fiction for an account of life lived in its own times. And if I were called upon to advise an earnest young novelist as to his choice of treatment and subject I should tell him to study contemporary life closely at first-hand, and to write of it as he saw it.

SILVER BOY. By Vance Joseph Hoyt. 7s. 6d. (Chapman & Hall.)

Here is a section from the life story of a silver fox out in the wilds of California. It is unwise to generalise when dealing with the ways of individual members of the Wild, but to one who has studied the English fox there are things done by this grey fox of Topanga which verge on the impossible. We may be wrong; it may be that Silver Boy was not only possessed of a greater reasoning power than is given to any English "sly 'un," but that he was an outstanding specimen of his own kind. He has certainly provided the author with opportunity to tell some interesting and exciting stories of wild life. The illustrations by Charles Livingstone Bull are, naturally, a delight, and make us regret yet again the death of our own Warwick Reynolds.

THE NOVEL IN MATTHEW ARNOLD'S POEMS.

By H. M. Walbrook.

THE "Marguerite" poems of Matthew Arnold, telling a love-story supposed to have been enacted in Switzerland, appeared for the first time in the volumes of his poetry published between the years 1849 and 1867, and will be found distributed over the Oxford edition of his collected poems edited by Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch under the following titles:

1. To my Friends who ridiculed a Tender Leave-taking
2. The Lake.
3. To Marguerite in returning a Volume of the Letters of Ortis
4. Absence
5. Parting
6. A Dream.
7. To Marguerite.
8. A Farewell
9. The Terrace at Berne.



Matthew Arnold.
From the drawing by Sanders

They bear such an air of reality that many commentators have assumed their story of passion, disillusionment and parting to have been an actual experience of the author in his early post-Oxford days. Herbert Paul, in his essay on Matthew Arnold in the "English Men of Letters" series, expresses the opinion that the Marguerite of these poems "can hardly have been a creature of the imagination." Stopford Brooke, in his book, "Four Poets," says a little vaguely, "I do not like to think that the subject was invented," though he adds that there are passages in the lyrics which are "chill with that intellectual or moral analysis both of which are apart from love in its eager romantic mood." And last but not least, Dr Saintsbury, in his brilliant study of the poet, contents himself very properly with saying "It is not easy to decide, and it is perhaps in both senses impertinent to speculate, whether the Marguerite of the poems had any live original." Against all this we have the assurance of the poet's daughter, Lady Sandhurst, that her father always declared Marguerite to have been an imaginary person.

Indeed, the longer one reflects, not only on the poems but also on the poet, the more confidently one feels that we are in the presence here of another of those consummately-wrought love-stories which poets have been inventing for ages, and of which more than one have survived from that identical period of mid-Victorian literature. Is it credible that if this story of enchantment, jealousy and anguish were one of actual fact, Matthew Arnold of all men would have gone pouring it forth to the public during the early years of his perfectly happy married life? Or that, under any circumstances, he would have committed a Marguerite whom he had not only loved and lost but also, in the bitterness of disillusionment, harshly analysed, to the stray speculations of any stranger picking up the book? Surely a thousand times more probable is the assumption that here, once more, as in so many other instances, we have a poet's imagination working on an "airy nothing," and giving it "a local habitation and a name." As for the touches of realism in the lyrics, of which so much has been made, anyone can see that they are more than paralleled by those in Tennyson's "Maud," a dramatic masterpiece of the same period which none even of the "bright young things" of the present day, so far as I know, has declared to be the story of an actual experience in the life of the author.

Among the many lovely phantoms, then, with which our poets have peopled the imaginative domain, the Marguerite of Matthew Arnold assuredly takes her place:

> But who is this by the half-open'd door,
> Whose figure casts a shadow on the floor?
> The sweet blue eyes, the soft ash-coloured hair,
> The cheeks that still their gentle paleness wear,
> The lovely lips, with their arch smile that tells
> The unconquer'd joy in which her spirit dwells!

and again:

> 'Paint that lilac kerchief, bound
> Her soft face, her hair around.
> Tied under the archest chin
> Mockery ever ambush'd in
> Let the fluttering fringes streak
> All her pale, sweet-rounded cheek.
> Ere the parting hour go by,
> Quick, thy tablets, Memory!
>
> "Paint that figure's pliant grace
> As she towards me lean'd her face,



Photo by Lauri, Berne **The Lake of Thun.**

"Swiss chalets glitter'd on the dewy slopes
And from some swarded shelf, high up, there came
Notes of wild pastoral music."
A Dream.

Half refus'd and half resign'd,
Murmuring, 'Art thou still unkind?'
Many a broken promise then
Was made new—to break again.
Ere the parting hour go by,
Quick, thy tablets, Memory!

"Paint those eyes, so blue, so kind,
Eager tell-tales of her mind:
Paint, with their impetuous stress
Of inquiring tenderness,
Those frank eyes, where deep doth lie
An angelic gravity.
Ere the parting hour go by,
Quick, thy tablets, Memory!"

And in all the English poetry of the nineteenth century is there a lyric more impassioned than that in which the writer of these lyrics compares parted lovers to islands separated from each other by a waste of ocean, and concludes with the beautiful lines:

"Who order'd that their longing's fire
Should be, as soon as kindled, cool'd?
Who renders vain their deep desire?
A God, a God their severance rul'd,
And bade betwixt their shores to be
The unplumb'd, salt, estranging sea."

Indeed the poems are exceptionally rich in verses with which the world is growing increasingly familiar as the years roll by. Take the following, for example, from the poem called "Absence":

"This is the curse of life: that not
A nobler, calmer train
Of wiser thoughts and feelings blot
Our passions from our brain,
But each day brings its petty dust
Our soon-chok'd souls to fill,
And we forget because we must
And not because we will"—

and these from th poem called "A Farewell":

"I too have long'd for trenchant force
And will like a dividing spear;
Have praised the keen unscrupulous course
Which knows no doubt, which feels no fear;

"But in the world I learnt, what there
Thou too wilt surely one day prove,
That will, that energy, though rare,
Are yet far, far less rare than love"—

with all the musical and touching quatrains that follow in the same poem.

During two holidays spent in the Canton of Berne in the summers of 1920 and 1921 I tried to locate the scene given to the story. I admit I started with a theory. From reading the poems I had already formed the opinion that the supposed Marguerite lived in the picturesque old Swiss town which the French call Thoune and the Germans Thun, and which is the scene, in Rousseau's "Confessions," of one of the few "tender episodes" in that remarkable book which breathe any sort of fragrance. The following will show how I prospered.



Photo by W. Gerber, Thun.

The Stockhorn Mountains beyond Thun.

"The frore mountain wall
Where the nich'd snowbed sprays doon
Its powdery fall."
Parting.

Readers of the Marguerite poems will have observed that the lover, on his way to the cottage of his beloved, passed "twin lakes," that her cottage was in a town on the river Aar, that near it were a "churchyard fair," a roofed bridge that spanned a stream, and a hill-side thinly sprinkled with farms; that a "frore mountain wall" was part of its prospect, and that the last part of the way to the cottage lay up a "steep street." All these topical references I duly discovered in and around the mediæval town I have named. The "twin lakes" are the lakes of Brienz and Thun, at the western extremity of which lies the town of Thun, and between which lies the fashionable town of Interlaken. The churchyard of Thun is not only "fair" in itself but looks down from its castle-crowned hill-top on one of the loveliest views in Europe, stretching away to the far-off silvery heights of the Blümlis Alp. The Stockhorn range, which almost overhangs the town, has all the look of a "mountain wall." Many of the streets round the castle and churchyard are steep. There is more than one neighbouring hill-side thinly sprinkled with farms. There is a "roofed bridge" (as a matter of fact there are two) across the river. And, last but not least, the river on which the town stands is the Aar.

On my return to London from the second of these holiday tours I communicated this identification in a short letter to the *London Mercury*, which appeared in that magazine in February, 1922; and so far from having been corrected by letter writers, my identification has been enthusiastically adopted by more than one as an original discovery of his or her own. These little things however are part of the comedy of life, and one smiles at them and goes on. This particular instance however becomes especially amusing when I reflect that perhaps when next I revisit Switzerland I shall discover that the little town of Brienz at the other end of the two lakes is equally identifiable as the scene of Marguerite and her story. There are in fact lines in "The Terrace at Berne" which suggest Brienz far more than Thun, so that after all the inquiry may still be open, though I hope that future commentators will be more careful than one very dogmatical writer who, in an essay on the subject, muddled up Thun and

Interlaken and announced that the former town lay between the two lakes!

I once heard Henry James talk in his wonderful way of the novel which might be written on Browning's poem, "The Ring and the Book." Might not rather a fine novel also be based on these Marguerite poems and their story? The analysis of the two chief characters in the drama has been left fairly complete by the poet. We can all meet Marguerite in a Swiss valley as surely as we can meet Juliet in Verona. We can see her graceful figure standing by the moonlit lake as unmistakably as we can see Hamlet as a young student in Wittenberg, or Mr. Micawber swinging his cane along one of the narrow old streets of Canterbury. The comrades who chaffed the lover after witnessing an early parting from his enchantress are also there; and there is the friend called Martin who rowed with him one day along the river past the chalet balcony on which Marguerite, with her companion called Olivia, stood and waved greetings as they passed. The scene of the idyll may quite reasonably be set in one of the most picturesque old towns in Europe, and for its background stand the great mountains in their silent power and grandeur. Let any writer of romances who is reading these lines think it all over.



The Jungfrau from Interlaken.

"The Jungfrau snows look faint and far."

On the Terrace at Berne.

"It is easy," wrote a novelist to me lately, "to imagine the exquisite thing Henry James might have made of this theme of a highly cultured man of one race falling in love with a woman of the people of another. Or how ironically Lytton Strachey would treat the same theme, and what play he would make with the moralisings of the lover! And can one not also imagine a Victor Hugo let loose upon the story with all the thundering guns of his irrepressible romanticism!"

Yes, but I can also see something entirely different—a romance quite simple in its outline but very delicate and complex in its implications, calling for no irony whatsoever, and in which any sort of artillery would be entirely out of place. I can see the hero of such a story at work and at play in the schools and fields of



Old Houses at Berne.

"Ten years!—And to my waking eye,
Once more the roofs of Berne appear."

On the Terrace at Berne.

Oxford, a cheerful young optimist among his friends, ardently championing a "cause" (conceivably that of "Labour" in politics), prophesying largely "across the walnuts and the wine," and conspiring with a chosen few to bring about a better world. In short, a youth of much cricket, infinite tobacco, and immeasurable idealisms. Fired by the stories of a mountaineer, I can see him deciding for a summer in the Oberland, and the hazards (with rope and axe) of its challenging heights. I find him exalted as never before by the splendours and glooms of mountain and gorge and the "fearful joy" of the precipice and the crevasse. And, looking up one day to a chalet balcony or through the oleanders of a cottage garden, his eyes first meet those of Marguerite, and in that moment the book of life opens for him. He lays at her feet all he has—his generous chivalrous youth, his belief in goodness, his enthusiasm, his culture, his honour. His friends mock and warn him, but he brushes them aside. The girl herself is as frank as she is frail, and as the idyll deepens her lover is haunted by suspicions as by ecstasies, doubt dissolving not more surely in surrender than surrender is followed by shame. And through it all, around and above him tower the silent mountain heights; and in hours of anguish he lifts his eyes to them, and to the Great Mother whose ministers they are, and prays to be given something of their calm and strength. At last, dismayed and exhausted, he turns from "the place where passions reign," and from the enchantress who has been his bliss and his torment, and goes his way, leaving her to her fate, whatever that may be.

Are there not a drama and a setting here worthy of a novelist? He would, I admit, need to be something a good deal more (or should we say a good deal less) than a mere realist. One can imagine how such a story would flow from the pen, say, of an English admirer of M. Lion Feuchtwanger. The vision is not pleasant. Far more profitable is it to wonder in what form it would have emerged from such a pen as that which once gave us "The Ordeal of Richard Feverel." For it is the magic of the prose-poet that is wanted here. The mere ironist would spoil everything as surely as the mere realist—and perhaps the mere sentimentalist would make the worst muddle of all. But whereas to-day one hears so often the cry of the novelist, "A story! A story! My kingdom for a story!" one points to this one of Oxford, the Oberland and Marguerite as a *donnée* worth considering, and for which one day the world of romance readers might be grateful.

A FRENCH POET.*

By Francis Bickley.

In the poems of M. Sully-André Peyre there is none of the militancy or of the experimentalism which characterises so much modern French verse. He writes very simply, in traditional metres and rhyming lines. His prevalent mood is one of melancholy introspection, and one would be inclined to read many of his lyrics as directly personal statements were it not for his own specific warning:

> "Ne cherchez point à tout comprendre,
> Lorsque je m'enchante à chanter.
> J'ai voulu sur ma vie étendre
> Un voile ; il ne faut point l'ôter."

And again:

> "J'ai pris soin de céler dans une ombre voulue
> La forme des mes voeux, le spectre de mes jours."

His poetry at any rate is nearly always subjective. Much of it seems as though it had been written in a dream, and it is full of a low-toned and very delicate music. It is in fact lyric at its purest, and in many of his simplest pieces there is an exquisite suggestiveness:

> "J'ai hanté de mon désir
> La ville morte ;
> J'ai vu l'horizon surgir
> A chaque porte.
>
> "Cette ville est de jadis,
> Étroite et close ;
> L'espace est un paradis.
> Mon désir n'ose.
>
> "Et je contiens, éperdu,
> Mon coeur rebelle,
> Entre le passé perdu
> Et l'heure belle."

M. Peyre has written poems in Provençal, the modern Provençal of which Mistral and the Félibres made a literary language, and others in English, giving in both cases a literal French translation. The English pieces are extremely interesting, and some of them of high poetic quality. There is nothing remarkable in M. Peyre's knowledge of our language; but the way in which he has caught its subtler rhythms is very remarkable indeed:

> "Humble Cinderella, pensive
> In the corner where the fire is,
> In the silence thy desire is
> As its burning core intensive."

And here is a poem which, though there is a touch of foreignness in the actual phrasing, is singularly English both in temper and in music:

> "The lad who sits all day and evening long,
> Among the thorn and the thistle,
> Is not a shepherd, folks,
> And neither flute nor penny whistle
> To his calm dream belong.
>
> "He listens to the silence of the hours,
> And yours is not his computing
> Of time and distance, folks ;
> He hearkens not your futile fluting.
> God alone knows his powers."

The verses written by a poet in a tongue not his own are usually not much more than ingenious exercises. M. Peyre's English poems are true, if not great, poetry.

* "Choix de Poèmes." Par Sully-André Peyre. Éditions Marsyas. 12 frs.

THE BEAUTIFUL YEARS.

By Henry Williamson. 7s. 6d. (Faber & Faber.)

This is a new and revised edition of Mr. Williamson's first novel, which has been out of print for some years. Since the publication of the original edition the author in his subsequent books, "Tarka the Otter" and "The Pathway," has amply fulfilled the brilliant promise contained in such lines of lyric beauty as "The Seasons had passed with invisible feet across the savannas of infinity." "The Beautiful Years" is the first of the four books making the work called "The Flax of Dream"—the history of William Maddison from childhood through boyhood and youth to early manhood, of which "The Pathway" is the final volume. The present book deals with Maddison's earlier years and with sympathetic understanding Mr. Williamson portrays the mind of a boy unfolding beneath the benign influence of nature and the sharper realities of life. In his description of the country-side, the varied and ever new wonder of the changing seasons, Mr. Williamson holds his own with even such a master as Richard Jefferies. To read this book is to know again the ineffable, transitory loveliness of a world fresh and unspoiled, revealed only to those who have loved nature in the innocence of childhood days.

MR. BIRRELL'S ESSAYS.*

By Richard Flecknoe.

IT is just forty-six years since Mr. Birrell's first book of essays, "Obiter Dicta," made its appearance; and, if one had time, it would be interesting to look up the records and find how many other books published in 1884 are still so alive as this, and destined to go on living. There was a second series of "Obiter Dicta" in 1887; less than a score of essays go to the making of both volumes. We have since had from Mr. Birrell a few biographies—of Charlotte Brontë, Hazlitt, Marvell and Frederick Locker-Lampson—and four other volumes of essays, including "More Obiter Dicta" six years ago. It is not a long list, but many that are longer will not last so long, and more books might have been added to the number only that, to say nothing of his preoccupations as a barrister, for a period of nearly thirty years Mr. Birrell led a Parliamentary life and "to politics gave up what was meant for mankind"—for the kind of man, that is, who would sooner sit at home and read than go out and listen to transitory speeches. However, in a day when most authors write far too much, and no mortal can hope to live long enough to read all the new books that are worth reading, it is no faint praise when you can say of any that he leaves you wishing he had written more.



Mr. Augustine Birrell.
From a drawing by Walter Tittle.

Like all essayists who matter, Mr. Birrell has that distinctive quality which we call personality. When he sits down to write he does not seem to feel under the necessity, as some do, of saying to himself, "Go to! we must be literary!"—he writes as easily and unaffectedly as one would write a letter to an intimate; he is at ease in Zion, at home among books. He does not approach them with the awe or self-importance of the raw student, nor with the cold detachment of the scientist tackling a difficult experiment, but comfortably, as one who knows them and counts them among his friends. When he criticises he does not adopt toward the author the complacently godlike attitude that some schoolmasters adopt toward boys they are trying to educate. He gossips about a book and about its writer from an apparently inexhaustible fund of knowledge, with a shrewdly critical insight and a genial wit and humour and irony that play round writer and book and reveal the best and worst of both more surely than they are ever revealed by the over-solemn who, by pretentiously analytical methods, discover in the character and works of an author fantastic subtleties and significances that often have no existence except in the imagination of the analyst.

Mr. Birrell has never practised that sort of conjuring, and there are no such pseudo-scientific exhibitions in his new book, "Et Cetera." His books are linked each to each by the natural charm of the wise and whimsical, very personal note that runs through all of them. He has always had too keen a sense of humour to be pontifical; he retains in his latest the urbane acuteness of judgment, mellowness of opinion and spontaneity of self-expression that characterised those first essays that made him popular. Some of the papers here are reprinted reviews, but they combine the business of criticism with the pleasantly informal discursiveness of the essay. For example, the review of a new and an old book on Nathaniel Hawthorne starts with a personal recollection:

"Few things mark so relentlessly the flight of Time as it passes unconsciously over our heads as when it is suddenly brought home to old men how long it was since they first learnt to love a favourite author. The dates of publication of the two volumes named at the top of the page, separated as they are from each other by nearly half a century, and yet dealing with affection and real distinction with the same subject-matter, serve to remind me that it is now more than seventy years ago since the day in 1856 when, trying hard to keep step with my Father whilst walking down Castle Street, Liverpool, he bent down to me and whispered in my ear, 'Keep your eye open, for the author of "The Wonder Book" will pass us in a moment.' How hard I stared at Hawthorne as he went by! He was the first author I had ever seen, and though since that happy day I have encountered many of the breed, he still lives in my memory as the handsomest of them all; nor has he lost favour in my sight as an author, though no longer of one wonder-book but of many."

Again, he begins a review of Thomas Love Peacock's works with another casual remembrance:

"We have always counted it one of the happiest chances of our literary life when, one dusky November afternoon

* "Et Cetera." By Augustine Birrell. 7s. 6d. (Chatto & Windus.)

in 1869, we captured for the easy equivalent of eighteenpence, in Messrs. Reeves & Turner's second-hand bookshop, then at the west end of Fleet Street, nearly opposite old Temple Bar and close by Groom's coffee-house, where junior members of the legal profession were accustomed to take their milder kinds of refreshment, and Carter's hairdressing establishment, the Fifty-seventh volume of Bentley's 'Standard Novels,' containing 'Headlong Hall,' 'Nightmare Abbey,' 'Maid Marian' and 'Crotchet Castle,' with a wonderful Preface by their then almost unknown author, dated 1837."

I remember Reeves and Turner's, but my conviction is that, though not far from Groom's, their shop was on the other side of the road, and I remember buying there for a shilling Francis Adams's once much discussed but now no longer remembered "Songs of the Army of the Night." Possibly my memory is at fault; it makes no difference anyhow to your enjoyment of the essay on Peacock. Other essays in the book are on Boswell and Lockhart: on Wyclif, Bunyan, Whitefield and Dr. Doddridge; on "Clergymen and Churchwardens in the Eighteenth Century"; on Richardson's first book of Letters, which was "the birthplace of 'Pamela' and 'Clarissa'"; there is one giving "A Few Words of Warning to Would-be Autobiographers"; and one which young reviewers might read with a certain amount of profit on "The Province of the Reviewer Determined."

In this last, after endeavouring to trace reviewing back to its source and discover the father of the gentle art, Mr. Birrell considers the way in which reviewing used to be conducted and the way in which it is conducted to-day, when "the output of new publications can only be compared to a huge tidal wave daily or weekly breaking upon an Editor's Table." He is forbearing with the youthful reviewer who may be clever though not yet sufficiently well informed, but he insists upon honesty:

"If the Reviewer is careful to confine himself to those aspects of the book on which he feels justified in expressing an opinion, and eschews as an atrocious crime the guilt of attributing to himself the knowledge he has only derived from reading the book, he will seldom have any need to blame himself for undertaking a job beyond his capacity. The Youthful Reviewer . . . may be permitted to remember that even a learned man may be benefited by the criticisms of a quicker wit."

He is tolerantly satirical in drawing a distinction between "two classes of Reviewers, those who review without reading and the duller fellows who for want of any other occupation are glad to read through the books they are called upon to review:

"The difference is great, and one that never fails to be noticed by the Authors of the books, who may often be heard complaining first of the Reviewers who do not read the books but write out of their own heads, and secondly of those who read the books but are too dull to understand them."

It is natural for an author to assume that the reviewer who praises him is an able critic, a man of discernment, and that the reviewer who fails to appreciate him is either malicious or incompetent. So it always has been and ever will be. But Mr. Birrell, perhaps because he is a reviewer as well as an author, tempers justice with mercy and remains genially tolerant to the end, saying as his last word on this subject:

"The habitual Reviewer of new books and reprints is not very likely to be endowed with genius; but if he is an honest workman who loves justice, and eschews malice, and has added a dash of humility to his constitution, and possesses, by grace of Heaven, a drop of that precious Acid enabling him to discern by the ring of the coin whether it comes from the Royal Mint or from a den in the East End, he may, after a while, earn a right to be considered a Reviewer 'properly so called.'"

Editors are a long-suffering tribe, yet I doubt whether many of them would, nowadays, open their doors to prentice reviewers of the kind that Mr. Birrell handles so sympathetically; but that does not discount the truth of what he says of them; and from this and the other essays in "Et Cetera" they may learn how to enjoy the books they criticise, and how the best, neat-handed criticism can not only find fault without being offensive, but can be none the less sound, searching and well informed for being also good entertainment.

THE ABBOTSFORD LETTER-BOOKS.*

By Dr. W. S. Crockett.

THE publication of Sir Walter Scott's private Correspondence is an event of outstanding importance in the sphere of literature. As was said in the April issue of THE BOOKMAN, this has been rendered possible through the patriotic spirit of Mr. Hugh Walpole, who purchased the Letters at Sothebys' and thus secured them for preservation in Scott's own country, their ultimate destination being the National Library of Scotland, which already possesses many Scott documents of paramount interest, among them the holographs of "Waverley" and "Redgauntlet" and also that of "Marmion."

Sir Walter's own letters are legion, far exceeding those published by David Douglas in 1894. They are constantly cropping up at literary sales, and very many are still in private hands. The proposal to issue a fresh volume in connexion with the centenary of Scott's death in 1932 is a commendable one, but after even that has been done, only a tithe of his personal correspondence can have been given to the world.

The collection just published is concerned with letters addressed to Scott from all sorts and conditions of people and upon every variety of topic—some of rare, of extraordinary interest, others not so interesting. Sir Walter preserved the best of these, in number about 6,000, and in many ways the most remarkable correspondence to one author in the annals of literature. With the assistance—on the advice indeed—of his amanuensis, George Huntly Gordon (the same for whom he wrote two published Sermons), Scott had this mountainous mass overhauled, assorted, endorsed, annotated, and finally bound together within twenty-three bulging quartos. "They will be one day curious," he wrote in his Journal (August 8th, 1827), "I propose to have them bound up, to save trouble. It is a sad task; how many

* "The Private Letter-Books of Sir Walter Scott: Selections from the Abbotsford Manuscripts." Edited by Wilfred Partington. 30s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

dead, absent, estranged, and altered! . . . It will be a great job done. But, in the meanwhile, it interrupts my work sadly. Still, however, it might have been long enough ere I got a confidential person like Gordon to arrange these confidential papers. They are all in his hands now."

The present selection, so excellently and discriminately edited and furnished with neat introductory notices by Mr. Wilfred Partington, is almost sure to have its successor. For out of the 6,000, less than 300 are dealt with here, and readers cannot but clamour for more, packed with such good things as is this, let us hope, initial instalment. The letters range in point of time from the French Revolution to the Reform Bill—from Scott's early manhood to the year preceding his death—from his first appearance in print, through the glorious succession of the Waverleys, to the final break-up and the comparative failure of "Count Robert." They came, as has been said, from all sources. It is of course impossible to indicate their several origins, or even to detail the best of them, but each has its value, since everything connected with Sir Walter Scott must be said to have a value. Naturally the great contemporary poets are conspicuous (Gullivers among some Lilliputians)—Wordsworth and Southey, James Hogg and Tom Campbell, and although Byron is represented by a single letter, this is now printed in full, differing slightly perhaps, but importantly, from the published epistle as given by Prothero and Coleridge. Wordsworth writes in playfully reflective mood, recalling his and Dorothy's delightsome days with Scott on the Border. His language breathes a deep affection for the bard of "Marmion." That verse-romance he read "with lively pleasure," while at the same time he wished the end had been more in accord with his own "notions of composition." There is a curious dispute over a supposed visit of all three (Scott and the Wordsworths) to Anna Seward at Lichfield, but only once was Scott a guest of the "Swan"—in 1807, though Miss Wordsworth maintained they *had* seen her in company with Scott, an impression William had difficulty in convincing her to be entirely wrong. Southey discourses amongst other matters on the Laureateship, for which Scott recommended him, having declined the honour for himself. The Shepherd's letters are, as usual, *sui generis*. The foolish man sometimes quarrelled with his best friend, but had the sense to eat humble pie in the end. I do not find (bating its brevity) a finer letter to Scott amidst the troubles of 1826 than Hogg then wrote. He was conceited enough to imagine his "Brownie" as on a par with if not better than "Old Mortality," but Scott treated his Ettrick confrère with a constant kindness, although to Lockhart he was a sort of *bête noire*, the Boar of the Forest, uncouth, ill-mannered, and worse, since Lockhart declared that Hogg had villainously defamed Scott's memory in his "Domestic Manners," a little book which really reveals the laird of Abbotsford at his best, if there are in it things one would rather had left unsaid. It is a matter for regret that while correspondence of less note was found among Hogg's papers after his death, he had not kept Scott's letters. The probability is that in many of them there was wise and generous counsel which Hogg so much needed, however unpalatable for the Shepherd, who did not brook criticism upon his own performances and most of all hated to be "talked to" about his tragically wrecking habits and improvidences.



Sir Walter Scott.
From a painting by Landseer in National Portrait Gallery.

Two sections are devoted to the prose romances—the mystery surrounding their authorship, and suggestions sent as possible grist to the Waverley mills. As some of this correspondence is dated long antecedent to the Avowal of 1827, it is another proof that small doubt existed as to the *fons et origo* of the great series. Scott's Canadian brother, Tom, was spoken of as either whole or part author. But aside from the supposed few who were "in the know," most of Scott's intimates were well aware of their source. The servants at Abbotsford all knew. In Melrose and Galashiels it was an open secret. To a grand uncle of my own, Scott constantly made requests for provincial words and phrases and local singularities, long prior to the crash of 1826, which circumstance in itself effectively solved the problem, if there was any problem to solve. In 1820, for instance, we find "a shepherd" sending to Scott a long disquisition on the Fairies of Ettrickside, stirred thereto by his perusal of "The Monastery" which had just been published. Mr. Partington may be interested to know that this anonymous shepherd was William Hogg, a brother of James, and a man in some respects quite as remarkable. Another section deals with the disaster of 1826. Here are finely filial letters from Scott's elder son and daughter; heartening sympathy from Joanna Baillie, a supremely touching communication from James Ballantyne (sadly maligned by Lockhart), and amazing monetary proposals by Robert Cadell for new novels.

Almost every page of this Private Letter-Book reads like a fascinating romance. Figures familiar and less familiar appear throughout. Here is the ever facetious Kirkpatrick Sharpe with his spirited quips and sallies, inimitable in word-limning as in pencil caricature. Lady Abercorn amuses with her rich banter. Lockhart of course is here with a plethora of London gossip, and

never unmindful of his own temporal advantages, so much so that Scott, who could read his son-in-law like a book, wrote this illuminating commentary by just two strokes of his pen—£ockhart. There is plenty of scandal too, naked and unashamed, marriages made and unmade, mad adventures and liaisons—Buonaparte's and many more. Surely the most impertinent proposition ever made to Sir Walter was by Sir John Sinclair ("empty pate") who suggested that Scott (four months a widower) should wed the Duchess-Dowager of Roxburghe! Lady Anne Barnard merits a section to herself. Her authorship of "Auld Robin Gray" she confessed to Scott in 1823. Of the suppressed "Lays of the Lindsays," contrary to a statement on page 212, Scott, as the editor, did preserve a set of the unbound sheets, and they are still at Abbotsford, another copy being in the National Library at Edinburgh.

And so the diversified procession moves along, rattling in their ranks amidst grave things and gay in this always exhilarating and often surprising record. Tom Moore and Allan Cunningham, George Crabbe and Charles Lamb, G. P. R. James and William Godwin, Joseph Ritson and Samuel Rogers, Francis Jeffrey and Wilson Croker, William Hayley and Fenimore Cooper, Daniel Terry and Stewart Ross, "Bobby" Peel and Robert Chambers, all say their say. There is something about the artists who came into Scott's life, and the bluestockings of his circle—Maria Edgeworth, Lady Louisa Stuart, Mrs. Hughes and others, provide their quota of wit and wisdom. Admirably arranged, with a sprightly "Letter to the Reader" from its sole begetter, Mr. Walpole, attractive illustrations and a copious index, the book may yet be acclaimed as perhaps the most notable of the year. Far and wide it must find its way wherever the name of Scott is known and revered. And that is everywhere. Such a selection cannot fail to convey something of the wide generosity and nobility of one whom Wordsworth called "the whole world's darling."

Morritt of Rokeby was not James (page 18) but John, and his surname, printed as Sa*u*rey, should be Sa*w*rey. Hogg's Highland Journal (page 86) has been reprinted. The mystery of the Shakespeare referred to at page 41, was fully expiscated in an article of mine in THE BOOKMAN for December, 1921.

PONTIFICAL PROSE.

By WILFRID GIBSON.

THE history of this book* is curious and interesting. An old leather-bound volume of manuscript maxims and reflections was found by a dealer, stowed away, so far as he can remember, in a piece of old furniture picked up in the neighbourhood of Twickenham or Teddington. On the title page the words "A Pope. Twikeam" are inscribed in a different hand; and there is no clue to indicate the authorship. The manuscript has been examined by experts, and they will make no more definite pronouncement than to say cautiously that the handwriting of the main manuscript may be that of Pope. So much Lord Gorell explains to us in his foreword (surely the introduction to an eighteenth century book should be labelled a "preface" rather than a "foreword"!), and I suppose that an adequately equipped reviewer should be able to decide the question of authorship out of hand; but I, being neither a literary archæologist nor a sleuth of caligraphy, do not mean to rush in where experts fear to tread. I will only commit myself so far as to say that, if Pope were indeed the author of this work, Pope, even as the rest of us, had his dull moments. Not that the book contains no wise sayings: it is indeed stuffed with worldly wisdom, stodgy with it, I might say; but the style lacks distinction, and even the maxims and reflections of a Pope, written in prose, without the impulse of metre to carry them off and with no rhymes to clinch them, would be comparatively ineffectual.

Perhaps however I ought to admit that I have little taste for a book of aphorisms at any time. The commonplace-book of even a distinguished author yields me little delight. Aphorisms, like proverbs, are apt to be either platitudes or half-truths, and so either bore me or provoke me to contradiction. Pronouncements that might be impressive if they occurred casually in the passages of an essay, when set out pretentiously in separate paragraphs, and with a portentous array of capital letters, are apt to appear foolish and false—daws tricked out in peacocks' feathers. And the aphorisms in this book are even without the peacocks' feathers of wit to dazzle the reader; while they are not epigrammatic enough in expression to startle him to attention with a resonant click. As I read them with mild interest, I found myself murmuring again and again: "How true!" or "True—but . . .", which perhaps sufficiently indicates my lack of interest. But then sermons have always bored me; and sententious literature seems to me to be a contradiction in terms. I always prefer the author who leaves me to draw my own conclusions. Oh, yes! I know well enough that some of the greatest names in literature can be arrayed against me; but does not that prove my case? I too am indulging in aphorisms, which are of necessity half-truths.

Still, it is only just to give some examples of the quality of the book. The manuscript is divided into sections, each dealing with a different theme; and to be fair to the anonymous author I will not pick and choose, but will quote the opening aphorism of the first three sections and the closing aphorism of the last three sections:

"The greatest Perfection of Human Nature is to do Good to others; *Reason*, without this, wd. but degrade us."

"There is no Law, nor indeed does there need to be one against Ingratitude; because all Nature is point blank against it."

"Praise & Censure tell us what we are in the Opinion of other People, not what we really are in our Selves."

"It is not often considered, but perhaps one of the greatest Misfortunes that attend Mankind is not to *Dare to deny*: it requires either a good Education or a Superior Fortune to be able to do it."

"A Man may be Good in any State or Condition of Life, & cannot be better in a Greater."

"Who can blame Fortune for bestowing her gifts upon the unworthy when she's blind?"

I can only add the cliché that those who like this sort of thing will like this book very much; and that doubtless the authorship of the manuscript will prove a fine bone of contention for those who love a literary dog-fight.

* "Characters and Observations: An Eighteenth Century Manuscript." With a Foreword by Lord Gorrel. 10s. 6d. (John Murray.)

THE BOOKMAN PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

MAY, 1930.

Answers to these Competitions (each on a separate sheet bearing name and address of sender) must be received by the Editor not later than the 14th of each month. A Competitor may enter for all the seven Competitions, but must cut out coupon below and send this with each answer or group *of answers, and address envelope:*

"The Prize Page," THE BOOKMAN, St. Paul's House, Warwick Square, London, E.C.4.

That they may be available also to Overseas Competitors, Competitions I and II will be the same each month until further notice, but the subjects for all the other Competitions may each month be changed.

Competitors must please keep copies of their MSS.; the Editor cannot undertake to return them.

THE PRIZES OFFERED THIS MONTH ARE:

I.—ONE GUINEA for the best *original* lyric.

II.—HALF A GUINEA for the best quotation from English verse applicable to any review or the name of any author or book appearing in this Number.

III.—THREE NEW BOOKS for the best drawing illustrating any book title mentioned in this Number.

IV.—HALF A GUINEA for the best patchwork poem, in twelve lines, to make sense and to rhyme, each line being taken from a different poet, thus:

Why all this toil for triumphs of an hour? (YOUNG)
Life's a short summer, man is but a flower (JOHNSON)
By turns we catch the fatal breath and die (POPE)
The cradle and the tomb, alas, how nigh! (PRIOR)

V.—HALF A GUINEA for the best crossword puzzle (12-square across and 12 down), introducing the names of well-known authors.

VI.—HALF A GUINEA for the best review, in not more than one hundred words, of any recent book. Competitors should give names of Book, Author and Publisher at head of each review.

VII.—THE BOOKMAN will be sent post free for twelve months to the sender of the best suggestion for a Competition.

RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS FOR APRIL.

I.—THE PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA for the best original lyric is awarded to W. T. Coghlan, 16, Fontenoy Street, Dublin, for the following:

WHEN I AM OLD.

When I am old, and my good days are o'er,
And life and love are less than dreams of dreams,
And my soul sits within the burnt-out core
Of its own ghost, and God Himself but seems:

When, child, you speak, and I know not your name,
And look up dazed, and wonder who you are,
And care no longer if you praise or blame,
Or whether 'twixt us two 'tis peace or war:

Have patience with the unremembering eyes,
Which once their love-thirst from your own did slake;
Think how this heart once thought it Paradise
To burn itself to ashes for your sake!

We also select for printing:

THE CONTEMPLATIVE.

She sits so still you would not guess
The thousand hurrying thoughts that stir
Her silence, in that busy press
Where all pass by, not seeing her.

Her heart is such a crowded place,
Where troubled spirits find a rest,
She sees each wound, she bathes each face,
She holds their sorrows in her breast.

The darkened heart that dare not pray,
The soul whose road is black with pain;
The sister, falling by the way,
Her prayers restore to peace again.

She makes their bitter griefs her own,
She takes their sorrow for her part;
Strange sins that she has never known
Rankle like swords in her pure heart.

Unknowing and uncaring, they
Find joy through her most bitter loss;
Waking to light, while day by day
She kneels in shadow by the Cross.

(J. Kilmeny Keith, 69, Marine Parade, Worthing.)



Portrait by Shillabeer. **Miss P. Whitehouse,** author of "Collingridge" (Chapman & Hall).

We also highly commend the lyrics by A. C. G. Ross (Glasgow), M. E. Arthy (Esher), Laura A. Ridley (Toronto, Canada), Iris Ottaway (Bungay), B. M. Beard (Bexleyheath), Marjorie Crosbie (Wolverhampton), May Herschel Clarke (Woolwich), S. G. August (Invercargill, New Zealand), John P. Coghlan (Dublin), Kenneth F. Byrd (Durban, South Africa), Ena D. Reynolds (Newport, Isle of Wight), A. A. Hannan (Forest, Canada), Mrs. Mary Hughes (Beckenham), Marion Elizabeth Stark (Wellesley, U.S.A.), Vera I. Arlett (Worthing), Margarita Yates (Haute Savoie, France), Captain John G. Dunlop (Vryheid, Natal), Olive F. Crowe (Hanwell), Margaret A. B. Jones (Loughton), Melfin W. Jones (Cardiff), Gertrude Pitt (London, N.), L. Bruce (Ashford), Enid Woollright (Basingstoke), Ada F. Strike (West Worthing), John E. Woods (Coventry), Emily Davis (Dublin), Margery Porter (Edinburgh), Margaret Owen (Whitstable), R. K. Spedding (Liverpool), Horace Dubb (Port Elizabeth, South Africa), A. Craig (Waikati, New Zealand), Margaret Fountain (Upton, Hunts), Ella R. Noble (Long Melford), John Bellchambers (Highgate), N. M. de Silva (Cambridge), George S. Astins (Hove), Jehangir R. P. Mody (Bombay, India), Ismay Trimble (Tankerton), Alys Rodgers (Formby), Ierne Ormsby (Addiscombe), Mrs. May Belben (Wimborne).

Evelina San Garde (Oswaldtwistle), E. M. Lewis (Putney), Joyce Brooke (Oswestry), Mrs. Eve McDonough (Brighton), C. Christie (Sevenoaks), Louise Stewart (Edinburgh), Esther Samms (Luton), M. Whitehouse (Birmingham), Edith M. Walker (Bournemouth), Evelyn A. Tetley (Bristol).

II.—THE PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best quotation is awarded to Kathleen Blyth, St. Joseph's Secondary School, Victoria Road, West Hartlepool, for the following:

STRANGE COMPANY.
BY S. THEODORE FELSTEAD. (Hutchinson.)

"An elderly ghost of easy ways
And an influential goblin."

GILBERT, *Ghost and Goblin.*

We also select for printing:

THE ROMANTIC LUSTRE.
BY A. E. N. ANDREWS. (Heath Cranton.)

"I polished up that handle so carefully
That now I am the ruler of the Queen's navee."

GILBERT, *H.M.S. Pinafore.*

(M. Rourke, 16, Woodbine Street, Moss Side, Manchester.)

THE ACCEPTABLE WOMAN.
BY ELEANOR DUNBAR HALL. (Jarrolds.)

"Like the notes of a fiddle, she sweetly, sweetly
Raises the Spirits, and charms our Ears."

GAY, *The Beggar's Opera.*

(G. Fletcher, "Melrose," Wokingham, Berks.)

HIS DIFFICULT DAUGHTER. BY WINIFRED CARTER. (Alston Rivers.)

(1) "O, Guardian Angels, stop her
From doing anything improper."

MARTIN ARMSTRONG, *Miss Thompson Goes Shopping.*

(M. Whitehouse, 12, Haden Street, Balsall Heath, (Birminghan..)

(2) "At twenty she mocks at the duty you taught her.
Oh, what a plague is an obstinate daughter!"

SHERIDAN, *The Duenna.*

(M. Mackechnie, 15, Queen's Gardens, St. Andrews.)

(3) "When she was good she was very, very good,
But when she was bad she was horrid."

Nursery Rhyme.

(Aileen N. L. Parker, Catherine Gladstone Annexe, Mitcham, Surrey.)

THE TRIUMPHANT FOOTMAN. BY E. OLIVIER. (Martin Secker.)

"Quaffing ale from pewter tankards
In the master's antique chair."

LONGFELLOW, *Nuremberg.*

(Mary T. Forth, 10, Belle Vue Terrace, Whitby.)

ADJECTIVES AND OTHER WORDS.
BY ERNEST WEEKLEY. (John Murray.)

"I swore—but was I sober when I swore?"

FITZGERALD, *Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyám.*

(Ada F. Strike, 38, Harrow Road, West Worthing.)

POETRY AT PRESENT. BY CHARLES WILLIAMS. (Humphrey Milford.)

"Infinite meaning in a little gloom."

RUPERT BROOKE, *A Letter to a Live Poet.*

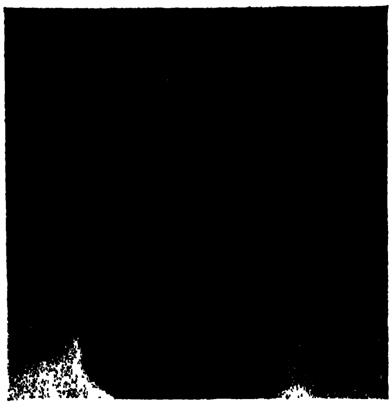
(Mary R. Taylor, "Zayat," Cawdor Crescent, Dunblane, Perthshire.)

ENCUMBRANCES. BY AYLWIN L. MARTIN. (Sampson Low.)

". . . I met a man with seven wives,
And every wife had seven sacks and every sack had seven cats,
And every cat had seven kits . . ."

Nursery Rhyme.

(W. J. B. Haslam, 22, Lansdown Place, Cheltenham.)



Mr. Thorne Smith,
whose clever, fantastically humorous story, "The Stray Lamb," is published by Messrs. Heinemann.

IT WALKS BY NIGHT. BY JOHN DICKSON CARR. (Harpers.)

(1) "Let Hercules himself do what he may,
The cat will mew."

SHAKESPEARE, *Hamlet.*

(L. F. Goldsmid, 30, Crockerton Road, S.W.17.)

(2) "A harmless, necessary cat."

SHAKESPEARE, *The Merchant of Venice, Act IV, Sc. 1.*

(John A. Bellchambers, 40, Highgate Hill, N.19.)

(3) "What thou art we know not."

SHELLEY, *To a Skylark.*

(Ethel M. Kennedy, 46, Aughton Road, Birkdale, Southport.)

III.—THE PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS for the best note on the Rarest or Oldest Book I Possess and Why I Value It is awarded to Captain William Jaggard, Rose Bank, Stratford-on-Avon, Warwickshire, for the following:

Owning four early printed books, equally rare (inasmuch as merely one of each occurs in Pollard & Redgrave's "Short-title Catalogue," I choose these Elizabethan essays as of widest appeal:

> "Two guides to good life; Genealogy of vertue and anthomy of sinne. Liuely displaying the worth of one and vanity of the other. Printed by W. Iaggard, 1604." 8vo.

This anonymous little tome may be the pen-work of Sir Francis Bacon, because of its style, brief crisp sentences, concentrated sapience and quaint conceits. Failing Verulam, its most likely author is Bishop Joseph Hall, an unfairly neglected author, of vigorous pith and expression.

> Preface begins: "There is no mettal so pure but hath some drosse, and therefore, gentle reader, I will not excuse this booke of faults; such as it is, I lay it open . . . wishing thee rather with the bee to gather hounye, then with the spider poyson; not that the flowers of this poore garden include any such danger, but that the mind of the beholder, if not rightly tempered, may, like the spider, turne that to poison, which a better disposition digests for honny.'

I value it for originality, rarity and ancestral production.

We also select for printing:

The rarest and perhaps the most important book in my small collection of rare books is a proof copy of Robert Browning's "Men and Women" in one cloth-bound volume, and printed on thinner paper than the first edition, which was issued in two volumes. Both the proof copy and the published volumes bear the same date, 1855; but comparison discloses extensive variations in the two texts. By actual count there are more than five hundred verbal alterations from the proof copy. It happened a few years ago, when I obtained the little book from an auction in a remote country house, that I showed it to a well-known English bibliographer. He was so interested in the volume that I let him have it for careful examination. In a few weeks he brought it to me, together with a copy of the first edition, in which he had noted not only all the textual differences, but literally thousands of differences in punctuation. To-day this slim volume should fetch any price in the book mart. But I should be very reluctant to part with it. Of all nineteenth century poets Browning is, I think, the one who excites most interest; and nowadays his earlier books and first editions are much sought after. Therefore my copy of "Men and Women" has a double interest for me as for all bibliophiles and book-collectors.

(M. T. Coghlan, 16, Fontenoy Street, Dublin.)

The oldest, as it is also the rarest book I possess is a "Breeches" Bible, bound with prayer book and dated 1609. The prayer book has been so well used that the margins are

almost negligible, and the print nearly unreadable, and some pages are torn; but I can still decipher the prayers for "King James, Queene Anne, Prince Henry, and all their Royall Progenie." However it was the Apocrypha that most enthralled me, its quaint old tales, and the horrors of the martyrdom of the Maccabees had a fearful interest for me when I first read them. I can visualise the wonderful scenes through which this old book has passed. Plague, and Fire—indeed there is a tiny burn on one of its pages, which I have always felt convinced was caused by a spark from the burning of London! It has some quaint little engravings, the "Vision of Ezekiel" is quite marvellous, and there is a Map of the Garden of Eden. It has Family Prayers, and the Psalms "collected into English Meetre" with music; in fact a most comprehensive volume. Not intrinsically valuable, although I value it, because it seems to bring me nearer to those bygone folk.



Mr. William Hallatt,
author of "Suppression" (Skeffington).

(Ada F. Strike, 38, Harrow Road, West Worthing.)

One of the rarest books I possess is an old-fashioned three-volume novel, published in 1818. The authoress is Ann Riley, whose husband, S. W. Riley, was a travelling actor very famous in his day, and whose experiences, real and imaginary, are set forth in his book, "The Itinerant." This three-volume novel deals with the love story of "Fanny Fitz-York, Heiress of Tremorne." It is of no particular value, I suppose, and is the usual kind of story popular in the early nineteenth century; a beautiful young heroine, a manly hero and a deeply-dyed villain. There are gay scenes at balls and assemblies and, to add excitement, a highway robbery, but the charm of the book lies in its quaint diction and its amusingly stilted conversation. The volumes belonged to my grandfather, who evidently found the 'Itinerant" and his wife very interesting personalities, for I find innumerable references to them in his own private journals. So perhaps for me the chief value of the book is in its family associations.

(Mabel Dronsfield, 17, Charlotte Street, Fitzroy Square, London, W.1.)

The rarest, though not by any means the oldest book I have in my possession is a copy of "Poems by Two Brothers," which is the earliest book containing verses by Alfred Tennyson. Alfred was eighteen and Charles was twenty when J. & J. Jackson, printers, of Louth, the market town nearest to the Lincolnshire home of the Tennysons, arranged with the brothers to publish a selection of their poems, and actually paid them, in cash and books, the equivalent of twenty pounds for the doubtful privilege! A few poems of the eldest brother, Frederick, were included. What induced the Jacksons to enter into this unbusinesslike engagement does not appear. The book was published in two sizes—an ordinary edition, priced at 5s., and a large paper edition at 7s. There was no high degree of merit in any of the poems, and none of them has been included in the authorised editions of the writings of the poets. In later years Tennyson spoke of his large share in the book as "early rot." Alfred and Charles (Frederick was at Cambridge) celebrated the day of publication by hiring a carriage and driving to the seashore, fourteen miles away, where they "shared their triumph with the winds and the waves."

(John P. Coghlan, 16, Fontenoy Street, Dublin.)

The oldest book I possess is "The Queen's Closet Opened, or The Pearle of Practice," printed by J. C. for Nath. Brook, at the Angel in Cornhill, 1665. This little book contains two hundred and fifty prescriptions by all sorts of eminent people. I value it because, living in a modern doctor's house, the prescriptions of three hundred years ago amuse me greatly. They are so extravagant and grotesque that it seems strange that anyone should have attempted to concoct them. Here is one: "Take the black tips of crabs claws when the Sun enters Cancer, which is every year on the eleventh day of June. Add the loines and legs of an old Coney, a fleshy running Capon, the flesh of a leg of mutton, four young chickens, twelve larks, the yolks of twelve eggs, and as much Treacle and Muscadine to cover them all. Distil over a moderate fire. Take two or three spoonfuls when need is, by itself, or with Ale, Beer, or Wine mingled with Sugar, and by the Grace of God you will find it good against Dropsie, Palsie, Ague and Spleen."



Mr. Charles Hand,
author of "Denis Delivers the Goods" (Cecil Palmer).

(Eva Hope Wallace, Breadalbane, Castleford, Yorks.)

There are several other notes we would like to print, if space permitted. We select for special commendation the replies by Violet Carrall (Rotherham), Iris Ottaway (Bungay), Mannington Sayers (Monmouth), E. Sweatman (Reading), John E. Woods (Coventry), Mrs. E. G. Elton (London, S.W.), Mrs. Annie M. Severs (Scarborough), Clifford Bower-Shore (Stockport), L. Bruce (Ashford), J. A. Jenkins (Liverpool), Margaret Owen (Whitstable), M. K. Whitfield (Cirencester), Eleanor L. Sinclair (Belfast), Alfred O. George (Minehead), M. Luckham (Poole), B. A. Billings (Manchester), Fred W. Flear (Harpenden), Margaret A. B. Jones (Loughton), Edith M. Walker (Bournemouth), B. M. Beard (Bexleyheath), W. Mockford (Biggleswade), Aileen M. J. Parker (Mitcham).

IV.—THE PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best humorous prose paraphrase of any well-known poem is awarded to C. C. Fraser, 19, Falkner Square, Liverpool, for the following:

LA BELLE DAMS SANS MERCI. (KEATS).

(Scots Version.)

"Whit wye are ye hangin' roon' sae disjaskit-like? Ye're no lookin' weel ava, ava. Ye're sweatin', an' ye've lost a' yer fine colour—kin' o' peely-wally." "I met a bonnie wumman, wi' lang hair, doonby, an' I gied her a lift on my powny, an' she sang tae me—aye, 'twas gran'!—an' I gied her a puckle gowans, an' she gied me some sweeties, an' telt me in a kin' o' foreign tongue that she lo'ed me weel, in fac' that she was doonricht silly aboot me. An' she kept on pechin'. An' efter yon we had a wee bit nap, an' I had a bad dream—a rael nichtmare aboot kings an' sodgers. They was skraighin' wi' their big mooths wide open, an' tellin' me' that the bonnie wumman had gotten a haud o' me, an' wudna let me gang lowse. An' noo here am I hauf starvit, daun'erin' roon' in the bitter cauld. It's rael depressin' weather, guid kens, an' there's no even a bluidy craw aboot. But I'm waitin' on the wumman a' the time. Aye, it's gay dreich waitin'."

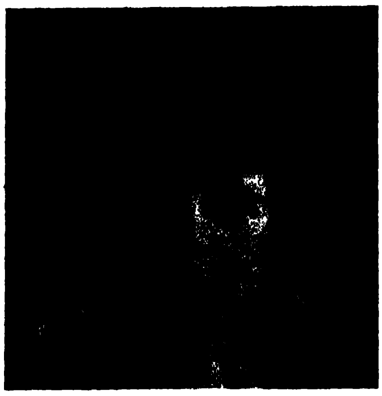
We also select for printing:

LOCKSLEY HALL. (TENNYSON).

"Comrades, I want to meditate upon the grandeur that once was Locksley Hall, but if you get bored and want to push on before I've finished meditating you can blow a peal, or whatever it is you do blow, upon the bugle horn. I want to think about the owner of the Hall who married my cousin Amy. She was once engaged to me, or if we weren't actually engaged, at any rate we were walking

out together; then that rich young nincompoop came along and proposed to Amy, and she accepted him merely because he was rich and because her papa told her to. She couldn't possibly have loved him after loving me! Then as the man is such a clown, Amy is certain to become a female clown before long. Well, as I can't have Amy I'll marry some savage woman! happy notion! and we'll have lots of pretty, dusky children! they'll dive and run and play with goats, and hurl their lances in the sun! I jolly well hope a thunderbolt will fall on Locksley Hall and blot out all its inhabitants, and anyhow I'm off!"

(Alfred O. George, "Ingmire," Warden Road, Minehead, Som.)



Miss Myrtle Johnston,
author of "Relentless" (John Murray).

Longfellow's "Excelsior," "Village Blacksmith" and "Wreck of the *Hesperus*"; Tennyson's "Brook"; Wordsworth's "We Are Seven," and Coleridge's "Ancient Mariner" had the largest popularity with competitors, and we highly commend the humorous paraphrases by Emily Davis (Dublin), G. Pitt (London, N.), Marie Joyce (London, N.W.), M. K. Whitfield (Cirencester), Margaret A. B. Kones (Loughton), B. M. Beard (Bexleyheath), John A. Bellchambers (Highgate), J. A. Jenkins (Liverpool), Mrs. E. M. Hakim (Edgware), John P. Coghlan (Dublin), W. R. Dunstan (Lewes), L. Bruce (Ashford), Sydney J. Spedding (Bolton), Violet Carrall (Rotherham), S. Barrington McClean (Glasgow), John E. Woods (Coventry), B. A. Billings (Manchester), E. Sweatman (Reading), Iris Ottaway (Bungay), Ada F. Strike (West Worthing), L. F. Goldsmid (London, S.W.).

V.—THE PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best twenty-four lines of verse intelligibly introducing the largest number of book titles is awarded to Mary R. Taylor, "Zayat," Cawdor Crescent, Dunblane, Perthshire, for the following:

The *Full Moon* and *The Magic of the Stars* above her
Gave *The Romantic Lustre* which was shed
Upon *The Mill* where sweet *Pat* met her lover.
Out of the Depths they sighed—few words were said;
The Strength of Lovers speech can not discover;
The Secret Pearls of silence stand in better stead.

Turn Back the Leaves and look upon what went before—
Encumbrances to *Falkland's Choice* there were;
But love's *White Flame* at last them all outwore.
The Nymph at Bay, *The Fighting Spirits* share
Of *Dominance* soon failed, her heart was sore.
Fire Kindleth Fire, a *Retribution* just and fair.

"O *Ladybird*, sweet *Honey-Pot*," he murmured low,
"These *Thieves' Nigh*. cannot last; O marry me!
Let us not be but *Ships That Pass*, and so
Lost in *Grey Seas* ever apart to be,
Bidding *Farewell to Paradise* below."
She said: "*Housewifery* I must try, and then we'll see—

Towards a New Education I must make my way;
The School for Wives will teach what I would learn.
Wind From the West brings *Dawn*; I cannot stay."
Chapter the Last of *A True Story* you discuss?
A Special Providence upon them lay;
Gamblers in Happiness, they wed; nor was Fate stern.
(32 titles).

We also select for printing.

DEADMAN'S BAY.

As *Ships That Pass* with *Painted Veils*
***Out of the Depths* of *Deadman's Bay*,**
***The Ship of Truth* unfurls white sails**
And for *Grey Seas* doth sail away.

The *Full Moon* rises bright and clear
Amidst *The Magic of the Stars*,
And like Apollo, *The Charioteer*,
Scatters afar her golden bars.

***The Doomed Five* within the hold**
***Turn Back the Leaves* of their despair;**
***The Mystery Man* did us withhold**
From ent'ring into *Providence Square*!

***The Secret Pearls, The Golden Goat*—**
***It Walks By Night*, so we've been told—**
We might have had upon this boat
Had not the *Dawn* appeared so bold.

Thieves' Nights so oft abruptly end,
Like *Alpine Flowers* in summer snow;
Farewell to Paradise! they send,
For never there can now they go!

The Woman of Andros smiles again;
The *Wind From the West* arises high;
And *Retribution* comes to men—
The Sting of the Whip is theirs for aye!
(24 titles).

(B. A. Billings, 16, Brixton Avenue, Withington, Manchester.)

The announcement of this Competition stipulated that the titles *should be taken from the advertisement columns*. Nearly half the Competitors (including one to whom the prize would otherwise have been awarded) have taken titles also from the reviews and from the list of Books of the Month, and so had to be disqualified. We specially commend the replies by Lorna Collard (Bath), E. Noble (Long Melford), L. F. Goldsmid (London, S.W.), Sir Duncan Grey (Weston-super-Mare), Marjorie Crosbie (Wolverhampton).

VI.—THE PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best review is awarded to J. Kilmeny Keith, 69, Marine Parade, Worthing, for the following:

THREE DAUGHTERS. BY JANE DASHWOOD. (Murray.)

Here is a book that would have delighted Jane Austen and will bring unspeakable pleasure to thousands of her admirers. Miss Dashwood's story of the three sisters, each sketched in with so light a pen but so brilliant an assurance, is delicious from the moment when they go for a ride on the top of a horse-omnibus, "where the driver sat under an umbrella and you could get from Baker Street to Piccadilly for a penny," to the witty and penetrating close. Far-seeing, shrewd, subtle, exquisitely humorous, this book is a thing of joy in a crusty day.

We also select for printing:

THE RELIGION OF JESUS. BY WALTER E. BUNDY. (Cassell.)

Recent years have seen the "rediscovery" of the human Jesus. This book is a beautiful and careful study of His personal religion, written with the conviction that men must come, not only to believe *in* Him, but to believe *with* Him. Dr. Bundy, examining the religious consciousness of Jesus, shows that the intensity of His prayer-life gave Him the power and mastery over circumstances such as the modern world is needing. Yet the writer shows also that first we must adopt His scale of values before we can make His intense personal faith our own.

(K. G. Budd, 50, Waldegrave Park, Twickenham.)

We also select for honourable mention the reviews by R. K. Spedding (Liverpool), James E. N. Brown (Great Yarmouth), Clifford Bower-Shore (Stockport), Mannington Sayers (Monmouth), Margaret Owen (Whitstable), Dallas Kenmare (Barnt Green), Mrs. Emily E. Moore (Letchworth), S. R. Fuller (Streatham).

VII.—THE PRIZE OF ONE YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION TO THE BOOKMAN is awarded to M. T. Coghlan, 16, Fontenoy Street, Dublin, and to Muriel Bending, "The Dovecot," Wickham Avenue, Bexhill-on-Sea, Sussex.

WHAT IS WRONG WITH THE NOVEL?

BY ST. JOHN ADCOCK.

EVERYTHING is wrong with some novels and something with all of them. The perfect novel has not yet been written, though there are too-ecstatic reviewers who occasionally seem to think otherwise. An editorial note in the last issue of that admirable little Australian quarterly, ***Desiderata***, protests against the lack of a sense of proportion in the reviews of certain English periodicals. " On the one hand," it says, " is the coterie which glibly acclaims a new masterpiece almost weekly. . . . On the other hand, we discover the dour and disillusioned gentlemen whose comments on books, if perused with regularity, would drive their readers to the very depths of despair." There is some truth in this ; but worse than this, there are fortunate contemporary authors who seem to arrive at a state of beatification while they are still in the flesh. They publish two or three excellent books that are highly and justly praised, and every book they publish afterwards, though it may fall short of excellence, is accepted by their unleavened admirers with undiminishing eulogy. This is so with chosen poets as well as with chosen novelists.

Two or three of D. H. Lawrence's books rank him beyond question among the first novelists of our generation. But his automatic adorers are not satisfied with this ; they have hypnotised themselves into a belief that he is also a great poet and, whatever merits of thought and cleverness his verse may have, no impartial person can say it reaches the heights of great poetry. One eminent critic making the best, the other day, of Lawrence's last book of verse, " Nettles," granted that there was nothing in it like his

> " So many fruits come from roses,
> From the rose of all roses,
> From the unfolded rose,
> Rose of all the world."

which he so evidently expects us to admire that I am thankful Lawrence did not write the pleasant drawing-room ditty—

> " No rose in all the world,"

or his worshippers, who do not at present admire that sort of thing, would, I am afraid, have tried to urge it upon us as supreme poetry. Mr. T. F. Powys is another novelist who is in danger of being beatified by emotional enthusiasts. " Black Bryony " and " Mark Only " were beautifully written and true to the life and character with which they were concerned, whether you liked that sort of life and character or not. His latest book, " Kindness in a Corner," is also beautifully written, but is otherwise nothing more than cheap and occasionally nasty musical comedy.* It is presumably a satire on the recent tendency of rural parsons to get involved in village scandals, but it runs to such nonsensical burlesque that the satire has no bite in it. His Reverend Silas Dottery begins as a charmingly simple clergyman of the Parson Adams type, but is soon translated into a pantomime figure and becomes as inanely simple as any pantaloon. This will not do from Mr. Powys ; it will do *for* him if he does it too often ; yet his select circle of habitual adorers will probably overburden it with the same praise they give to the best of his work. It is unsettling but very much more satisfactory to see a book belauded by one critic and damned by another, because then at least you know that each has formed his own opinion about it, according to his lights, and is not merely singing by rote in a choir.

That it is beautifully written, too, is about all you can say of Mr. Joseph Hergesheimer's " The Party Dress."† You would have to be as simple as Powys's Rev. Silas Dottery to believe that Nina Henry, turned forty and with grown-up children, developed a fatal sex complex and went wrong because, for the first time in her life, she wore a marvellous party dress made in Paris, which fitted her too tightly, showed too much of her figure and made her look and feel younger than she was. She would have gone wrong in any dress. She is tired of her husband ; he is devoting himself to another lady ; Nina is kissed fiercely by Francis Ambler, but though he stirs her she decides at length that she does not love him ; she is kissed also by Roderick Wade, who smells strongly of gin and cigarettes, but she does not love him either. She moves in a smart set that is not troubled with any morals, and drinks more frequently and copiously than you would think possible under Prohibition. She meets Chalke Ewing, who has lived a lurid life in Cuba, knows all about women, and steadily soaks himself in drink. Nina loves him ; he loves her, but is nobly resolved that, beyond passionate kisses, their relations shall be innocent until she has divorced her husband and they can marry. She is not so particular, and when he has been tempted and fallen, Nina is heartbroken next day to learn that he has suddenly returned to Cuba, and is so overwhelmed by his lapse that presently



Mr. Joseph Hergesheimer,

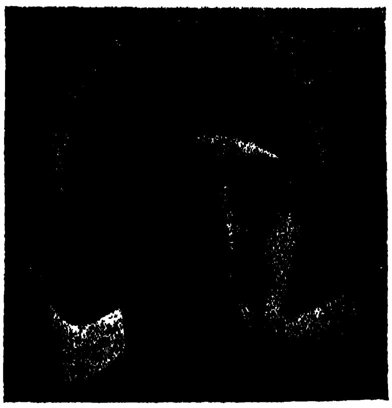
whose new novel, "The Party Dress," is published by Mr. Alfred Knopf.

* 7s. 6d. (Chatto.)
† 7s. 6d. (Knopf.)

they hear he has shot himself. Nina feels so deeply the reproof of "his honourable death" that she tears up the dangerous dress, and you leave her resigned to making the best of her husband. With about two exceptions, her crowd of friends in the American smart set are as futile and dissipated as herself. Were such people worth studying and such a story of them worth telling? Not, I think, by an artist so greatly gifted as Mr. Hergesheimer.

I have read this month three good first novels. "Dixon's Cubs"* takes you out through the War for some of its scenes, but is in the main a story of English country life, of a family living, at the outset, at Brockeridge Farm above the valley of the Wye on the Welsh border. Dixon is a sturdy, hard-working, clean-living fellow, dominated by love of his ancestral acres and of his five children, Ralph, Martin, John, Marjorie and Joan; the mother is dead. The widely differing characters of Dixon and his "cubs" are drawn very skilfully and with insight. Ralph is likest the father, and fills his place when he is killed by a fall from his horse, leaving the farm hopelessly mortgaged and his family unprovided for. It is not a story to be outlined; the ruthless old uncle Myron and his detestable son Percival may bring a touch of melodrama into it, but it is the sort of melodrama that colours actual life; Ralph is the only son who survives the War and, except for the War interval, the interest of the whole thing grows out of Ralph's struggle against circumstance, the progress of Marjorie, as sensible as she is lovable, and the shrapnel-blinded man she marries, the puritanical Joan and her irresponsible husband, and the quiet realism of everyday happenings that influence or are influenced by them. The hunting scenes and the sketches of rural life and folk are excellent.

There is considerable promise in "Embryo."† Miss Sibyl Phillpotts knows how to tell a story, but her characters are not alive enough to reach our sympathies. The clever little Muguet is an irritating child and I wish she could have grown up in fewer pages. When her elegant mother reclaims her from her guardian and is taking her out to France to marry a rich, half-witted young Marquis, John who had been her playmate, tells her he loves her; she accepts his embraces, promises never to forget him, but, despite his plea, says she must still go and marry the Marquis, for John's love makes it all easy, "I don't care what happens now." Which is nice for her, but not much good to John. She wearies of the fatuous young Marquis and runs away, and when she is free marries Patrick, who cheats her into believing John is dead, and finds she has made another mistake. Patrick runs away from her, and then her thoughts turn rapturously to the faithful John, and one only hopes John is going to be contented. But Miss Phillpotts has real ability.



Portrait by Vaughan & Freeman. **Miss Iris Barry,**
author of "Here is Thy Victory" (Elkin Mathews & Marrot).

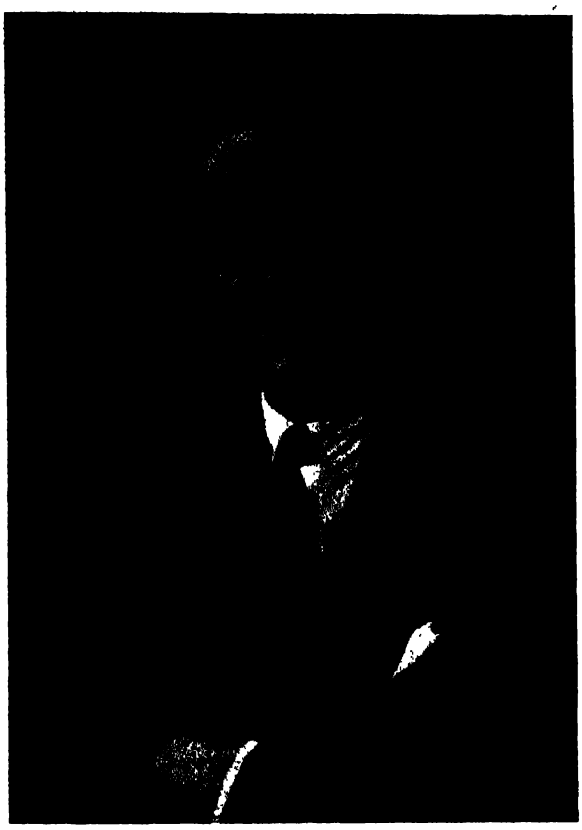
"Giant's Bread"‡ is, for a first novel, remarkably mature in style and in its characterisation. The prologue is a brilliant bit of work, with its vision of the small figure of man as the spiritual giant who has survived the death of civilisations and is fighting his way through "to rise in a new civilisation of which we do not dream." I could wish there had been less about Vernon Dayre's childhood, but the study of it is penetrating as well as extensive, and you are made to realise how much he inherits from his hysterical mother and his kindly, amoral father. Vernon, a lonely, imaginative child, who hates and fears music in his youth, develops into a great original musical genius; but the story is much less of his triumphs in music than of the vicissitudes, the suffering, the conflicting influences that hammered and moulded his character and drove him at last to a realisation of his powers. I have never been persuaded that free love is a necessary concomitant of genius. After all, the majority of those who make a business of sex indulgence are the successors of those chinless, brainless dudes and johnnies who once made Regent Street notorious, and when men of genius exercise no self-control in these matters it does not indicate that they are more wonderful, but that, to this extent, they are as weak and commonplace as their uninspired fellows. Therefore it would seem as if in a picture of a man of genius it would be truer if the animal side of him were quietly taken for granted and not stressed as if it were an important and inevitable part of his make-up. This merely by the way, for Vernon's conventional unconventionality detracts nothing from the fact that "Giant's Bread" is a novel of exceptional power and interest.

If this were an ideal world and every author received his and her due earnings, "John Presland" would rank much higher than she does, as poet, dramatist and as novelist. "The Charioteer"* may not mark any advance on that extraordinarily fine novel of hers, "Escape Me—Never!" but it reaches the same level in narrative art and in its knowledge of and intense sympathy with all kinds of humanity. The squalor in which Mohun's drinking habits involve him is transfigured to pathos by the despairing fight he makes against his hereditary weakness. "None of the virtuous," he said, "none of those, that is, who are fortunate enough to be born with a nature that accords with the requirements of civilised society, know what we pay for a vice; the sense of isolation, the sense of differentness which is with us always. We are cut off from the world at large, we are like foreigners living in a country whose habits we cannot understand, whose language we cannot learn." The interest centres on the two sisters, Shirley and Fredegonde. They are musical prodigies, and their wily mother, Mrs. Bellairs, contrives to get them taken up by the wealthy, eccentric Mrs. Fortescue, who is a figure in Brighton society, and by sponging on that lady she secures for the girls the

* 7s. 6d. (Dent.) † 7s. 6d. (Arrowsmith.)
‡ 7s. 6d. (Collins.)

* 7s. 6d. (Noel Douglas.)

tuition that starts them on a successful musical carrer. Shirley has charm as well as talent; Fredegonde has talent, but is a cold little wretch with no thought for any but herself. There is all along a fret of rivalry between them, which culminates when the passionate, masterful Russian, Stanislas, who is Shirley's lover, includes the willing Fredegonde in his affections. The end is tragedy, in that it leaves Shirley with her wrist broken and her violin-playing over, but it opens a door to what may prove a greater happiness than any she has known. The characters, major and minor, are drawn vividly, with sympathy and humour. The sketch of the friendly, harassed pierrot troupe at Brighton is a little masterpiece. "The Charioteer" is emphatically a book to buy, otherwise you will be sorry you only borrowed it when there is, as there will be before long, a run on John Presland's first editions.



"Jeffery E. Jeffery,"
author of "Miss Vell Intervenes" (Chapman & Hall).

Talking of the lapses of genius, Mr. J. A. Steuart has followed his Stevensonian romance, "The Cap of Youth," with "The Immortal Lover,"* which retells, with the freedom allowable in fiction, the life of Burns. He has given his own interpretation of obscure and disputed episodes, has imaginatively filled in a few gaps, but claims that he has introduced nothing that is not "true in spirit." The result is an interesting, ably written story which reveals the Burns that Byron drew (unintentionally no doubt) in his own image, when he wrote, "What an antithetical mind!—tenderness, roughness—delicacy, coarseness—sentiment, sensuality—soaring and grovelling—dirt and deity—all mixed up in that one compound of inspired clay."

The watchful figure of the reputed witch, the eerie, implacably malevolent Mrs. Turlit, dominates "The Crochet Woman"† and casts a baleful shadow over the lives of those who fall under her displeasure. She has put her curse upon Jan the tinker, grandson of the woman who, long years before, had stolen her husband from her, and the curse involves little Betty Stogs, the village girl, who falls in love with Jan and, in defiance of warnings, marries him. By her cunning double-dealing the crochet woman sows dissension between Betty and her man, and sends each to other lovers; but in the end her tortuous machinations only serve to bring Betty and Jan back to each other, and you can feel half sorry for the bitter old woman in the hour of her defeat. The pictures of Cornish village and town life are graphically realised, and Mrs. Manning-Sanders's rough, simple, earthy, superstitious Cornish men and women are wonderfully natural, perfectly human in their imperfections. The sensitive delicacy and vigour of her style were never more effective than in this poignantly realistic romance.

I am greatly taken with Miss Iris Barry's "Here is Thy Victory."* It is fresh in idea, written imaginatively and with a sure feeling for the dramatic suspense of an exceptional situation. Mr. Griffiths, registrar of births and deaths, begins to be vaguely alarmed because for a week, against all precedent, he has not registered a single death, and none has been registered in the other villages and towns of Southern England. As days pass, and rumours spread, a conviction grows that death has passed from the world and life here will go on for ever. The story is of the effect this belief has on the hopes and minds of people. The papers take the question up and argue that eternal life on earth would be too heavy a burden. The prospect of it is bewildering and terrifying. A parson expresses the general feeling when he says that we need God's gift of death "to make our life on earth bearable. . . . I am an old man, and I am afraid not to die." Whether such dread, such alarm would have been created so soon, and because no death had been registered for just over a fortnight—I am not sure, but the story puts its spell upon you and you only think of that afterwards; the group of vivid, vital characters, Griffiths and his wife; the delightful little Susy, her grim, bedridden old grandfather and her troubled, anxious love affair; Nurse Leyland and her too-vivacious child; the kindly, faulty Dr. Rowe, and other of the villagers, are so intimately and understandingly brought into being that your interest in them and their reactions to the problem of the hour, like Aaron's serpent, swallows up the rest. A story that really gets hold of you, and is uncommonly well written.

I have no space to do more than advise you to read Miss Joan Kennedy's pleasant, homely tale of country life and a childless woman's groundless jealousy of her husband in "The Red Soil"†; and Mr. Jeffery E. Jeffery's lively comedy, with its strains of sentiment, intrigue and excitement, "Miss Vell Intervenes."‡ "The White Coat"§ is a propaganda novel, revealing the evils of Bolshevism and finding the salvation of Russia in the restoration of the Tsars. It is cleverly done. The opening scenes in the German sanitorium are minutely, finely realistic. It is exciting enough, though I will not answer for its teachings. And, for a change, here are two of the best novels of murder,

* 7s. 6d. (Harrap.) † 7s. 6d. (Faber & Faber.)

* 7s. 6d. (Elkin Mathews & Marrot.)
† 7s. 6d. (John Long.) ‡ 7s. 6d. (Chapman & Hall.)
§ 12s. 6d. (Allen & Unwin.)

mystery and sensation I have read for some while—"It Walks by Night"* and "The Fifth Victim."† The concluding chapters of both are sealed up, and if your curiosity is not roused and you don't want to know how they end, you can return the books with seals unbroken and have your money back. If you guess how either ends without breaking the seal, you can do more than I could. Each is in its kind first rate. Not good as literature, perhaps, but much can be forgiven, for whatever else may be wrong with them they are good reading.

* 7s. 6d. (Harpers.) † 3s. 6d. (Harrap.)

THE DREAM.

(Paraphrased from "People" by Edgar Wallace.)

BY M. E. S.

I walked along the parapet of Heaven ;
A broad white highway stretched upon my left,
And then, a mottled pavement, gold and pearl,
With balustrade of greyish porphyry.
I leant upon the wall and looked below
Into the purple void, and saw beneath—
A million miles or so—a pale green world
Which turned and turned in revolutions slow.
Beside me, gazed a number of old men,
Old earth-worn saints, with faces calm and mild,
Their robes, not spotless white, but grey and worn,
Tattered and torn like ancient College gowns,
(For what we love the best is Heaven's attire) ;
These leant their elbows on the parapet,
Gazing abstracted on the earth below,
And most of them were smoking short clay pipes
Which, as they talked, wafted along to me
The penetrating aroma of shag !
(To have what we like best is Heaven's rule).
After a while, another older saint
Came shuffling in his sandalled feet across
The white smooth road, holding beneath one arm
A marble mortar, large and ponderous,
A heavy pestle in his thin left hand.
Intent on gazing still, the other saints
Scarce marked his coming, till they saw him sit
Upon the kerb, the mortar 'twixt his feet.
With care meticulous, he filled his pipe
And lighting it, took several vigorous pulls ;
Next, from his robes, a dazzling sapphire drew,
A wondrous stone, which sparkled in the sun ;
This, at the bottom of his mortar placed
And hammered at it till it broke to bits
And lay all crushed in tiny grains, like sand.
But still he ground and ground, hour after hour
Until the beauteous gem was changed to powder white.
From time to time, the saints turned from their gaze
Upon the parapet and watched his work.
When all was finely ground, he laid his pestle down
And, picking up the mortar, set it safe
Upon the flat top of the parapet.
Then the old saints approached, and each one took
A handful of the dust, and threw it into space.
As I still leant and watched, I saw it like a cloud
Of iridescent vapours, sinking out of sight.
Then, as I looked, the world loomed near and large,
I saw the dust settling upon its face ;
I saw, too, humans searching, just as plain
As if I, too, were searching by their side.
And presently, one human found a speck ;
His frenzied shouts brought other humans there
In hundreds and in thousands, wild with joy
They took the speck and placed it in a box
Of gold, and o'er it built a mighty fane,
A vast cathedral reaching to the clouds.
And in another region of the earth was found
Another precious speck of sapphire dust.
Those who discovered it were moved to build
A university with spires and domes,
Masses of red-brick buildings all around,
In celebration of their wondrous find.
Then, in some distant spot, another speck
Was found by eager searchers, and again
Was reared a fine and princely edifice—
A hospital, or yet another church
So thus it was, as year succeeded year
And centuries and æons of Time went by,
For time immeasurable it must have seemed
To those poor Time-and-Earth-bound souls below,
Although to me 'twas but a passing flash—
Still they built on, where'er a speck was found,
And gave their skill to worship or to science ;
And every time, enchanted with their find,
They hailed another speck with frenzied shouts
The old saints, gazing, laughed, and rocked in mirth
Till down their worn, lined faces rolled the tears.
"What is the joke ? What do you see ?" said I,
"In that poor, vain and fruitless human toil,
That moves you thus to laughter and to jest ?"
"I will explain," replied a saintly man
Who wiped his eyes and checked his merriment,
"You saw the sapphire which old Harry ground,
One little grain from Heaven's foundations chipped ?
—That sapphire is the Truth—the only Truth ;
You saw him grind it fine, as fine as dust ?"
"I saw that," I replied, "but where's the joke ?"
"The joke !"—he held his sides and rocked with mirth,
"The joke ?"—and for a time he could not speak,
"This is the joke ; each poor deluded mortal
On the earth, who finds one tiny speck,
One fragment of the Truth, *thinks it the Whole !*"



Mr. Edgar Wallace.

THE BOOKMAN'S DIARY.

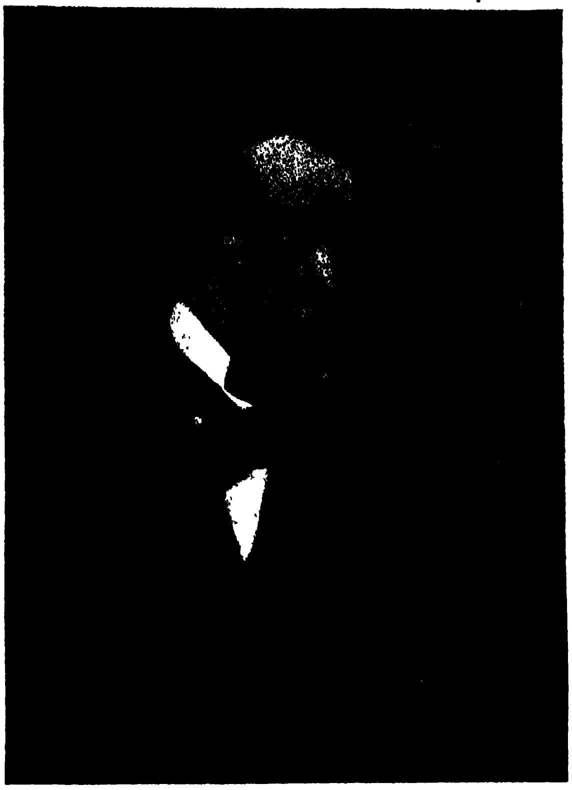
NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor of THE BOOKMAN, ST. PAUL'S HOUSE, WARWICK SQUARE, LONDON, E.C.4.

A preliminary letter of inquiry should be sent to the Editor before any manuscript is submitted for his consideration.

None of the lesser Victorian poets has a more distinctive note or a surer place on the lower slopes of Parnassus than Thomas Edward Brown, the centenary of whose birth will be commemorated on May 5th. He was born at Douglas, in the Isle of Man, where his father held the living of a small church in a poor district. Two years after the birth of his son (the sixth of his children) the Rev. Robert Brown was made vicar of Kirk Bradden, near Douglas, and T. E. B. has put memories of that place and of his boyhood there into "Braddon Vicarage" and other of his poems:

> "I wonder if in that far isle,
> Some child is growing now, like me
> When I was child; care-pricked, yet healed the while
> With balm of rock and sea" . . .



T. E. Brown.

An early portrait.

From "Poems of T. E. Brown." Selected and arranged with introduction and notes by H. F. B. and H. G. D. Golden Treasury Series (Macmillan).

After a brilliant career at Oxford, he was elected a Fellow of Oriel, "but never took kindly to the life of an Oxford Fellow," and, writes Mr. H. F. Brown, in an introduction to Messrs. Macmillan's Golden Treasury edition of the poems, "after a few years of private tuition he returned to the Isle of Man as Vice-Principal of King William's College." He married his cousin, Miss Stowell, in 1857, and in 1864 accepted an appointment as master at Clifton College, where he remained for thirty years. During those years most of his poetry was written, and, though he won the affection alike of boys and masters and was an inspiring influence with his pupils, his chief interest was not in school affairs, and toward the end of that period, when his health was failing, he was yearning more and more for leisure to live his own life and give himself wholly to his own work:

> "I'm here at Clifton, grinding at the mill
> My feet for thrice nine barren years have trod;
> But there are rocks and waves at Scarlett still,
> And gorse runs riot in Glen Chass—thank God!"

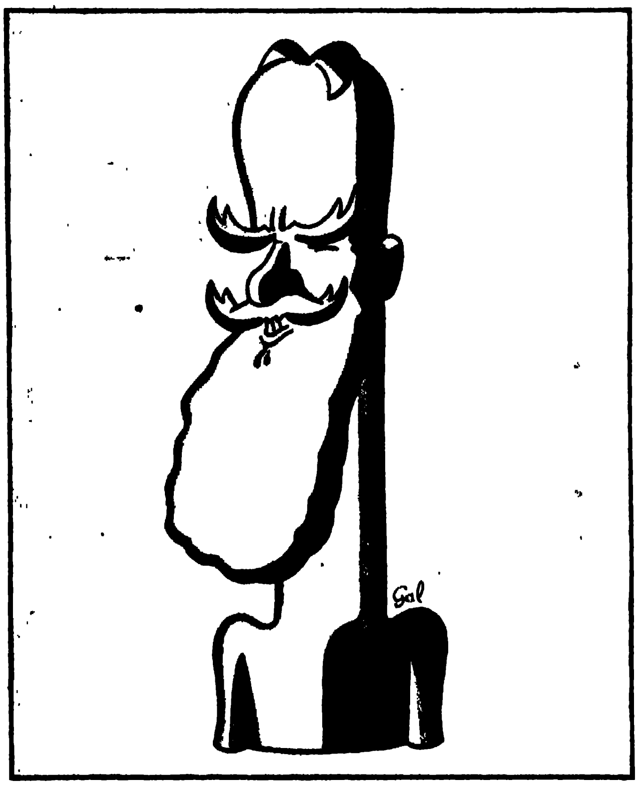
In 1892 he resigned from Clifton and went back to the Isle of Man, to whose scenes and people he had given his heart, as Lamb gave his to London, "with usury," and wrote to his friends of the joy he had in his new-found freedom: "This is at last life . . . All life hitherto has detained me from my true life." After five years of that happiness, he died on October 29th, 1897.

His first book, "Betsey Lee: A Fo'c's'le Yarn" (1873) was, in 1881, included in a collection of his "Fo'c's'le Yarns" which obtained wide popularity. They are stories of the tragedy and comedy of love, told by a fisherman in a racy dialect that lends naturalness and often an added poignance to their humour and pathos. But dialect, whatever its virtues, is too earthy a leaven in poetry, and it is chiefly by the narrative and lyrical poems he wrote in literary English that T. E. B. will be remembered. Here, in his spiritual moods, as Mr. H. F. Brown says, he is "constantly reminding us of George Herbert, Sir Thomas Browne, Wordsworth, Blake, yet it is one of the signatures of his genuineness as a poet that the note is never identical; it is always the note of Brown himself, in harmony—yes, but not in unison." He comes near to Wordsworth, perhaps, in the simplicity and tender fancifulness of such things as "The Intercepted Salute" and "The Prayers"; he is all himself in the beauty and mystic significance of "Indwelling," and that loveliest, most realistic, most mystical of all his lyrics, "The Schooner." His Collected Poems, with an introduction by Henley, were published by Messrs. Macmillan in 1901. Though he was not given to talking much of his poems, in one of his letters he wrote of them, "It is odd, but, do you know, I have a perfectly serene confidence in their future," and of that confidence he was justified.

A biography of Rudyard Kipling, by R. Thurston

Hopkins, is to be published shortly by Mr. Cecil Palmer.

An introduction by Liam O'Flaherty and a foreword by Gilbert Fabes to "Six Cartoons by Alfred Lowe" (Foyles) tell you something of the artist's story and the chance that led to his "discovery," He began life as a miner "at the age of thirteen, in his native town of Eastwood, Nottinghamshire." The only school of art he ever went to, says Mr. O'Flaherty, "was the mine. There he began to paint with a whitewashing brush, using the walls as a canvas." After being sacked for making a caricature of the pit manager, he saved every penny he could, bent on getting to London and living by his art. At twenty-four he came to London, and became a pavement artist, selling his drawings when he could, and sleeping in doss-houses. One day Mr. Fabes happened to see him working on the pavement, bought two of his drawings, went back to talk with him, and the publication of this book of six cartoons is the outcome of their talks. Mr. Lowe is an artist of brilliant and original gifts. His style is his own and he hits off the characteristics of his sitters with shrewd intuition and a genial humour. Barrie, Shaw and Chesterton are perhaps the cleverest of the six, but I can believe that others would say the same of the other three, Kipling, Wells and Bennett. The edition of the book containing them is limited to seven hundred and fifty copies and the demand will soon exceed that supply, if it has not done so already.



George Bernard Shaw.
From "Six Cartoons," by Alfred Lowe (Foyles).

A book by Mr. S. M. Ellis on Michael Kelly, the opera singer and composer (1763–1826), will be published this spring by Messrs. Victor Gollancz. Kelly began his eventful career by going to Italy as a musical prodigy, and as the protégé of Sir William Hamilton. Later, in Vienna, he was the friend of Mozart, Haydn and Gluck; and for nearly forty years, closely associated with Drury Lane and the Opera House, he was a favourite singer with London audiences, and numbered Sheridan, Mrs. Siddons, Kemble, and many other celebrities among his friends. Mr. Ellis's aim has been to present a survey of theatrical life for a period of sixty years in the reign of George III.

A new novel of East Anglian life by Miss Marian Bower, "Glory Place," will be published this month by Messrs. Mills & Boon.

There has been some delay in publishing "The Village Book," by Mr. Henry Williamson—he is a careful author and not easily satisfied with his work; but he has finished revising and re-revising it at last, and Mr. Jonathan Cape hopes to publish before the end of May.

Mr. Martin Secker has published a new and cheaper edition (7s. 6d.) of Mr. R. A. Scott-James's admirable book, "The Making of Literature," in which he studies inductively "the central problems of the art of literature as they have presented themselves to men experienced in the arts," from Homer to Hardy, from Aristotle to the modern critics. The Note to the new edition, in which Mr. Scott-James discusses the function and proper qualification of the critic and replies to some of his reviewers, is in the best, most urbanely critical spirit.

Miss Marjorie Bowen has nearly finished a new historical romance with the Black Prince for its leading character. She is calling it "The English Paragon," and it will probably be ready for publishing this autumn.

John O' London's Weekly is offering a first prize of fifty guineas, a second of thirty, a third of ten, and five consolation prizes of two guineas each for the best one-act play. The closing date for sending in manuscripts is May 23rd. Full particulars may be had on application to the Editor of *John O' London's Weekly*, Southampton Street, W.C.2.

Mr. Frederick Watson, who has for some time past been editing that admirable quarterly, *The Cripple*, has completed a book on "Civilisation and the Cripple," which will be published this month by Messrs. Bale, Sons & Danielsson.

Mr. George Moore's "Conversations in Ebury Street" has now been added to the collected edition of his works (10s. 6d.; Heinemann). Hitherto this has been published only in a limited edition, and the reissue contains new material—a talk with a lady, the only lady who takes part in what Mr. Moore describes to her as "a book of conversations with my literary friends, broken with portraits of my painting friends, those with whom I spend my evenings." And what witty, whimsical, shrewdly critical, lively and sometimes irresponsible, occasionally trivial but never dull conversations they are! You may not endorse all Mr. Moore's devastating remarks to John Freeman on Thomas Hardy, but how are you going to answer him when he says, "Pessimism as a theory is as old as the world. To go no farther back than Ecclesiastes, we find not a few admirable phrases depicting the worthlessness of life; and in Shakespeare we find phrases even more beautiful. If you had said that Mr. Hardy popularised pessimism and coaxed his readers into drinking from an old tin pot a beverage that had hitherto only been offered to them in golden and jewelled goblets, I should have agreed with you." At the other extreme in poetry he can admire Coleridge, but finds nothing that attracts him in Keats; and he does not share the current high opinion of Conrad. But his opinions are his own; he expresses them with an engaging candour, and however unorthodox some of them are they are not idly perverse. "Conversations in Ebury Street" is one of the most entertaining and delightfully personal of his books.



Miss Ethel Mannin.

From a drawing by H. A. Perry.

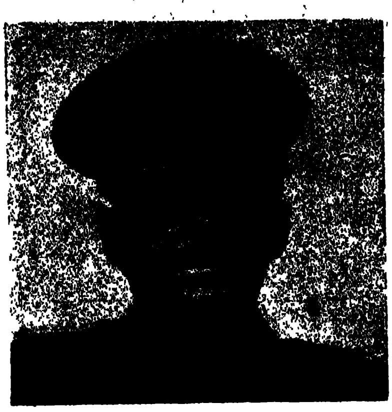
"Twentieth Century Sculptors," by Stanley Casson, which the Oxford Press is publishing this month, deals with the work of six contemporary sculptors of England, America, Sweden, Germany and Russia, who were not included in Mr. Casson's former book, "Some Modern Sculptors."

"Fifty Miles Round Sulgrave," by the Rev. W. S. Pakenham-Walsh (Banbury Advertiser Press: 2s. 6d.), is a series of twelve sketches of famous men and women who lived within a fifty-mile radius of the ancient village of Sulgrave, the ancestral home of the Washingtons. No such small area in any part of England can be richer in historical associations. The twelve sketches include accounts of Shakespeare and Stratford, Cowper and Olney, Bedford and Bunyan, Kenilworth and Simon de Montfort, Lutterworth and Wycliffe, Leicester and Lady Jane Gray, Oxford and Bishop Ridley the Martyr, Wantage and King Alfred, Grafton Regis and Elizabeth Woodville, mother of the little Princes who were murdered in the Tower. It is a well informed, well written and very interesting little book, and the holiday pilgrim tramping or motoring through the storied district it covers will find Mr. Pakenham-Walsh, who is Vicar of Sulgrave, an invaluable guide.

"Cimarron," Miss Edna Ferber's new novel, which Messrs. Heinemann have just published, is a story of pioneer days when the Red Indian was a menace to be reckoned with. The film rights have been sold for the record price of £25,000.

There is an interesting interview in a recent issue of the *Boston Transcript* with Mrs. Sophia Cleugh, whose new novel, "Song Bird" (Hodder & Stoughton), was reviewed in last month's BOOKMAN. Mrs. Cleugh is by birth English, but in 1911 she went to America. "I went on a visit," she says, "got married there, and have lived there more or

less ever since." During the War she was back in England engaged on Government service, and after the War she wrote her first novel, "Matilda," which was one of the most successful books of 1924. She took to writing because "writing was in the family. My mother wrote lots of books, mainly on education and children's bringing up, and, later in life, novels." The interviewer mentions that when he was having tea with Mrs. Cleugh a year or so ago she suddenly exclaimed, "You know, my idea of heaven would be to go to jail with a typewriter and a box of paper." "The six novels which bear her name," he adds, "are a striking testimony to the sincerity with which those words were uttered. 'Matilda,' 'Ernestine Sophie,' 'Jeanne Margot,' 'A Common Cheat,' 'Spring,' 'Song Bird'—not one of these could have been written byone who had reluctantly to drive herself day by day to an ungrateful task. Each and all they bespeak the author's joy in their creation." "Song Bird" is the story of a beautiful Spanish girl, Nina, who begins as a child of the circus, falls in love with the son of a noble Spanish family, and is pursued by the ruthlessly active hatred of his mother through a dazzling career as an opera singer. It is a story of strong dramatic interest, told, as the interviewer has it, "with a crisp lightness that gives brilliance to her characterisations, and nowhere is this dexterity so apparent as in her interpretation of Nina. The change from the impetuous girl to the poised, resourceful yet vulnerable woman is drawn with deft precision." Mrs. Cleugh is at present staying on holiday in the Isle of Wight, in a small cottage next door to Thackeray's granddaughter, and is working on a new novel to be called "Enchanting Clementina." She is arranging to return to America some time this month.



Brigadier-General F. P. Crozier,
whose war book, "A Brass Hat in No-Man's Land," has just been published by Mr. Jonathan Cape.

The young beginner who wants to become a journalist and would like to know what lies ahead of him if he does, and how to go about making a start, cannot do better than read Mr. F. L. Stevens's "On Going to Press" (Methuen: 3s. 6d.). Mr. Stevens writes with an abounding sense of humour and a genial cynicism, and his lively, graphic sketches of life in a newspaper office, of the duties of editors, sub-editors and reporters and how they do them may be read with profit, as well as with amusement, not only by budding journalists, but by old hands, who will find themselves and some of their doings shrewdly satirised, and by readers at large. But though he is too experienced to take the newsman's business too seriously, and is tolerant of the journalist who writes the opinions required of him and suppresses his own, Mr. Stevens rightly lays it down that "it is he who is able to write what he thinks who achieves," and that without sincerity a man never becomes influential in journalism. His chapter on newspaper reviewing may disillusion the idealist, for he declares that reviewing "transforms the book-lover into the book-hater," and what he says of how reviews are written will horrify trusting authors, but he puts his foot down on the critic who merely tries to show off his cleverness at the author's expense, and speaks with knowledge when he holds that "adverse criticism is easier than intelligent appreciation." A sound, practical guide and a delightfully entertaining one.

BOOKMAN.

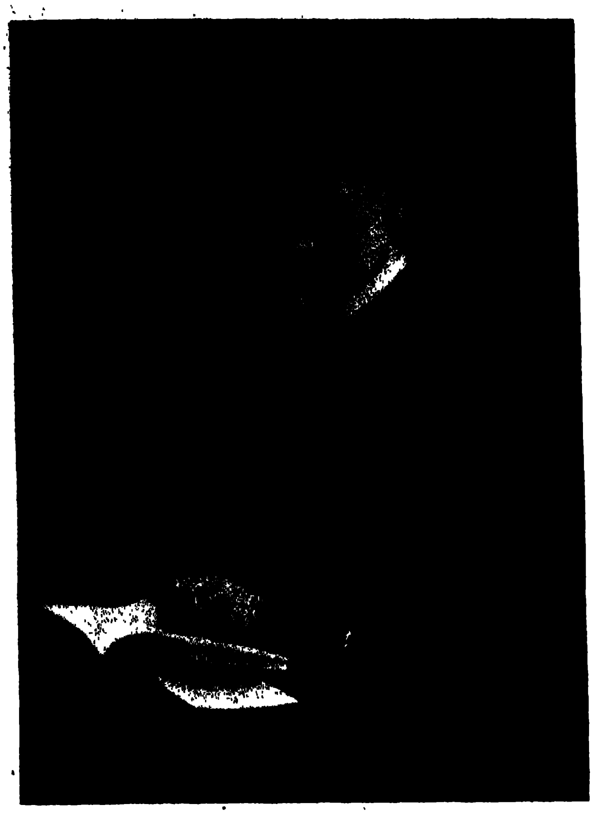


Mrs. Sophia Cleugh.

NOTES ON RECENT BOOKS.

Those who would know something of the truth concerning religious persecution under Bolshevism should read Mr. F. A. Mackenzie's **THE RUSSIAN CRUCIFIXION** (2s.; Jarrolds). Mr. Mackenzie lived in the Soviet State from the autumn of 1921 till the end of 1924; for the next two years, being debarred from returning to Russia, he lived at Stockholm, making frequent visits to the border cities of Finland, Estonia and Latvia; and since then he has used special means to keep in touch with Russian affairs. From personal knowledge down to six years ago, and through divers agents down to date, he is able to present a full and terrible account of the tyrannical harshness with which the Bolshevists imprison, exile and persecute people because of their faith and seem systematically bent on the destruction of all religion. Mr. Mackenzie

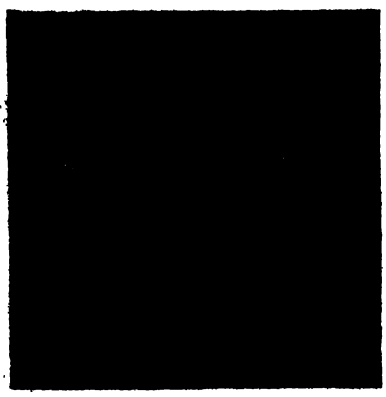
says rightly that this persecution has "affronted the conscience of the civilised world," yet one feels that the civilised world must make its protest with some diffidence. Under the Tsars there were many ruthless pogroms in which the Jews were slaughtered; the Russian people lived in misery and ignorance and endured imprisonment, exile and the gallows in the cause of that freedom we enjoy, but the civilised world made no protest then. If the Russian revolutionists have looked back on all the horrors they suffered under a presumably Christian regime and doubt whether the Christianity that resulted in such a shameful state of things was worth perpetuating, who can honestly wonder? If our conscience had taken affront sooner, before the downtrodden and desperate had been goaded into revolt, we could speak out now firmly and without blushing. As it is, we must make our protest, for nothing can justify such tyranny as Mr. Mackenzie reveals, but we must make it apologetically, and not be indignant if, in view of the political changes the country has undergone, our motives are suspect. We are offering to the gander what we did not think was sauce for the goose, and are hampered by our own proverbial philosophy.



Portrait by Vaughan & Freeman. **Mr. Wilfred Partington,**

Editor of *The Bookman's Journal*, whose "The Private Letter-Books of Sir Walter Scott" (Hodder & Stoughton) is reviewed in this Number.

Miss Naomi Jacob has chosen a somewhat difficult subject, or rather has surrounded herself by many pitfalls in the choice of her principal characters in **THE BELOVED PHYSICIAN** (7s. 6d.; Thornton Butterworth), these being a coterie of medical people of both sexes. But she walks warily and bids us take her word for it that Walter Keller is a brilliant surgeon, Deborah his wife an excellent physician, and George Dawson an incapable one—practically a fraudulent one. These being the outstanding figures the remainder stand in still dimmer perspective. But this surface-riding does not apply in any other direction. There is no glossing over the human frailties. The reversion of Walter from his devotion to Deborah comes rather abruptly, it finds the reader as unprepared as his wife; but pitiful though his futile struggle is, it is handled with sincerity and delicacy, while the calculated and persistent persecution of Dawson is at least consistent. Miss Jacob's keenly sensitive handling turns much that is sordid into something closely akin to beauty.



Portrait by Vaughan & Freeman. **Miss Edith Arundel,**

Author of "Son of John" (Cassell).

THE LADY JEAN, by Frank Dilnot (7s. 6d.; Brentano), is an historical romance set in the England of 1624, at the time when Buckingham was attempting to arrange a Spanish alliance for Prince Charles. According to Mr. Dilnot it was the Lady Jean Bevill who upset the Duke's calculations by captivating the Prince for his own good. During the dangers and hardships to which she was subjected by the Duke and his creatures, Lady Jean had in John Tarver, who had been sent to kidnap her, a most gallant cavalier; and a romantic love story comes to a happy end with an unexpected discovery. Mr. Dilnot has handled his exciting situations skilfully, and produced a very readable tale suitably equipped as to costume and language, and with pleasant quotations from Mr. Benjamin Jonson.

To accompany the Princess Olga Borisovna in **PILGRIM TO THE ABYSS,** by Axel Eggebrecht (7s. 6d.; Methuen), on her pilgrimage to the abyss of Nothingness is not the pleasantest of journeys. Miserable and repressed in childhood; tortured by her vicious husband and his yet more vicious brother-in-law; hardened and embittered by her sojourn in an asylum; hysterically unsatisfied in her middle-age of unlimited wealth and power; cast to the depths of poverty and hardship by the Bolshevist Revolution—the career of this strange inhuman personality inspires more horror than pity. Even the final picture of the majestic old lady ruthlessly expounding her views on the meaninglessness of the Universe, mistress of her fate, and untouched by any passion or illusion, has something utterly repellent in its icy coldness. Yet the narrative, painful, and at times unnecessarily brutal as it may appear, is founded on facts which are written in history. It sheds a revealing light on the events leading to the cataclysm which has destroyed the very foundations of pre-revolutionary Russia, and has led her to the brink of that Great Void, where "the refuge of hope, and the illusion of mutual responsibility no longer exist."



Miss Doreen Smith,

whose new novel, "Quest," is published by Messrs. Burns, Oates & Washbourne.

The June BOOKMAN will contain a special article on Dr. Robert Bridges.

New Novels.

ELDEST MISS COLLINGWOOD.[1]

Those who are sufficiently mature can remember when Mr. Pett Ridge was hailed as a new writer, and praised as one whose stories of modern London, steeped in the humour and human weaknesses and kindness of the modern Londoner, leavened the fiction of the time with a fresh and individual note. In the years between then and now other new writers have arisen, tastes have changed, and so many latter-day novels are so much alike in their highly coloured sophistications that to come, after a longish interval, upon a new Pett Ridge novel is to be struck again with its freshness and the breezy air of healthful, sensible, decent humanity it brings into a somewhat sultry atmosphere. Mrs. Collingwood, weary of being nothing but a household drudge under a close-fisted husband, runs away from him and her children to find freedom and live a life of her own. Ellen, the eldest Miss Collingwood, reluctantly gives up her work in a city office to be her father's housekeeper and looks like sacrificing herself and degenerating into the drudge her mother had been ; but she has intervals of rebellion ; she stumbles on romance and, without being disloyal to her father, at long last finds a way out into happiness. The various members of the Collingwood family, and a wide variety of men and women who play major or minor parts in helping to shape their destinies, are drawn with the quiet understanding, the shrewd, dry humour and sympathy that are Mr. Pett Ridge's unfailing gifts. You are interested at least as much in the people themselves as in their story, and story and people together make " Eldest Miss Collingwood " a book that should be read by all who are looking for good entertainment.

R. F.

PAINTED VEILS.[2]

Half-way through this posthumously published volume the reader will light upon the author's own characterisation. " Fiction or criticism, or both ? The novel as a literary form is stale. I should like to write a story not all empty incident, nor yet all barren analysis. . . . One in which the idealogies of Barrès and the concrete narrative of De Maupassant would be merged. . . . Too much cluttered up with futile things, our novel reminds me of a drawing-room which you can't see because of the furniture or the bric-à-brac, so crowded is it with everything." The result is not quite so novel as Mr. Huneker seems to have imagined. For it belongs unmistakably to the *Vie de Bohème* type, with the difference, of course, that the background is New York instead of Paris. That is not a gain. While Murger's scenes suggested an environment of cultured civilisation, Mr. Huneker's are almost barbaric. But the actors are similar ; the amours and fortunes and misfortunes and studies and amusements of artists and writers and singers and players. The difference is that this " parable," as the author described it, is more frankly concerned with those " charming morganatic ladies, *les belles impures*, who make pleasanter this vale of tears for virile men." Hence the sins of the flesh are described with an unreserve Murger never attempted. Yet the unsavoury quality of the book is relieved by many incisive epigrams, faithful studies of American tendencies, and vignettes of sane criticism.

H. C. S.



Mr. J. J. Bell,

author of "Gambler's Hope" (Ward, Lock).

SECRET PLACES.[3]

Be it noted at once that this is an especially excellent and well-planned bit of work. The latter half of the book is the stronger and more thrilling of the two, which is as it ought to be. Yet the opening chapters carry their own sure interest, perhaps just because Miss Sutherland has taken pains to make the figure of Toni, her heroine, a little more attractive, a shade more lifelike than that of most heroines. Toni, who reads to a tired old lady, reproves the mistress of a dog who lets it almost get run over without any attempt to save it, is a bewitchingly modern yet sensitive product. Féodor Staire, her ironclad lover, so reluctant to lose his heart, is also very well put on paper, The murder, the suspicion, the cloud ; all are painted into the canvas with the sure hand of an artist. We shall not easily forget this strong, moving and likeable story.

M. R.

THE THREE MARYS.[4]

There are at least three Frederick Nivens. One who writes such glamorous Wild West tales as " Lost Cabin Mine " and " Hands Up ! ", one who writes such no less glamorous Stevensonian romances as " Dead Men's Bells " and " An Island Providence," and yet another who wrote those strongly dramatic, realistic novels of modern Scottish town life, " Ellen Adair " and " Justice of the Peace." The general reader does not approve of this versatility ; he prefers the novelist who persistently writes only one kind of story, then he knows that if the last was of a sort that suited him the next will suit him too, for it is sure to be of the same sort. But however varied their theme, Mr. Niven's novels are linked each to each by the personality that pervades them and by a distinctive skill and grace of literary style. His new novel, " The Three Marys," is in the realistic vein of those Scottish novels that rank not only as the best of his own work, but as among the best work of the kind in recent fiction. It is the story of Robert Barclay and his rise to fame as a portrait painter. At the outset he is a small boy in South America. His erratic father is in hospital with delirium tremens ; his mother, on her death-bed, anxious for the boy's future, sends him " home " to Glasgow, with a small sum of money settled on him and a letter of appeal to Mrs. Cameron, who had in better days been her housemaid. That lonely sea voyage, and the child's reception and upbringing by the kindly Camerons, who keep a baker's shop, are poignant and beautiful in the telling. His mother's father had been an artist, and Robert shows early indications of having inherited his gift. His schooldays over, he elects to become a sheep-farmer, and on the farm to which he is sent he meets the first of the three Marys who are to influence his career. She is a raw, hearty, good-natured country girl. Broughton, an artist who comes to paint on the moors, sees some of Robert's drawings and recognises their quality, and it is when, encouraged by Broughton, he is back in Glasgow attending an art class, he meets and has passing relations with the second Mary, a highly sophisticated girl whose charm and sweetness, for all her lawless living, the reader is made to realise. He meets the third Mary when he is beginning to become successful ; they marry for love, and for a while are happy. But

[1] By W. Pett Ridge. 7s. 6d. (Methuen.)

[2] By James Huneker. 7s. 6d. (Laurie.)

[3] By Joan Sutherland. 7s. 6d. (Cassell.)

[4] By Frederick Niven. 7s. 6d. (Collins.)

she cares nothing for art; she has great social ambitions and more and more urges him to take the popular, profitable line in painting that they may cut a figure in society. Dissension grows between them; she is disappointed in him, and finds consolation, and he divorces her. Then his thoughts turn to the second Mary who, beyond the pale as she was, had taken a strange hold on his heart, and he is on the verge of finding her, when the story abruptly ends in tragedy. Admirably written and with a subtle knowledge of human character, "The Three Marys" shows that Mr. Niven's hand has lost none of its cunning and should help to give him that "proper place" which Mr. Hugh Walpole says "has not yet been accorded to him either in America or England." R. F.

THE TOWN OF TOMBAREL.[5]

Mr. Locke here shows all his customary felicity of style, his gentleness and suavity and his tenderness for romance. The hero of these short stories, so cunningly linked that they seem all to be as one, is the Mayor of Creille, that high mediæval town up on the crags behind the Riviera coast. Tombarel, with his massive Provençal head, his grand manners, his soft heart, is a fit subject for Mr. Locke's brush. His first story, of the father who threw the man who slandered his son down the hill-side into a vast abyss, is one of the most striking of the series, though the sentimentally inclined will prefer "A Snowflake from Picardy," which tells the tale of one of Tombarel's early loves. "Man is a very human being," says the old man to his friend, the English artist. "If you can suggest anything more human than man except perhaps a woman—as a philosopher, I shall be obliged." All sorts of little loves, of necessity, flutter through his life, some with fragrance, some leaving a taint behind. The Swedish widow's romance with him in their early days in Paris left the scent of potpourri behind it; a most delicate essence. An idyll was an idyll in those days among the lilies of the valley at St. Cloud! Hundreds of readers will delight in this very characteristic Locke, so subtle, so urbane, and withal so downright interesting. M. R.



Portrait by E. O. Hoppé. **Mr. W. J. Locke.**

TRAVELLER'S REST.[6]

Most of the people in Mrs. Henry Dudeney's new novel have admittedly a streak of madness in them, or at all events may be classed as mentally abnormal, which gives rather a nightmarish quality to her story oddly at variance with its calm English setting of southern downland. Clara Fountain, to be sure, is meant to represent a rock of sanity in a turbulent sea, yet even she, despite her inherent coolness and craving for peace, thinks and acts in a manner not free from eccentricity—a circumstance hardly surprising, considering her convent unbringing, her sudden transition to the household of a clergyman-brother addicted to drink, and her eventual absorption into the mad Flattery family as wife of the handsome, magnetic, vain, cruel, brilliant Simon Flattery. Simon's mother frankly told her what to expect—all the characters in the book have a tendency to brutal frankness; Flattery wives were, she said, doomed to suffer. Clara suffered accordingly, but could have endured it if she had had children. Realising the curse of his race, Simon refused to have children, so she finds her own way out and goes groping after peace and a normal life instead of tolerating the exquisite torture of loving. Mrs. Dudeney, as usual, writes glowingly and compellingly. You feel that her people belong to a world of their own—a world of vivid colour and passionate emotion, set in the midst of the Sussex we know so well. A. A.



Portrait by J. Russell & Son. **Mrs. Henry Dudeney.**

GAMBLER'S HOPE.[7]

When Luis de Lara first met Flora Ballantyre he was a small boy staying among strangers in an hotel and stricken by the sudden death of his mother. Flora, a bride of three days' standing, took the sobbing child in her arms and soothed him to sleep. He told her in later years that he fell in love with her blue eyes straight away; and the Flora of later years certainly put his love to a severe test. Lovable and gracious, she always was, even when verging on middle-age, a widow with a grown-up son of her own. But in those days she carried about with her the dread secret of her gamblings on the Stock Exchange, which, unknown to her son, had involved his fortune as well as her own and brought them to the brink of ruin. It was Luis who came to her rescue, and ancient treasure buried off the coast of Scotland seemed to promise complete deliverance. Luis possessed the clue to it—for in the time of the Spanish Armada an ancestor of his, and—strangely enough—one of hers also, had been mixed up in the hiding of the treasure. In his heart Luis felt that the jewels, if discovered, should be restored to the Roman Catholic Church, but principle was overridden by his distress at Lady Ballantyre's misfortunes, and it was for her sake that he agreed to the search being organised. How the jewels were found and lost again, and the sacrifice he paid for love of his lady, Mr. J. J. Bell tells in a pleasing romance. The characters are drawn with delicacy and understanding, Luis de Lara in particular being a gallant and convincing study. A. A.

MEADOWS OF YOUTH.[8]

"He is not keen on modern novels; he says most of them are such tosh, and the rest rottenly written." This is what Tonia, the heroine, remarks of the hero, her twin brother Dandy, in "Meadows of Youth," which is itself the most "modern" of novels—marital infidelity and the relations between the sexes being discussed with frankness. The charge that this novel is "tosh" or is "rottenly written" cannot however be made, for Mr. Tobias King writes with capability, sprightliness and with amazing, if sometimes cruel cleverness. The opening chapters might with advantage have been "cut," for a grim, gaunt and very Victorian maiden aunt who combines prayer and piety with severity in her treatment of children is so stereotyped a figure in novels that to attempt to satirise the type to-day is unnecessary. As in "The Mill On the Floss," the book opens by picturing the life together, in their childhood's home, of a brother and sister. Their mother is dead, and their father, a naval officer, seldom in England, so Dandy and Tonia live with the very Victorian and tiresome maiden aunt aforesaid.

Once however Aunt Ursala drops out, "Meadows of Youth" becomes a strikingly original story, both in subject and in characterisation. Thereafter the characters

[5] By William J. Locke. 7s. 6d. (Bodley Head.)
[6] By Mrs. Henry Dudeney. 7s. 6d. (Collins.)
[7] By J. J. Bell. 7s. 6d. (Ward, Lock.)
[8] By Tobias King. 7s. 6d. (John Lane.)

are drawn with unusual skill. Tonia and Dandy tingle with life and the joy of youth. Mr. and Mrs. Jorrell would not greatly surprise us were they to walk out of the pages of the book and into our own room, so real are they, while Nicholas Andersen, the artist; Rosie, his sensual, slatternly "model" and mistress, but most of all Christopher Crout who, though he keeps a shop and deals in antiques, is of "blue" blood, if on the wrong side of the blanket, are as admirable in characterisation as they are original.

Several instances of the strange soul-bond that sometimes exists between twins have been recorded in the newspapers lately, notably the case of two brothers, both doctors; and, quite lately, of twin sisters who suffer from the same complaints at the same time. But neither in real life, nor in any novel known to him, can the present reviewer recall an instance in which the twins were of different sex. The *motif* of "Meadows of Youth" is to show how this soul-bond between a brother and sister who are twins reacts, especially under sex impulse and sex temptation, when they are no longer boy and girl but youth and maiden, each eager to set lips to the cup of passion.

Some readers may think the ending inconclusive, for we bid farewell to Tonia and Dandy while each is still on the threshold of adult life, and while the problems of Dandy's sex-complication and Tonia's sex-renunciation are unsolved. Other readers may hold that in this very inconclusiveness lies not a little of the novel's provocative charm, for Tonia and Dandy decide to cut themselves from the mesh in which each is involved, and to content themselves with the old brother and sister twin-love. The last scene in which they return in each other's company to the Meadows of Youth in which they had wandered together as children, and in which as man and woman they elect to wander, hand in hand again, has real idyllic beauty. If, as one assumes, "Meadows of Youth" is a first novel, it is a first novel of no small promise, and the publishers are to be congratulated on their "find." The next novel by Mr. King will be awaited with interest by both readers and reviewers.

COULSON KERNAHAN.

The Bookshelf.

IN OMNE VOLUBILIS ÆVUM.

BY LIEUTENANT-COLONEL F. E. WHITTON, C.M.G.

Thinking of rivers and spates and floods induced us to try to ascertain what happened to the simple-minded yokel in Horace who waited for the stream to dry up. We were horrified to find that the poet cynically remarks that the stream will go on flowing for all time. Will War books really never cease? *Usquequo tandem?*—as a lady whose book is here reviewed artlessly asks upon another subject with a Latin which is, we confess, "to us unknowe."

"Woman Under Fire"[1] is a woman's diary and experiences of revolutionary Russia. Rightly is it called on the "flap" a "very remarkable human document." The author was "illegally"—this seems open to question—taken into the ranks of the Bolshevik army in the early days of the Revolution, and she recounts conditions in the army and in Petrograd at the time. We must here state that, in writing about such a contentious matter as Russian conditions, an author should, unless there are strong reasons to the contrary, invariably give his or her name as a touchstone of authenticity. Why, in the case of this book, the name of the authoress has been withheld we are at a loss to determine. The very precise and detailed information revealed in the diary must of course make her identity diamond-clear to the authorities in Russia; while for the benefit of the ordinary reader in this country—who happens to have a good deal of time on his hands—sufficient ancestral and parental clues are given in the Foreword to make the discovery of the lady's name an interesting genealogical treasure-hunt, with odds on a successful result. That there is some mystery about the lady is clear. Her father was a university professor in St. Petersburg (p. 8), an honourable though, according to Soviet ideals, probably a "bourgeois" position; but on p. 16—and elsewhere—the authoress prides herself on being an *aristo*, and on p. 170 it is clear that she must be a princess. The number of princesses who served in the Red Army must be small, and we wonder if anything is to be gained by withholding the lady's name.

One thing however is certain. The lady must have been the most indomitable member of her sex since Joan of Arc. To take but one example, on July 16th, 1917, at 11 p.m. (p. 44) she sat herself down in barracks to her diary and wrote up some 1,800 words—more than are in the whole of this article—*and the whole of it in cipher.* The cipher was by no means a simple one, consisting apparently (p. 67) of ideographs akin to Chinese letters, and this hypothesis is substantiated on p. 148. She finished the long entry that same night (p. 52). This was a fine piece of work to be carried out by a girl of nineteen amid the squalor, the debauchery, the drunkenness and obscenity of a Red barracks even though the writer had a small room of her own. We are distinctly told in the Foreword that the diary, as now given, is set out just as the author transcribed it from the cipher in which it was kept. The diary reveals a condition of affairs which simply defies description. The "under fire" part is however rather disappointing and in tactical narrative the author is not at her best. The second part of the book consists of a few articles dealing with aspects and results of the Revolution, including the procedure of the dreaded Ogpu. This is certainly a remarkable book.

"A Generation Missing"[2] is one of those books in which the "blurb" man has gone off the rails a bit. He tells us that "the author came from America to serve in the British army in the early days of 1914," but actually the author was in France when the War broke out and his father was living in London. After a very brief tour of service in a scratch corps "which had received an all too hasty recognition from the War Office," he obtained a commission in the gunners "after writing on a form that I was born in Canada," Later he was transferred to the Grenadier Guards, and it is of his service in the Guards Division that the book mainly treats. The discipline and devotion to duty of the Guards receive the eulogy they deserve, and one welcomes these sketches if for no other reason than that it is made clear in them that the discipline and devotion were not based on alcohol. We have had books of the Latrine School and of the Whisky Bottle School: here is a volume of the English Gentleman School to show that officers who gallantly led, and men who gallantly followed, were not kept going by dope or drink. Not that there was not *desipere in loco*—the *locus* being Paris, and Paris with no bones (but a good deal of flesh) about it. But in the line it was different. There is a general airiness and looseness about this book, reminding one of the Irishman's definition of a net: "a lot of holes tied together with string," but it makes capital reading. Mr. Osbert Sitwell contributes an interesting and characteristic foreword.

[1] "Woman Under Fire." Anon. 12s. 6d. (Hutchinson.)—[2] "A Generation Missing." By Carroll Carstairs. 5s. (Heinemann.)—[3] "Unknown Warriors." By K. E. Luard. 7s. 6d. (Chatto & Windus.)—[4] "Copse 125." By Ernst Jünger. 7s. 6d. (Chatto & Windus.)—[5] "Macedonian Memories." By Henry C. Day, S.J. 7s. 6d. (Heath Cranton.)—[6] "WAAC." Anon. 7s. 6d. (Werner Laurie.)—[7] "Toes Up." By Paolo Monelli. Translated by Orlo Williams. 10s. 6d. (Duckworth.)

We approached Miss Luard's book with just the least little touch of spleen, for it has a yellow band upon it—like the marking of a gas shell—telling us that Lord Allenby considers it "unsurpassed by any war novel yet written." We never care much for this damning with robust praise, but a perusal of the book led us to believe that after all what the field-marshal said might be evidence. Miss Luard spent the best part of four years as a nursing sister in France, and for much of that time was in charge of advanced Casualty Clearing Stations within a few miles of the front. She pays a fine tribute to the British and Dominion soldiers and incidentally conveys the impression that the *moral* of the Fifth Army was considerably higher than is sometimes believed. At the same time it must not be forgotten that a Casualty Clearing Station often engendered optimism, except indeed amongst those too far gone to have any feelings at all. The sense of unspeakable relief at finding oneself in an asylum, honourably won, after the horrors of the front, and the practical certainty of a period of rest at home had a very tonic effect. "A Blighty one" was something more than a mere phrase.

"Copse 125"[4] (i.e. Rossignol Wood) is by the author of "The Storm of Steel," said to stand alone among German war books as the work of a man who enjoyed fighting for its own sake. Here Herr Jünger gives us his reflections of a few weeks in the front line in 1918. He is a philosopher, moralising and commenting on questions political, ethical and tactical, jotting them down in his notebook and interspersing his comments with vivid descriptions of trench life and trench episodes. He tells us what he thinks of the Foreign Legion, of the place of the cinematograph in human affairs, of patriotism, and of the possible evolution of war. There are some extremely interesting reveries on mechanisation, and the author foresees the introduction of flying tanks. Of war itself he says "with its test and strain it is the only proof of a country's sound condition." There are a vigour and virility in this book not unwelcome at a moment when the pendulum of thought is swinging high in the opposite direction. Unfortunately from the artistic point of view the last entry is dated August 10th, 1918, a mere forty-eight hours after Germany's "Black Day," and we are thus robbed of the opportunity of seeing how Herr Jünger's philosophy stood the test. This book badly wants an index.

The Rev. Henry Day is a member of the Society of Jesus. He is a man with whom Brebœuf would have liked to go out tiger shooting. And he is a man whom we should like to hear, over the wireless, engaged in discussion with the Rev. Eliot Warne—if that unfortunate cleric were alive—upon the ethics of war. Mr. Day frankly states that war is an outcome of the law of strife and progress impressed on our nature by its Creator and permitted in certain circumstances for the achievement of beneficent ends. This reassuring philosophy enabled the author to avoid any doleful reflections while in the Salonika campaign and later in France in 1918. There is a breeziness about "Macedonian Memories"[5] which makes it capital reading and incidentally the book gives a clear account of the military operations in Macedonia, so much so that the priest seems sometimes submerged in the soldier. But Loyola will count that venial.

"WAAC" is a "Woman's Story of the War,"[6] by an anonymous writer who is "Compelled for Obvious Reasons to Cloak her Identity." She also cloaks dates with a squid-like determination, for reasons which do not seem obvious at all. The book is written round the aphorism—or rather the *petitio principii*—that in the war "self-control, resistance to natural impulses and desires went by the board." Very early, on p. 21 to be exact, on her first arrival at a Base Hospital the authoress is asked a sensational question by a fellow worker of her sex: and later, on p. 127, the writer "got a shock"—as indeed she well might—from what Gwen said to her. This book is thus hall-marked for an instant "best seller," and people who like this kind of thing will find in it just the kind of thing they like. Meanwhile the writer has had her own romance; but candidly we will say that nothing bores us to tears so much as a description of someone else's "honeymoon" (in inverted commas) even when the narrative is decked out by triads of full stops, and is reinforced with the word "paradise" conscripted as a kind of narratory camp-follower. We would however be doing this book an injustice were we to omit to state that there is much powerful writing in it; the writer has a sense of the dramatic and her descriptive ability is high. But her sense of humour is poor. There is (pp. 164 *et seq.*) an account of a spy mission with her lover into Germany which frankly arouses our curiosity and not least upon the question of language. Could a lady who has learned German from an English father in an English parsonage (p. 168) "speak German very fluently and *several of its dialects*"? (p. 170). It is certainly a remarkable achievement. On the whole an unpleasant book. Someone—we forget who—after the perusal of a book leaving a bad taste in the mouth used to shout out "Bring me Guy Mannering." Hand us "Persuasion." Get down "Framley Parsonage."

We do not however need them at the moment for "Toes Up"[7] gives us the change required. To read this book after "WAAC" is to experience the feeling, after having left London in November gloom, of waking at a Riviera station, of seeing the Mediterranean blue and sunny, and of hearing the inevitable guitar somewhere playing *Funiculì, Funiculà*. "Toes Up" is the translation of "*scarpe al sole*" spoken of those who die in battle, but the rather gloomy title is belied by this cheery book—although there are tragic things too, including a double execution. It is an account of experiences in the Alpini—tough soldiers fighting on a tough front. We wish that the author would remember that, in giving dates, the year is often a useful complement to day and month.

DIPLOMACY FOR GENTLEMEN.*

There are two methods by which this book can be adequately reviewed. There is the one-line advice to the public: Read every word of this book—twice. Or there is the other way of emphasising the worth of this volume by the length of the criticism—in which case this review would continue to fifty thousand words.



Mr. Harold Nicolson.

There have been many books which have discussed the diplomacy which led up to the recent Great War. We have been given the English, the German, the French, and every other racial apology for that international catastrophe. Most of the apologies have been exceedingly ineffective. Now, at last—it is amazing how long delayed it has been—someone has discussed the whole matter from the standpoint of a civilised gentleman. It is clear that Mr. Harold Nicolson considers that there are moral and intellectual and cultural principles involved which are of more fundamental importance than the trivial national hopes and fears which lie on the surface of the case.

The eight introductory pages of this book should be

* "Lord Carnock." By Harold Nicolson. 21s. (Constable.)

reprinted, in the chief languages of the world, and circulated as a code of ethics which should be applied in all international diplomacy. Of course there have been thousands of perfectly educated persons throughout the ages who have refused to believe that a man or a nation had the right to seize anything they can lay their hands on. But such well-mannered people have not often had any position in or near official circles. But here we have a book, written by the son of a great diplomatist, which lays down as an elementary principle that there is something disgraceful in trying to conquer the world, in founding an empire by force. It suggests that what overfed persons sometimes call virility is something nearer crime. At least that is the impression one gets from reading Mr. Nicolson's charmingly clear and lucid prose.

He admits that Germany may have been immediately responsible for the Great War, by her actions during the years 1900–1914; "though even then less at fault than Austria or Russia." But then he goes on, "As regards the causes (1500–1900) I consider the main onus falls on England." In other words his case is that we cannot blame Germany for her brutal bid for an empire between 1900–1914, without, at the same time, accusing ourselves for the four centuries of British empire-building.

"Before we blame Germany, we must first blame our own Elizabethans. The spirit was exactly the same: the Germans however, owing to a higher state of culture and rectitude, behaved less blatantly: they were less successful. . . . The Germans, during the period which I cover, were fired by exactly the same motives and engeries which illumine what we still regard as one of the most noble passages in our early history."

Yet this writer can make out a very good case for his father, Lord Carnock's, determination (when, as Sir Arthur Nicolson, he was a diplomatist and permanent head of our Foreign Office) to take every possible means of opposing to the force of Germany's attack a superior force which would successfully resist it. Mr. Harold Nicolson, like all great artists, has a realist mind which can look on facts without sentimentality. That is why this account of the inevitable catastrophe of recent diplomacy makes such a gripping story.

One uses the term "inevitable" because the realist must assume that the human factors were stupid and clumsy. Even the charming and perfectly honest Sir Arthur Nicolson should, with more intellectual energy, have discovered a way out of the traps into which Russian intrigues were continually dragging us. There is much evidence in this candid statement that if we had not been friendly disposed to Russian bureaucracy there might have been no War. For example we tolerated Russian brutality in Persia (see page 354). When we did half protest, the Russian agent was "transferred to Belgrade, where his abundant energy was devoted to encouraging Serbia to intrigue against Austria-Hungary." But in this place it is impossible to discuss in detail the important facts of this volume. One can only repeat every word of it should be read; for its intellectual, its ethical, and its literary qualities alike.

G. R. STIRLING TAYLOR.

LESSER VICTORIANS.*

It was Mr. Chesterton who noticed, in his brilliant essay on Victorian literature, that there was something provincial about the greatest of the Victorians—about Dickens, and even Browning. What was true of the great men was far truer of the lesser; it is not a question of religion—Patmore exhibits it as clearly as Kinglake—and it may be that it sprang, a late and rather futile flower, from the hard and bloody soil of the struggle with Napoleon. For though, after Waterloo, the English rushed to the Continent, they went, as they put it, "abroad," an expression which could not have been used by any Englishman before Tudor times, and would not, I think, have been used at all until the arrival of the Hanoverians completed our severance from France and Italy. Then, what had been family quarrels became broils between strangers; and the Englishman's world shrank, even as it expanded to take in the Americas, the Indies, India, and the desolate deserts of Australia. That narrow world was loved intensely; we gained in a certain emotion that finally flickered and fell in the ugly rocket of Jingoism, but we lost something which makes the modern Englishman feel that the Victorian spirit is, in some things, remoter than the spirit which enlivened this island in the days of Shakespeare or of Chaucer.

There are however some men left who sympathise with and share the quaint provincialism of those far-off days: and Mr. Ince's apparently complete agreement with his subject's narrow, rather academic standpoint makes his book a very suitable memorial to their genius. At times, it is true, he carries acquiescence a little too far, and can only be excused on the grounds of sincerity, or of ignorance. Anyone may dislike Dr. Pusey, and despise the particular subjects to which he gave the attention of his massive learning; but Mr. Ince should not, in petulance, call baptismal regeneration a mediæval puerility—not, of course, because of the ill manners of his remark (there he but preserves the atmosphere of his little men, and of great ones), but because the doctrine in question is not mediæval, but primitive. He is sometimes rather questionable on quite different matters. In discussing Calverley's departure from Oxford he suggests that he could not find congenial society there, while at Cambridge there was Seeley, Skeat and Walter Besant. Well, at Oxford in his day were Frederic Harrison, C. L. Dodgson, C. H. Pearson and Lewis Campbell, the last at Calverley's own college, Balliol. There is, I think, little doubt that Calverley's rustication warned him that he must be gentler in his handling of university and college fossils, of which each university had a fine share.

Mr. Ince writes of FitzGerald, Calverley, Monckton Milnes, Sterling and Kinglake. His book is a light-hearted, often brilliant, series of essays, in which he skilfully avoids dealing with any of the deeper aspects of life raised by some of his subjects. He is too satisfied with a superficial view; for instance, in the essay on Milnes he mentions, misrepresents and dismisses with an *ipse dixit* Lafourcade's criticism of Milnes. He writes:

"To represent Monckton Milnes as merely vicious because he had a library of interesting erotica is surely more daring than true."

It certainly would be; but Lafourcade's criticism is not this, but that Milnes asked the young Swinburne to Fryston in order to introduce him to the works of de Sade and other obscene books. This is quite a different accusation from that which Mr. Ince dismisses so summarily.

The best essays are those on FitzGerald and Kinglake. What was the source of FitzGerald's indolence and his amazing energy Mr. Ince does not answer directly; but from his well arranged and sympathetic essay I come away with the impression that FitzGerald only worked under the influence of some strong personal affection. All his writing, even the most trivial, gives one the impression that it was a labour of love, and it seems likely that it was a labour for love. On Kinglake Mr. Ince is peculiarly interesting; but I think he takes too high a view of that super-undergraduate's ability. "Eöthen" is worthy of high praise; though its merits have obscured those of another excellent book on the East, which Mr. Ince does not mention, Palgrave's account of his travels. Kinglake spent long months in the writing of the history of the Crimean War; and it is evident surely that his willingness to accept such a task is proof that he was not really a great historical writer, nor could have been. Mr. Ince truly says that "Kinglake was unhappy in his subject"; but great historians find great subjects, and in his choice of this miserable squabble—which future ages will only remember because of Florence Nightingale and Leo Tolstoy—Kinglake exhibited that curious provincialism which was the curse and the courage of his times.

R. ELLIS ROBERTS.

* "Calverley and Some Cambridge Wits of the Nineteenth Century." By R. B. Ince. 12s. 6d. (Richards & Toulmin.)

SPAIN YESTERDAY AND TO-MORROW.*

Barcelona is a touchstone for any book on modern Spain. No one can write about that turbulent city without disclosing the spirit in which he regards the nation. Hence of the twenty-three pages devoted to the capital of Catalonia by Mr. Baerlein, no fewer than eighteen relate to present political conditions. He admits that the Dictatorship has accomplished " a large amount of good " ; yet somehow he leaves the impression of being less than just to King Alfonso. Why, for one thing, drag in and expatiate upon, to the extent of citing a consultant of Wimpole Street, the disease by which the royal heirs are supposed to be afflicted ? And why should Mr. Baerlein discount the opinion of that " foreign observer " who believes the sentiment of the nation is strongly in favour of the monarchy ? After all, Mr. Baerlein is only another " foreign observer." His opinions too are strangely at variance with the spirit with which he claims to have visited the country—a spirit which delayed him for three days on the frontier lest he should make an undignified entrance to a land of so much tradition. A writer who has so much reverence for so many things of Spain might have shown some for one of its most venerable institutions.

But it must not be overlooked that the majority of Mr. Baerlein's pages are devoted to the Spain of yesterday, and that in those pages he weaves into his narrative much of interest derived from reading and observation, even if he seems to imply that it is only in Seville that the ladies wear high combs with black mantillas. There is something here about most of the towns from Fuenterrabia to Gerona, and the numerous photographic illustrations have been selected with unusual care. If a second edition is demanded, it will be well to correct the careless sentences on page 271.

HENRY C. SHELLEY.



Hostelry where Cervantes lived in Toledo.

From "Spain," by Henry Baerlein (Herbert Jenkins).

TRUTH ABOUT LIFE.

The author of " All Smoke " [1] is handicapped by a challenging assertion on its jacket -" a careful realism which embodies truth about life." In so far as all books dealing with human-kind or animate matter are likely to contain a modicum of truth about life, the claim is justified. " The House with the Green Shutters " is a classic example of a mean subject swelling to a masterpiece, but the handling of greed and sensuality, of callous indifference to normal human ties, is not a task for inexperienced pens.

If we are to believe this tale of ignoble beings, who act from motives insufficiently explained, life is a sorry business. Realism confined to squalid details, internal and external, without psychological bearing on the development of character, offends without illuminating. Yet Mr. McFadyen's honesty of intention is manifest ; that it fails of achievement is saddening, for he does not revel. If his world is uniformly grey or black, it is at least free from the unclean hues of iridescence.

The story deals with petty folk in a small Scottish town. Though jogging along discursively, it abounds in accident, illness, death, murder and suicide, just escaping melodrama by restraint in the telling. The author may, for aught one knows, be recounting a series of actual events ; but he has neither exercised the creator's right of selection, nor presented the truth about life. A saving gleam of humanity makes one hope for better things in the future.

The title and publishers of " Sanatorium " [2] alike warn us that the theme is painful. The sensitive will inevitably shrink from this record of disease ; but here pathological detail, unpleasant as it is, explains definite psychological reactions. The characters are personalities, not " cases." Donald Stewart has a sense of values. He gives us a young man in the grip of tuberculosis, yet able to realise the possibility of mental expansion during his compulsory quiescence.

> " He lay in bed, slept for hours, watched the progress of the sunlight across the wall, thought about things. . . . Standing upright, rushing about and earning your daily bread, there was neither time nor inclination for thought. Now, cribbed and confined within a prison seven feet by three and a half, Clive found himself heir to the limitless kingdoms of the mind. '

He leaves the Sanatorium uncured, maybe incurable. The tale ends, as it begins, on a hæmorrhage. But his death would be no tragedy ; his short journey has taught him so much of the truth about life. And his creator, in addition to a sense of values, has a gift for language of compensating beauty. The following passage, where one patient soothes another in the night, leaves the reader in a mood to forgive physical horrors :

> " The quiet voice flowed out and enveloped the listeners in a tide of comfort. In its smooth cadences hung a *motif* of resistance, of hope, of the chances of ultimate escape Suddenly there was nothing to be heard, nothing to be noticed except this voice. The darkness had retreated, the emptiness had withdrawn its folded oppression. And now there was silence and peace."

The recommendation of a work by the Book Society is the outcome of considered and distinguished opinion ; a critic therefore, almost unconsciously, sets a high standard. Although " Jane Dashwood " [3] conceals the identity of a practised writer, want of experience as a novelist from time to time betrays her. The book opens delightfully. Witty throughout, it sparkles with the natural fun and foolery of Lady Pomfret's three daughters, whose characters are as clear as those of their suitors are obscure. Lady Pomfret herself is a vivid study ; her husband convincing, though less definite ; but Julian Carr, the moody and elusive lover, who should have dominated the reader, as he dominates the mind and heart of Lydia, is a shadow. We are asked to believe in his nobility and worth on the testimony of his acquaintance, which is contradicted by Julian's fickle behaviour and insupportable manners.

For Jane Dashwood he has doubtless a body and soul. Either she knows so much about him that her imagination conceives him as visible to others, or she knows too little. Rejected by this phantom, in dread of spinsterhood—" No longer young, but treated as a child by her mother. ' Where are you going ? ' every time she leaves the room," Lydia turns to John Paynton, her former betrothed. " ' I need scarcely tell you,' John said when he took her hand, ' what pleasure this will give my mother.' ' Nor I,' said Lydia, smiling faintly, ' what pleasure it will give mine.' "

These dutiful sentiments cover a world of bitter truth.

* " Spain Yesterday and To-morrow." By Henry Baerlein. 10s. 6d. (Herbert Jenkins.)

[1] " All Smoke." By Ferdinand McFadyen. (Constable.)
[2] " Sanatorium." By Donald Stewart. (Chatto & Windus.)
[3] " Three Daughters." By Jane Dashwood. (John Murray.) 7s. 6d. each.—[4] " He-Who-Came ? " By Constance Holme. 6s. (Chapman & Hall.)

The author ruthlessly portrays the unabashed hunt for husbands, the fate of the women left over: sordid realities underlying the leisured ease, elegance and obedience of life in the Victorian era.

Constance Holme, whose fine novel, "The Splendid Fairing," won the Femina Prize some years ago, has broken her long silence with a fantasy called "He-Who-Came?"[4] Untrammelled by "realism," it contains a living truth—truth in the futility of malice, the consolatory grace of kindness. It has the quality of a day-dream, such a dream as might befall delicate imaginations amid new-mown hay and strewn poppies.

The tale is told in homely fashion; but it is the homeliness of an artist whose cunning construction is the result of training and purpose. The sublime and the ridiculous walk hand in hand, attaining their height in the scene where Aunt Martha, followed by a bull in quest of butter, charms the "Tainty Herb" from a field. Miss Holme attempts no explanation of the unlikely.

"Wolfenden and Maud Ellen were both of them modern products, already in touch with the outside world that has little time for wonder. Even Billy-Bob's ready acceptance of the impossible was only the narrow acceptance of the child-mind that sees nothing marvellous in marvels. It was only with Tom that the thing that had happened would force itself into the slow seed-bed of his dale mind, and there breed beauty."

And that, according to poets, is the very heart of truth.

C. A. NICHOLSON.

JOHN FRANKLIN'S BRIDE.*

Mrs. Gell has done wisely and admirably in allowing these letters to speak almost entirely for themselves. Beyond a foreword and a very few explanatory notes and linkings up, they tell their own story of that tragically brief romance between Sir John Franklin and Eleanor Anne Porden which developed in the shadow of the French Revolution. Under stress of long absences and anxious fears for each other's welfare, he facing the uncertainties and rigours of Arctic exploration, and she battling with a delicate constitution and acting the part of devoted daughter, they are exceptionally revealing and complete in themselves. Surely two more divergent natures never became united, nor could there be more divergence in their natures than in their surroundings and occupations.

John Franklin came of an old Lincolnshire family. Puritanical in outlook, shy and awkward in society, he hated London and all the publicity it entailed, and spent most of his time when not abroad in his home county. On the other hand, Eleanor was a Londoner through and through, with exceptional social gifts, a poetess who gathered a joyous crowd of friends and admirers round her, though much of her time and strength were expended in caring for her invalid mother, and later in looking after her father and accompanying him on his Continental travels. These then were the two whose letters reflect such intimate glimpses of their devotion to each other, their individual tastes and activities.

* "John Franklin's Bride." By the Hon. Mrs. Gell. 15s. (John Murray.)

It is curious to follow the unfolding of such diverse natures in the quaintly decorous terms of the period (not until they are married does Eleanor commence other than "My Dear Sir"), and again and again Franklin's rigorous principles are allowed to throw their ponderous weight: "I am now indeed acting somewhat contrary to my usual practice of writing a letter on Sunday, as I conceive that to be an unnecessary work (unless under particular circumstances) and therefore one that ought to be deferred to some other opportunity." To him writing was always somewhat of an effort, a misfortune which earned him many a gentle rebuke: "I must confess you have a little disappointed me, for I am apt to think that persons frequently arrive at a more intimate knowledge of each other's feelings and sentiments from unrestrained epistolary intercourse, than even from the interchange of an equal number of visits." To Eleanor the art of expressing herself came with the greatest readiness; with utmost ease she was able to write at length and entertainingly of the most trivial happenings. After wilfully misreading his rather laboured and contradictory description of his beloved Lincolnshire—"Cannot you take a joke? You know I dearly love to turn anyone's meaning inside out!", and again:

"Think not that I expect to melt you, for had you not been already hardened by three polar winters, you must be now like my tears, and like everything else in this great town, completely frozen. No—every spark of hope is extinguished in my bosom; therefore as willows are out of season—and my garters withal rather the worse for wear—as the Serpentine is frozen over and even the Thames at Waterloo Bridge nearly inaccessible from icebergs—as daggers and poison are too melodramatic; and opening a vein too surgical and unsentimental; and as razors and pistols are somewhat masculine resources and moreover commonplace; I beg to know your pleasure as to the disposal of myself."

Her taste in architecture, her keen interest in all the scientific discoveries of the day, her real enjoyment of all the social gatherings of which she was always the life and soul, and her infectious gaiety, these all ripple joyously from her pen, and one can imagine what delight they brought to the lonely traveller facing such tremendous hazards in the Arctic regions. Considering the diversities it is surprising that only two real difficulties seem to have arisen, both of which concerned those Puritanical principles which must often have been a sore trial to such a buoyant personality. The first was when, contrary to their earlier understanding, he objected to her name being associated with any of her publications (needless to say, this met with the dignified reproof it deserved); and the second was on the vexed question of Sunday observance. If however Franklin's sterling worth appears to suffer for his lack of self-interpretation (this is readily recognised in what it inspires), it is in Eleanor's letters that we get nearer to his fine qualities, yet we must confess we see also a rather surprising tinge of selfishness and readiness to let her bear the brunt of things, though they were ever the most loyal of friends. A disease of long standing, but bravely resisted, took severe toll of this radiant being, and claimed its victim after they had been married but eighteen months, and five days after she had nobly sped him on one of his Arctic voyages, having embroidered his flag with her dying hands.



Eleanor Anne Porden, wife of John Franklin.

From "John Franklin's Bride," by the Hon. Mrs. Gell (John Murray).

Not only do these letters reflect with remarkable clarity two interesting personalities, but they throw a very intriguing searchlight on the life of that period, drawing into radius and focusing from a fresh viewpoint various outstanding events and people.

L. O.

MARY GLADSTONE.*

The diaries and letters of Mary Gladstone (Mrs. Drew) are alive with interest because she was herself a very vital personality, with strong likes and dislikes, with enthusiasms, prejudices and opinions which she put into writing with unpremeditated candour. And they give, as Mrs. Masterman says in a preface, " an unusual, full and panoramic record of that Victorian London that is so fast slipping out of our reach : a London without telephones or motors ; when people travelled ' on the wings of the wind ' in someone's ' lightning brougham ' ; when Alexandra, Princess of Wales, filled the place in public functions now filled by the Duchess of York ; when churches overflowed and Eternal Punishment was a subject of dinner-party conversation ; when Wagner was a forerunner of the Russian ballet as the newest ' highbrow ' dissipation."

The diaries begin in 1870 and, with a gap of seven years after 1904, continue, in more or less amplitude, down to 1924. Some of the entries are scrappy ; there are occasional references to good talks that are not reported ; and now and then meetings with interesting persons of whom we are told nothing but their names. But there is enougn of vivid description, character sketching, table-talk, comment on people and events to make amends for all this. The pictures of home life at Hawarden, and those of the diarist's father, especially in his later years, are graphic and charming. Among the many she liked and admired were Ruskin, Tennyson (with reservations), A. J. Balfour, Lord Rosebery, Parnell (until she was disillusioned by the disclosure of his secret life). Alfred Lyttelton, Burne-Jones and many another, including a host of her women friends ; and chief among her dislikes were Disraeli (she thought his " Lothair " " snobbish and trash ") and Browning. In 1870 she notes :

> " Browning came in afterwards and made himself very agreeable, telling us all sorts of things about George Eliot. He says she has a mind capable of anything, but is easily discouraged. Mr. B. is not altogether a remarkable person to look at, and talks in a rather too self-confident way."

A few years later, describing a dinner at Cambridge, she says she was " handed in by old Browning (disliked him more than ever, we talked about ' The Ring and the Book ' and ' Abt Vogler ') " ; and goes on to mention among those she has seen much of during the week, " R. Browning, whom I liked less than ever. He talks everybody down with his dreadful voice and always places his person in such disagreeable proximity with yours and puffs and blows and spits in yr. face. I tried to think of ' Abt Vogler,' but it was no use—he couldn't ever have written it."

Tennyson impressed her much more favourably, though whenever he visited people or they visited him he seems to have spent a good deal of time in reading his poems to them. He read " Maud " on one occasion : " Lucy was much impressed. He glared at me and explained everything as if I had never heard of it. He also read ' Sir Galahad ' and ' St. Agnes' Eve,' saying ' any fool cd. read them.' " On other occasions he read " Maud " again, and " Harold," " Daisy Miller," the " Morte d'Arthur " ; and even his manners are not always satisfactory : " He makes us a little hot sometimes, says near the wind things, but all in an odd childlike way." Throughout you catch glimpses of all manner of people—of George Augustus Sala, described as a *Daily Telegraph* reporter, " a rum man " ; of Joseph Chamberlain who " brought loads of orchids and was altogether very pleasant " ; of John Morley, who hates Mr. and Mrs. Carlyle, " and only now believes in the former as a great poet " ; of the Tennant circle—" Margot, aged 18, perhaps the most really pretty and clever of the lot " ; of Shorthouse, author of " John Inglesant," with " an appalling impediment in his speech, really almost like a sort of convulsion " ; of " the flabby limp figure of Oscar Wilde mooning about " ; and a multitude of others. She discusses politics, social and industrial affairs, and criticises books she has read as well as their authors. Her last letter, printed here (1924), speaks with some emphasis of Bernard Shaw's play :

> " How foolish it is of all the world to rave of ' St. Joan ' for lack of someone speaking the truth. When Watts painted Papa, because he was Watts everyone raved, till I went to see it in Christ Church Hall, at Oxford, and said at once, ' It's awful.' Then the Dean echoed me, and one by one all that saw it took up the same tune, and the picture was returned to Watts, who quite agreed and destroyed it ! Someone should show up Bernard Shaw."

You may not always agree with her, but her outspokenness on all subjects, whether she is right or wrong, gives her diaries piquancy as well as interest. They are valuable for their portraits of her contemporaries and for the many shrewd foot-notes to history she jotted down in them.

ARTHUR RUTLAND.

* " Mary Gladstone (Mrs. Drew) : Her Diaries and Letters." Edited by Lucy Masterman. 21s. (Methuen.)

CLEMENCEAU'S LAST WORDS.*

Two men were chiefly responsible for France's victory in the Great War, Foch, who commanded her armies, and Clemenceau, who organised the nation with unbending resolution and inflexible courage, sweeping aside the weaklings, energising the feeble and stimulating his Allies. Both share the palm and the crown.

Clemenceau when Prime Minister placed Foch in military control of France and secured for him later the supreme command of all the Allied forces on the Western front. Foch proved to the world that Clemenceau had chosen well. Clemenceau defended Foch from the political wolves in the black hours after the disaster of the *Chemin des Dames*. They had violent differences of opinion, and Foch made no secret of them. During and after the Versailles negotiations, Foch made or permitted more than one open attack on Clemenceau. The politician kept silence. Not until M. Recouly, after the death of Foch, published his memoirs with their bitter criticisms of Clemenceau did the old man reply.

I cannot share the views of those who find in this volume the splenetic outbursts of a defeated politician. Clemenceau writes—please note that he did not start the controversy—with dignity, good humour and sang-froid. He is the most dangerous of all opponents, for he delivers his rapier-like thrusts with an air of the most generous good-will.

What were these great differences that divided the old friends ? The first was over the question of how the supreme command should be used. Clemenceau, having won for Foch the place of Generalissimo on the Western front, wanted Foch to command the Allied forces, to order their leaders, drive them and insist on their obedience. Foch believed that the better way was to influence, to persuade and to win with good-will.

The particular issue where the difference was most acute was over the use of two million men being accumulated by America in France. Clemenceau wanted large sections of these men rushed to the front to relieve the terrible strain on the French armies. General Pershing insisted that the Americans must wait until they could operate as a unit and not fritter their strength away in reinforcing other armies. Foch, with the concurrence of M. Poincaré, assented to this ; Clemenceau raged furiously against it. " Our men were falling, falling ! " France had over a million dead, and millions wounded and disabled. " The blood of our soldiers was flowing in torrents, while two million men who had come over expressly to help them were compelled to wait until our war magnificos should be pleased to think better." Clemenceau maintains that

* " Grandeur and Misery of Victory." By Georges Clemenceau. 21s. (Harrap.)

when America struck at the Argonne, within a few weeks of the Armistice, the War was practically over.

Probably Foch was right. I was visiting the American Head-quarters in France in the summer of 1918, when the matter was being fought out, and my own impression then was that under no circumstances would Pershing yield. But everyone recognised the patriotic fervour of Clemenceau's purpose.

The next great difference between the two was over the settlement of Europe after the War. Foch and Clemenceau were agreed in accepting the Armistice, for they both knew that once the military result had been achieved, they had no right to throw away the lives of more men. But Foch dallied with the idea of carrying France's frontiers to the Rhine and of creating a nominally independent state, really under French control, on the Palatine. Clemenceau would have none of it, and his grim story of the massacre of Pirmasens on February 12th, 1924, shows how the movement for an independent Rhineland was killed once and for all.

These controversial matters are, to most of us, the least important part of the book. What is really vital is the frank and delightful revelation of Clemenceau himself and the sidelights on his philosophy of life. One can picture this old man, wonderful in his mid-eighties, writing this book in his modest and peaceful retirement. He had saved France—let there be no forgetting that fact. It was due to him above all others that the *embusqués* and the half-hearted did not prevail. Often enough, during the darkest days of the War, you would find him in the early morning in the trenches, in the afternoon facing the Chamber, and long into the night battling with his Allies to force them to do more. When he wrote this book the France he saved had for the moment almost forgotten what he had done, and remembered mainly the petty partisan issues of later days.

Clemenceau gives many delightful thumbnail sketches of the Allied statesmen. For Mr. Lloyd George he retained the growling respect which one hard fighter feels for another. He tells the story of President Wilson one day interposing between them with outstretched arms, saying pleasantly, "Well, well; I have never come across two such unreasonable men!" and thus allowing angry argument to end in laughter. He shows us Lord Balfour, "the most cultured, the most gracious, the most courteous of adamantine men." Mr. Bonar Law would, he maintains, have been a first-class Frenchman had he not been wholly British. Lord Robert Cecil he sees as a Christian who believes and is fain to live his belief, with a smile like a Chinese dragon to express a stubborn mind banged, barred and bolted against arguments. Colonel House is to him "a super-civilised person escaped from the wilds of Texas, who sees everything, who understands everything, and while never doing anything but what he thinks fit, knows how to gain the ear and respect of everybody. A good American, very nearly as good as a Frenchman."

M. Clemenceau's real bitterness is kept for later years, the days when, to quote his foot-notes: "America stands revealed as a pitiless creditor," and "England hears a Snowden grossly insulting France for the sake of currying favour with Germany."

Clemenceau, in this message to the world, written with the wings of the Angel of Death already rustling over his head, saw danger ahead for the nation he loved. "Germany is re-arming," he declared, "spending more on military preparations to-day than France does. The Versailles Treaty that was to have secured the peace of Europe for generations has been scandalously mutilated. America has broken our lot in the economic sphere for an indeterminate time. What can we expect from an ideologist whose ideology has run dry, who most generously gives his blood and then seeks compensation in cash?" And yet he does not despair. "I strive to hope against hope, and I am not unaware that out of the corruptions of decadence come possibilities of regeneration. . . . France will be what the men of France deserve."

F. A. MACKENZIE.

AN ENGLISH LABOUR LEADER.*

An Englishman, and a Yorkshireman at that, with all the characteristics of his race, Ben Turner, now at sixty-seven, is a member of the government; as industrious as ever. A kindly, capable man, happy in his family, simple in his tastes, sincere in his convictions. A consistent lover of peace, lifelong in his opposition to international warfare, Mr. Turner in this autobiography has no word of ill-will for anyone whom he has met. He tells the story of an English labour leader's career in our own times; the story of a trade union official attracted to the moderate socialist programme and always ready to serve his fellows on town council and in parliament. (Was he not even secretary to a Yorkshire Fabian Society before joining the I.L.P.?) Quite fearless too in his dealings with friend or foe, and as ready to do a good turn to an enemy—if he has one, which we doubt—as to spend himself on helping a neighbour. No wonder when Mr. Turner was out of parliament, "decent Tories have publicly and privately said they missed me from the place. It wasn't my politics they missed, but perhaps my human attitude to everybody. Every policeman in the House was friendly with me. They are yet." Why not? It is certain Mr. Turner is friendly with them.

Other prominent persons come into this biography. There is Bernard Shaw for instance, writing to Ben Turner for "a few published stories in north country dialect." Mr. Shaw explains that it is for a play about Joan of Arc he wants help. "It is no use making the girl talk like Dr. Johnson; I must devise some sort of dialect for her; and as she was north country I want to found it on our north country talk." Shaw's letters (for there are others) are quite properly "put away as prized family possessions."

There are many good things in this autobiography. The sketches of Yorkshire life fifty years ago, the recollections of the author's boyhood, incidents of strikes and labour disputes. Some of us who knew Ben Turner over thirty years ago find him in this book, as in the portraits it contains, curiously unchanged. It is the same outspoken friend of humanity, the same hopeful lover of literature; a man of happy disposition, who can count his blessings and feel sure, in his cheerful outlook and high ideals, that the world is a vastly better place than when he was young.

JOSEPH CLAYTON.

STRAVINSKY.†

Stravinsky has said that most of the criticism directed against him emanates from England. This short study by Mr. Eric Walter White—which is not much more than an analysis of the composer's major works—hints at the reasons for England's antagonism. The English music-lover is not wont to listen with his brain: to him music is primarily an appeal to the emotions, reached through his senses and not through his intellect. Mr. White makes it clear that Stravinsky's music is as much the outcome of intellectual theorising as cubism in painting is, or imagism in poetry. Sometimes, as in "Petrouschka," a theme of universal appeal has been exploited and chords struck which evoke a sympathetic response in normally musical breasts; but "Petrouschka" is early work, written in 1911, and nothing of Stravinsky's since that date has found a place in the affections of English audiences. There have always been enthusiasts for "Le Sacre du Printemps," and although "Les Noces" was violently attacked by the press when it was first performed in England, there were many defenders of it, among them Mr. H. G. Wells. The more important of his later works, belonging to the Neo-classical period, have not been given in England; only the ballet "Apollo Musagates" has braved the suffrage of the London public. The opera-oratorio, "Œdipus Rex,"

* "About Myself." By Ben Turner. With a Foreword by the Rt. Hon. J. Ramsay MacDonald, P.C. 10s. 6d. (Humphrey Toulmin.)

† "Stravinsky's Sacrifice to Apollo." By Eric Walter White. 6s. (Hogarth Press.)

about which Mr. White writes with convincing enthusiasm, has yet to be produced over here and until we have heard that, the concerto, and the capriccio for piano and orchestra, it is impossible for us to form a true estimate of a composer whose formula undergoes constant changes. For all his Russian roots, Stravinsky's work is the fruit of an intellectualism distinctly French in character and it is not surprising that he finds his most faithful admirers in France.

H. O.

CITIZEN WILKES.*

We all are Wilkesites nowadays. Time was—and not so long ago—when that very lively Lord Mayor and Member of Parliament was looked at darkly or askance and hastily bracketed by the beardedly superior with Tom Paine, Titus Oates and Beelzebub; but the swing of the balance towards larger views and common sense and better-written history has brought some redemption for him in the popular view, and now it is generally recognised that while still he was as witty and impudent a profligate as his or any age produced, he yet—beginning by accident as he himself confessed—laid some of the surest foundations of British liberty and struck hard at the system of privileges which cursed political life in the days of Walpole; though the influence of Sir Robert was probably not quite so corrupt as Mr. Postgate appears to believe. This is a very excellent book. Delving ingeniously as well as industriously in the records, and bringing to light points and information which, although available to biographers of Wilkes, have been generally overlooked, he has managed to impart freshness of facts and thought to a theme that we had believed was seriously overworked. The least happy page of the book is that of the title. "That Devil Wilkes" doubtless was an honest sentiment of Farmer George; but it was no more inspired than any other utterance of those royal lips and is hardly appropriate to this volume, having a needlessly belittling effect.

While Mr. Postgate adds nothing positively new to the information already printed about John Wilkes, he has brought his sinuous figure and curious face into an added prominence by painting carefully the background of the stage on which he acted his public part, and by making more definite the peculiar social atmosphere of the times. It is in these respects that this volume stands out from the other works in the small library that has been written about Wilkes in recent years. The ignorance of those days was appalling; and the manners of the general populace worse than dreadful. Open and base ridicule was cast on passers-by whose appearance seemed eccentric to the coarse fools who flouted them; and this at a period when eccentricities were elaborately cultivated by the fops and fribbles of fashion who strutted and posed for their gilded hour. London and the great cities stank, and the highways in wintry or rainy seasons were an endless quagmire; these and other similar disadvantages making the agitations of Wilkes's campaigns the more difficult and his extraordinary popularity with the mass of the people therefore the more striking. It is the easiest thing in the world to forget the pains and disadvantages our forefathers endured less than a hundred and fifty years ago. Yet a true account of the times of the earlier Georges brings excuse for the follies and mad extravagance of Wilkes, and make clearer stil' the debt we owe him for the successful fight he made for those rights and liberties of citizenship and humanity which, won for this country, have also in some measure helped all the free democracies of the world.

On the whole Mr. Postgate's is a genial portrait of the man. He sees the blotches and blemishes—to which indeed no historian worth his salt could be blind—but he recognises also that, with his upbringing and his wretched marriage, Wilkes was handicapped from the start, and is entitled to fairer play than formerly was allowed to him. He was not an unkind man, and although he hit hard where and when it would hurt the most, he preserved a sense of humour, which however did not greatly amuse or fortify the adversary assailed. His methods in fighting duels, as in the less personally dangerous but more exacting battles of his public life, were scrupulously according to the rules; so that if Wilkes was not precisely a gentleman, he behaved very like one at crises, and sometimes a great deal better than the titled persons with whom he fought. And it is pleasant to know that, hard as they had opposed each other, in the end, when Wilkes, like other "lost leaders," had softened and was weary of right doing in his sometimes wrong ways, and went to court, he exchanged friendly words with the old King who had bitterly hated him and whom he had vexed and troubled so seriously and persistently.

The brightness of the book is added to by its author's passing private judgments; as on the Lord Mayors and the City Corporation of later days, and on the quality of the claret at Chesham.

C. E. LAWRENCE.

* "That Devil Wilkes." By Raymond Postgate. 14s. (Constable.)



Mr. A. E. Coppard.
(Overlooking Vienna).

A TELLER OF TALES.

Mr. A. E. Coppard has been at it again, and the news will be welcome to the ever increasing circle of his readers. Of the three books recently issued under his name, one is a privately printed brochure containing his fairy tale, "The Gollan."[1] This gollan or gosling was the son of a swineherd, and grew up to be a great powerful fellow, but because of his strength and of his inability to say "No," he was always at the beck and call of everyone else. At length he did a good turn to a leprecaun, who rewarded the gollan by bestowing on him the gift of invisibility except when asleep. And now you have all the necessary ingredients for the Coppardian fantasy which follows, a wise and whimsical tale which in its *dénouement* draws close to the realm of fable.

"Unseen, unknown, the good Gollan lived on for many years in great privation, and when he at last came to die (though nobody knew even about that) he had grown mercifully wise and wrote his own epitaph—though nobody ever saw it:
"*To choose was my need, but need brooks no choosing.*"

The second book from Mr. Coppard's *officina scriptoris*

[1] "The Gollan," printed for Earl and Florence Fisk.—[2] "The Man from Kilsheelan." Limited edition, signed. 10s. 6d. (Jackson.)—[3] "Pink Furniture." 7s. 6d. (Jonathan Cape.)

is one of the "Furnival Books," a new series of slim but handsome limited editions. The story of "The Man from Kilsheelan"[2] is itself not new—it appeared in 1925 in "The Black Dog"—but for reprinting it has been somewhat amended and endowed with a lively preface. In this the author avers that he would have no qualms whatever about rewriting periodically all that he has ever written, but in the case of A. E. Coppard at any rate let us hope that the task will never be attempted. The man who came from Kilsheelan and his companion, Tom Tool, two old Irish peasants escaped from an asylum, are characters so well drawn that even an experienced Irish critic, who knew not his Coppard, hailed the writer with joy as a countryman of his own.

"The Man from Kilsheelan" is the story of a tragedy, but the reader certainly will not find it to be a tragic story.

It has often been a matter of surmise whether A. E. Coppard would ever extend his sphere of activity from the short story to the novel. In "Pink Furniture"[3] he has very nearly answered the query, for the two hundred and fifty odd pages of this book contain one of the most delightful stories for children, young and old, that the present century has produced. In the third chapter of the book, Toby Tottel sets off on his wanderings in search of the pink furniture of his dream, and in the twenty-ninth he returns home to find it there. But the intervening chapters afford Mr. Coppard innumerable opportunities to display his command of the folk-tale, his fantastic humour and his unequalled grace of vocabulary and style. Here are all the types of character dear to the heart of youth, a pirate chief, a fairy princess, a piping faun, an infallible sleuth (Toby Tottel himself), a faithful maiden, and a giant so big and strong that he can lift a river from its bed and twine it round his neck like a scarf. From first to last "Pink Furniture" has not a dull paragraph, much less a dull page, and for the "very young" or for the "rather older" we can imagine no greater treat than to have this book gradually read through to them. They will take their own meaning out of what they hear, but at times—we have no doubt—the reader, while sharing all their pleasure, will be stirred by thoughts of a different, a deeper kind. And interspersed throughout the book both reader and hearers will be charmed to find some of those swinging lyrics which Mr. Coppard knows so well how to write.

Yes, "Pink Furniture" is a book, not to borrow, but to keep.

J. B. CHAPMAN.

ALL OVER THE WORLD.*

"But there was always excitement in the air," said Mrs. Cole. One would think so. Albeit the islands of the Philippine group where she and her anthropological husband went are gems of tropic vegetation, yet the fauna is not always desirable. She relates how another American scientist, with whom the natives appeared to be on the most friendly terms, was foully done to death—and with no reason that one could ascertain. Of course he may have offended in a perfectly unconscious manner one of their tribal regulations. "Someone is dead," called Juan, as he started down the steps, "and people can ask the man who it is." "It is only a poor man," he explained when he returned a quarter of an hour later, "if he had been rich the church bells would have rung and there would have been feasting and celebrating." Juan was the Coles's admirable servant; he made life as smooth for them as in that region was possible, and the account of it is extremely interesting.

Interesting also is Mr. Harold Armstrong's book on the modern Turkey and Syria. He knew them before and he illuminates his pages with the contrasts he is able to draw. On this journey, undertaken in 1927, he went as one of the delegates of the Commission for Assessment of War Damage. His actual task was not easy; Armenians, for example, had been murdered in Adana and it was too much to expect that those responsible, for instance Ahmed the Seller of Sweetmeats, would furnish all the particulars, seeing that they had inherited the property. The Armenians did not make things any easier. One of them who lived in Cyprus had proved to the author with a wealth of verbal evidence that he had lost £60,000 in rope and sacking. The author found his shop in the Covered Bazaar; it was the size of a coffee-stall and Mr. Armstrong calculated that, to have suffered such a loss, he would have had to have stored some 1,100,000 odd sacks alone, without considering rope. Eventually he got £50. Angrily he said he should have had £60. "But you asked for £60,000," he was told. "That's nothing," he replied with a shrug of his shoulders, "my lawyer just added a few noughts." Mr. Armstrong is very outspoken as to the anti-French sentiments in Syria; and he is rather despondent about Angora. He supplies us with a great deal of information, that we would not willingly be without, on such topics as Druses, Maronites, Kurds, Nusairi and so forth. Perhaps the episode of Blanche the Dancer was put in as a sop to us and the writing is at times strangely stilted; mostly it is straightforward and even picturesque.

Richard Halliburton is a young American who goes forth adventuring. One is rather disinclined to follow the recital thereof when we discover that he takes a seaplane in order to land on the island first seen by Columbus in the New World, subsequently marching in the very tracks of Cortez, and so forth. There seems in all this to be an excessive amount of pose, of self-consciousness. And the familiar style, calling the great Mexican volcano by the abbreviation of Popo and referring to Cortez's "come-back," does not impress very favourably. Yet in the end we rather succumb, for Mr. Haliburton has a pretty sense of humour and he really did do the most dare-devil things, such as diving into the celebrated sacrificial pool—a dive of seventy feet—in Yucatan. And he tells us that the packet of cigarettes in his pocket was never the same again. All over Central and South America he performed his deeds of derring-do, and the reading of them is as if we were inhaling a great torrent of ozone.

One of the most remarkable things about Mr. Crosbie Garstin's book is its price. Heaven knows how the publishers do it. Here we have a book of nearly 350 pages, with a number of illustrations—and very good they are—all for five shillings. Talking of the illustrations, which are line drawings made by the author, that of San Francisco "visiting his home-town" and being bewildered by the traffic is alone worth the five shillings. Many of the others are a joy. Mr. Garstin is a gentleman of parts. This book appears to have been first published in 1928 and to be now made accessible in a cheaper edition by the benevolent firm of Heinemann. It is a humorous book without being in the least depressing. In fact it is one that the lover of "Innocents Abroad" would enjoy. He tells of a French private in the Colonial Infantry who was being sent up to Laskai by way of punishment. "See here, my child," said the colonel, "if you would mend your ways and give up drink you might become a corporal." "My colonel," he had replied, "when I am drunk I think I am a general." And there are many other excellent stories. You will see that this is very much a book to buy.

So, most certainly, is "Europe in Zig-Zags." We follow the uncle of Europe, as Mr. Huddlestone is usually called, and we follow with delight. He is so urbane, so well-informed and he says shrewd, even nasty, things so nicely. Of the Spanish army: "This incompetent army," he says, "broken and disgraced, nevertheless pretended to govern. It could not subdue the Riffans, but it could suppress the aspirations towards freedom of the Spanish. It gave its support to the authorities, on condition that its commands

* "Savage Gentlemen." By Mabel C. Cole. 10s. 6d. (Harrap.)—"Turkey and Syria Reborn." By Harold Armstrong. 15s. (John Lane.)—"New Worlds to Conquer." By Richard Halliburton. 16s. (Geoffrey Bles.)—"The Dragon and the Lotus." By Crosbie Garstin. 5s. (Heinemann.)—"Europe in Zig-Zags." By Sisley Huddlestone. 21s. (Harrap.)

were obeyed" Further on Mr Huddlestone talks very sagaciously of the future of Spain It deserves, he points out, our special attention All that he says of Spain, Italy, Austria, Germany, etc, in this book is the result of philosophic observation He is one of the best observers of foreign affairs

HENRY BAERLEIN

ASSORTED ARTICLES.*

Very soon after his death there appeared a tiny pamphlet of bitter poems over Lawrence's name called Nettles' One saw the tortured man, provoked by a seemingly wilful and wronging world, slashing about him with a sheaf of this stinging weed, and the sight did not exactly increase one's love of mankind in general Nor was the matter mended much by the knowledge that, because of the fortuitous publicity afforded Lawrence at his death, hundreds were buying his books who, while he was alive, had never so much as given him a thought

Genius however is often carried into its own on the most unaccountable tides Since therefore men and women *are* at last reading Lawrence's books, it is as well that they should read them to some purpose To that end I would put this new volume, Assorted Articles, into the hands of all who are now approaching Lawrence for the first time They could be given no better key to his mind The book is, in effect, his *apologia* Dated the month before his death it provides a fine and explicit introduction to the philosophy that all his later work was designed to express If you do not relish that philosophy as you find it lucidly and very simply expressed in these articles, you will not relish it in his stories and novels Here in fact is the raw material out of which he wrought all his later art The book begins with an essay or two lightly analytical of the modern young woman, it continues, through the study of men and England to-day, to the study of modern civilisation in general, and it ends with a few studies, or sketches of a more strictly autobiographical nature

What Lawrence chiefly deplored, as he looked about him, was the diseased, atrophied condition of the intuitive faculties in the men and women of to-day In his view, intuition was the mainspring of all vital conduct of life Where intuition was atrophied, life could never flower freely Intuition, as he defined it, was "the intelligence that goes with sex and beauty and arises out of sex and beauty" In other words, it has its roots essentially in the physical, and it is Lawrence's loud complaint against our modern civilisation that its trend "is towards a greater and greater abstraction from the physical, towards a further and further physical separateness between men and women, and between individual and individual'

In a word Lawrence viewed modern life, as expressed in its most westernising phases, as a vast and evil conspiracy to deny man's one sure guide to a natural behaviour—his intuition Deprived of this proper guide, man's intellect gallops away with him and his feelings run amok Ashamed of his individuality, he indulges in mass-thinking until he is in danger of being unable to think for himself at all His natural responses to life are so feeble that he must needs fortify them by trying to find a 'point' for everything What is the *point* of it all? he asks, forgetting that (as Lawrence replies) 'life and love are life and love a bunch of violets is a bunch of violets, and to drag in the idea of a point is to ruin everything"

Such then is roughly Lawrence's diagnosis of the disease that is eating at the heart of modern civilisation In nothing that he wrote has that diagnosis been quite so simply stated as in these articles which were mainly written for the newspapers It would be unfair to scrutinise them for their logic they are a plea for the intuition and they have poured from an intuitional pen. Their method more nearly approaches that of a Mark Antony than the rapier method of an intellectual Indeed there is even a hint of the "revivalist" in this later Lawrence An image or a symbol jumps to his mind and he thereupon proceeds to hammer away with it until, willy-nilly, it has sunk into the reader's consciousness More than in his novels and stories there is here a considerable gleam of humour—a gaiety, rather that tropical forest-gloom into which he is usually so ready to plunge his readers is entirely absent

''But you'll wear out said I 'Not if anybody's a good dancer and will wind me up' she said 'But are you happy?' said I 'Mother's always saying that Why should anybody on earth want to be happy? I say to mother '*Show* me somebody happy then!' And she shows me some guy, or some bright young thing and gets mad when I say See the pretty monkey! I'm not happy thank God because I'm not anything Why should I be?

The autobiographical sketches in this volume reveal one at least of the reasons why Lawrence was driven to the formulation and adoption of his philosophy He was not what is known as a good mixer' I don't feel there is any very cordial or fundamental contact between me and society, or me and other people There is a breach And my contact is with something that is non-human, non vocal That being so, he tended to withdraw himself apart contenting himself with what he called the human flow that came to him from those people outside him, whose intuitions like his own were live at the source That explains of course why he felt so much more at home in the Latin South Nevertheless, just in this non-mixer quality, which drove him into the adoption of his philosophy, lies that philosophy's weakness Mankind is not in quite the sorry state Lawrence imagined it to be—as he would perhaps have discovered had he come into warmer, closer contact with people, keeping his ideals, yet tethering them to the common contacts of every day

C HENRY WARREN

* "Assorted Articles" By D H Lawrence. 6s (Secker.)

Novel Notes.

THE SECRET OF 37, HARDY STREET. By R J Casey 7s 6d (Elkin Mathews & Marrot)

Who should write a thoroughly exciting thriller as well as Mr Casey, who has had such great experience of adventure in his own life as traveller in lonely places, as legionnaire, and as artilleryman in the American Army? We would without hesitation buy a copy of this capital mystery tale as a gift to the most exacting and captious detective story maniac that we know Why did Cyrus Bradley perish? Why was he found in a dining-room chair at the end of a long oak table? Why were four cups containing the dregs of coffee not long cold found on the table, and why did the bits of toast on the plates when joined together make one piece exactly? And why did the murdered man's daughter when questioned crumple up in a faint? A patch of white was near the plate that had been set for Cyrus Bradley at the phantom breakfast—face powder! But the girl was not guilty It was not nearly so simple as that A most desperate criminal is involved The different stages of the story are all set by a most competent hand.

THE KNIFE BEHIND THE CURTAIN. By Valentine Williams. 7s 6d (Hodder & Stoughton)

The most amazing thing about Mr. Valentine Williams's collection of short stories is the variety of them. Surely no present-day writer is more prolific with plots. You may read the whole baker's dozen through at a sitting



Portrait by Elliott & Fry. **Mr. Valentine Williams.**

(and you are tempted to, they are all so good) and not once will you find an idea repeated nor a theme rehashed. A few of the stories have the War for background—"The Pigeon Man" is one of the most artistic in the book—but Mr. Williams does not need the War to furnish him with material for excitement and sensation. He finds both just as easily in Egypt, New York, or a jeweller's shop in Bond Street. If you are one of those persons who harbour a prejudice against collections of short stories, read Mr. Williams's—and you will be converted!

WHITE JADE. By Maude Meagher. 6s. (Scholartis Press.)

Yang Kuei-fei, the Helen of the East, has been lauded by Chinese poets down the centuries, and Miss Maude Meagher here tells her story in prose that is akin to poetry. Some few years after her beauty had wrecked the Chinese Empire, and she herself, the Emperor's concubine, had been hanged in a village near the centre of China, two young students set out to explore the story of her magic. "We made a vow that although all the rest of the world might hate Yang Keui-fei, we two would adore her," said Chu-i, "and every year since then we have come together to burn happiness-candles on the day of her meeting in the sky with the Bright Emperor." Dead, after being beloved by the Emperor for more than twenty years, she still lived for those two friends; and though she has been dead nearly twelve hundred years, Miss Meagher, in a novel of rare charm, brings her to life again and makes us feel her spell. "The historians and moralists of China condemn her," we are told. "But poets worship her. In her small body were the seeds of dream, as potent after as before its death." The book will delight all who appreciate beauty combined with originality.

ÆSOP DANCING. By J. E. Buckrose. 7s. 6d. (Nash & Grayson.)

Readers will always come to a new novel by this writer with pleasant expectations securely based on agreeable experiences in the past. We are the more grieved to confess that we have read this volume with some regret. When an author deliberately chooses literary biography as the subject of a novel, the result cannot be judged only as a novel. Mrs. Buckrose has given us what is practically a life of Goldsmith, and we cannot think she has given us a true portrait. It would appear that she has been influenced overmuch by Boswell's jealous depreciation, so that while loving Goldsmith she has unconsciously belittled her hero. Garrick's epigram has overpowered her judgment as it has that of countless others, and it is well to remember that Poor Poll was quite able to avenge himself in the most scathing lines ever written on the vanity of mummers. There are many sides of Goldsmith not reflected here, and most of all we miss the wit and the humour. Mrs. Buckrose has written a most readable book, and we must not, we suppose, consider it too closely as a memoir. But when one of the very greatest writers of English prose appears as the hero of a sentimental romance, with the title of "Æsop Dancing,' there are some even of the least judicious who must grieve.

RELENTLESS. By Myrtle Johnston. 7s. 6d. net. (John Murray.)

This is another clever and unusual novel by the author of "Hanging Johnny." It relates the life-story of Oscar Berenger, a neurotic wastrel, who saves his manhood by fleeing to Siberia, where his father had earned fame as an explorer. The finest part of the book describes the quarter of a century spent by Berenger in Ghoyak, where he and his English wife endured incredible hardships as members of a native tribe of which he ultimately became the elected chief. The miserable degenerate developed into a giant physically, but became little more than a savage. His problems appeared as his six children grew up and began to evince a desire to know the world outside. This craving in time defeated the savage opposition of the father, and the closing chapters of the novel depict the family in London—Berenger longing to return to Siberia, and his children revelling in the marvels of civilised society. Again the family triumphs over paternal authority, but not without murder and death as the penalty. It is a virile and arresting book, and it is to the author's credit that while many of the incidents are stark and brutal she obtains her full effect with a style of dignity and correctness. The underlying problem is one of great interest, and Miss Johnston has handled it with conspicuous ability and distinction.

BELLS OF THYME. By Catherine I. Dodd. 7s. 6d. (Jarrolds.)

Miss Dodd has more than atoned for any disappointment we may have felt over "Apples and Quinces." Her latest book radiates a delightful old-world charm, and is generously filled with the fragrant scents of the woods and orchards and delights of the country-side. These in glowing pictures form an alluring background for the daily happenings in a small German university town, during the earliest days of woman's emancipation. The curious complexity of nationalities to be met with in such a town, and in particular the quaintly assorted party which gathered daily round the lovable little Frau Doktor's table, give excellent scope for the interplay and unfolding of diverse opinions. It is Miranda, the English girl, seeking to heal her own wounds, who draws them all out with her ready sympathy. The gossip at the table, the lectures, picnics, festivals, etc., all are joyously depicted. With graceful ease, Miss Dodd allows a light and whimsical touch to dissemble the knowledge and spade work involved.

SINGERMANN. By Myron Brinig. 8s. 6d. (Cobden-Sanderson.)

The publishers of this book, with unusual reticence, give us no clue to the identity of Myron Brinig. We are not told whether he is a young man, or an old man who has been hiding his light under a bushel. That he is a Jew is clear; that he is probably, like his chief characters, an American of Rumanian extraction may be deduced from internal evidence. Whatever his age, whatever his race, he is clearly a born writer, with the rare power—akin to that of D. H. Lawrence—of being able to invest petty and even squalid details with beauty. "Singermann" is a very long story of a Rumanian Jew, Moses, who with his wife, Rebecca, emigrated to America in the days when bustles were fashionable, and opened a general store. Seven children are born to them and the novel deals with their lives, their love affairs, their drifting away from the faith of their father, their absorption into the melting-pot which is America. Most of the characters in the story, and all the important ones, are Jews, but nevertheless "Singermann" is not a story of Jews but of human beings, seen with an unusual largeness of vision and expressed with peculiar skill.

The Bookman's Table.

SOBER TRUTH: A COLLECTION OF NINETEENTH-CENTURY EPISODES, FANTASTIC, GROTESQUE AND MYSTERIOUS. Compiled and edited by Margaret Barton and Osbert Sitwell. With a Preface by Osbert Sitwell. 12s. 6d. (Duckworth.)

The colossal credulity of mankind is almost too appalling to be amusing; yet amusing it assuredly is. This book, while not always adroit in the putting together, provides excellent entertainment, although the general ignorance, the charlatanry and daring or impudent humbug, the shabbiness and showiness that it exposes are enough to make one wonder whether Father Adam had anything at all of the divine in him but was mere animal, especially endowed with gifts for swindling and a weakness for being deceived. Better in any case to treat it as a joke and laugh —at what? According to Mr. Sitwell in his preface, at the Nineteenth Century! But of course that is wrong. No century is to blame for it. Men have been quacks and rogues, gulls, fools—heroes and saints—through all the centuries. It is therefore enough for us to smile, not too unkindly, at the ape that is a part of ourselves, and so take at their true value, more or less, such portentous curiosities as are exhibited in the gallanty-show of human life: including amongst them as here we are shown Louis Napoleon, General Tom Thumb and his lady, King Cristophe of Haiti, that magnificent, grotesque negro who, for a time, was able to indulge in his island the absurd glories of court life at their absurdest; Joanna Southcott, Home the Spiritualist, Tichborne, the Siamese Twins, Jack the Ripper, and the multitudinous families of Brigham Young, with Mermaids thrown in; and while we are about it, the Sea-serpent, which may truly have been the last survivor of the monsters of prehistory, conveniently forgetting for the moment the crocodiles and rhinoceri that still are unpleasantly with us; and Princess Caraboo, and Louis de Rougemont. As de Rougemont was not tall, lank or stooping, endowed with long thin hair, or calm or philosophical of face, it was certainly not he whom Mr. Sitwell saw selling matches in Piccadilly or Shaftesbury Avenue. That amusing and somewhat innocent charlatan was not brought to such extremity; but was able to return from England to his native Switzerland with money in his pockets.



Joanna Southcott.
(National Portrait Gallery, William Sharp, del.)
From "Sober Truth," by Margaret Barton & Osber Sitwell (Duckworth).

LORD HENRY BENTINCKS'S FOXHOUNDS. Compiled by Lord Charles Bentinck. 21s. (Hutchinson.)

Such another pack of foxhounds as those bred by Lord Henry surely never existed, and here his descendant has performed a pious and interesting duty. For this is a history of the pack, and contains a record of Lord Henry's dogs in their correct order, according to the modern system of tabulation. We very much enjoy the amusing names, and the occasional entries under the column headed "Remarks." "Waterloo"; Sire, Duke of Beaufort's "Warbler"; Dam, Lord Ducies's "Jezebel," is briefly described as "rank rogue." "Careless"; Sire, Mr. Foljambe's "Fleecer"; Dam, his "Conquest," stands out to the life in these words: "A most trimming animal for nose, stoutness and pace, turned rogue at four years old." And as for "Despot," offspring of "Duster" and "Modish," he "promised well but ended in getting wide." Lord Henry began by being Master of the Rufford Hounds in 1835; a few years later he became Master of the Burton. His hounds were so well thought of and so much used by contemporary Masters, that most well-bred foxhounds to-day have their blood in their veins. Brains went to the making of this brilliant pack, and it must have been a delightful labour of love to set forth these detailed records and pedigrees, and to collect the charming and handsome pictures of men and dogs that we find in this carefully planned volume.

THE CRADLE OF GOD. By Llewelyn Powys. 10s. 6d. net. (Jonathan Cape.)

"Christian arguments" (writes Mr. Powys in his latest book) "are false arguments, Christian thoughts shallow thoughts; yet, even so, these prayerful madcaps have hold perhaps of some invisible clue denied to ruder natures." So in search of that clue he went to Palestine. "If I myself could hold in the cup of my hand the dusty soil of the Mount of Olives, then perhaps I would come to a juster understanding of these incredible impossibilities." One does not feel however, as the last page recording those journeyings is turned, that Mr. Powys has found the clue. Pagan when he set out, he still returned a pagan. A pagan however with a difference—the difference of a poet returned from having faced, nobly and without blinking, a great experience. In this book he does not tell his adventures (these he leaves for another time), but instead he tells over again, from his own most individual angle, the story of the Bible, from Abraham's "invention" of God to the death of Christ upon the cross. With his sensitive eye upon the actual setting, he describes those familiar-unfamiliar scenes anew—so that often it is as if one were seeing with all the veracity of a good photographic film a scene hitherto known only within the dim realm of the imagination. Pagan and "unbeliever" as he was, and remained, his is no dispassionate description of the sacred history. For Mr. Powys is a poet, and the loaded beauty of those ancient histories touches him to noble flights. Like all Mr. Powys's books, "The Cradle of God" is intensely personal, in the finest sense;

it is in fact nothing less than his own spiritual explorations among the tracts we all must explore in our sincerest moments.

CHRIST IN THE SYNAGOGUE. By L. Aaronson. 12s. 6d. (Gollancz.)

Properly to examine this extensive collection of poems, the fruit of a decade of composition, would require a much more extensive article than is here possible. For Mr. Aaronson writes in every mood, on every theme and in a vast variety of forms. "This poetry," we are told in a long note on the dust-jacket of a handsome volume, a note for which the publisher is responsible but the poet himself must surely have suggested the trend, "this poetry is not afraid of rhetoric, exuberance, 'bad taste,' ungentlemanly excitement of feeling and even obscurity, where the tension demands the communication of the poem in its very making." There are romantic ardours in it, crepuscular melancholy, modern cynicism. Much of it is obscure, with the obscurity of the elliptical and those disconcerting metaphors which the moderns love. To read it continuously, as we are recommended to do, is to be bewildered by the twists and turns of Mr. Aaronson's mind. It is difficult to determine whether that mind is settled in an extraordinary complexity or is still rather feverishly seeking its ultinate orientation. But there is no doubt of its vitality, its sincerity or its intrepidity, or of Mr. Aaronson's accomplishment as a writer, his sense of the beauty and significance of words. When his poetry arouses disapproval—æsthetic, that is, not moral disapproval—it is not by any clumsiness but by its strangeness, and it is clear that it must be read carefully and often to be justly appreciated. Scanty quotation would but misrepresent it, but one complete piece shall be given, one of those of which the appeal is most immediate, as evidence of its purely literary quality:

"I have defied the sun! plucked sprigs of blackthorn
From high thin hedgerows in the winds of March,
And laid their trembling immaturity
Upon the grass still Autumn-sad with leaves.
My fingers and my eyes have stroked their white
Frail petals, moist and mute, and kissed the buds
That never shall be pierced by the sun,
And open to its treacheries of touch,
As human hearts have opened in their season
And withered in their season. . . .
I have laughed
To see the flowers dying with their dreams
All folded-in like a young girl's secret hopes,
Trembling faintly in the first Spring days."

A WAYFARER IN BAVARIA. By Suzanne St. Barbe Baker.

A WAYFARER ON THE RHINE. By Malcolm Letts. 7s. 6d. each. (Methuen.)

For more than one reason these two books make a most timely appearance. With the welcome advent of spring, projects for holidays once more assume a prominent place in the scheme of things. In his journeyings up by road from Cologne to Speyer and down by water, Mr. Letts offers great enticement in the discovery of many little known and attractive districts. He has embellished his "liquid history" with a rich diversity of interests, and it is with many glimpses into its glamorous past that he quickens the attractions of to-day. Hermann Weinsberg, the German Pepys, is only one of the many delightful digressions by the way. It is not difficult to understand Mr. Letts's obvious devotion to the Rhine after perusing his picturesque descriptions. It speaks much for the attractive wealth of Bavaria that Miss Baker has only devoted twelve pages to the famous Passion Play at Oberammergau, which this year will draw thousands of people from all parts of the world. Apart from this unique interest there is an amazing amount of varied appeal. Bayreuth, the Mecca of music-lovers, the priceless art treasures, statuary, architecture, etc., sufficient in themselves to lure the traveller irresistibly; the majestic beauty of its mountains, the romance of its exquisite valleys and lakes, round which linger so many captivating legends. Whether it is Passion Play year or



Market Place, Nürnberg.
From "A Wayfarer in Bavaria, by Suzanne St Barbe Baker (Methuen)

not (and, by the way, we are under the impression that a good many more performances are given than Miss Baker suggests) Bavaria is a land of enchantment which she has admirably interpreted Both volumes are generously and excellently illustrated

Books of the Month.

From March 15th to April 15th.

(Books reviewed in this Number are not included in list.)

Barrie was born in a countryside of beauty and romance and battles long ago but it was bent backed weavers toiling at their looms and arguing about the destiny of Church and State that provided him with material for his pen says Mr John Kennedy in **THRUMS AND THE BARRIE COUNTRY** (6s, Heath Cranton) a very interesting account of the country made famous by Barrie's books He gives us an intimate picture of Thrums the old time Kirriemuir known to Margaret Ogilvy and looked at through her eyes for Barrie drew most of his reminiscences from her and of Barrie's early surroundings and influences All Barrie lovers will appreciate this book It is illustrated with several photographs

"If my achievement be maddeningly inadequate compared even with my own conception and inspiration nevertheless for the sake of peace I must press on," says Brent of Bin Bin in his preface to **TEN CREEKS RUN** (7s 6d, Blackwood) He need have no fear as to whether nor not he has conveyed the real spirit of the Australian Bush The whole book is instinct with the vigorous atmosphere which belongs to the open-air life of the ranch Its sympathetic understanding of horses is no less keen than that of the humans It is only when the book closes one realises to what extent the little community round Ten Creeks Run has captured the imagination with its zestful activities

Having offered an engaging apology for his youth—"I am eighteen years old"—Mr Somerset de Chaire proceeds, in **THE IMPENDING STORM** (5s, Constable), to justify the Psalmist The catastrophe of his title is another and greater war, for he believes that "everywhere the patchwork of peace is falling to bits" and that America and France have been drifting apart ever since the War as a result of America's financial imperialism" In view of that conviction, it is logical to reach the conclusion that an all-round cancellation of debts would benefit all nations, including the United States Meantime the omens are not propitious, and the next war will be far more terrible because all the means of destruction will have been intensified The only hope, according to our youthful mentor, is in the formation of the United States of Europe and a peaceful world state as the final outcome The little book is an earnest and well-reasoned contribution to the study of international politics

Having inspired numerous books of travel in recent years the largest of the Balearic Islands appears to be now engaging the attention of writers of fiction In **THE GOLDEN ISLE**, by Dorothy M Fisk (7s 6d, Methuen), the background is at times allowed to dominate the story; yet there is a certain adroitness in the manner in which the sights of Majorca are utilised to further the romance of the hero and war-widow heroine There is nothing pretentious about the development of that romance, and, inasmuch as George and Margaret are of too mature age and experience to be misled by unreasoning passion, the love-making is pitched in a low key But the story is not the less attractive on that account Indeed the restraint and unhurried spirit in which the happy climax is reached are a faithful reflection of the *manana* atmosphere of the peaceful island in which the scenes are laid Topographically, it might be objected that the Almundania has got strangely out of place beside the Lonja, and that delicate spires seem hardly the words to describe the somewhat stunted finials of Palma Cathedral

Howe, Rodney, Sidney Smith, Camelford and Napier are the sailors of genius about whom Mr Brian Tunstall has written in his entertaining volume, **FLIGHTS OF NAVAL GENIUS**, with illustrations (12s 6d, Philip Allan) Perhaps it is misleading to use the word entertaining at the beginning of a notice of the book, for no implication of mere surface-treatment is intended But all the same these five biographies *are* entertaining as well as admirably sincere, impartial, and thoughtfully written Of Howe, the brilliant young sailor in prolonged wars, the more mature intellect that dealt with technical seamanship, the yet remembered hero of *the Glorious First of June* we read here first as an old and suffering man, but one ready to deal with mutinous schemes and bring them to an harmonious conclusion Of Rodney's courage, anger, ill-treatment, difficulties, of Sidney Smith's impetuous actions and humane schemes, of Camelford's somewhat tumultuous life and death of Napier's achievements and disappointments, Mr Tunstall writes in such a manner and with such authority and knowledge that the heroes come to life again under his pen, and we realise afresh the greatness of the men the dangers and adventures they faced, the unquestionable proofs of their ability and fidelity The difficulties of an admiral to-day are not the difficulties of yesterday, and Mr Tunstall has done good service in shewing the men, and the sea-life of the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries in such a vivid and accurate manner The portraits of these men of genius are reproductions from famous portraits

ART

CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY PRESS —Art in England, 1821–1837 W T Whitley 25s

JOHN LANE —How to Draw in Lead Pencil Jasper Salwey 5s.

STUDIO - Picasso. Matisse. 1s each —Famous Water-Colour Painters J S Sargent 5s.

CRITICISM AND BELLES-LETTRES

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BURNS, OATES & WASHBOURNE.—Round by Repentance Tower. S. Sagar. 5s.
JOHN MURRAY.—Pleasure and Pain. Sir Thomas Bernard. 3s. 6d.
TENNY PRESS (New York) AND WERNER LAURIE.—Shakespeare and "Sir Thomas Moore." Samuel A. Tannenbaum.
WITHERBY.—The History of the English Novel. Ernest A. Baker. 16s.

FICTION

(*Price 7s. 6d. each, except where otherwise indicated.*)

ALLEN & UNWIN.—The Sting of the Whip. C. C. and E. M. Mott.—Peace. Arne Garborg.
BESANT.—The Cotswold Chronicle. Alice Massie.
BRENTANOS.—Roots. Eduardo Zamacois.
BURNS, OATES & WASHBOURNE.—Quest. Doreen Smith.
THORNTON BUTTERWORTH.—The Cavaliers of Death. Rosita Forbes.—The Memories of Stephen Escott. Ludwig Lewisohn.—Pillbox 17. Karl Bröger.
CASSELL.—The Man of a Hundred Masks. Gaston Leroux.
CHAPMAN & HALL.—The Sin Offering. Blanche Winder.—Ill Wind. H. E. L. Mellersh.—Men. Karen Bramson.
CHATTO & WINDUS.—The Lost Crusade. Daphne Muir.
CHRISTOPHER PUBLISHING HOUSE (Boston, U.S.A.).—Dumb Bell. Anna B. Montreuil. $2.50.
COLLINS.—Call Her Fannie. May Edginton.—The Devil is Sick. Cherry Veheyne.—The Mysterious Mr. Quin. Agatha Christie.—Frustration. Robert B. Tredinnick.
CONSTABLE.—Love Lies Bleeding. Ann Reid.—Tagati. Cynthia Stockley.
HEATH CRANTON.—Honey-Pot. Clara Martin. 6s.—The Peregrinations of Penelope. Hon. Mrs. Victor A. Bruce. 5s.—Doctor Mingay's Wife. Mary Hardy.
DENT.—Egyptian Portrait. C. W. Grundy.
DUCKWORTH.—Behind the Barrage. Francis A. Winder.—Me and Mr. Murphy. Lynn Doyle.
HARPER.—Bird of God. Virginia Hersch.
HEINEMANN.—Johnny Ret. Marie Conway Oemler.—The Years That Take the Best Away. Barbara Noble.—The Good Soldier. Schweik Jaroslav Hasek. 10s. 6d.—The Broomscod Collar. Gillian Olivier. 8s. 6d.—Give Up Your Lovers. Louis Golding.
HODDER & STOUGHTON.—Take Thou Authority. Gertrude M. Payne Cook.—Raymond the Dangerous. L. Slingsby Bethell.—Walls Have Eyes. Ganpat.—The City Moated and Walled. W. Todd.—Mistral. Max Brand.—Blue Flames. Richmal Crompton.—Louis Colquhoun. J. K. Pulling.—The Honourable Pursuit. Patrick Wynnton.—Suspect. Gerard Fairlie.—The Evil Château. Sydney Horler. 3s. 6d.—The Bond of the Spirit. Mary Hurst.—Pidgin Cargo. Alice Tisdale Hobart.
HURST & BLACKETT.————— and Sons. Sophie Kloerss.
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JARROLDS.—Hell for Leather. S. Andrew Wood.—Hostilities Only. Henry Vincent.—The Owl. Frank King.—The Borgian Bull. Ludwig Huna.—The Marriage Lines. J. S. Fletcher.—The Woman Yonder. Barbara Hedworth.—After Eight O'Clock. Henrietta Leslie.—Dynamite Drury Again. L. Patrick Greene.
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JOHN LANE.—A Bridport Dagger. John Milbrook.—The Cabaret Up the Line. Roland Dorgelès.

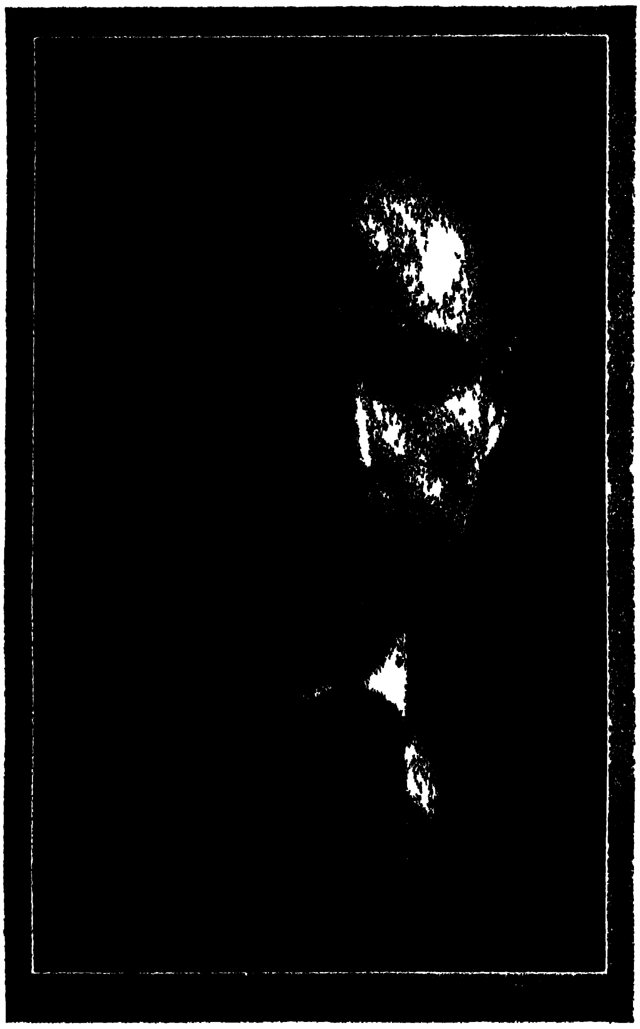
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JOHN MURRAY—Three Daughters Jane Dashwood—The Dividing Years Farquhar Sloan—The Lady of the Cromlech Hugh De Blacam—The Mammon of Righteousness P C Wren



Mr. Leonard Henslowe,
whose new book, "Living as We Do (Joseph), was reviewed in last month's BOOKMAN

NASH & GRAYSON—Murder From Beyond. R. Francis Foster

CECIL PALMER—Denis Delivers the Goods Charles Hand

STANLEY PAUL—Leaves Before the Wind Florence Lawford—Mystery Street L Noel—Pirate's Face Norval Richardson—The Bellmer Mystery Ben Ames Williams—The Man Will Scott—The Mystery of the Seven Wilfrid Usher—The Discard Kenneth Perkins

PUTNAMS—Flood Robert Neumann

ALSTON RIVERS—Deferred Payment James Owen

SECKER—The Castle Franz Kafka

SKEFFINGTON—Suppression William Hallatt—The Cripple in Black E V Timms

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TOULMIN—Lord Byron Kasimir Edschmid

WARD, LOCK—Full Moon Jay Marston—Mr Fortune Explains. G C Bailey—Castle Enigma. J Russell Warren—The Subway Mystery Ben Bolt—The Blue Pool. Valentine. 3s 6d.

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ANGLO-CATHOLIC CONGRESS COMMITTEE—Fourth Anglo-Catholic Congress, 1930 Handbook 1s

SVETARANYA ASHRAMA (Madras)—Swaraj Constitution K S Venkataramani 4 as

CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY PRESS New Links with Shakespeare E A B Barnard 10s 6d

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY Co—Those Magic Isles J P Collins 1s

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MUSIC AND THE DRAMA

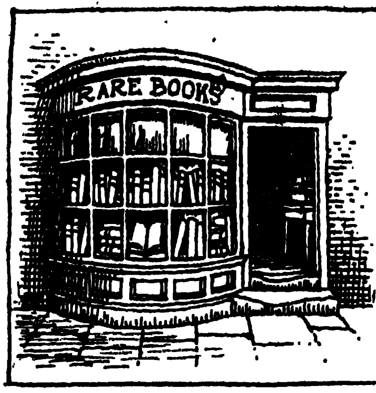
ALLEN & UNWIN.—Agis, King of Sparta. Una Broadbent. 5s.
STOCKWELL.—Dramatic Episodes from Dickens. Rev. H. C. Suter.

POETRY

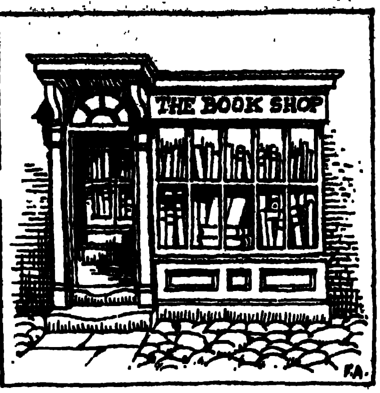
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The Collector



" Let not the collector, therefore, ever, unless in some urgent and necessary circumstances, part with any of his treasures."—BURTON

ASSOCIATION BOOKS.

THERE is an aspect of book-collecting that is extraordinarily interesting. Strictly speaking, it is subsidiary to book-collecting; a side-show, shall we say? But it is very alluring for all that. In fact, I am inclined to think that book-collecting only reaches its highest and most attractive condition if the collector adds the making of association books to it.

Almost everybody these days knows what is meant by the making of association books, although the understanding of it has come in recent years. It was not so long since that only the few, the expert and the experienced book-collector, knew anything about it, or understood exactly what it meant. But the business of it has grown so rapidly, and we have heard so much about it at sales, and in special articles, that the average man, and especially the ordinary book-collector, is now fully aware of its meaning. Moreover, we may examine few modern catalogues and fail to find a section given to it. As a matter of fact, many booksellers issue special catalogues devoted entirely to association books.



A page from a beautifully illuminated manuscript "Horae."

From Messrs. Chas. J. Sawyer's Illustrated Catalogue of Rare Books and Manuscripts, No. XCV. See page 158.

Time was, when the only adjunct to a mild interest in book-collecting—only the rich and the wise indulged in it in those early days—was that of extra-illustrating, or grangerising, as the professionals had it. That is not so popular in these modern times. Association book-making may have largely taken its place; although I believe extra-illustrating will revive before long. Mr. Clive Holland gave us an extremely interesting article on Grangerising in THE BOOKMAN for April. It was very helpful and informative.

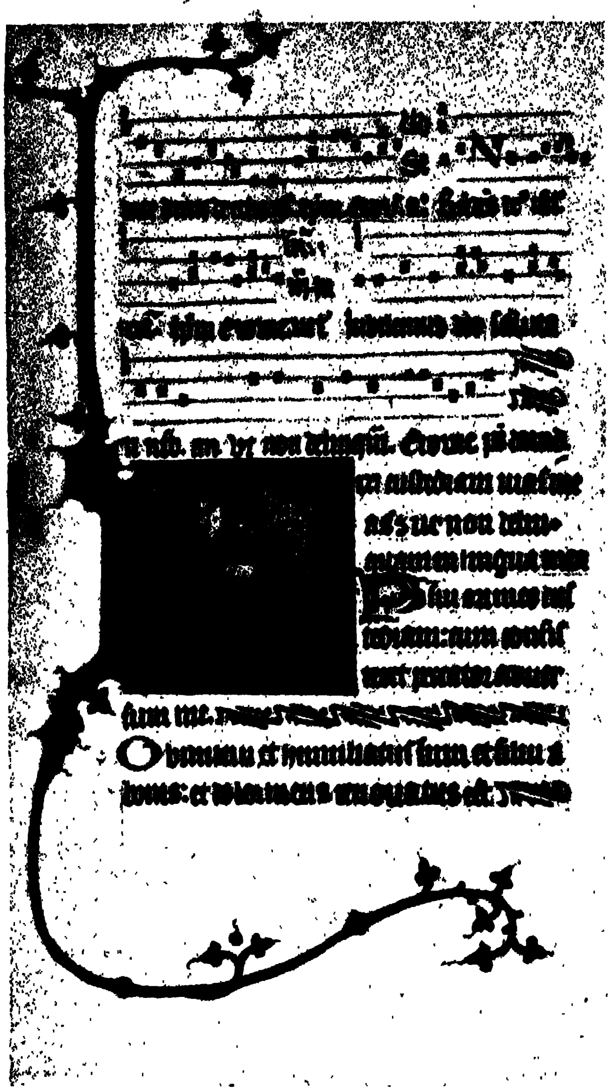
This interest in association books is growing apace; and a very justifiable interest it is. There can never be any lessening of entertainment, if I may so call it, in book-collecting; and it can be added to a hundredfold if the building up of association books is indulged in. I call it a building because that is really what it is. Always the chase is a fascinating affair; and if we go about it intelligently, it can give us the highest possible form of enjoyment. As time passes we become adept in it, and realise the untold and unknown thrills that it brings to our task. As we pursue it we are deeply conscious of its wonderful possibilities. It matures our book-collecting habit; it widens our literary horizon, and opens up new fields of thought and pleasure.

Fortunately it need not be limited to those of us whose pockets are deep. That is the quintessence of the pleasure we derive from book-collecting of any kind. Granted that most of us are never likely to be in a

position to purchase, shall I say, all the first editions of Mr. Kipling's books; or the original manuscripts, if they were obtainable, of all the books by Charles Dickens. But all of us can, if we have learned the art to judge an early writer's work, buy a first edition here and there, and add a modest association item to it, if we have the vision and the foresight to do so. The democracy of book-collecting makes it one of those joys that turn the grey world with its everlasting grind of wage-earning, into a realm of beautiful and permanent reality, that has no equal in any other walk of life. Wise book-collecting is a valuable interest—pursuit—entertainment—study, or whatever name suits the taste and tendency of the individual. When we add association book-making to our book-collecting, we at once have a new source of interest which is more rich in attractions than is any other form of book-collecting. There is, in itself, the sheer fascination of it. Moreover, the extent of our success is governed by the height of our intelligence. This intelligence can spring only from the literary knowledge that, by dint of close concentration and persistent contemplation, we have established in our mind. If we have approached literary evaluation by a sure and certain process, we shall have laid down such a basis of standardisation as shall enable us, in the first place, to collect those authors who are worthy of a place upon our shelves; and secondly, there will come, in natural sequence, reliable conceptions as to what we shall add to them in the way of association books.

Indeed, this good and pleasant work of association making gives our carefully selected books only such value as our understanding shall dictate to us. Commercially, the value is definite. It may represent a few shillings to begin with; it may some day add a great many pounds to the price we paid for the volume. Here in front of me are two entries of Sir James Barrie's "When a Man's Single." The price of one, without an autograph, is £120. The other, bearing but a bare presentation autograph of the author, is priced at £150. Ordinary first edition books by authors who are moderately collected, having the autograph of the writers, would possess an additional value of several pounds.

But, says the reader: after such a prelude—How shall we go about it? It is a fair question, and while I may give you, in a broad way, the outline of it, the successful making of an association book depends largely, if not entirely, upon the innate understanding of a collector. As time passes original ideas will come for items that will make a volume distinctive. Just to beg an autograph from the author, is doing only the obvious. Besides, there are a thousand and one people doing this. Of course, to have an original letter in a volume from the writer of a famous work is a fine thing. but it is not always possible to procure it. And after all it is rather a trial for the popular author to be so bothered. We really must give him a chance to enjoy some leisure. Still, it is a great accomplishment if one can persuade the writer, whom we have in mind, to do something of especial interest for the book. If this cannot be done, I would urge you to go to the antiquarian bookseller, who is usually able to offer you some autograph item that will fit the depth of your purse.



A page from an illuminated manuscript, taken from the Psalterium Davidis cum Calendario (Item 257).

From Messrs. Myers & Co.'s new Catalogue. See page 157.

If it be a long one, try to find a short, original manuscript. Some document that will add extreme value to your copy of the book. Imagine the added value of, shall I say, a first edition of Mr. Kipling's "Barrack Room Ballads" if it were practicable to insert in it the original manuscript of "Gunga Din"; a letter relating to the volume from the author himself; a signed picture, or some other odd bit of manuscript, in one way or another associated with the author, and especially the volume. Such a book would have considerable literary value, and tremendous commercial value. My own association book-making is not restricted to such things, however valuable from a monetary sense they may be. I slip into my copies all kinds of things having, of course, to do with the book or the author, which may have no attraction for others besides myself, although they are real and inexpensive items. I include a fugitive poem, an unexpected picture, a printed letter—and a dozen other things. Which brings us to the finest aspect of association book-making—the personal. Most of my own books are of this kind. For years I have sought from those authors whose value has been my value—happily maturity has supported my earlier judgment—letters of varied hue on this or that. There are in these respected books of mine, autograph letters not only from the authors themselves, but letters about the books from other writers, original poems in MS., printed poems, manuscript bibliographies, and many other things that my ingenuity, or rather my interest has persuaded me to seek. I have bought odd bits of things here and there; I have bothered the booksellers for items, and paid modest prices. My way has been easy and fortunate, rather than deliberately wise and clever. The gods have pandered to my pursuit. They have tried to help me, as they always willingly will help the disciple. Sometimes, in my hauntings of the rare book shop, I have found other unexpected things. Once, in my questing, I found a copy of Whitman's "Prose Works," nicely and interestingly autographed by Mr. Wells. Thus the good gods of literary environment ever bless the true collector—he who regards his collecting as something of sacred and intellectual value. It is a most intimate hobby.

THE MARKET.

The Golden Cockerel Press have issued their spring list. It is a work of typographical art, and apart from the many interesting things in it, it is really worth possessing for itself. It is the most distinctive list we have seen this year. It is wonderfully printed, on fine paper, and remarkably illustrated. It is a list, not only to be read, but to be kept. If the Golden Cockerel Press issue many more like this, they will surely be collected.

It would be well to secure a copy of a splendid omnibus volume of "Great Sea Stories of all Nations." A good, and even a fascinating idea. When it is borne in mind that that notable writer, H. M. Tomlinson, edited it, and wrote an introduction, it will be realised that the book is important. The stories included in the volume cover all ages.

There is a new list recently issued by the Hours Press, 15, Rue Guénegaud, Paris. The books to be published by this Press are by living authors, signed, numbered and limited editions privately printed. There are included in the list: A War Story, by Richard Aldington; and "Ten Poems More," by Robert Graves.

In spite of the fact that the market for first editions is somewhat on the low side, at the moment of writing, arising out of the past financial happenings in both America and England, there has been a good deal of business done in this direction, and quite a number of sales have taken place in the auction-rooms. Also many famous old and rare books have been sold. We noted that a copy of the first illustrated edition of Lamb's "Tales from Shakespeare" was disposed of for £220; Pepys's Memoirs, £165; Boswell's "Life of Johnson," £115; and Sterne's "Tristram Shandy," £100.

One of the best journals in America for collectors and booksellers is *The Bookseller and Collector*. It is really a weekly magazine for book and print sellers, collectors, librarians and learned societies. It is well edited, readable and informative.

An author to collect is Edmund Blunden. Probably readers of these notes are collecting him. His books,

many of them, are still procurable at reasonable prices, although they are all appreciating in value. None of them has yet reached a very high price, but some of them are costing a pound or so. We see, for instance, a little booklet of his called "Pastorals," published in 1916, is now being offered for £3. Only a little while since it could be bought for a few shillings. Mr. Blunden writes both distinctive poetry and prose; he recently became literary editor of *The Nation*.

Mr. A. E. Coppard's "My One Hundredth Tale" is on the Golden Cockerel Press Spring List. Mr. Coppard's books are fetching high prices these days. "My One Hundredth Tale" is limited to 750 copies.

"Galsworthiana," by Louis Henry Cohn, is a book for collectors. Only 500 copies have been printed for England and America. Messrs. Elkin Mathews & Marrot are the publishers. Captain Cohn has been a collector of Galsworthiana for a long time and is an authority on the subject. It makes an excellent companion volume to Mr. H. V. Marrot's bibliography of Mr. Galsworthy's works.

Two limited editions of Marlowe's "Edward the Second" have been made by the Aquila Press. The twenty-five guinea edition recently appeared. Only fifty copies were issued, printed on hand-made paper; the other edition—500—was issued at £2 12s. 6d.

The Trustees of the British Museum are appealing for £30,000. This is the balance of the amount needed to secure for the nation the famous "Luttrell Psalter" and the "Bedford Book of Hours." We hope, indeed, that in spite of the many appeals that are made for this and that these days, that this £30,000 will be speedily forthcoming, so that these precious things may not leave the country.

At a Sotheby sale a little while since, an excellent copy of the first issue of the first edition of Walt Whitman's "Leaves of Grass," dated 1855, was sold to Mr. Gabriel Wells, of New York, for £515. This first edition has the misprint "abode" on page 23. Other items of interest at this sale were Apperley's "Life of a Sportsman"—a book that is appreciating in value—£108; a first edition, in the original cloth, of "Jane Eyre," by Charlotte Brontë, £420; and Reade's "The Cloister and the Hearth," £265.

HERE ARE CATALOGUES.

Sometimes in our unwisdom, we think that at last we have come to the end of the catalogues quietly awaiting our verdict in the waiting-room outside the consulting-room. And there comes a gap in the mind of us. But there is never need to be dismayed; for almost before we have put the full-stop to our last paragraph, there arrives a fresh array of goodly lists. Since our notes last month, there has reached us a number of very excellent catalogues. All are worth careful reading and study.

Bernard Quaritch always provides us with extremely attractive catalogues. As far as we can remember,

their manner is as it was in the days of the famous Quaritch, whom we met on many occasions. The list before us is No. 431. There are a number valuable items in it covering Americana, Bibles, Bibliography, Early Printed Books, English History and Literature, Genealogy and Typography—and no end of other things. We feel, when we take up a catalogue, that we ought to review it in detail, just as we do an important book. Here, for instance, in the 431 Quaritch list, there is a crowd of most excellent entries, and in our enthusiasm, when we read it carefully at breakfast-time the other morning, we marked no end of them. Some of the books, in our desire to be honest, we confess we knew and know little of. But we would, with the right measure of fervour, stay for a few moments' thought over a delectable collection of the writings of the desirable Richard Jefferies. A fine set of twenty-three volumes. Price £25. To be had for the ordering. And a modest price, too. Then on the next page there is an entry over which we pondered with reverence; a copy of Keats's "Endymion." A scarce item—a precious and a valuable item, £750. There are many such things in this list. There are lots of others of more modest sort. The "Tragedies" of Swinburne for £5 5s.; Conrad's "Arrow of Gold," 25s.; "The Life and Typography of William Caxton," £16 16s.; Leslie Stephen's "Studies of a Biographer," four volumes, £3, and a heap of others. There is a presentation copy of "Kidnapped," by R. L. S. for £63, and also a very fine set of Surtees' "Handley Cross," in seventeen parts, for £650. Just as we were putting down this list we caught sight of an entry of "1914 and other Poems," by Rupert Brooke for, £8. Here is an instance of how an early effort at judging future values has been justified. We paid 3s. 6d. for our copy, a few years since. It will appreciate still more.



Engraved Frontispiece from Scarron's Comical Romance, London, 1676.
(Maggs.)

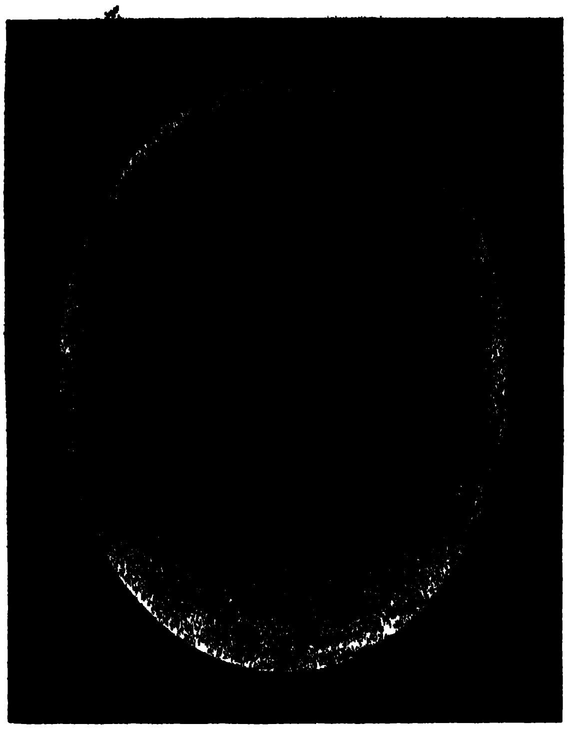
Part II of Maggs Bros.' Catalogue of Books devoted to English Literature and History from the fifteenth to the eighteenth century has just come to hand. It is a magnificent list, including a large number of most excellent full-page illustrations. It would take a very long time to deal adequately with this really valuable catalogue. It took us a long time to read through it, and not a moment was wasted, and not a second was uninteresting. There is included in this five hundred page list —No. 536—many splendid manuscripts, autograph letters and documents. Messrs. Maggs's catalogues have been reaching the writer for a number of years now, and we have wondered at times, how many thousands of pounds they must have spent upon their production. We must give a word of praise to the printers, the Courier Press, of Leamington Spa and London. How shall we start to comment upon the catalogue? We shall never be able to deal with it as we would wish. But here are a few things that will interest all of us. Our illustration is a reproduction of the engraved frontispiece in Paul Scarron's Comical Romance, published in London in 1676. The sub-title of the work reads "or a Facetious History of a Company of Strowling Stage-Players. Interwoven with Divers chosen Novels, Rare Adventures, and Amorous Intrigues." Our picture is a view of Old Smithfield market-place, and shows an open-air stage in the background, with strolling players entering an inn in the foreground. Among the manuscripts is a reasonably priced (£7 10s.) "Common Place Book," extending to over three hundred closely written pages, *circa* 1690; and a manuscript of Sir John Mandeville's Travels, written in the Monastery of Good Children at Liége in 1456, £250. There is a fine collection of John Milton's works, who is, wisely says the chronicler of the

catalogue, "After Shakespeare the greatest English Poet"; a copy for £42 of Ovid's "Metamorphosis"; Wycliffe's Translation of Saint Paul, £350; a superb collection of "Poems and Ballads"; a Rayleigh Document, appointing John Chudleigh captain of a ship for the intended voyage to South America in 1616, £350; a number of valuable Scottish items, and twenty-five pages of Shakespeare's works and Shakespeareana. We have been looking again at that remarkable list, Part II of Bibliotheca Nautica, being an alluring collection of books and prints and manuscripts relating to naval battles, pirates, buccaneers and privateers, shipwrecks and disasters at sea. Can anyone think of a list of more fascination than this No. 534 catalogue? One's mind goes a-rovering at the very title, and the re-reading of the titles just filled our mind with romance instead of work! We ought to mention here a third Maggs List (537) devoted to modern first editions.

From Messrs. Myers & Co., of 102, New Bond Street, W.1, comes another finely illustrated catalogue. Messrs. Myers have very kindly permitted us to reproduce a page from an illuminated manuscript, taken from the Psalterium Davidis cum Calendario (Item 257). It is a beautiful manuscript Psalter of French Dominican use, of about 1300. A highly interesting historical note is printed beneath the entry. The price of the MS. is £150. This valuable catalogue contains many rare books, manuscripts, autograph letters and historical documents. Among the titles are a number of extraordinarily interesting early printed books, and an exceptionally fine and perfect copy of the Third Folio Shakespeare. It is a tall copy, and in splendid preservation, and contains the rare dedication to the Earls of Pembroke and Montgomery. This is an extremely precious item, and the price is £4,500. Other books in this list include presentation copies of the first editions of Thomas Hardy's "The Dynasts," and Charles Reade's "Cloister and the Hearth." We hope to return to the catalogue next month.

We trust that as a result of these catalogue notes the interest in such publications will increase; for it is rare that one finds a list that is not interesting. Yesterday we were looking through four rather special catalogues—from J. & J. Leighton, Thomas Thorp, R. Fletcher, Ltd., and W. Heffer & Sons, Cambridge. All are good lists. The Heffer catalogue is of a general character, and includes the library of H. V. Macnaghten, sometime Vice-Provost of Eton. The Fletcher list is worth a second reading, and comprises rare books, editions-de-luxe, illustrated books and a number of interesting first editions, private press books, and sets of works by famous authors. There are no less than nine hundred entries in the Thorp catalogue of rare, valuable and important books, including a number of scarce editions: Barrie, Boccaccio, Dickens, Hardy, Kipling, and many Nonesuch Press volumes.

Messrs. J. & J. Leighton's No. 12 catalogue is a very argosy of good things—early and rare copies of all manner of books, most of them published between the fifteenth and eighteen centuries. The 1,140 items in



William Michael Rossetti.
An original portrait drawing in pencil by his brother, Dante Gabriel Rossetti (reduced)
From Catalogue No. 12, Books of Six Centuries (Leighton).

their list comprise an interesting selection of sixteenth, seventeenth and eighteenth century musical settings of psalms and songs and books about music, and, among other engravings a score of portraits, including an original drawing in pencil by D. G. Rossetti of his brother, W. M. Rossetti, which we reproduce on this page. Catalogue No. 13 from the same firm contains a further list of between six and seven hundred items selected from their large stock of books, mainly fifteenth to eighteenth centuries. All of the books have been carefully collated, and are considered as perfect and in good condition.

Other catalogues on our tables at the moment have been received from W. H. Smith & Son, Southport; J. W. Browne & Son, Rugby; Henry H. Bates, Salisbury, Gilbert Jamieson, Liverpool; J. D. Miller, Kilburn; J. Preston & Co., Clapham.

The (No. 282) catalogue of Messrs. James Rimell will repay attention. To begin with, there is the only known copy printed in colours of Thomas Malton's "Picturesque Tour through the Cities of London and Westminster" (1792 1800), with descriptive letterpress. This is in two volumes, and is priced, in the finest possible state, at £1,200. There is another copy with the hundred plates uncoloured at £125. There is an illuminated early fifteenth century manuscript Book of Hours (...0), some desirable first editions of Dickens, Ainsworth, Trollope; the first illustrated edition of Ben Jonson; a good 1816 edition of Ackermann's "Public Schools of England," with forty-eight aquatint plates (£95), and a large variety of other books ancient and modern. The illustrations in this catalogue—quaint old woodcuts, and from drawings and paintings, are excellently reproduced.

Messrs. Charles J. Sawyer's illustrated catalogue No. 95 offers a very interesting selection of seventeenth, eighteenth and nineteenth century travel, history and other books about America; and some early medical treatises, one in black letter. Another rare black letter is Tusser's famous "Five Hundred Points of Good Husbandrie" (£26), and another, Barclay's "Ship of Fooles" (£65). There are four beautifully illuminated fourteenth and fifteenth century manuscript books of hours, a page from one of which we reproduce. Other items to be noted are first editions of Godwin's "Political Justice" (£63), Blackstone's "Commentaries," that great legal classic (£90), Evelyn's "Sylva" (£15), a number of manuscripts and historical documents, and Jacobean and other early tracts. It is a catalogue that collectors should not miss.

Another attractive catalogue of first editions, rare books and manuscripts comes from Major Hartley Clark. It includes a first edition, first issue, of Boswell's "Johnson" in the 1791 two volumes, with the first edition, first issue, of the 1793 volume, for £250; a first edition of Gray's "Odes," printed by Walpole at his Strawberry Hill Press; first editions of Burns and Robert Ferguson, and (for £5 5s.) of Gay's "Trivia." A first edition of "Pickwick" for £28, of Browning's "Paracelsus" for £6 10s., of Meredith's "Modern Love" (Ellen Terry's copy) for £16 10s., of Trollope's "Orley Farm," for £6 10s., are a few other items that one is not likely to overlook, and among first editions of contemporary authors are books by Hardy, Galsworthy, Kipling, Coppard, Blunden, W. H. Davies, Robert Bridges, Conrad, George Moore, Mottram and Humbert Wolfe at moderate prices.

And you should write also for Messrs. Elkin Mathews's Catalogue of Modern First Editions (No 31), which



Hyde Park Corner.
Example of plate printed in colours (much reduced).
From "A Picturesque Tour Through the Cities of London and Westminster," by Thomas Malton.
From Catalogue No. 282 of Messrs. Rimell,

contains nearly two thousand items, and has an admirable introduction by Mr. Percy H. Muir, giving some useful "points" in modern first editions for the guidance of collectors.

POINTS FOR COLLECTORS.

The first edition collector of the present time is very discriminating, and the standard of knowledge required makes it necessary that information upon the subject of modern first edition collecting should be given freely.

The old order is changing, and the old "oyster" type of bookseller is dying out; the bookseller of to-day who is able to work his business for the benefit of his collector clientele, conforming with the spirit of the times, is getting the business.

I was speaking to a member of the book fraternity the other day—a bookmaker, let me explain, but not *my* bookmaker, of course! He voiced the old cry "that things are not what they were, owing to the good information given by the newspapers."

The number of his customers has increased, and although profits might be smaller, actually the amount of steady genuine business had increased. This applies to the more noble profession of book-selling also, and I would venture the opinion that there are in England to-day three times as many collectors of modern first editions as there were four years ago, and the book trade has benefited.

We English are characteristically conservative, and we believe that we should hold what we have, be it knowledge of books or the books themselves. With regard to books and our conservatism especially, it is quite obvious that our pride of possession has had many rude shocks owing to the mighty power of the dollar forcing us to sell to America our literary treasures. These may only be lent to that great country, for a well known American dealer recently said to me that in a few years' time we should be going over to U.S.A. to buy back our old English books.

Fortunately we are able to progress at the present time with the making of a new and well defined period in the history of English literature; assisted by the writings of living authors of to-day, and coupled with the fact that the English collector is really alive to the importance of the age in which he lives, we can, in regard to the immediate future of the modern first edition market, look forward with equanimity.

But in order to do justice to our English book-collectors, believing them to be the real backbone supporting the prestige of English literature, I believe in the policy that book-sellers should give real open-handed service to the genuine collectors of to-day. There are many professed book-collectors who are not worthy of the name, mere speculators or amateur dealers; they are the most astute information seekers, but they are quickly discovered by the alert bookseller, who can *then* be an oyster!

Buyers of modern first editions do wish to know that the first edition that they are buying is a copy of the first issue, if such exists. A conscientious book-seller will not, knowingly, sell them a "wrong 'un," but, like a tipster, he is not infallible!

The appearances of several modern books, which in their first editions are found to have omissions, alterations, etc., have created a need for definite information for the benefit of collectors and booksellers. Many "points" are hard to fix. The dropped "O" in "The Memoirs of a Fox-Hunting Man" is one, but whether the type shifted or not during the printing, the fact remains that the average collector prefers to possess a copy with the dropped letter.

Fortunately the practice of inserting several pages of publishers' advertisements of varying dates has gone out of fashion, but I would assume that the issue of Kipling's "Traffics and Discoveries" with the advertisement pages dated "35.8.'04" has priority over any other issue, the belief being that the misprint was discovered ere the whole edition was finished, and altered to "25.8.'04." I have found copies with other dates, and also undated, and without advertisements at all.

Presumably the average collector will always be satisfied to possess a copy of a first edition which seems to answer for itself the question, but a missing word, though actually missed later in the printing, is an acceptable point in favour of calling the book the first issue,

Before departing from the importance of points, may I express the hope that publishers will not become too lax with their proof readers, and allow them to discover *too many* misprints during the printings of first editions!

It will interest readers of THE BOOKMAN to know that the first edition of A. E. Coppard's recent masterpiece "Pink Furniture" has been issued in three different shades of binding to the first edition, namely pink, red, and creamy yellow. The issues are classified by me in that order. The first two issues have uncut bottom edges and the last has cut bottom edges. The first issue is undoubtedly going to be a rarity, and I have had to pay twenty shillings for a copy. There are minor alterations in the designs on the covers, but the cloth colourings are unmistakable.

Mr. Coppard told me that he knew "no more than a Mahatma in purgatory" of the difference, so—let it be known!

Mention of uncut edges leads me to remark upon the wrong belief many book lovers and collectors have that to cut the edges or to open the leaves is to destroy the value of a book. An uncut edge means that the edges of the leaves have been left rough, or untrimmed by the binder's guillotine. To open the leaves of an uncut book is *not* cutting the edges, and it still remains an "uncut edge." Many collectors persist in the practice of keeping their books with the leaves unopened, and have to struggle to read the volume. It is quite unnecessary and it does not make an atom of difference to the value, *but* the leaves should be opened with a paper knife and cut carefully! The unopened leaf is rather an annoyance, and an amusing incident occurred the other day in a book shop which I know well. A customer living some distance out of London had purchased an "unopened" book the day before, and came back with the volume, because he said that he could not read it in that state on a railway journey. An assistant was detailed to open the leaves for him!

Book collectors in England are showing a lively interest in many of the rising men of the time, and there is a good demand for the first editions of Aldous Huxley, T. F. Powys, H. E. Bates, Liam O'Flaherty, A. E. Coppard, R. H. Mottram, Hugh Walpole, and others. A brisk rise is apparent in the first editions of Eden Phillpotts's books, and a fine copy of "Children of the Mist" brought twelve pounds the other day in a London sale-room. I wonder how long it will be before the first editions of Maurice Hewlett, Rider Haggard, Conan Doyle, W. W. Jacobs, and some others of our rather neglected great men will be the rarities of the first edition market. No sounder advice could be given than that the firsts of these authors be collected at once.

GILBERT H. FABES.

THE FIRST EDITIONS OF HENRY WILLIAMSON.

There are very definite signs that the first editions of Henry Williamson will appreciate greatly in the future. He possesses all the attractive essentials of a collected author: he has exceptional merit (he has been praised by Hardy and Galsworthy), his early books are definitely rare in a fine condition, his limited editions are "limited" in the true sense, and he has never written anything that can be said to be inferior to the standard of an important author. There is no reason why every first edition of Williamson should not be read and appreciated by the collector. Williamson's output comprises a volume of nature essays, two volumes of short stories and five novels.

It is with these five novels that he definitely established himself as a writer who would eventually count.

"Tarka the Otter" is now recognised as a classic, but he has proved that he understands men as well as animals in his tetralogy "The Flax of Dream," which consists of "The Beautiful Years," "Dandelion Days," "The Dream of Fair Women" and "The Pathway." "The Beautiful Years" and "Dandelion Days" have been recently revised and republished.

Since it is doubtful if these novels ever entered a second edition in their original form their rarity and interest are great, and it is safe to say that they will be wanted not only by collectors but by those who wish to compare them with the author's maturer efforts.

The prices of Williamson's first editions are not yet set, and it would be rash to mention hard and fast figures.

The writer purchased a fine copy of "The Beautiful Years" about twelve months ago for 14s. A copy, to his knowledge, was recently purchased at £5, which is cheap to-day. Mr. Williamson kindly confirmed that the writer's set was complete a short time ago, and this list brings his publications up to date.

FIRST EDITIONS:

- "The Beautiful Years." 1921. (Collins.)
- "The Lone Swallows." 1922. (Collins.)
- "Dandelion Days." 1922. (Collins.)
- "The Peregrine's Saga."* 1923. (Collins.)
- "The Dream of Fair Women." 1924. (Collins.)
- "The Old Stag." 1926. (Putnams.)
- "Tarka the Otter." 1927. (Putnams.)
- "The Pathway." 1928. (Jonathan Cape.)
- Introduction to "A Soldier's Diary of the Great War." 1929. (Faber & Gwyer.)

REVISED EDITIONS:

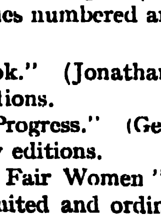
- "The Beautiful Years." 1929. (Faber & Faber.)
- "Dandelion Days." 1930. (Faber & Faber.)

LIMITED EDITIONS:

- "Tarka the Otter." 1927. (1) One hundred copies printed on hand-made paper in two colours and bound in vellum, numbered and signed. (Chiswick Press.) (2) 1,000 copies, unnumbered and unsigned, (Putnams.) (3) Ordinary crown-octavo edition. (Putnams.) Collectors have ignored edition No. 2 and have concentrated on edition No. 1, as the limited edition, and on edition No. 3, as the first ordinary edition.
- "The Wet Flanders Plain."† 1929. (The Beaumont Press.) Four hundred numbered copies of which Nos. 1 to 80 are signed by the author, artist and publisher.
- "The Ackymals." 1929. (The Windsor Press.) Two hundred and twenty-five numbered copies, signed.
- "The Beautiful Years." 1929. (Faber & Faber.) Two hundred copies numbered and signed.
- "The Linhay on the Downs." 1929. No. 12, The Woburn Books. (Elkin Mathews & Marrot.) Five hundred and thirty copies (of which only five hundred were for sale) numbered and initialed.
- "Dandelion Days." 1930. (Faber & Faber.) Two hundred copies numbered and signed.

FORTHCOMING:

- "The Village Book." (Jonathan Cape.) Limited and ordinary editions.
- "The Patriot's Progress." (Geoffrey Bles.) Limited and ordinary editions.
- "The Dream of Fair Women" (revised). (Faber & Faber.) Limited and ordinary editions.



Harraps are issuing Richard Jefferies's "The Gamekeeper at Home" with an introduction by Henry Williamson.

All books by Henry Williamson bear a woodcut of an owl with the initials H. W. on its body.

I. WAVENEY GIRVAN.

* In Collins's King's Way Classics the "Peregrine's Saga" has been reprinted with this note:

"Author's Note to King's Way Classic Edition

"'The Crowstarver' and 'Birds in London' replace a chapter called 'The Outlaw' which appears in the original edition.—H. W." "The Lone Swallows" has been partly reissued under the title "The Incoming of Summer" in Collins's "New World" series. "The Peregrine's Saga" was published in America under the title of "Sun Brothers."

† "The Wet Flanders Plain" has been reprinted in a cheaper edition by Faber & Faber.

The Bookman

"I am a Bookman."—*James Russell Lowell.*

No. 465. Vol. LXXVIII. JUNE, 1930. **Price One Shilling net.**

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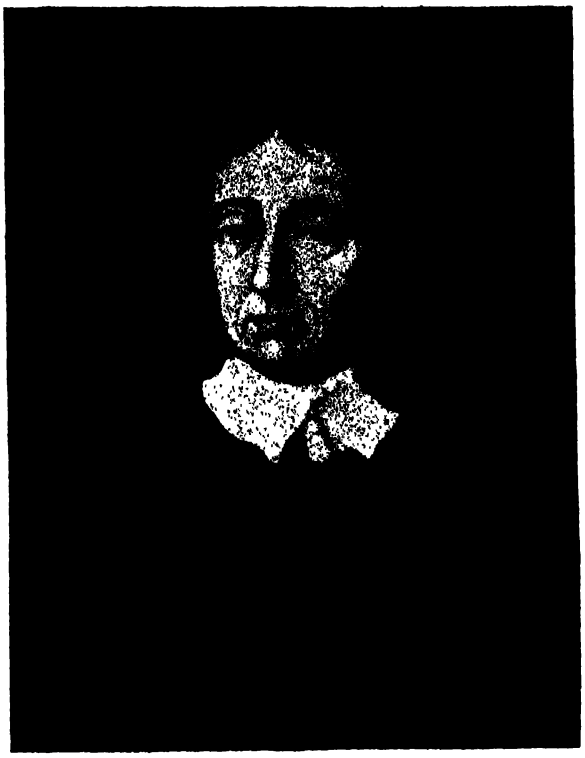
Registered at the G.P.O., London, for transmission to Canada and Newfoundland by Magazine Post.

Entered as Second Class Matter, March 15, 1929, at the Post Office at Boston, Mass., under the Act of March 3, 1879 (Sec. 397, P.L. and R.).

JOHN MILTON.

BY GEORGE SAINTSBURY.

FOR a man born in the nineteenth century and having had his life spread over a good portion of that and the twentieth to be resuscitated in the twenty-first would be, no doubt, in some respects a bore. Some folk, if one does not mistake, who have imagined things of the kind have thought it necessary or advisable to delete the revived one's memory. But one can imagine some not disagreeable pastime for a person of literary tastes and knowledge who had not been dememorised, in criticising the literature of the middle period. He would have the advantage of what may be called a double Pisgah sight, forwards and backwards; he would of course retain that knowledge of still earlier time without which all criticism is futile and real criticism impossible; and he would be, if not a very poor creature, almost entirely impartial.



John Milton.

From an engraving after the painting by Faithorne.

There would be of course much interest for him in the literary aspects of the present time: its curious and (begging pardon) surely rather semivirile mania for talking about "sex"; its amiable anxiety to assure itself and other people that it really *is* cleverer than its grandmother; its devotion to "psychology" in a sense somewhat different from what had been attached to the word previously; its almost invention—its certainly much increased use—of the Latin equivalent, "mentality"; its increased valuation of construction and technique, etc. etc. Such a student will, or at least would, find Mr. Tillyard's "Milton"[1] very interesting; and fortunately there is no need to wait for such a peculiar and perhaps unlikely *status* in order to find it so. It would indeed have been a very interesting though a very improbable book to have found at any time between the later seventeenth century and the earlier twentieth. Interesting because of its own merits; improbable because in former times (as its author seems to admit in a noteworthy passage) until quite recently people have not taken his point of view or busied themselves about much of his subject.

Of course neither standpoint nor subject can be wholly dissociated from the older battle-ground of Milton's poetic value and of his quality as a man. There are again of course, and fortunately, some who have been able to dissociate the last two from each other. They can appreciate the magnificence of the poetry from where the bare five words:

> "It was the winter wild,"

taken into conjunction with the known subject, warn you of what you are going to hear, to where the quieter and less musical but equally, or almost equally, magical

> "All is best, though we oft doubt"

dismisses you—for just what it all *is*. In the more chequered prose itself they can allow the not so very much less magnificent rhetoric of the greater passages, in spite of the childish rebelliousness throughout, the equally childish triumph over the supposed controversial victories, and even the malevolent vulgarity of the worser controversy itself. But it is not everybody who can do this, giving his full due to Milton the poet, for all what Mr. Tillyard truly and rather happily calls their "intense repugnance" to Milton the man. He himself, though he would seem not to feel any repugnance at all, has by no means set out to whitewash Milton. His object is to explain him. He thinks it "strange" that hitherto, or at best till within the last decade or so, critics have hardly concerned themselves with the "meaning" of "Paradise Lost," a this is what he busies himself with, after an investigation of the author's—should we say—mentality as exhibited in the earlier life and work. And in this he considers pretty fully what his few predecessors in this line (chiefly, though not wholly, American and

[1] "Milton." By E. M. W. Tillyard. 15s. (Chatto & Windus.)—[2]"Reference Guide to Milton, 1800–1928." By D. H. Stevens. 22s. 6d. (Chicago: University of Chicago Press.)

French) have thought and said about it. Of pure literary criticism there is but little in the book: though some flashes are interesting and some excellent translations of Milton's Latin verse and prose, which he most rightly holds to have been too frequently neglected, enrich the volume.

"Meaning" of course here means and is meant in a sort of secondary sense. To the ordinary use of the word one might object. "A less obscure writer than Milton does not exist." But what Mr. Tillyard means by meaning is a vast sort of Hinterland to which one might apply the terms "intention," "conscious and unconscious prompting thought," "beliefs underlying expression," and so forth. To deal with such things in a short review is of course impossible. But one or two points may be touched on. For instance it is clear that Mr. Tillyard is puzzled and even a little nettled by Milton's unhesitating acceptance—and use of it, even as a basis for argument and other things—of the creation of Eve from Adam's rib. But surely there is no need to discuss this? There were certainly atheists in the seventeenth century, whether they were "fools" or not is quite unnecessary to argue here. But it is doubtful whether there were any persons who had reached the idea of what we may call a Limited Liability God—a God who might do some things but must not do others. The acceptance of the rib need not in the least surprise us.

As another instance we may take Mr. Tillyard's repeated efforts to show that it is wrong to regard "Paradise Regained" (of which he quite rightly holds a higher view than some people) as a "continuation" of "Paradise Lost." He is even very severe on poor innocent Quaker Ellwood for having supported—if not originated—the notion that it is. Well, you know, though Ellwood may have exaggerated or invented his own part of the matter, "Found" is not such a bad version of "Regained" in the circumstances, and a perfectly accurate description of the plainer and more evident meaning of the poem.

We need say nothing of what Mr. Tillyard says of "Milton To-day" and the notion of some contemporaries that he is *not* contemporary enough. The necessity of contemporariness (see Matthew Arnold's famous preface of eighty years back) seems to be a recurrent fallacy. Recurrent fallacies have the virtue of mushrooms in that they disappear as they appear. They are sometimes too, like mushrooms, poisonous, but they are seldom so good to eat as mushrooms sometimes are, in the interval between appearance and disappearance.

It has so happened that one of the American scholars mentioned by Mr. Tillyard has completed, though not in time for Mr. Tillyard himself to mention it, a most laborious and useful bibliographic catalogue on the subject[2]—a list of nearly three thousand entries of books, articles, etc mostly though not invariably accompanied by brief summaries of their contents, or at least drift.

WITH ROBERTS TO HAGLEY PARK.

By Edmund Blunden.

AMONG the comforts of living in the twentieth century, one is that we have a very good view of Dr. Johnson; we are not confused by the romantic rage, not startled and exasperated by his harshness towards several forms of genius; we come to the man and all that he means with a happiness derived partly from his courage and partly from the completeness of his period. It is as Boswell said with his quotation from Horace: the whole of the old man's life lies before us. To recall another classical aphorism, it is soothing to be lying on the cliff watching the breeze giving the confident sailor something to think about. We are on the right side of the question. The giant cannot eat us. He will oblige us whenever we wish by devouring a few travellers who thought they had him. He devours Boswell so often that one realises the destined application of the couplet in "Hudibras":

> "Doubtless the pleasure is as great
> In being eaten as to eat."

And then, the pleasure of the Johnsonians has been so aptly voiced by those gentlemen. They are not cold, cautious idolaters. They wish to increase the gaiety of nations. Their papers are "familiar but not coarse, and elegant but not ostentatious." Of those flourishing at present, as Mr. Aleyn Lyell Reade is the most assiduous investigator, Mr. S. C. Roberts is the most pleasing reflector. Whether he is discoursing upon the style of Dr. Johnson, or on some aspect of the career and character, he is ever at home. He may (being on the right side of the case) affect to add new examples of the master clearing our minds of cant; this he does with fineness, and is suspected of being in communication with Boswell's ghost. Or he will linger over historical themes, piecing out their imperfections with scholarly aptitude, speculating with probability; as in his new volume he revisits with the reader the books of Johnson, and comments upon those who purchased some of them, in memory of their owner and proud to possess something that had contributed to that "vast and various collection of learning and knowledge, which was so arranged in his mind, as to be ever in readiness to be brought forth."

Yet, in a manner, I am even more gratified by a paper in Mr. Roberts's unassuming volume* that does not primarily treat of Johnson than by the rest. His "Eighteenth-Century Gentleman" is the first Lord Lyttelton, and it must be long since an essayist took much trouble with the life and writings of George, Lord Lyttelton. His "History of Henry the Second," though "elaborated by the searches and deliberations of twenty years," lies unopened; his "Dialogues of the Dead," though much less monumental, are in the same state. His poems, still briefer, are seldom regarded; there is an exquisite edition of 1801, printed by Charles Whittingham in his best style, and usually

* "An Eighteenth Century Gentleman, and Other Essays." By S. C. Roberts. 6s. (Cambridge University Press.)



Boswell Johnson Reynolds Garrick Burke General Paoli Charles Burney T. Warton Goldsmith

Dr. Johnson dining at Sir Joshua Reynolds's.

From a painting by James E. Doyle.

found in a rich binding, but it is hard to get beyond the print and the tortoiseshell calf. The monody for his wife is tender and graceful, a prologue or a song flows easily from his mind, but Lyttelton's verse is a thing of the past—

> " Ye shades of Hagley, where is now your boast ? "

The mention of Hagley holds the reason why, even at this date, Mr. Roberts commands our gratitude for his study of Lyttelton. We know what activity this man, and his kind, sustained for their country. With all their travels, their public services, their personal crises, they successfully balanced life. That was nothing, in their judgment. " He inherited," says Johnson of Lyttelton, " a baronet's title, with a large estate, which, though perhaps he did not augment, he was careful to adorn by a house of great elegance and expence, and by much attention to the decoration of his park." The England which we now, between us all, adore and degrade, treasure and desolate, was largely the unboastful work of such as Lyttelton, seeking individual serenity amid great labours, and, more, preparing it for the advancement of genius and personality in others. To Lyttelton, the poets were men of splendid advantage to the race, and Hagley was a means of ripening them like any nectarine—the " British Tempe." Thomson has recorded this with deep beauty in his " Seasons," and shown Lyttelton himself in a contemplation which combines experience with innocence as we strive to do in our time :

> " You sit beneath the shade
> Of solemn oaks, that tuft the swelling mounts
> Thrown graceful round by nature's careless hand,
> And pensive listen to the various voice
> Of rural peace : the herds, the flocks, the birds,
> The hollow-whisp'ring breeze, the plaint of rills,
> That, purling down amid the twisted roots
> Which creep around, their dewy murmurs shake
> On the sooth'd ear. From these abstracted, oft
> You wander through the philosophic world . . .
> And oft, conducted by historic truth,
> You tread the long extent of backward time,
> Planning, with warm benevolence of mind,
> And honest zeal, unwarp'd by party rage,
> Britannia's weal ; how from the venal gulf
> To raise her virtue, and her arts revive."

It is to be hoped that Mr. Roberts will recommend with his usual sweetness other eighteenth century gentlemen to these times.

FREDERICK THE LITTLE.*

By Alfred Tresidder Sheppard.

LESSING wrote once about " the bad example of the cynic on the throne," and Werner Hegemann, examining the claims of Frederick II to be regarded as a great king worthy of international ad-[illegible] tion, considers it a world tragedy that one of the [illegible] sup- obnoxious figures in history has so long been hel[illegible] up as a model for kingship. One lays down the boo[illegible] with the feeling that " Frederick the Little " might have

* " Frederick the Great." By Werner Hegemann. Illustrated. 18s. (Constable.)

been an apter title. Two of the four illustrations reproduce the famous death-mask, and even these are an idealised touching-up of the original. It is difficult not to think of Thackeray's devastating essay on George IV: "I try and take him to pieces, and find silk stockings, padding, stays, a coat with frogs and a fur collar, a star and blue ribbon, a pocket handkerchief prodigiously scented, one of Truefitt's best nutty brown wigs reeking with oil, a set of teeth and a huge black stock, under-waistcoats, more under-waistcoats, and then nothing." Herr Hegemann takes to pieces more scientifically the "highly interesting, lean little old man" whom most of us met first on the terraces of Sans Souci and the country roads round Potsdam, in the opening chapter of Carlyle's panegyric. The battered old cocked hat, the blue and red coat smeared with snuff, the high boots, the wig, are stripped off; the man beneath the clothes is pitilessly dissected—and there seems nothing left of Carlyle's hero *but* the death-mask, which itself flatters and hides the truth.

The author has chosen a new method, or one almost new—for "Conversations in Ebury Street" crosses the mind. Here are six conversations in Naples, shortly before the War; Manfred Ellis, a critic of American and Austrian birth, attacks the tradition of greatness; "the cynic on the throne" has a cynic to defend him in Herr Hegemann, who plays devil's advocate; among others who intervene are Georg Brandes, Thomas Mann and—to one's amazement, but no doubt because of his brilliant essay on Frederick in "Books and Characters"—Mr. Lytton Strachey. Everywhere the king is tested and found wanting. Of the subjects in which he dabbled and lay down the law he knew nothing, or next to it. He is found ignorant of natural sciences, history, astronomy, geography, mathematics, mechanics, geometry. On his own admission he spoke German like a coachman; he did not even know French well, and a third-form schoolboy would have laughed at his Latin. His verses were atrocious, his musical taste and abilities mediocre. He was contemptuous of Shakespeare, and called Goethe "a writer of loathsome platitudes"; he asked himself what greater service he could have rendered to German literature than neither to read nor heed it. An historian is refused permission to go to Holland when writing a history of the Dutch Republic—he can write it at home without running about. A scientist is rebuked for asking for information about rare fish; the same species are everywhere, of course, except in one place where there's a fish called—"whatever the name is." His services to education are illustrated by the appointment as teachers, at incredibly low salaries, of disabled soldiers unable to read or write. His famous Snuff Parliaments, in the little yellow room decorated with painted birds and flowers at Sans Souci, were tedious, gluttonous, blasphemous and dull; professing to allow freedom of speech, he silenced disagreement with a "Hold your tongue!" or "Off to Spandau!" He thrashed soldiers; he even thrashed artists; he ignored law. His diplomacy in supporting France and Russia against German Austria was unpatriotic, short-sighted and dangerous. Even great military capacity is denied him; the Prussian glasses of Ranke and Treitschke have magnified him out of all reason. As for Nietzsche's "addle-pated Carlyle" and his prostration before his hero, Manfred Ellis says that "nearly every page seems to betray the learned old maid who would like to join in the game but has not the bigness of heart for it."

Now and then this very brilliant and scholarly book stings one into faint protest. It is almost too ruthless. A boy forbidden to learn Latin, forbidden to indulge his taste for music, may at least be allowed a little charity. He was made familiar with brutality from childhood; he was nauseated with a mock piety; he was driven into an unwelcome marriage. As Lytton Strachey has pointed out, his French preferences were "merely an extreme instance of a universal fact" among men of rank in his day. I have ventured to say before in these columns that, in my opinion, Carlyle is often unreliable; perhaps Mr. Stirling Taylor is not far from the truth when he says (in a recent *Fortnightly Review* article on "The New History") that Carlyle's critical judgment of the facts he laboriously collected was rather below the level of the cave-man for gullible innocency. But it must be remembered that time has brought many things out of hiding since Carlyle wrote, and time is no hero worshipper. In a winter not long before the War, when collecting information for my first novel, I visited many of the localities described by Carlyle, with his "Frederick the Great" in hand. I stood on the terraces at Sans Souci; entered the little room where Frederick died at an hour still recorded by the clock which stopped at the moment of his death; saw in the garrison church the marble sarcophagus which covers his dust. In Berlin I watched the gigantic Prussian Guards march past another Hohenzollern—Emperor as well as King. Time, in a few brief years, had written its "*Sic Transit.*"

In the eternities of which Carlyle so often poured out his rhetoric, who is great, who small? An English contemporary of Frederick the Great—or Little—wrote of his "motley composition" of barbarity and humanity. May we not at least leave the humanity in the final verdict, however much we take away?

THE APES.

By Eden Phillpotts. 6s. (Faber & Faber.)

It was an eventful day in the Great Simian Age when there took place the meeting of the Big Seven of the Anthropoid Parliament, of whose proceedings Mr. Phillpotts gives this faithful record. There are so many similarities between simian and human procedure that the report is full of instruction for the present age of enlightenment. Each of the Seven had to prove his merit by a statesmanlike utterance before an audience comprising every branch of the simian world, and it was an accepted understanding that any speaker who incurred the displeasure of the assembly should be instantly clubbed. Intrepid radicals were in imminent peril, but some were saved by being taken for unintentional jesters. The one who went too far actually hinted that evolution would produce something higher even than the simian. He was rescued from death only by the miraculous appearance of a *homo sapiens* projected backwards by relativity. Mr. Phillpotts has winged his satire with a pleasant humour that does not however blunt its incisiveness. One of his morals is that if you want to keep a whole skin you must not think too far ahead of your contemporaries.

RELIGION AND WAR.

By St. John Adcock.

THE famous fifteenth and sixteenth chapters of Gibbon's "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire" have been printed as a separate volume in the Thinker's Library series under the rather misleading title of "Gibbon on Christianity."* It is customary to talk loosely of the irony with which Gibbon wrote ot the Christian faith; but the fact is he was not concerned with Christianity; his aim was to study and write an account of the beginnings and progress of the Christian Churches; which is quite another story. As the Right Hon. J. M. Robertson says in an introduction, Gibbon made "the first systematic and scholarly attempt to present in historical narrative the rise of organised Christianity as a natural and not a supernatural process." If it was ever claimed that there was anything supernatural in the mere organisation of the Churches, essential Christianity is not responsible for that, but the men who organised it. Gibbon says truthfully that "even admitting, without hesitation or inquiry, all that history has recorded, or devotion has feigned, on the subject of martyrdoms, it must still be acknowledged that the Christians, in the course of their intestine dissensions, have inflicted far greater severities on each other than they had experienced from the zeal of infidels." But this charge does not lie at the door of all Christians, and the truth remains true even when it is superficially discredited by the errors and stupidities of some who profess to advocate it. I have frequently urged that in their own way, in their ridicule of Christian beliefs and their general cocksureness, the Rationalists are as narrow and bigoted as are the members of the smallest, narrowest and most absurdly bigoted of religious sects, but this is only a reflection on certain Rationalists and not on Rationalism as a reasonable attitude toward a legitimate subject for inquiry. Even the Rationalists do not and cannot know enough to be in a position to despise any way of thought that differs from their own.

Mr. H. L. Mencken takes up this same subject in his "Treatise on the Gods,"† and whatever Mr. Mencken writes, he is stimulating, he is provocative, and when he does not convince you he exasperates you into brushing the dust off your opinions and holding on to them harder than ever. However perverse some of his views may seem, he propounds them with such wit and humour that they are never less than entertaining. He is an independent thinker and goes his own way, and it is interesting to watch him going it, even if you are not persuaded to go with him.

* 1s. (Watts.)
† 10s. 6d. (Knopf.)



Mr. Henry Williamson,
author of The Patriot's Progress (Geoffrey Bles).

In this "Treatise," his chapter headings intimate that he is studying the Nature and Origin of Religion; its Evolution; its Varieties; its Christian form; and its State To-day. But in fact he entangles himself in systems, in symbolisms that Christian Churches have taken over from the ancient gods, and he never gets through to religion at all; he is really only busy over its outward manifestations in ritual, ceremony, dogmas and practical organisation. The spirit of the thing curiously evades him. He makes too much of such matters as that "the common people have always rejoiced over a show of piety in their rulers"; that in the United States it seems felt that the President "ought to be a member of some Church or other," and so on; all which of course has nothing to do with actual religion. He castigates priests and parsons very thoroughly, and says "their prayers have always gone up for kings not for rebels and reformers." He should read the history of Wat Tyler, of how John Ball and other devoted priests, who marched with him and his poverty-stricken rebels, prayed on Blackheath for them before they stormed London, and were hanged with the rank and file when the king went out for vengeance. There have been priests and parsons who have fought for the underdog and rebelled with him all down the ages. I hold no brief for parson or priest, but we may as well do our tar-and-feathering with some discrimination. In any case this too is beside the point.

Mr. Mencken's survey of primitive ideas about the gods, and primitive forms of worship, cover well trodden ground, and cover it ably, forcefully, interestingly; but here still he is busy with formulæ, with the trickeries of priests, with the flaws not in religion itself but in its organisation and organisers. If you wipe out all the details that trouble him, religion still remains. As an example of his rash statements, he announces that happily in the eighteenth century scepticism spread everywhere and the human race improved—"at no time in its history before or since has it ever lived more delightfully or been, in any true sense, more civilised." Defoe's and Fielding's novels do not support that, nor Hogarth's pictures, nor the records of the Georgian Courts, nor the Newgate Calendar. Coming down to date, Mr. Mencken declares that "one seldom discovers a true believer who is worth knowing," and suggests that nearly all intelligent persons now are atheists; but the proof he offers of this is very superficial. I wish he had worried less about the hypocrisies of those supposed to be religious and told us something about religion itself. To judge it by its outward show is like judging

a book by its binding. Moreover if he and I have had no spiritual experiences, it is amusingly arrogant in us to take it for granted that nobody else can have had any; even if we conclude that he and I have no souls, we are not justified in assuming that every human being is similarly deficient. None of us knows everything; Herbert Spencer, who was not a religious man, owned in his search for truth that when science had probed to the utmost and discovered all it could, it was brought up at last against an impenetrable mystery. To lapse, in face of that impenetrable mystery, into extravagances of fanaticism, atheistic or other, certainly does not denote that one has exercised more intelligence than usual.

Mr. Mencken, no less than Gibbon, is justified of his attacks not on authentic Christianity, but on its machinery, and on the conduct of some who run the machine; and divers modern developments, including the recent War, give a sort of plausibility to his argument. It was sad enough in the Middle Ages that Pope Urban should have summoned "the fighting men of Christendom to take up arms, not in any earthly quarrel, but to march into Asia to recapture the sepulchre of Christ. It would be a pilgrimage, and it would also be a war." Mr. Harold Lamb tells the story of that holy war, and of later wars with the same object, in his ably written, intensely interesting account of "The Crusades: Iron Men and Saints"*—he tells of them and all the futile slaughter, misery, robbery and wrong those long-drawn campaigns involved, significantly dedicating his book to "the uncounted thousands who died in the Crusades." Obviously no man can at once accept the teachings of Christ and go on the war-path or encourage others to go. A religious war is a contradiction in terms; there never has been and never can be such a thing. The Crusades belong to the Middle Ages, and since then we are supposed to have become more humane, more enlightened, yet we have just left another, more heathenish and far more devastating war not many years behind us.

All things considered then, I am immensely taken with Brigadier-General Crozier's attitude toward both war and organised Christianity in "A Brass Hat in No Man's Land."† I began by disliking him for the crudely candid confessions of his own brutality, but I came to see that he is absolutely right, that he took a perfectly common-sense view of the situation, and could nevertheless be so humane when circumstances allowed that he wins your admiration; and to confute some of his assertions by reconciling Christianity with war is more than I am able to do. When he was busy in 1915 training soldiers for the new armies, General Crozier says:

> "I, for my part, do what I can to alter completely the outlook, bearing and mentality of over a thousand men in as short a time as possible—for blood-lust is taught for purposes of war in bayonet-fighting itself and by doping the minds of all with propagandic poison."

This propaganda, stories of German atrocities, "many of which I doubt in secret" . . . "all help to bring out the brute-like bestiality which is so necessary for victory." Bands, the pipes, marching songs are also of value in making the young soldier "see red," and the General adds: "The Christian Churches are the finest blood-lust creators which we have, and of them we made free use." He hoped that when the men he was training were sent to France they "will not only regard death, gashing and gaping wounds, gas-destroyed organs . . . as mere nothings, but they will be able to joke lightly among themselves in these matters, fortified by the fact that they are giving more gashes, ripping up more bodies and causing more suffering generally than the other side." "War," he tells you, "is a dirtier game than is generally known," and "He who hopes to wage war without wine and women is living in a fool's paradise." He believes in the necessity of shooting the man who shows cowardice in face of the enemy, and thinks those who object to it should take the higher aim and work for the abolition of war. "The record of beer and the Bible in the War leaves me stone cold. Both sides suffered from alcoholic debauchery, while both used the Bible as propaganda for hate." War he calls "the last resource of fools," and hopes "the Press of the world will throw its weight into the scales for permanent peace as readily and efficiently as it did for the purposes of war."

This is a very remarkable book. Its absolute honesty takes hold upon you. General Crozier admits that, for the purposes of his profession, he was a brute and did his best to brutalise his men, because it is impossible to win war otherwise. And his severe reproof of the Churches is I think unanswerable. When men go to war they have ceased to be Christians, and to send padres out with them is a terrible inconsistency. When, going through France and Belgium in the autumn of 1916, I was talking with a soldier at Poperinghe, he complained, as many had done, that there were far too many "sky pilots" messing about at the base, and he was glad to get away from them. "They're no good to us out here," he said. "If they want to come and encourage us to kill our enemies instead of forgiving them, they'd better make a start by wiping the Ten Commandments off the walls of the churches, for if it isn't murder we're doing nobody has ever done any."

Here are eight more war books that are all worth reading. The most reticent, like the most outspoken of them, show war as the filthiest, cruellest, most completely ungodly enterprise on which human creatures can enter. There are mitigations in the fine sense of brotherhood it fosters among men menaced by a common danger; in the chivalry, kindness, self-sacrifice they practise when occasion serves; but even this does not atone for its degrading and demoralising influences. It is a relief among so much misery to read "The Good Soldier Schweik,"* which has little concern except with the humours of the whole horrible business. Schweik is a great character; a Czech soldier with the "Old Bill" sense of fun, he meets misfortunes with unfailing cheerfulness, hides his artfulness under an appearance of almost idiotic simplicity, and is fertile in dodges that save him from ever being sent to the front. But there is a deal of sly satire in his pictures of life among the officers, and of the general drunkenness and indiscipline of the Austrian armies. Schweik laughs while Austria

* 10s. 6d. (Thornton Butterworth.)
† 7s. 6d. (Jonathan Cape.)

* By Jaroslav Hosek. 10s. 6d. (Heinemann.)

crumbles, and he forces you to laugh with him in spite of the horrors that environ his merriment.

There is bitter philosophy enough in "Four Infantrymen on the Western Front,"* the four being Germans. Of all animals, protests one of the four, an ex-student, "man alone is deliberately, refinedly cruel. . . . He runs societies for the prevention of cruelty to animals—and for men, he makes war with flame-throwers; then after battle he will go and offer up prayers of thanksgiving." There will never be an end to wars, one of the four insists, "so long as the people who cook them up can stay behind well out of the range of the guns." They denounce the Christian Church for tolerating murder. "Woe unto thee," mimics Job, "thou Christian Church, for thou hast given thy blessing even to this greatest of shindies. But wait now, wait, I say; these millions of shells are even now singing thy dirge. All things have an end." I am afraid that is a feeling many soldiers of all armies brought home with them.

"The Battle of Brains"† is a series of capital tales of what was done by the "Intelligence" branches during the War. "Merry Hell"‡ is the story of a Dane who joined up and fought in the Canadian contingent, and gives an excellently vivid account of the training of the troops and their experiences at the front. "Secret War"§ is a thrilling, exciting record of the American secret service before and throughout the War. In "Haunting Years"|| you have the unvarnished narrative of a Territorial who joined the Black Watch. Mr. Andrews was a journalist and is now editor of the *Leeds Mercury* He discounts the reports of excessive immorality among the soldiers; he speaks well of the Germans, and denies that there was much in the way of killing prisoners. He writes well and temperately, but does not present war as romantic or as anything but inhuman. At the close he remarks that if anyone began to say the War "was a great landmark of world progress we should begin to think how, for four years, it crucified a great part of mankind, and we should be confronted with the almost intolerable thought of the twenty million soldiers, sailors and civilians who perished in it."

* By Ernst Johannsen. 5s. (Methuen.)
† By Ferdinand Tuohy. 7s. 6d. (Heinemann.)
‡ By Thomas Dineson, V.C. 7s. 6d. (Jarrolds)
§ By Thomas M. Johnson. 10s. 6d. (Jarrolds.)
|| By W. L. Andrews. 7s. 6d. (Hutchinson.)



Muhummad the Conqueror.
From the painting by Benjamin Constant
Copyrighted by Braun & Cie, New York and Paris.
From "The Crusades," by Harold Lamb (Thornton Butterworth).

There is the same temperate style of narrating events, even the most pitiful and horrible, in Mr. R. H. Kiernan's "Little Brother Goes Soldiering,"* and its very quietness gives it extraordinary power. Many of its graphic little sketches haunt your memory. I can say with Mr. Stephen Gwynne, in his admirable introduction, "for a piece of swift narrative, incisive without brutality, and admirably free from the least touch of emphasis or exaggeration, I commend this with confidence."

Mr. Henry Williamson takes an average man for his hero†—"John Bullock, a youth beloved by his parents, was a clerk in the City of London," and enlisted in Kitchener's Army. His life in training camp, and out in France and Flanders, is unrolled before you with a stark black-and-white realism; all the dreary, exhausting marches, the fear that has to be conquered under shell-fire, the wallowing in the mud and blood and stench and horrors of the trenches, the wholesale slaughter, the hideous mangling and agonies of the wounded—the whole thing is as simply, grimly and plainly told in Mr. Williamson's terse, vigorous prose as in Mr. Kermode's numerous lino-cuts, both prose and pictures seeming to have absorbed into their very style something of the harsh and sombre qualities of the War itself. There are touches of bitter irony and unforced pathos; "The Patriot's Progress" reads like a matter-of-fact record of an ordinary clerk who went through all that was endured by thousands of citizen-soldiers, and came home minus a leg. This is one of the strongest and most impressive books the War has inspired.

Reading these war books, after reading many others, I come back to sharing General Crozier's conviction that Christianity can have no possible place in war. While each country retains a merely national Christianity and, on the outbreak of war, assumes that God will fight for it, as their tribal gods fought for the heathen of old, there is not much hope for the future. When Christianity is, as it should be, international, and, recognising that there is only one God of all the universe, joins hands the world over to set itself against any war that is threatened, we may have peace in our time, but not till then—unless the League of Nations, a secular body, succeeds where the Churches so far have failed.

* 4s. 6d. (Constable.) † By Henry Williamson. With lino-cuts by William Kermode. 10s. 6d. (Geoffrey Bles.)

POETS LAUREATE.

By Wallace B. Nichols.

ROBERT BRIDGES.

A DISTINGUISHED English composer has laid it down that his countrymen should refrain from the writing of rhapsodies, the rhapsodic note being foreign in his opinion to the English temperament. That may be true of our musicians, but it is not, I think, equally true of our poets: I remember, as I write, Spenser's "Epithalamium" and Shelley's "Epipsychidion." But indeed there are two types of the poetic rhapsody—the poem of ecstasy and the poem of joy. It is not necessary to compose in a white-hot frenzy to produce a true rhapsody; but it is necessary to work in a golden glow; and it is as the poet of joy that I claim Robert Bridges for a rhapsodist. Other poets have written in a more serene spirit than he, but few, I feel, in a spirit of more inward content, and in that lies the principal difference between himself and Wordsworth. Wordsworth tore a serenity out of Nature—a serenity not always there; while Robert Bridges abstracted an inward joy out of life—a joy likewise not always there. The result was the production in Wordsworth of a rugged grandeur, in Robert Bridges of a limpid aloofness.

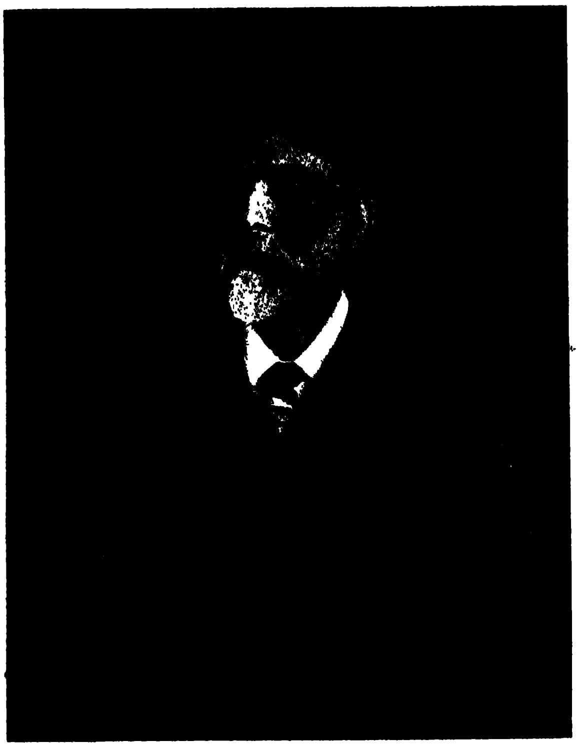


Photo by Lafayette. **Dr. Robert Bridges.**

The themes upon which a poet spends his endeavour are conditioned less by his theories of the art which he practises than by his own temperament. If the treatment betrays, for good or ill, the sincerity of the workman, the theme shows the man. It has been so with all poets of the true faculty, pre-eminently so with such dissimilar poets as Milton and Burns; and it was not possible for Robert Bridges to escape that self-revelation. It is clear that his preoccupations as a poet were principally two: with technique, and then with life seen from a hill-side in summer as against life met in all weathers in the street. He was not gifted in the painting of mankind, but rather in the brooding upon it; and while he was thus provided with a limitation, he was at the same time endowed with an individual strength, for the quality of that brooding—though few suspected it until "The Testament of Beauty" was published—was, at least as far as his contemporaries were concerned, incomparably inspired.

Nevertheless there is about the poetry of Robert Bridges, even about "The Testament of Beauty" itself, an air of academic aloofness that served him ill, especially as a laureate, with the larger public; it may continue to serve him ill with posterity—in the way that a similar characteristic has served Milton and Matthew Arnold in contrast with Shakespeare, for instance, and Browning. It is the direct painters of life who secure, no doubt deservedly, the greater audience, from Homer and Euripides downwards, even if the "fit though few" will always sufficiently console and reward the poets of perhaps purer, though smaller, compass from Pindar to Robert Bridges himself. One misses in the late laureate's equipment the fullness of life; one meets only with the contemplation of life. Moreover it is not the tumultuous contemplation that informs and inspires the work of the greatest artists, the Beethovens, the Michelangelos, the Dantes and the Goethes; it is the contemplation of the scholar and of the man of inward content. He did not wrestle, as Jacob, with the angel; the angel instead took him by the hand.

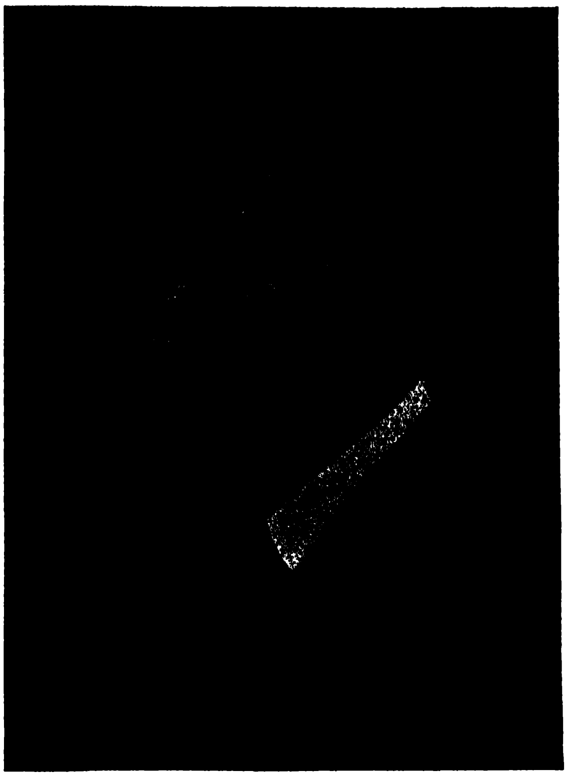
But what he lost in strength and magnificence he gained in exquisiteness and balance of beauty.

II.

No poet in English ever possessed a more delicate ear than Robert Bridges; he could, as it were, split semitones into intimate values of new sound. His capacity for the smoothing of cadences and for the resolution of syllables—mainly, I think, owing to his almost unique understanding of quantity as a constituent of English versification—was astonishing, and if the much vaunted musical power of Swinburne is more apparent to the unsophisticated in metre, it is inestimably the less learnedly based, the less prosodically scientific, the less subtle and varied. Robert Bridges had nothing of Swinburne's flame-like rush or harmonic sweep—for Swinburne was more a harmonist than a melodist—or his resonance of vocables, and the verse of Bridges was infinitely more illusive in its music, but—perhaps owing to that very illusiveness—it was more truly melodic because less monotonous in both beat and resolution of tone. Once the ear has caught the Swinburnian tune, the next cadence is rarely a surprise; but in the work of Robert Bridges, except in the poems written in the iambic pentameter, nearly every cadence is a surprise. Technically considered, that was probably his greatest triumph, the continual surprise to the listening ear in his lyrical cadences. But in the iambic pentameter, that is to say in his blank verse and sonnets, he was scarcely as successful because not so original in movement; he did not seem entirely at home in the iambic pentameter, and his work in that medium has curious rhythmic echoes, occasionally of Milton, here and there of Keats, at times too of Gray, even when

in colour he yet remains entirely distinctive and personal.

But it is as a lyrist that he showed the full purity of his originality, and that in spite of the fact that so many of his songs have a native air of Elizabethanism. Many of them indeed might have found, by natural affinity, a place in any of the song-books of that prolific period of delicate lyric fantasy—the period before the Jacobean hardening came to add to English poetry the first touch of spiritual disillusion, a touch not escaped by Shakespeare, whose Jacobean work is at all points deeper than his Elizabethan. The real Elizabethan lyric was not remarkable for its emotional base; the Romantic School had not yet come to acquaint the world with the introspective kinship of poets with mountains, seas, sunsets and dawns. But it possessed instead a limpidity, both rhythmic and thematic, that has never been equalled. England was young then, and her air full of adventurous savour. But while the lyric poetry of Robert Bridges blossomed, as it were, on the Elizabethan stem, it had a new colour, a new surcharge of power, and Elizabethan in its manner as it may have been, was only deceptively so in its final effect, which is of no period unless beauty itself may be said to have a period. And in certain respects he was as little modern as Elizabethan. It was only his metrical experiments that kept him really modern, and it is impossible to label him as a true Georgian. His presence in Mr. Harold Munro's recent anthology only emphasised his independence by the contrast of his consummate yet adventuring technique with the sprawling "humdrum and harum-scarum" (to use his own expression) of so much of what else is there.



Portrait by Foulsham & Banfield. **Mr. John Masefield.**

III.

He attempted as well both the dramatic and the narrative poem, but in neither did he achieve any complete success; there is something too cold, too willed about his plays, and about the pseudo-epic "Eros and Psyche" in particular. He wrote too much from the mere literary standpoint and too little from within his subject-matter; the poetic dramatist must place for the nonce his stage technique above his verse technique, and the narrative poet must be overwhelmed by the cumulative force of his story. In none of his plays, and certainly not in "Eros and Psyche," did Robert Bridges fulfil the fundamental demands of the art either of drama or of tale-telling. Passages of great beauty, it is needless to say, are not lacking, but where they occur they seem rather to be embroideries upon the theme than gushings from the theme's central fountain; also where he is most beautiful he is most Greek—which is to say, more imitative and less himself. It is inevitable that the reader, and the critic too, should pass almost at once, and without deviation into the by-paths of his other work, from his perfect and original lyrics to the crown of his achievement, "The Testament of Beauty."

This poem is the fruit of a long life of inspired brooding upon our mortal lot and the meaning of life. No deeper, no vaster, no more poetic subject is possible to any poet, and the greater poets of the world are finally judged by their success or failure in giving, not an answer to the eternal problem—that is the goal of the philosopher proper, not of the poet—but a statement of it in such terms of beauty that his vision of the truth enlarges the spiritual experience of mankind. To do this is not to be didactic; it is only to have ascended Sinai—and no artist need be ashamed of that!

An exposition of such a poem is impossible in these brief limits. It should be read itself, not once, nor even twice. Robert Bridges had something to pass on to his generation, a vision of the truth, and he revealed it in terms of unimpeachable beauty. Nor must the form of "The Testament of Beauty" go unremarked and unpraised. In a new measure of incomparable malleability he showed a supreme mastery of rhythm. Much has been written concerning it, often by those who betray a complete unfitness for the task. The secret of the success of what he himself called his "loose alexandrines" lies, I think personally, in the fact that the metre is evolutionary rather than revolutionary, that the experiment is based upon a previous and triumphant experiment by the "mighty-mouthed inventor of harmonies." And here I should like to let Robert Bridges speak for himself: "In the art of English verse my own work has led me to think that there is a wide field for exploration in the metrical prosody, and that in carrying on Milton's inventions in the syllabic verse there is better hope of successful progress than in the technique of free verse as I understand it."

That advice is his technical legacy to those of us who come after him, and we lost by his death something more than an official chieftain. Poetry itself had been newly dignified by his practice of it.

JOHN MASEFIELD.

The appointment of Mr. John Masefield to the laureateship is provocative immediately of a discussion upon the nature of poetic beauty, and we are faced with the question as to how far beauty, in the art of poetry, can be homespun as against cloth of gold. In the older

view upon poetry, a great mass of Mr. Masefield's work would have been said to possess only secondary beauty and not the full, authentic splendour of the Muse. I can imagine Vida and Boileau denying to "Dauber" and "The Everlasting Mercy" any specifically poetic beauty at all; I can imagine even Longinus and Quintilian being somewhat of the same opinion; but not entirely Aristotle, who would have had, I venture to believe, a few reservations in Mr. Masefield's favour; and certainly Euripides would have hastened to clasp hands with the new laureate. But the whole question of what is and what is not poetry has changed front, and that chiefly through two literary revolutions: the revolution called the Romantic School, and a revolution of later date which Mr. Masefield himself, consciously or unconsciously, has partly led—one which might be termed the Unromantic School. Even the classicists were not as non-romantic—in the literary sense—as the modern realists who, strangely enough, may be said to have grown out of the Romantic Movement, though their inheritance is complicated by the fact that they are also, in some sort, in reaction from the Parnassians and the Symbolists.

Still, be that as it may, the realism, the direct painting of the outwardly ugly, if inwardly dramatic—and therefore surely material for a poem—is modern to the extent that it has turned Apollo and the Muses from an aristocracy into a democracy. This, in that it has enlarged the audience for poetry, since it has given to the poet's net a wider sweep, has been wholly to the good, wholly evolutionary. A theme which to a classical poet would have seemed unworthy of attention seems to a modern poet worthy of his utmost endeavour. Nevertheless it cannot too often be affirmed that the enlargement of the scope of poetry to include, in Mr. Masefield's own words, "the dirt and the dross, the dust and scum of the earth," depends for its æsthetic success not on its theory but solely on the individual powers of the poet who seeks to put that theory into practice, and we are once more—as in art always—face to face with the old and fundamental problem of technique.

To many, especially to the young, self-confident critic fresh from the universities, the perfection of a writer's technique lies in its scrupulous freedom from verbal fault; but to the more experienced critic good technique lies principally in its power to hold an audience *selon*; as Napoleon said of another art, *les règles*. To the first type of critic the greatest writers of the world must seem rather astonishingly unsatisfactory—until he grows older and understands more of life, for it is only a true knowledge of life that can give a true knowledge of the greatest art. That is why the dilletante is so often a brilliant critic, but rarely a true one. Brilliance needs no experience, while truth does.

The technique of Mr. Masefield has been called in question by one critic after another. It is, of course, easy to show that his verse, as verse, may not always be classically flawless. Nevertheless it is constantly vivid, and vividness in poetry is no secondary virtue; and it is constantly human, that is to say, neither academically moribund nor preciously anæmic, and humanity in poetry is no secondary virtue either. If poetry is to exercise its proper function among the people of the world it must be human first and æsthetic after; and it is a blessed truth that in the case of the greatest and most authentic poets, the æsthetics and the humanity are found in equal proportion. If a poet's technique enables him to say what is clamouring in his soul to be said, and to say it in such a way that it evokes a real response in the fit reader, then his method is right for *him*, no matter how wrong it may be for some other poet—or for some critic of poets—with a different instinct towards expression, and I consider that no critic has a right to pillory any poet's lack of some other poet's verbal acrobatics when he has, as Mr. Masefield, the red-ripe glory in him. It is the very perversion of cleverness!

There are, however, poems in which Mr. Masefield's technique is finer, warmer and more luminous than in others, and though perhaps I am offering an opinion counter to the general one, I believe myself that his greatest work—because most intimately poetical—is less in poems such as "The Everlasting Mercy" and "Reynard the Fox" than in certain of his meditative poems, such as "Fragments," "Truth," "Biography" and in nearly all the "Lollingdon Downs" volume. These, I consider, form Mr. Masefield's purest achievement, being fine and most human in thought and passionately beautiful in expression. They have about them the very tang of immortality. So too have the ending of "Dauber" and the close of "The Widow in the Bye Street."

II.

No two poets could differ as a whole more radically, and yet be more alike in one fundamental matter, than the late laureate and his successor. It is as if each lacked what the other possessed; their one common factor being their intense preoccupation with beauty. But with John Masefield beauty is a more militant quality than it was with Robert Bridges. It is as though the new laureate has had to fight and wrestle for the attainment of it, while it came, almost as though unsought, to his predecessor. It is this which gives to Mr. Masefield's work the greater warmth and variety, and the greater exquisiteness to that of Robert Bridges.

John Masefield possesses the true gifts of the narrative poet. As a dramatist he is apt to prolong a scene beyond its climax, to water it, as it were, with the inessential; but in his tale-telling his lapses are not in the conduct of his story but through the facility of his technique, for too often he will make three lines say what two would say better. Nevertheless he can draw character and portray the deeps of a person, an achievement beyond the reach of Robert Bridges, just as the limpidity of thought of "The Testament of Beauty" is beyond his own. Mr. Masefield has always wrinkled his brows over the problem of existence, and has faced it much as a Roman centurion faced the Parthians; but Robert Bridges considered it in a walled garden, filled with fragrance and bird-song, and sighing gently over the dear stupidity of the unlettered generations.

But the measure of the unlikeness of these two poets may best, I feel, be exemplified by quoting them, as it might be, in an antiphone to the beauty so predominantly served by both—Robert Bridges with his "I love all beauteous things, I seek and adore them," John Masefield with his "Be it through me you shame the world!"

THE BOOKMAN PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

JUNE, 1930.

Answers to these Competitions (each on a separate sheet bearing name and address of sender) must be received by the Editor not later than the 14th of each month. A Competitor may enter for all the seven Competitions, but must cut out coupon below and send this with each answer or group of answers, and address envelope

"The Prize Page," THE BOOKMAN, St. Paul's House, Warwick Square, London, E.C.4.

That they may be available also to Overseas Competitors, Competitions I, II and VII will be the same each month until further notice, but the subjects for all the other Competitions may each month be changed.

Competitors must please keep copies of their MSS., the Editor cannot undertake to return them.

THE PRIZES OFFERED THIS MONTH ARE:

I.—ONE GUINEA for the best *original* lyric.

II.—HALF A GUINEA for the best quotation from English verse applicable to any review or the name of any author or book appearing in this Number.

III.—THREE NEW BOOKS for the best example of bathos from any poem, by a well-known poet, published this century.

IV.—HALF A GUINEA for the best criticism, in not more than two hundred words, of Hamlet's famous soliloquy, "To Be or Not to Be."

V.—HALF A GUINEA for the most terse pathetic passage selected from any modern novel.

VI.—HALF A GUINEA for the best review, in not more than one hundred words, of any recent book. Competitors should give names of Book, Author, and Publisher at head of each review.

VII.—THE BOOKMAN will be sent post free for twelve months to the sender of the best suggestion for a Competition.



Miss Claire Spencer,
author of 'Gallows Orchard' (Jonathan Cape).
From a drawing by Leo Katz.

RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS FOR MAY.

I.—THE PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA for the best original lyric is awarded to Sylvia Hooke, 39, Paternoster Row, E.C.4, for the following:

A SONG OF THANKSGIVING

This is the Day of Days.
Seek bright buds on the honeysuckle sprays,
Watch how the hawthorn laughs in morning's eyes,
Spilling her silver foam on every briar,
Breathing a perfume sweet as Paradise.
Hark to the chorus swelling in the skies.
The birds have never sung such roundelays,
From branch and cloud and thorn all silver-wet,
Echoes their ardent praise.

This is the Day of Days.
Now the late primrose seems more golden-fair,
All blossoms fling their colour on the air
Till the whole world is dizzy with their fire.
Now 'mid the long grass see the violet,
Tiptoe on slender stalk, all purple-bright,
As if she had waited through an endless night
To give that colour and dew to the morning light.

This is the Day of Days.
Oh, never was the sky so heavenly fair,
Never so warm a fragrance filled the air,
Never sang birds so wild, so full of glee,
Never breathed wind so indolent with bliss;
Never ran hearts so light, so fancy-free,
Never was love so undismayed as this.
Yea, even in the most barren heart behold
Hope born again in amethyst and gold.
Fresh shoots of joy and eagerness betray
The new Love sprung from death on such a day.
Creatures and men are jubilant with praise,
On this, the Day of Days.

We also select for printing:

LYRIC

I am in love, in love with Spring,
That fairy maid the elfin thing,
Gives me no rest,
Beneath my breast
My foolish heart is murmuring:

With Spring for lover,
You might discover
Secret of youth the fount of laughter,
And so be young for ever after,
At one with Spring.

Were I successful in my winning
I too should share that glad beginning,
Eager as dawn,
Oh, I would pawn
My very life if she would take me,
For so she would immortal make me!

But Spring, who sets the gods to sighing,
Could never heed a mortal's crying.
Land, water, air,
Her presence share,
But none shall stay her feet from flying.

Go, lovely Maid, warm winds engage thee,
Buds, birds and blossoms flock to page thee.
Herald of birth
For Mother Earth,
How could a mortal hope to cage thee!

Your lovers can do naught but sing
"Blessed be Spring!"

(Elsie Fry Laurence, Edson, Alberta, Canada.)

HAVEN.

Here, in an age of endless fret,
When Time sweeps by on beating wings;
A quiet house in a quiet street
Stored with old and lovely things;
Walls that are white as carded wool,
Whereon the sun his setting flings;
And floors that creak; and corners full
Of pattering steps and whisperings.
A quiet house; in a quiet street;
And sweetness here that quiet brings;
A hearth whereover men may sit,
While Time sweeps by on beating wings.

(John Dawson, The College, Lichfield.)

We also highly commend the lyrics by A. C. G. Ross (Glasgow), Irene Hubbard (Steeple Claydon), Kathleen Lee (London, E.), E. M. Newman (Devizes), Barbara Alden (Wellesley), Doreen Levy (Bloemfontein, South Africa), Mrs. John Carlisle (London, S.W.), L. C. Lesley House (Christchurch, New Zealand), Marjorie Crosbie (Wolverhampton), Ronald Parr (Nottingham), Mrs. Mott (Ruthin), G. Pitt (London, N.), Margaret A. B. Jones (Loughton), Mrs. Emily C. Edwards (Calgary, Canada), Ierne Ormsby (Addiscombe), Agnes Hammell (Winnipeg, Canada), Margaret F. Woodzell (Plymouth), Margarita Yates (Haute Savoie, France), Dorothy Payne (London, E.), S. G. August (Invercargill, New Zealand), Melfin W. Jones (Cardiff), Aileen M. L. Parker (Mitcham), Phyllis E. Noble (Long Melford), Silvey A. Clarke (Hurlingham), D. F. Larkin (Brighton), E. Owen (Salford), E. M. Lewis (London, S.W.), Edgar Bailey (Wakefield), Teresa B. Noble (Long Melford), Irene Arden (Cromer), Dorothy E. Tweed (London, S.W.), Winifred Simmons (Parkstone), E. M. Jones (Ascot), Joyce Brooke (Oswestry), S. R. Noyes (Johannesburg, South Africa), Norah M. Butterfield (Westward Ho!), Margaret D. Hodenberg (Hampstead), John E. Woods (Coventry), K. Bell (Manchester), Irene Wintle (Berkhamsted), George S. Astins (Hove), Edith M. Walker (Bournemouth), B. H. A. Jones (Broadstairs), Doris Major (Hendon), Babs Gardner (Luton), C. C. Fraser (Liverpool), Enid D. Woollright (Basingstoke), Diana Koop (Brighton), G. M. Starkey (Folkestone), May Herschel Clarke (Woolwich).

II.—The Prize of Half a Guinea for the best quotation is awarded to John A. Bellchambers, 40, Highgate Hill, N.19, for the following:

GAMBLER'S HOPE. By J. J. Bell. (Ward, Lock.)
"Give me another horse."
Shakespeare, *Richard III.*

We also select for printing:

DEFERRED PAYMENT. By James Owen. (Alston Rivers)
"Man never is, but always to be blessed."
Pope, *Essay on Man.*

(G. Pitt, 8–6, Wyndham Crescent, N.19.)

A GENERATION MISSING. By Carroll Carstairs. (Heinemann.)
"Crabbed age—and youth."
Shakespeare, *The Passionate Pilgrim.*

(Rev. F. Hern, Rowland's Castle, Hants.)

THE STARRY VENTURE. By Bessie J. B. Macarthur. (Elkin Mathews & Marrot.)
"Hie diddle-diddle—
The Cat and the Fiddle.
The Cow jumped over the Moon."
Nursery Rhyme.

(Louise Stewart, 38, Great King Street, Edinburgh.)

ASSORTED ARTICLES. By D. H. Lawrence. (Secker.)
"A cargo of Tyne coal,
Road rails, pig lead,
Firewood, ironware and cheap tin trays."
Masefield, *Cargoes.*

(E. B. Nicholls, 13, Ilford Avenue, Great Crosby, Liverpool.)

HIS DIFFICULT DAUGHTER. By Winifred Carter. (Alston Rivers.)
"Full many a thankless child has been,
But never one like mine."
Hood.

(Ella R. Noble, Bridge House, Lyston, Long Melford, Suffolk.)

POSTSCRIPT TO ADVENTURE. By Ashley Gibson. (Dent.)
"Jack fell down and cracked his crown,
And Jill came tumbling after."
Nursery Rhyme.

(Rev. W. G. Orr, Jaipur, Rajputana, India.)



"The Beautiful Years."
By Henry Williamson.
By Kathleen Ida Noble.

SUPPRESSION. By W. Hallatt. (Skeffington.)

(1) "She tipped him in, and held him down beneath the bubbling water—
'Now take thou that for venturing to kiss Al Hamet's daughter!'"
Bon Gaultier Ballads ("*The Broken Pitcher*").

(T. Jacques, 32, Bouverie Street, Chester.)

(2) "If he had faults, he kept them hid."
Madeline Bridges, *Her Perfect Lover.*

(Ethel M. Kennedy, 46, Aughton Road, Birkdale, Southport.)

III.—The Prize of Three New Books for the best drawing illustrating any book title is awarded to Kathleen Ida Noble, Bridge House, Lyston, near Long Melford, Suffolk, for the drawing reproduced on this page.

We also select for reproduction the drawings by Mrs. Irene Wintle, The Knoll, Ashlyn's Road, Berkhamsted, Hants, and by Freda I. Noble, Bridge House, Lyston, Suffolk, to each of whom a consolation prize of one book has been awarded. We select for special commendation the drawings by Norah M. Butterfield (Westward Ho!), R. Allen (Liverpool), B. M. Beard (Bexleyheath), E. L. Wise (Denmark Park, S.E.), L. Bruce (Ashford), D. Urwick (Walton-on-Thames), M. R. Fleeson (Manchester), Muriel Bending (Bexhill), James P. Higgins (Birstall).



By Joseph Hergesheimer.

By Mrs. Irene Wirtle.

IV.—THE PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best patchwork poem is awarded to Mrs. Maude R. Fleeson, 26, Chatham Grove, Withington, Manchester, for the following:

Fair Amoret is gone astray (*William Congreve*)
And finds too late that men betray; (*Oliver Goldsmith*)
But left her lover in despair, (*John Dryden*)
For he'd profane so chaste a fair. (*William Habington*)

Her eyes are sapphires set in snow; (*Thomas Lodge*)
Go, pretty birds, and tell her so; (*Thomas Heywood*)
These, these are joys alone, I cry; (*William Whitehead*)
Yet will I love her till I die. (*Anon.*)

Absent from thee, I languish still, (*Wilmot, Earl of Rochester*)
Then to resist I had no will; (*Thomas Otway*)
The tender thought on thee shall dwell; (*William Collins*)
What fair can Amoret excel? (*Mark Akenside*)

We also select for printing:

Ah! my dear love, why do ye sleep thus long? (*Spenser*)
Now, while the birds thus sing a joyous song, (*Wordsworth*)
Rise, and put on your foliage, and be seen (*Herrick*)
Sleep-soothing groves and quiet lawns between. (*Thomson*)

Give life to this dark world which lieth dead. (*Drummond*)
Rich glowing colour on bare throat and head. (*Gosse*)
I love thee to the depth and breadth and height. (*Browning*)
My love, thou art my way, my life, my light. (*Wilmot.*)

And when thyself with shining foot shall pass (*FitzGerald*)
To light the high tips of the forest grass, (*Morris*)
Lo, all things wake and tarry and look for thee, (*Bridges*)
Thou whom I long for, who longest for me. (*Rossetti*)

(Phyllis E. Noble, Bridge House, Lyston, Long Melford, Suffolk.)

We also select for special commendation the replies by C. E. J. Capern (London, W.C.), Mrs. G. M. Yallop (Gorleston-on-Sea), Ierne Ormsby (Addiscombe), L. Bruce (Ashford), Emily Davis (Dublin), B. M. Beard (Bexleyheath), Margaret Burcham (Winscombe), Mrs. May Belben (Wimborne), Margaret Owen (Whitstable), Teresa B. Noble (Long Melford), Margaret A. B. Jones (Loughton), D. Urwick (Walton-on-Thames), Marjorie Crosbie (Wolverhampton), John E. Woods (Coventry), Ada F. Strike (West Worthing), H. Fawcett (London, W.C.), Norah M. Butterfield (Westward Ho!), R. K. Spedding (Liverpool), John A. Bellchambers (Highgate), Muriel Bending (Bexhill), Mrs. R. Mair (Guildford), Mabel Rourke (Manchester), Iris Ottaway (Bungay), A. Dodd (Bembridge, Isle of Wight), D. E. Tweed (London, S.W.).

V.—THE PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best cross-word puzzle introducing the names of well-known authors is awarded to H. Fawcett, 6, Doughty Street, W.C.1. Mr. Fawcett introduces the names of thirty-one authors, but his puzzle is too roughly drawn for reproduction. Every other competitor is disqualified, as each has introduced all manner of words as well as names of authors—some introducing twice as many words as names.

VI.—THE PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best hundred-word review is awarded to J. A. Jenkins, Edge Hill College, Liverpool, for the following:

PORTRAIT OF A CHINESE LADY. BY LADY HOSIE. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

It is difficult to give an adequate account of this most delightful book without appearing somewhat fulsome in one's unstinted praise thereof. It is a very satisfying piece of work, and is written in so *human* a manner that the note of friendliness and good-fellowship is the predominant one. Anything more sympathetic than the writer's appreciation and treatment of the handicaps and drawbacks of the women of China it is impossible to imagine, and she stresses—deliberately but apparently incidentally—the opportunities open to Western women to help these others to win through to social and economic freedom.

We also select for printing:

NEW LINKS WITH SHAKESPEARE. BY E. B. BARNARD. (Cambridge Press.)

Cheerfully written, this illustrated quarto exhibits wide research. But it does not reveal "new material of Shakespearean interest" in the bald inventory line: "Mr. Shakespeare owes Ralph Huband £20." Debtor's identity



"The Knife Behind the Curtain."
By Valentine Williams.
By Freda I. Noble.

remains unproven. Many Shakespeares then existed. Mr. Barnard asserts "little is known of Shakespeare between 1583—1596." What of "Love's Labour's" (1591); "Titus" (1594); "Poems" (1593-94)? Henry Condell is described as "Co-Editor of 1623 folio," and with Heminge "best qualified for the task." Manifestly absurd! They did not edit Shakespeare, or even write the preface they signed. Mr. Barnard conjectures, is redundant and woefully disappoints his expectant readers.

(Captain Wm. Jaggard, Rose Bank, Stratford-on-Avon, Warwicks.)

THE FLOWER OF LIFE.
By Thomas Burke. (Constable.)

No simple story of more elusive beauty has come from the pen of Mr. Thomas Burke than this short novel, "The Flower of Life." By some magic alchemy he turns to gold the drab surroundings and incidents in the life of a woman bent on the wheel of misfortune and sordid poverty. The streets of London, however squalid, are touched by his magic with a wan majesty. Jane is a figure of austere dignity. There is tragedy, kindliness and indifference in this quiet chronicle of a lowly life whose god was respectability and whose passion was pride.



Miss Mary Roberts Rinehart,
whose new mystery novel, "The Door," has just been published by Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton.

(Kathleen Hyde, 9, Stepney Drive, Scarborough.)

THE ENGLISH CAPTAIN. By L. A. G. Strong.
(Gollancz.)

In this volume of short stories the author of "Dewer Rides" reveals a fine accuracy of word and phrase, which gives his work distinction and individuality. His style is oddly reminiscent of that which characterises Thomas Hardy's poems; he expresses with precision and beauty the undertones of thought and emotion—a rare and notable thing among modern writers. "The Gurnet," "Ann" and "The Gates" are especially remarkable for their delicacy of touch and their revelation of sympathetic insight. This book will undoubtedly enhance the reputation of an author whose first novel was recently acclaimed by a competitor in The Bookman.

(N. M. Butterfield, 3, Kingsley Terrace, Westward Ho!), Devon.)

We also specially commend the reviews by Silvey A. Clarke (Hurlingham), A. E. Gowers (Haverhill), Margaret A. B. Jones (Loughton), C. S. Stamper (Grimsby), Alfred Higginson (South Kensington, S.W.), G. Pitt (London, N.), James P. Higgins (Birstall), Margaret Owen (Whitstable), A. Dodd (Bembridge, Isle of Wight), R. K. Spedding (Liverpool), Sylvia Hooke (London, E.C.), Agatha Honnywill (Bristol), Evelyn Bamber (Blackburn), Joan Stiebel (Leatherhead), Edith E. Hall (Eastbourne), S. Barrington McClean (Glasgow), Mrs. Emily E. Moore (Letchworth), J. S. Coltart (Norwich), B. M. Beard (Bexleyheath), K. M. Sanders (Bridport), S. R. Fuller (Streatham).

VII.—A Prize of One Year's Subscription to The Bookman is awarded to G. Macaskie, The Oratory Central R.C. School for Girls, Stewarts Grove, Sydney Street, Chelsea, S.W.3, and to Sam van Hoff, Karlsruhe Gardens, Campbell Place, Colombo.

THE BOOKMAN GALLERY.

G. B. BURGIN: HIS CENTURY.

In George Burgin's delightful "Memoirs of a Clubman," he tells how, being sent out to a Canadian uncle at eighteen, he was taken at once to a prayer meeting at Four Corners, and rather staggered to hear this pious uncle pray for him. There must have been a herald letter from his father. Young George wished to be an author, and had been told, "Very well, then; you must see the world a little before you begin. 'Home-keeping youth have ever homely wits.'" The prayer ran: "Thou knowest, O Lord, that in Thine infinite goodness and mercy Thou hast directed the steps of our young friend into our midst. He has it in mind, O Lord, to write books, and it has not yet been given him to know what sort of books. Turn him, O Lord, we beseech Thee, from the thoughtless error of his ways, and in Thine own good time teach him to do something useful."

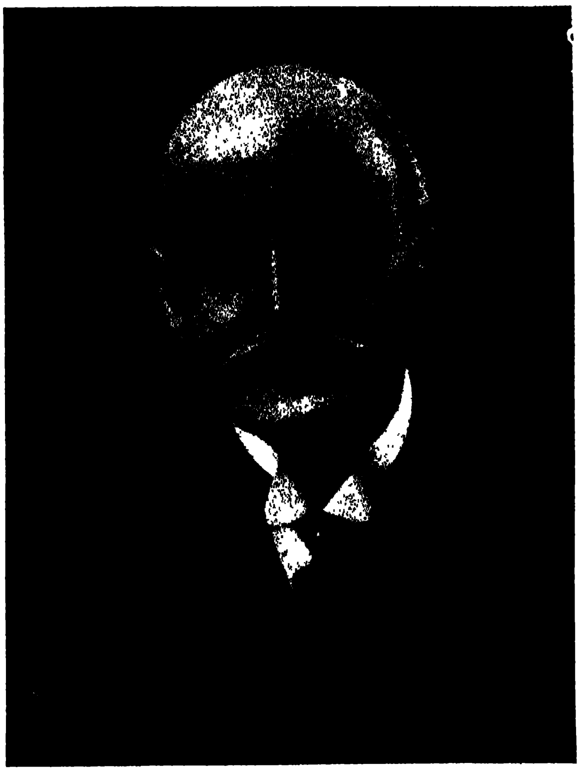
My conviction is that this prayer was answered, as prayers may sometimes be, in the spirit and not in the letter. The young friend has lived to write and publish one hundred books—mostly novels—and I think them rather more useful work than any that Uncle James at Four Corners can have had in mind. There are sundry ways in which the art of fiction is of service. The novel may be a bigger and better pulpit than he had seen, or indeed, if not a pulpit, a bigger and better school. Some use is claimed in writing circles for even its most dismal examples. But the service least easily computed is a novel's contribution to the good cheer and happy charity of life, the service done when the author, with an honest, gay and sympathetic heart, merely holds a mirror up, letting us see life for a while undistorted by our frets and limitations. That is neither computed nor commonly thought about with due gratitude, yet it is a service only to be done by writers whom the Almighty has fitted for it. And it is the service done by George Burgin in all these novels.

A feat? Yes; a feat to be wondered at easily. But I am not, for my part, concerned very much in the debate as to whether it is, or is not, a feat without parallel. What concerns me more is the human debt of gratitude. Consider the hard fact that, apart from gratitude, the reward of such a "something useful" is mainly found in doing it. True, no honest, gay and sympathetic author knows what luck may come his way, and Burgin's "The Shutters of Silence" is in its forty-first edition. But this gallant diligence deserves better thanks than the world has given. It has been modest. Its motive has never been that egotism of "self-expression" which imposes too much upon humourless critics. It has been clean-minded, and that is a something rather precious in these times,

when filthy novels parade all public ways with brassy faces.

To my mind, these merits are much rarer than they ought to be in current English fiction. I can think of no others which the novel so much lacks, by comparison with its natural pre-War sobriety and sane health. It has merits by way of compensation; some indeed are beyond the fetch of pre-War fancy and skill; but these are not the achievements of egotism, prurient or simply pretentious. And, so far as post-War fiction is good, it differs from Burgin's output most in being unhappy; for another of his diligent virtues is a resolute mind for the happy story when he can tell it. We shall inevitably come back to that preference, having learnt in suffering what to teach in song.

Meanwhile Mr. Burgin keeps on writing imperturbably. At 74, this feat of creative work, though it means more than 6,000,000 words written, is less wonderful than his unfailing freshness. That no doubt accounts for it. But who will pretend to account for that? One finds him, in spite of some physical fatigue, boyish still, with a warm heart and a light humour—proof that, in a longish life, he has lost neither interest nor courage. He says that such work takes something out of us. "We give so much to making shadows that we are in danger of becoming shadows ourselves." But he has somehow survived this peril and kept his hundredth book as airy as the first. Now, it is true that a novelist may owe some of his ability to do that to skill acquired as he learns his trade. But the wonder is, after all, that Nature has equipped him; and one finds in fact that George Burgin's method of work, almost a lack of method, has been to let Nature have her way. He has not nursed his strength with any regimen of hours, or ridden it like a hack as Trollope did (with no disadvantage), but has just written at any time, and for any length of time, when the dæmon possessed him, letting reactions take care of themselves.



Portrait by E. O. Hoppé. **Mr. G. B. Burgin.**

What is this dæmon? How does the genius of story-telling inspire and use a writer? He says very simply:

"You see some face or some incident that makes an impression. An idea goes into the back of your head somewhere and germinates. One day you will sit down and say to yourself, 'I've got to start,' and somehow the beginnings of a plot come to you. You have gradually imagined your story, and then comes the real difficulty—to know the people in it. You have conceived their characters, but you have to get to know them intimately and believe in them; because, if they're not real people to you, they can't be real to anybody else. The curse of it is you don't want to be interrupted then. If you're taken away from them you lose sight of them, and that's fatal. Until you get to know all about the people in your story the best thing to do is to go and live on a desert island."

The study is tyrannous for still another reason. "Of course you must have an idea to begin with, of what they are going to do—of what the story is about and what the end will be. You make a skeleton. But, for my sins, I can't begin with a note of that. Directly I make a note it has the effect of putting the thing out of mind." So he must make the more haste to clothe and animate his skeleton; and there is always the chance that it may turn out to be loose in the joints. "Often you plan for a character to do a thing and it turns out that he won't. However, that is really hopeful though for the moment embarrassing, for it means that the character is alive and real, with a will of his own. You have then to change your story, of course."

That account of the creative process comes from an authentic story-teller. Estimating my friend's output, I think I am justified in looking at it as one gallery of very human figures, rather than asking how many frames contain important works. The size of canvas used was prescribed by a publishing fashion; it has nothing to do with the size of his artistic achievement, and I see this, in the main, as a panorama of French Canadian life, teeming and happy, rich in humour and sympathy.

Apart from his Canadian stories, Mr. Burgin has written many novels of English life, the most recent of which are "Nitana," "Allandale's Daughters," "Out of the Swim," "The Final Test," "The Faithful Fool," etc. In addition he has written various tales of Eastern life embodying ideas picked up when he was secretary to Baker Pasha and accompanied him to Armenia on a Reform Commission. Among these are "Tomalyn's Quest," and "The Slaves of Allah." The scene of "The Hundredth Man" is partly laid in Australia, and there are two Spanish novels, "A Lady of Spain" and "Diana of Dreams." Hence, it will be seen that Mr. Burgin has had the good fortune to travel widely and study many and varied nationalities. Of all the countries he has visited, Canada was his first love although he has been unable to revisit it since the War.

The hundredth book, "The Woman Without a Heart," is a novelistic variant of "When you were a king in Babylon and I was a Christian slave." The hero's mother before he was born became firmly impressed with the idea that she and her husband had lived before, and wronged each other, and were condemned to expiate this wrong in various shapes for an indefinite period.

The husband believed this too, and, when the mother died, constantly impressed on his son that he would one day meet a woman whom he had wronged in a previous state of existence. The boy, in every other respect a sane and healthy young Englishman, unquestioningly believes this. The woman without a heart gets to know of this kink in his mentality, shams that she was the woman he had met in some bygone age, and insists that he must repair the wrong he had done her by furthering her present ambitions. She has no heart and uses him to get to know the millionaire whose secretary he is, and marries the millionaire. The rest of the story is devoted to the hero's escape from her toils when he is convinced that she is a fraud. Perhaps the best character in the book is the millionaire Bannister, who loves the woman without a heart and devises her punishment in the hope that it may one day redeem her.

Some fault may be found with G. B. B. on the score of hasty production; he himself says frankly that he has never been able to decide whether it would not have been better "to spend two or three years over a big book which a couple of hundred people might praise," instead of "turning out a smaller book in three months, content to tell a happy story pleasantly." But, on the whole, he is glad to have let fame look after itself. "There are too many people writing with swelled heads and becoming insufferable."

However, it is not a mere question of egotism. The *limæ labor et mora* is worth while as conscientious artistry, yet Mr. Priestley gave as little of it to his 240,000 words of "The Good Companions" as Mr. Burgin gave to "The Shutters of Silence," written in six weeks. The question is commonly one of taking a bigger risk with one's bread and butter. When Jerome was asked, "Why don't you give us another 'Paul Kelver'?" he said, "It took me two years to write and one must live." Certainly there is egotism in the ambition to write for posterity, and I suspect that motive of many failures. Burgin's advice to a young author is sound: "Say to yourself, 'I'm not going to bother about posterity; I'm going to write this story in the most conscientious way I possibly can, and, whatever posterity may think, I shall have the satisfaction of knowing that I did all I could with it.'" But, if the young author be a sensitive artist, his most conscientious way may be slow; or, if his story needs a big canvas, it may aggravate his risks in another way. In either case he will and should be judged by his quality as well as by the fertility he shows; and my friend's best answer on that score would be, I think, that the human values have more weight for a fine judgment than the nice artistic ones.

These his work has in the highest measure, and they give it a large beauty that many a painstaking artist misses. The figures in the long gallery, limned with unfailing sympathy and a blithe, gentle humour, are very lovable; and it is the spirit in which they were created that one admires and loves in this prolific author, still young, and wearing his honours modestly.

KEIGHLEY SNOWDEN.

Current Fiction.

EUROPA'S BEAST.[1]

If you give Mr. Mottram's title its full significance, I suppose you must regard Olive Blythway as Europa and Geoffrey Skene as the Bull, but the parallel is not suggested until the close, after they are married, on their honeymoon in Venice, and looking at the Veronese painting of the Rape of Europa:

> "Then, as he looked, he began to wonder. Didn't he frequently feel just like that prize animal, surfeited with effort beneath a yoke that was self-imposed by its own nature's necessities? And, making allowance for differences of diet and daily activities and contemporary manners, didn't she submit to her destiny—her actual fate, anyhow—with just that lovely, almost ostentatious acquiescence?"

Somehow Olive fails to win your sympathy. When Skene first sees her in the Cathedral she is a strangely pathetic, alluringly romantic figure; but when Skene comes to know her the pathos and romance seem superficial, she dwindles to a rather shallow, commonplace little person, and Skene himself is dimly aware of this, yet she retains her fascination for him and, in spite of the fact that she is married to a war-broken, neurotic, self-centred young man, whom she has ceased to love, Skene feels she is the one woman in the world for him and is recklessly resolved to make her his own. Accident clears the way for him to do this without outraging the proprieties, and though you do not understand his passion—the War had left him, also, uprooted and perplexed, and possibly he did not understand it himself—you are held closely interested in the man and in the woman, and in their story. Their characters, and indeed all the characters in the book, are drawn with Mr. Mottram's accustomed skill and insight—Skene's Aunt Chris, as practical as she is kind, is wholly charming, the egregious Mrs. Garmont Liversedge a pure joy; Olive's father and mother, her old grandfather and eerie old grandmother are sketched with humour and subtle understanding, and Olive herself fails to capture your affection only because she is so perfectly and faultily human. As a story, this will not rank with "The Spanish Farm," but it is as well written and as strong in its characterisation as anything Mr. Mottram has done.

A. R.

[1] By R. H. Mottram. 7s. 6d. (Chatto & Windus.)

SEVEN BOBSWORTH.[2]

The title has no reference to the price of the book, but stands for the number of the house in Bobsworth Garden City which was the address of Mr. Fiddler, and the story is derived from the private and occasionally scandalous diaries and papers he left for somebody to edit and publish after his death. Fiddler was a quiet, average man, with some small private means, who was drawn into becoming publicity agent for the Garden City founded by the eminent financiers Sir James Cobbold and Lord Grout on philanthropic lines which had to be cautiously modified as time went on, in order to make the City a profitable as well as a going concern. The designing and inauguration of the Garden Suburb (a ground plan of which is given on the end-papers), steps taken to popularise it, the desirable and undesirable residents who settled down in it, and the efforts made, for business reasons, to freeze out the undesirables and replace them with respectable suburban people—all the life of the place and the characters of its founders and of many of its conventional and oddly unconventional inhabitants are described with wit and humour and quiet satire that are shrewdly revealing and keep you continually amused. Where is Bobsworth? It has features so much

[2] By J. D. Beresford. 7s. (Faber & Faber.)

in common with every Garden City that every Garden citizen will have his suspicions, but it is pictured so graphically and in such detail that you are convinced it must have an authentic local habitation somewhere under another name. " Seven Bobsworth " is at once a brilliant social satire, an acute commentary on certain developments in modern life, and excellent entertainment.

R. F.

THE GOLDEN POUND.[3]

Except here and there, in " Set in Dominion," and in " What Shakespeare Knew," these stories are written in the very lightest of light veins; they are whimsical, fantastic, farcical, droll, everything but serious. Often a streak of charming sentiment runs through them, now and then there is a fleeting, elusive hint of pathos, but in the main they were written to amuse and are delightfully amusing. Mr. Hutchinson evidently has a tenderness for schoolgirls who have character and rebel against too much discipline. He introduces an exasperating and attractive one in " The Girl With the Grave Nose," and another in in " The Disciplinarian," and his story of how the difficult Celia was at last completely subdued by the resolute kindness and genial tolerance of the wisely sympathetic and understanding Miss Strong, famed as a stern trainer of the young, is one of the deftest, most entertaining things in the book. Clever too, in its gossamer, airy way, is " The Wicked Aunt," and in its quainter, more grotesque fashion, " The Magic Stick." They are all fairy-tales for grown-ups, fresh and piquant in style as in idea, and the grown-up who writes this has read them with complete enjoyment.

R. H.

CIMARRON.[4]

While the East was settling down to a life of order and culture, the prairie lands of Oklahoma were still a wilderness. The displaced Indians were still brooding over their wrongs, a peril to the early settlers; bandits with their six-shooters kept scattered prairie towns and unfortunate travellers in a state of uneasiness. Yet it was this wild land that called Yancey Cravat from the orderliness of Kansas and the decorum of his wife's family into the heart of unknown dangers. And Sabra, his wife, brought up to elegance and comfort, went with him, taking their four-year-old son. If she had guessed half the discomforts and dangers she was to face, would she have gone? Undoubtedly, for Sabra was made of the true pioneering stuff, and while her big, handsome husband did all the picturesque, theatrical things, Sabra did the hard work and kept the newspaper he started coming out regularly. Miss Ferber gives a vivid picture, glowing with colour, full of movement, of the early Oklahoma days, and in the foreground are Yancey and Sabra, drawn with sympathy and humour, very much alive. Yancey with his ideals, his waywardness, longing to make a new state, something finer than any that had been before; Sabra working quietly from the domestic angle to make the state a replica of the one from which they have escaped. A brilliant book, bold in conception and written with shrewd understanding.

THE STRANGER : AN ADVENTURE AMONG THE ENGLISH.[5]

Until he was sixteen Rodney Gayne had never set foot in his native country. Coming to England an orphan to live with an aunt and uncle, he found himself something of a foreigner among his own countrymen. The feeling stayed with him. English snobbishness, English desire for conformity, English notions of fair play, English aristocracy—these things puzzled him; he was always battling against the stream. How could he be friends with a common village boy, and still associate with a young baronet and his sister? Yet such is the underlying strength of the quiet, dreamy youth that somehow he contrives to do it. The merry, impetuous, imperious Lydia is rather more than a friend; her power over him is enduring. Rodney grows up, goes to Oxford, goes to the War, but remains intrinsically the same boy with the analytical mind and tender conscience to whom the impudent young baronet said: " I shall get more fun out of life than you." The book is perhaps too leisurely, but it is an interesting study, and when at the end Rodney says: " I swore I'd get to understand the place and be English myself some day," we are inclined to endorse Lydia's declaration: " You've been far, far more English than any of us."

A. A.



Portrait by E. O. Hoppé.

Mr. J. D. Beresford.

HER FATHER'S HOUSE.[6]

It is delightful when an author whose progress one has watched, not without anxiety lest she should fall below her previous accomplishment, actually soars beyond it. In her new novel Hilda Vaughan reveals a charming, even a robust, vein of humour that blends beautifully with the pathos and drama of her theme. We are carried along in spite of ourselves, for there is so much on the way that urges us to linger and read again. The characters of this tale are a considerable advance on those of " The Invader," Miss Vaughan's last book, while the sitautions are more tense and the incidents are never anything but natural, though we see them through the eyes of a lyric poet. It is not only in her descriptions of scenery that the poet discloses herself, but in the clouds of tragedy that hang over the world and the brilliant gleams of sunlight that struggle through them. It will be a long time before we will forget old Tom the shepherd, who thought that a bath at his time of life would be an experiment fraught with peril, and Nell Tretower and her gallant wreck of a father, and Uncle Mark, the very rigid, and Matthias Jones who, writing a letter of indignant denial that the manageress of one of his milk-shops is disreputable, informs Nell's mother that " your younger daughter proved to be as idle, light-minded, flighty and ungrateful as your elder one was changeable. I am glad you have no more in family to offer me. Assuring you, dear Madam, of our grateful esteem, We are, Your obliged servants, Matthias Jones & Co., Ltd." Hilda Vaughan is to be very warmly congratulated on this novel, and so are the thousands who will revel in its pages.

H. B.



Mr. R. H. Mottram.

TALES TOLD BY SIMPSON.[7]

Some of Miss May Sinclair's finest work is to be found in these stories concerning an artistic circle in Chelsea, all told by Roland Simpson, and each one in its way a little masterpiece. Whether Miss Sinclair is dealing with the pathos of " Khaki," the bank clerk who loved to frequent the studios and who was " in love with danger," or with the comedy of the celebrated author, Watt Gunn, and his

[3] By A. S. M. Hutchinson. 7s. 6d. (Hodder & Stoughton.)
[4] By Edna Ferber. 7s. 6d. (Heinemann.)
[5] By Godfrey Elton. 7s. 6d. (Constable.)
[6] By Hilda Vaughan. 7s. 6d. (Heinemann.)
[7] By May Sinclair. 7s. 6d. (Hutchinson.)

attempt to escape from the lion-collector, Mrs. Folyat-Raikes, she always writes with the admirable restraint and economy characteristic of her work, and has a keen sense of the subtleties of life. Her humour and her sentiment are alike subtle, delicately woven into the fabric of her stories, and even if nothing happened to the people she describes, it would be a delight to read about them, for all are invested with the exciting qualities of humanity; all are real, skilfully finished portraits. But something does happen every time; Miss Sinclair can get the essence of a life-history into a few thousand words, can be satirical without giving way to malice, ironical without descending to bitterness. "The Bambino," "Between the Lines," as well as "Khaki" and "The Collector," rank among the best stories in the book—though it is hard to state a preference when all the thirteen are so entertaining and so beautifully done.



Portrait by Henry B. Goodwin. **Miss May Sinclair.**

GLORY PLACE.[8]

There is a largeness about Miss Bower's themes, a leisureliness about her manner which give her an affinity with the Victorian novelists. "Glory Place" is a long novel—almost four hundred pages—but the length is necessary to its subtle characterisation and compelling atmosphere. In East Anglia tradition dies hard, and ancestry is revered even more passionately than in the more sophisticated regions of England. Miss Bower's story is of a man in whom ambition is a "grievous fault" and who, coming of ancient lineage, yearns to possess the ancestral hall, Glory Place. To this end he sacrifices all the better part of his nature, all that men hold dear—love, honour, the three women who influence his life—the beloved, the loving and the woman whom, to achieve his ambition, he marries. And what does he gain by it? Miss Bower tells us in a dramatic, carefully written, carefully thought out story, a story that keeps one intensely interested from its opening page to the final bitter calamity that wrecks Anthony Gayteways's plans—yet brings with it an echo of hope. The characters are cleverly drawn, and although the principal ones do not invite our sympathy to any great extent, their very naturalness keeps us absorbed in their actions and thoughts, and the circumstances that aid or thwart them. It is a human book, touching depths of reality, and pleasing with the haunting strangeness of that remote East Anglia Miss Bower knows so intimately.

A. A.

[8] By Marian Bower. 7s. 6d. (Mills & Boon.)

THE PROGRESS OF BOOKBINDING.*

The monks, with the assistance of goldsmith and jeweller, were the first bookbinders, before printing was invented, and the costly and beautiful bindings of their manuscript psalters and books of hours remain among the things that are a joy for ever. But Mr. Michael Sadleir's concern is not with the whole art of bookbinding; he has made a careful study of the practical development of publishers' bindings since publishing has been a considerable business or profession, and has written a history of that development and of the different styles of bindings adopted by publishers from time to time during the hundred and fifty years ending at the end of last century. Starting with the primitive, unlettered paper wrappers in which some eighteenth century books were issued, he shows how these were succeeded by the stiff cover with labelled spine, and that by cloth bindings and labels; how decorations on the cloth in gold and colour were introduced; and duly brings us to the publishers' bindings that were in general use thirty years ago. It is an extensive survey that will interest all who are interested in books, and will be of special value to collectors in helping them to recognise from the style of a book's binding the approximate date of its publication. The volume is illustrated with twelve collotype plates showing bound books of various periods.

This is the first volume in a "bibliographia" series of studies in book history and book structure between 1750–1900, which Mr. Michael Sadleir is editing, and others in preparation are "An Index to the 'Annuals,'" by Andrew Boyle; "A Bibliography of William Beckford of Fonthill," by Guy Chapman; and "Henry Colburn," the story of a publisher of the Regency, based on his private notes.

RUDYARD KIPLING.†

The task of writing about the great ones of the earth is not an easy one. Some try to fit a genius into a niche that has been the special viewpoint of other great ones of his craft, but to essay to do this must mean failure; for "each in his separate star" differs from the rest. Mr. Hopkins has realised this, and has given us a most interesting and well-reasoned book. This "story of a genius" is well worth reading from many points of view, one of the chief being that the author has neglected no part of Mr. Kipling's writings. To many the poet and author is known principally for his poems and stories dealing with soldiers and, fine as these are, there is also another side frequently lost sight of—the splendid lyrics, such as "Eddi's Service," "The Recall" and "Cities and Thrones and Powers." And new to some, unacquainted with Indian publications, will be the verses describing "the long-haired things of the studios":

> "But I consort with long-haired things
> In velvet collar-rolls,
> Who talk about the Aims of Art,
> And 'theories and goals,'
> And moo and coo with women-folk
> About their blessed souls.
>
> "But what they call 'psychology'
> Is lack of liver pill,
> And all that blights their tender souls,
> Is eating till they're ill,
> And their chief way of winning goals
> Consists in sitting still."

London did not appeal to Kipling. The magic and charm of the East were in his blood. The city of the West could not offer a fare so mysterious, subtle and alluring as did Lahore or Calcutta. But still the Empire, and such men as Joseph Chamberlain and Cecil Rhodes, who stood for its further greatness, he cared for very much. To such a patriot the true picture of a British army officer "is of a captain putting down his glass untasted, after twelve hours of hunger and thirst, to make sure that his men are properly fed and billeted." A little different picture from one or two of those drawn rather unpleasantly by some of the more modern writers of war stories!

Like many artists, Kipling is attached to no particular section of the community. "Kipling's God is the God of the Old Norse Sea Kings, the fighting God, the 'Jehovah of the Thunders,' who can sympathise with men who can put up a good fight or sing a roystering barrack song." The book is a very welcome addition to those Mr. Hopkins has written on Kipling and on Sussex.

* "The Evolution of Publishers' Binding Styles: 1750–1900." By Michael Sadleir. Limited to 500 copies. 20s. (Constable.)

† "Rudyard Kipling." By R. Thurston Hopkins. 5s. net. (Cecil Palmer.)

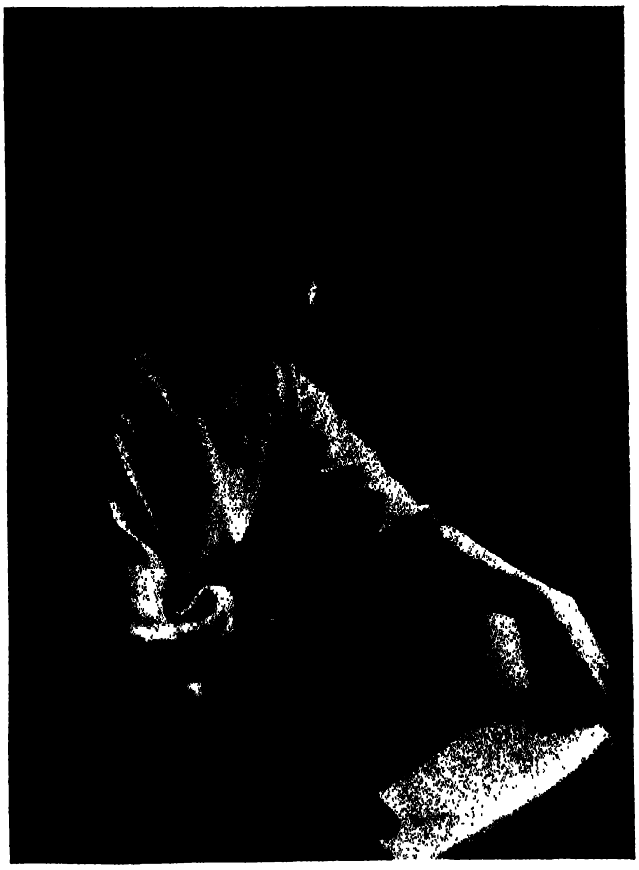
THE BOOKMAN'S DIARY.

NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor of THE BOOKMAN, ST. PAUL'S HOUSE, WARWICK SQUARE, LONDON, E.C.4.

A preliminary letter of inquiry should be sent to the Editor before any manuscript is submitted for his consideration.

It is with more than regret that I record the death last month of Mrs. Marion St. John Webb, a writer, for children whose work has for some years past been steadily growing in popularity. She is best known for her three books of tales in verse about "The Littlest One," which have reached a sale of well over a hundred thousand, and were two years ago collected in one volume, "The Littlest One: His Book"; and for her series of whimsical, quaintly imaginative "Mr. Papingay" stories in prose. These last, which ran serially in the *Woman's Pictorial* before appearing in book form, were "The Little Round House," "Mr. Papingay's Ship," "Mr. Papingay's Caravan," and "Mr. Papingay's Flying Shop" to be published shortly by Messrs. Collins. She was still in her teens when she began contributing verses for children to the *Daily News* and other papers, and these were in 1914 included in her first book, "The Littlest One." The present vogue of verse that is written not only about children but for children had not started so long ago, and it is doubtless with this in mind that Mr. A. G. Sparks (of Harrow), sending an appreciation of her work to THE BOOKMAN, refers to her as "one who struck a pioneer note in contemporary literature. I shall never forget," says Mr. Sparks, in the course of an article that comes too late to be given in full, "the thrill of sheer delight I experienced at the old Steinway (now Grotian) Hall in 1920 when that fine actor-reciter, Mr. Utt Ridge, rendered Mrs. St. John Webb's 'Tit for Tat' in his child mimicry. That it was the outstanding success of a fine performance was evident." Since 1914, in addition to the "Littlest One" and "Mr. Papingay" series, her other books have been "Eliz'beth, Phil and Me," "The Little One in Between" and twelve small volumes about flower, sea and other fairies, all in verse and illustrated by Margaret Tarrant; and in prose, "The Girls of Chequertrees," "Knock Three Times," "The House of the Twisting Passage" and "The Magic Lamplighter," a fantasy woven out of the real life of present-day London and the glamorous old London of legend and history. Always a lover of London, she and her husband, Mr. Sidney H. Webb, had for long made their home at Pump Court, in the Temple, where she will be greatly missed by a multitude of friends. Until her illness last December brought all work to an end, she had for two years been contributing verses for children every week to the *Sketch*, a selection of which, "John and Me and the Dickery Dog," will be published this summer by Messrs. Harrap, with illustrations by A. H. Watson. That she had the gift of appealing to children and making the people of her stories in verse and prose real to them, was shown by the letters from children in all parts of the world that were continually coming, addressed to herself or to the imaginary men, women and children of her books. "If you believed in fairies," said the *Evening News*, writing of her death, "you could easily believe that Mrs. Webb was in close touch with the Little People. She was born with a delicate air, an ethereal beauty, and a charming and winsome simplicity that remained with her always. She was also very humorous—and brave." It was her courage and humour that enabled her to work more than ever in the years when her health was failing, and to be happy in her work to the last.



Portrait by Elliott & Fry. **Mrs. Marion St. John Webb.**

The completed portion of Lord Balfour's Autobiography will be published this autumn by Messrs. Cassell, who will publish also the official Life of Lord Balfour which is now in preparation but will take some two or three years to complete.

Messrs. Constable are issuing a collected edition of the works of Mr. George Bernard Shaw. This will be in thirty volumes and limited to a thousand sets. The first ten volumes, which will include Mr. Shaw's first novel, "Immaturity," a number of unpublished letters, a complete act omitted from the second edition of "Back to Methuselah," and his last play, "The Apple Cart," will be ready in July.

After writing two novels of modern life, Mr. Wallace B. Nichols has completed a romance of the days of Henry VII, "A Wonder for Wise Men," and it will be published this month by Messrs. Ward, Lock, who have just issued a new edition of Mr. Nichols's poignantly beautiful narrative poem, "The Song of Sharruk."

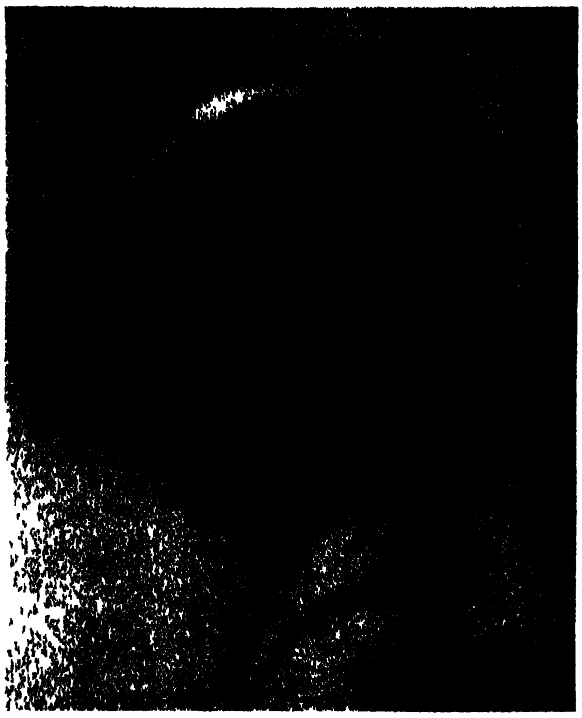
Sir Charles Petrie's Life of George Canning is to be published this month by Messrs. Eyre & Spottiswoode.

No authoritative Life of Marie Corelli has yet made its appearance, and we are to have this at last in the "Memoirs of Marie Corelli," by Bertha Vyver, which Messrs. Alston Rivers have in the press. Miss Vyver, as Miss Corelli's lifelong friend and companion, is able to write from intimate personal knowledge, and a special chapter of recollections and criticism is contributed by Mr. J. Cuming Walters. A first issue of the book, limited to two hundred and fifty copies, is now in readiness and likely to be over-subscribed; the ordinary edition will not be published until September.

Mr. Martin Secker has just included D. H. Lawrence's "Mornings in Mexico" and "Fantasia of the Unconscious" in his New Adelphi Library.



Miss Maude Meagher,
whose new book, "White Jade" (Scholartis Press), was reviewed in last month's BOOKMAN.



Portrait by Lenare **Miss Margaret Pedler,**
whose new novel, "The Fire of Youth," Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton are publishing

Mr. F. A. Mackenzie writes: "In your kind and generous notice of my book, 'The Russian Crucifixion,' you state that no protests were made by the civilised world against the abuses of Tsarism, and that therefore any protests against Soviet oppression must be made with diffidence. This is not the case. The ruthless pogroms and the oppression of freedom and free thought under Tsarism were the subject of constant public protest in this country and elsewhere. Our Government, on at least one occasion, made strong official representations. Not long before the Great War a declaration was published, signed by a large number of leading authors in Great Britain, voicing their indignation. I myself, in my own small way, spoke out." Our reviewer says he was referring to the very strong protests recently made by the Pope and other heads of Churches, and supported with such wide publicity. This had not happened before.

A book that should be welcome to all who are interested in the past is "The Old Book: A Mediæval Anthology," edited and illuminated by Dorothy Hartley, and to be published by Mr. Alfred Knopf. From a wide acquaintance with the out-of-the-way literature of the period, Miss Hartley has brought together a quaint collection of love poems, recipes, prescriptions, curses—all manner of odd scraps of prose and verse that serve to give amusing, fantastic, lurid and informing glimpses of the life, superstitions, practices and way of thought of the folk of the Middle Ages. There is a running commentary of marginal notes, and Miss Hartley's illustrations in colour and black-and-white are subtly in harmony with the mediæval atmosphere of the book. One of the illustrations is reproduced

in our "Collector" section. "The Old Book" will be issued in a limited edition of 1,300 copies for England and America, Nos. 1 to 75 of the English edition being signed by Miss Hartley.

There is more of imagination, of the story-telling art and of literary quality in the work of Mr. W. J. Locke than in that of several contemporary novelists who are not too popular to be praised by the elect. Indeed the elect praised him enthusiastically in the early years when he was writing "At the Gate of Samaria," "Derelicts," "Idols," "The Usurper," "Where Love Is——," and obtaining an audience that felt fit because it was comparatively few. Those novels, the last four anyhow, have the same grace of style, the same charm of sentiment and skill in characterisation and, one would have thought, make the same wide appeal to the general reader as most of his later books, but in 1905 he "went popular" with "The Morals of Marcus Ordeyne" (which took the town by storm too in a dramatised version), and still more popular with that irresistible, picturesque romance, "The Beloved Vagabond," and he has retained his popularity here and in America from that day to this. After leaving Cambridge, Mr. Locke lived for a while in France; he spent many holidays there, and finally made his home there and for long past had been living at Cannes. That he studied the people as well as the literature of France, and had an intimate understanding of them, you would guess from the insight and sympathy with which he has drawn that lovable rascal Paragot, Sebastian Pasquale, the joyous heathen, Aristide Pujol, and other of the Frenchmen in his stories. While he was waiting for success to come to him he took a post as mathematical tutor in a North Country school, and then for ten years was secretary of the Royal Institute of British Architects, and it was "The Beloved Vagabond" that set him free at last to live by his pen. Among the ablest of his later books are "Stella Maris," "Jaffery," "The Rough Road," "The Great Pandolfo," "The Old Bridge" and, this spring, "The Town of Tombarel." He left another novel completed, "The Shorn Lamb," and this will in due course be published by Messrs. John Lane, who were the publishers of his first book and have remained his publishers ever since.



Mr. W. J. Locke.

I have just received from New Zealand Nos. 3 and 4 of *The N.Z. Artists' Annual*, edited by Pat Lawlor, a miscellany of pictures, stories and verse which has given me good entertainment. English editors have already annexed several of Mr. Lawlor's authors (including Hector Bolitho) and three or four of his artists (Low and Harry Rountree and E. H. Thompson among them), and there are others in these Annuals they will not be happy until they have taken away from him. George Finey's caricature of Sir Joseph Ward is a masterpiece of grotesquely humorous drawing, and his sketch of Sir Truby King is as good. Why hasn't somebody here stolen George Finey? But I shall content myself by saying that artists, authors and editor (who is also one of the authors) have combined to produce so clever and lively an Annual that I wonder we do not see more of it over here.

Mr. Pat Lawlor writes to me more especially to express his satisfaction with our recent article on New Zealand literature. "Mr. Dale's survey of literature in N.Z. was an excellent one," he says, "but to my mind it was incomplete. I can think of at least a dozen notable names he has not mentioned. How about the brilliant Frank Morton, James Cowan (now busy on the most ambitious literary undertaking ever attempted in this country, 'Legends of the Maori'), Elsdon Best (our greatest authority on the Maori), Lindsay Buick, Dick Harris (acknowledged to be one of our finest poets), Mervyn Skipper (whose 'Meeting Pool,' recently published by Elkin Mathews, has established record sales), John Barr, G. B. Lancaster, Fergus Hume (at least Hume was born in N.Z.), the late Mr. Justice Alpers and Mona Tracey. I will not add Hugh Walpole, for although he was born here he left this country when a child. Incidentally, Mr. Dale dismisses Eileen Duggan, our most brilliant living poetess, in a few lines, yet her work has been acclaimed by the great A. E."

Admitting that in a short article it is difficult to mention everybody, Mr. Lawlor thinks that those he names should not have been omitted. Well, Mr. Dale is a New Zealander, with an extensive knowledge of New Zealand literature, and who is to decide when critics who are both on the spot disagree? Not that Mr. Dale and Mr. Lawlor do this; they are probably in agreement and only the inexorable limits of space prevented Mr. Dale from giving more names than he did. Fergus Hume, by the way, was born in England, went young to New Zealand and, in 1887, when he was under thirty, published his roaringly successful "Mystery of a Hansom Cab," and came back to England on the heels of it, settled down here and, I am pleased to know, is still living with us, in Essex. And perhaps I ought to say that Mr. Skipper's excellent "Meeting Pool" did not make its appearance until after our article was published. Otherwise, I have nothing to add except that I wish the other authors in Mr. Lawlor's list were published over here so that I might have the pleasure of reading them.

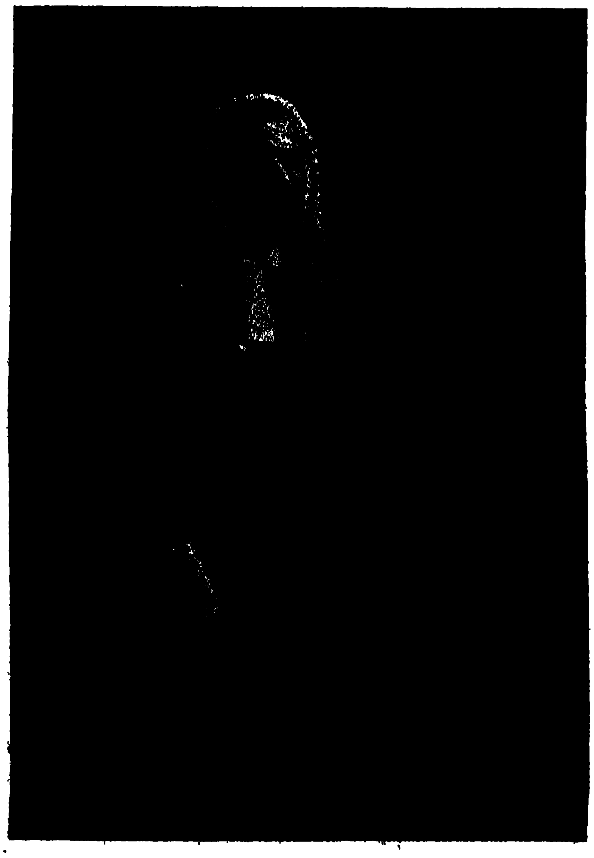


Portrait: S. P. Andrew Studios (N.Z.). **Mr. P. A. Lawlor,**

Editor of the N.Z. Artists' Annual.

A book that will be read with more than ordinary interest by all who love children and are concerned for their welfare is "Farthing Bundles," by Clara F. Grant (3s. and 5s. Fern Street Settlement, Bromley-by-Bow, E.). Miss Grant is hon. warden and secretary of the Settlement and has told, briefly, the story of her own life, of her training and experience as a teacher, and finally of how the Settlement came to be established and of the work that has been done and is being done there by her many helpers and herself. The Settlement is established near a school attended by hundreds of very poor children, and its aim is to bring more happiness into their lives by looking after their social needs and their home life generally. The book takes its quaint title from a pleasant practice of giving tickets to certain of the children (all of them, in time, take their turn) and lining them up every Saturday evening to buy for a farthing bundles of toys that are sent for them from friends all over the world. The many little kindnesses, and the many great services that are rendered to the multitude of children in one of the poorest quarters of London are related simply, sympathetically, with a most sensitive understanding of all that poverty means and with a shrewd and gentle humour. Incidentally, Miss Grant expresses practical views on the subject of education that are well worth considering. You should buy "Farthing Bundles" both for its vivid pictures of the comedy and tragedy of life in mean streets and because all profits from it will go to help the beneficent work that is being carried on by the Settlement.

A novel that is already making a considerable stir in America, "The Coronet," by Manuel Komroff, will be published here shortly by Messrs. Harrap. It is an historical romance on a vast scale, opening in Florence in 1600 and coming down to the Napoleonic wars, and to the Russian revolution and the campaigning in Russia of the White Army against the Soviet Republic. Mr. Komroff was born in New York, and educated at Yale. He went to Russia in the early days of the revolution and, having already been a journalist in America, became editor of a Petrograd daily, which died when the Bolsheviks came into power. Thereafter he made his way across Siberia, to Japan and China, getting an engagement for a while on a Chinese newspaper, and ultimately returned to America, where he worked for some years as a journalist and on the staff of Messrs. Boni & Liveright, the publishers. But having published a volume of short stories and a first novel, "The Juggler's Kiss," he retired from his publishing office to find time for the re-writing of "The Coronet." This was originally written seven years ago as a short story, and



Portrait by Speaight, Ltd. **Lieut.-Colonel C. P. Hawke,**

whose new book of essays and sketches, "Chambers in the Temple," has just been published by Messrs. Methuen.

has now grown to a novel of six hundred pages.

BOOKMAN.

NOTES ON RECENT BOOKS.

Mr. W. Riley takes rather an unusual theme in **SQUIRE GOODALL** (7s. 6d.; Herbert Jenkins) — or perhaps one should say he treats it in a new way, for the successful business man aspiring to be village squire is not an entirely new figure in fiction. Mr. Riley however approaches him from an original angle. To begin with Squire Goodall, known in the North Country as a "wool man," was no ordinary captain of industry. His inconspicuous appearance gave no hint of his enormous wealth, and his own modest tastes made him satisfied with a simple life in a suburban villa. Not so his elder daughter, and to pacify her he bought Morton Towers. His tenants resented the intrusion of business people and the ousting of the old family, and the unpretentious little Squire had many difficulties to overcome, but proved at length that kind hearts are indeed more than coronets, and character matters more than blood or wealth. How the change of circumstances affected his two daughters, as well as himself, forms the substance of an able and arresting story.



Portrait: Keystone View Company.

Sir Hall Caine, with his wife and daughter.

A photograph taken last month at his home, The Priory, Totteridge, on his 77th birthday.

There is a striking character sketch in **THE BLACK CAMEL**, by Earl Derr Biggers (7s. 6d.; Cassell)—that of Inspector Charlie Chan, the Chinese detective of the Honolulu Police, who follows up the mysterious murder of Shelah Fane, of the cinema, the famous beauty. A big, bulky, quick-witted, imperturbable, tireless man is Chan. Shelah Fane is sought in marriage by the rich Alan Jaynes, but she consults a fortune-teller as to whether she should accept. The seer looks in his crystal and tells her she is afraid to do so, as something in her past will continue to haunt her. A little later Shelah is found murdered in curious circumstances. Inspector Chan solves the mystery. An unusually attractive, well written, easily moving detective story.

The Bookshelf.

LETTERS OF PRINCE VON BÜLOW.*

This volume consists of translations of letters and memoranda taken from a considerably larger selection, issued in two volumes in Germany, from Prince von Bülow's official correspondence during the years 1903-1909. They include some confidential letters exchanged between him and the German Emperor. In that period the main events were the Russo-Japanese War, the *Entente Cordiale*, various meetings of British, French, German and Russian fleets with "hurrah" accompaniments, the German Emperor's visit to Tangier, the Algeciras Conference, the fall of Delcassé, the eternal Balkan question, the absorption of Bosnia by Austria, the Anglo-German naval rivalry, and the incident of the interview granted by the Emperor to the *Daily Telegraph*.

To the patient excavator of historical material—whose patience will induce him to make a card index as he goes along—this volume will be of immense service for the period covered. But from the point of view of the more impetuous general reader it suffers from three faults. In the first place the letters badly want "linking up": nothing is so tiresome as to have to pass from one letter to another, often dealing with an entirely different subject, without a helpful paragraph to bridge the gap. It is true that the material is divided into years and that each year is preceded by a "note," but this expedient is not very helpful, nor indeed are the notes very good. Secondly, the letters are admittedly a selection and the selection seems rather casual—a point referred to below. In the third place a book of this nature requires a long and very detailed index. Actually the index consists of less than five pages ("Is this the mighty ocean? Is this all?"), and is amateurish to a degree.

* "Letters of Prince von Bülow." Translated and with a Preface by Frederic Whyte. 24s. (Hutchinson.)

As regards the second and third points just mentioned, the Russo-Japanese War naturally exerted a profound influence upon European diplomacy in general and upon Russo-German relations in particular. But there is not a single document to show how Bülow was affected by the dramatic and startling particular occurrences of that war. There is no contemporary reference to Liao-yang, a battle which startled every soldier in Europe—and Bülow had been a soldier. The Japanese were imbued with the tenets of German strategy. The advance and subsequent concentration almost on the battle-field were strongly reminiscent of Moltke in 1866. The counterstroke by Kuroki's army made the battle a classic, and the first real trial of strength in Manchuria terminated in the unexpected retreat of the Russian army. In a flash a new aspect of the Far Eastern question was revealed: the Yellow Man had quite definitely defeated an army of White Men led by one of the foremost soldiers of Europe. Surely the dislocation of the strata of European statecraft produced by this shock must have been the subject of interested comment by Bülow? Nothing of the sort is however included in the collection. Nor can we discover how he reacted to Sha Ho, Mukden, the capture of 203-Metre Hill, or the crowning mercy of Tsushima. The Dogger Bank incident made an immense stir at the time, but the pages of this book are practically unruffled by it, and the index,

like the Indian Ocean in Mr. Kipling's poem, simply "sets and smiles." There is indeed some comment of the *obiter dictum* kind, in a letter to Prince Henry of Prussia, of date March 30th, 1905, upon Liao-yang and Mukden, but the iron resolution of the index-maker to keep these secrets to himself remains unshaken.

It is stated on the "flap" that "some of the ex-Kaiser's outspoken letters are bound to excite wide attention," but there is nothing sensational, and candour compels us to admit that William II, from the evidence of this book, appears to have been animated throughout by the very laudable intention of not allowing Germany to be shipwrecked on the uncharted quicksands which lay thick in the seething cross-currents of that treacherous lagoon of international politics in which the Great Powers suddenly found themselves embayed. There is nothing, for instance, in the least like the bellicose attitude of Queen Victoria, *teste* Mr. Lytton Strachey, in 1878. There is, however, from the Emperor to Bülow, on August 11th, 1905, a curious letter in which he complains, apropos of the visit to Tangier, "Despite the impediment to my horsemanship due to my crippled arm, I mounted a strange horse, and that horse might have brought me within a hair's breadth of *my life*—that was *your stake* in the game." And later in the postscript the Emperor declares that Bülow's threatened resignation "*would not find the Emperor still living*." One would like to think that these grave statements—italicised in the original—were mere Imperial jests, but the tenor of the remainder is rather against this view.

The incident of the interview granted to the *Daily Telegraph* is described as being "the most exciting thing" in the section devoted to the year 1909. But it is difficult to register excitement over what are mere vague and belated references. The interview itself is not even summarised, and who of the readers of this volume will be able to recall a journalistic coup of over twenty-one years ago? Further, the interview appeared in the issue of October 28th, 1908 (this information is however withheld), but the first reference to it, page 325, is in a letter of September 25th, 1909. Surely there is an unnecessary hiatus here? Seeing that the unfortunate Bulow was forced to accept responsibility, and felt compelled to tender his resignation on that account, something might reasonably be given us of his feelings at the time? The book would have been immensely improved if Mr. Whyte had not so modestly effaced himself but had boldly stepped forth as the reader's guide, philosopher and friend.

F. E. WHITTON, Lieut.-Colonel.

WOMEN—AS SEEN BY A MAN.*

Carefully working over background and foreground, the great American artist has portrayed, with an infinitude of detail, fifteen women. The book costs more than the usual novel, probably because it contains between five and six hundred pages—about 200,000 words. Nor can the reader afford to skip any, for they are not descriptive but cognate, and to get the picture Mr. Dreiser would convey we must observe every stroke of his brush.

Of these studies the most impressive is that of Rella, the young girl not yet out of her teens, who falls in love with her uncle by marriage, an uncle who is thirty and bored by what life has given him. The vivid freshness of the instinctive girl, the darkly craving mood of the man are sharply contrasted, and the end is a damping down of fires—as it would be. "What is man that thou art mindful of him?" cries the author. "He cometh up as a flower and is cut down. He fleeth as a shadow and continueth not." This quotation is the key to the gallery. By far the majority of the women suffer from inhibitions that prevent fulfilment and any sort of human success. "For the most part how bored and weary and lonesome I am. God, how bored." And again, "She craved deeply someone whom she could permanently respect as well as love. Yet is there such a one for any? Or such a state for any two?" We are in fact presented in this book with a philosophy of defeat, which may spring from the author's experience of life, but which is one to which humanity as a whole does not subscribe. It is certainly true that everyday life cannot be carried on at fever-heat, and that we cannot hope to fill our little vessels with the great emotions of life; but happiness does not lie in them. It is to be found in simple instinctive unions, parenthood, and in a growing together, forbearingly, of couples, during the years. Also for many there is "the wind on the heath, brother."

A story to be deeply impressive must be the sum of experience, but the portraits in this gallery appear to spring from meditation on observed fact. Can a man draw women from the inside? He is a different creature. He looks on, collects evidence in support of theory and when he thinks he has sufficient utters aloud his conclusions. Other men give heed. They say, "What has he discovered about the baffling creatures?" The women also listen. "So, he has observed that, has he? Clever fellow to have seen so much." They do not wonder that he has not seen more, because that no man does.

The value of the book, so roughly but effectively written, lies in the glimpses it gives of Mr. Dreiser's mind. I pause however to protest against sentences such as the following. "They were semi-philosophic, semi-erotic, and in certain ways highly romantic discourses on love and beauty and the deeper or esoteric meaning of passion and character, yet relating specifically to at the same time that they attempted to elucidate the various shades or moods of this great emotional tie which had sprung up between Esther and himself, their respective spiritual or poetic attitudes toward beauty and the mental or psychic call that had drawn them together." Careless craftsmanship such as the above are forgotten, however, in the interest evoked by what the writer has seen and the conclusions he draws therefrom. "A rag-bag mind," he says, or "a crusader" and the lay figure comes to life. "Apparently each of us," is his profound observation, "certainly the most of us as Nietzsche points out, seems to draw a certain kind of success or disaster, about as plants draw a certain kind of insect or a given type of tree the lightning. We have, or are, a fate in ourselves." Again—" he illustrated to me the casual and accidental character of so many things in nature—the fact that fortune, strength, ease, beauty, fame, any power of mind or body, come in the main to the individual as gifts and are so often not even added to nor developed by any effort of his."

These portraits are surface studies, but the thoughtful, observant mind of the painter is a deeper matter and, on account of that large view, the book is worthy of attention. One last quotation and I have done. The speaker has been given a prediction which has come true. "If," he says, "a thing that has not yet come definitely to form in the mind of anyone, its exact details, say, could be predicted weeks and, as I came later to see, months in advance, then what was this thing that we called life? Certainly not any haphazard process that each day and each hour and each fresh moment reformed itself, water or cloud-wise, and *sans* rhyme or reason, out of all sorts of chemicals and elements. Most certainly not! But rather the momentary and progressive display here before our passing gaze of some elsewhere woven pattern this long time in the making, and now draped over the revolving surface of this wheel, our earth."

Oh, yes, a worth while book.

C. A. DAWSON SCOTT.

* "A Gallery of Women." By Theodore Dreiser. 10s. (Constable.)

CALM WEATHER.*

Since the popularity of the essay revived, some of our ablest essayists have been annexed to the machinery of the popular press and braced to turn out weekly essays

* "Calm Weather." By Gilbert Thomas. 6s. (Chapman & Hall.)



The Family of the Duke of Buckingham.
From the painting by Gerard Honthorst in the National Portrait Gallery.
From "The Romance of George Villiers," by Philip Gibbs (Hutchinson).

that shall be brisk and light, to tickle the palate of the general reader, and that, to fit into an allotted space, shall be always of exactly the same length; very much as a baker may turn out buns or an artist in *delicatessen* sausages all of a nicely uniform size and weight. Many of the essays produced so regularly, under such mechanical conditions, have grace of style and spontaneity and are among the most delightful things of the kind in contemporary literature; but when they are collected in a volume that uniformity of length tends to produce an effect of monotony; moreover, it becomes apparent that although the essayist may bravely harness his mood on the right day of every week it does not always run with the same joyous impulse, but at times plods as if automatically, because it must and not because it will.

It is evident that Mr. Gilbert Thomas is not a manufacturing essayist; he does not, you would say, write essays each half a yard in length to suit the requirements of the market, but writes them only when the spirit moves him and lets them grow naturally, so that they are long or short according to the extent of his theme and how much he has to say upon it. He chooses his road and goes along it at his own leisurely pace, digressing now and then into pleasant by-ways; for he is not tied to space and has time for thought. He has a broad-minded, gracious philosophy of life and does not need to go far from home and his everyday interests in search of happiness. Such a personal note, so much of self-revelation and autobiography are in several of the essays that you feel when you come to the end of the book that you know its author as intimately as if you were one of his friends. He confesses that in earlier days, from a hatred of fuss and bustle and lack of pushfulness, he has rejected or missed divers opportunities, yet he remains unrepentant, having lost nothing that he regrets. There are passages of reflective and descriptive beauty in the essays on "Constable's Country," "A Corner of Essex," "When Spring Comes to England"; glimpses of old London in "Sweet Lavender," a characteristic plea for the leisurely manner of life that is passing away in "Cross-Country Journeys," provocative discussion of present-day habits and practices in "On Reading the Newspaper" and "The Wagon and Horse"; a whimsically serious homily on being too prosperous in "When Life is Barest." All these are leavened with personal recollections, and of personal recollections all compact are "The Square," "Sundays Long Ago," "A Schoolboy in London," "Books for Review," "On Whispers," "Memories" and "More Memories."

"Calm Weather" admirably defines the prevailing tone and atmosphere of these essays. They have a quiet, shrewd humour, and when they take a shot at folly as it flies the arrow is never poisoned. Their sketches of places, their little character studies are imaginatively realised and alive; their musings on men and things are rich in the wisdom of experience. It is a friendly, companionable book that I have read with complete enjoyment.

A. R.

"DOGGE STEENIE."*

The handsome, dashing, imperious Buckingham, so prominent in the reigns of the first two Stuart monarchs in England, and clearly visualised from youth's memory of "The Fortunes of Nigel," certainly is one of the most remarkable and romantic figures of the seventeenth century. His meteoric flight to kingly favour; his easy strides over such formidable obstacles as Carr and Bacon; his reckless ambition, and disastrous failures in the Spanish match and La Rochelle undertakings—all are crowded into the narrow limit of fourteen years.

From the outset destiny seems to have singled out this impetuous Adonis as a hero of unrivalled triumph. With practically no effort of his own he took fortune's ladder at a bound and, what is more rare, once in that exalted position, he remained on the top rung until his tragic premature end at the hands of the fanatic, Felton.

Like that unfortunate tool, Monmouth, young Villiers was thrust into prominence by a Court party so as to bring about the downfall of a favourite in supreme power at the moment. With the difference however that Monmouth's success was usually short-lived, whereas Buckingham, scorning to act as cat's paw, promptly outwitted all the speculative schemes of others striving after their own advancement.

Sir Thomas Lake had a prominent hand in the experimental shoulder-up. The shabby clothes of the youthful protégé were discarded for peacock plumage, and the good-natured James, as had been expected, immediately fell into the snare. Villiers's handsome face and figure, his courtly bearing, ready wit and magnetic charm of manner, caught the king's fancy in an instant. Indeed this irresistible personality, it would seem, finds an echoing response even after the lapse of nearly three centuries, for

* "The Romance of George Villiers, First Duke of Buckingham." By Philip Gibbs. 12s. 6d. (Hutchinson.)

the Duke's biographer has handled him with almost loving leniency. Not for a moment that George Villiers needed a liberal coat of whitewash, for some features of a gentleman's code of honour in the seventeenth century were more than questionable, and to judge the favourite by modern standards would be distinctly unfair. He was far too straightforward in his dealings, never stooping to mean, underhand actions, to be dubbed a villain. And though as a rule the hero of a monograph naturally becomes in a measure idealised, the author here has not erred on the side of partiality, but has balanced good and bad qualities with accuracy.

That master-hand at character reading, Lord Clarendon, treated Buckingham in much the same fashion, and he was a judge who invariably showed shrewd sense and rare discernment in his summing up.

The name of Sir Philip Gibbs is sufficient guarantee against that somewhat prevalent class of historical compilation that consists mainly of a patchwork of somebody else's arduous research; for references and foot-note authorities handled skilfully can easily reflect glory upon the double-shuffler, leaving the discoverer of hitherto unused documents out in the cold.

"The Romance of George Villiers"* has nothing in common with that questionable type of work. It is a careful and very readable character-study, handled with vigour that stamps the story with realism. It is a faithful picture of the times, and the luxurious surroundings of "Dogge Steenie," with His Grace in the foreground, "manacled, fettered and imprisoned in jewels," as a contemporary writer saw him, conjures up the Jacobean pageantry so graphically described by Scott, Dumas and G. P. R. James.

Looking at Buckingham's somewhat Mephistophelian cast of countenance, as recorded by Honthorst (frontispiece), it is difficult to believe that his career, so crowded with incident and action, was ended at the early age of thirty-six. One must refer to previous portraits to grasp and fully understand that his immediate success at court was mainly owing to his good looks. Robert Carr, his predecessor in James's favour, was not unlike George Villiers in his early twenties. The former's calm face in the National Portrait Gallery and seen in the book, recalls a Welbeck miniature by the same hand of Villiers, taken no doubt before the moody expression of his later days had overshadowed the reflection of a happier mind. For choice, in place of the Villiers family group—viz. the Duke and Duchess, their daughter and infant son—one would perhaps have preferred a reproduction of Honthorst's members of the Villiers circle at Hampton Court, as for more reasons than one it is of greater interest.

This painting includes, in addition to the above, Buckingham's mother, sister and his two elder brothers; with a portrait in the background of his father, Sir George Villiers, whose spectre gave warning of his son's untimely end.

Another illustration of curious interest which might have been included is tha. grimly sad painting by Van Dyck at Castle Ashby—the Duke lying dead after his assassination. This picture, and the group just mentioned, were painted within a few months of one another.

The limning given in the book of Sir Philip's "Essex Woman" is far from convincing, as are most line engravings, for faithful delineation. Far more lifelike is Oliver's rendering of the wily Howard Countess which figures in the Royal Collection at Windsor. Though of maturer age (and less attractive admittedly) than the print, her face here tallies well with the sinister stories of her time.

In conclusion a brief summary of Buckingham's romantic career may be given in the author's own words at the end of the biography:

"The greatest adventurer among adventurers, a gambler losing every move in the game of world-politics, yet winning everything at home with all the court cards in his hands, defying all private and public enemies, and rising from nothingness to supreme power in the kingdom."—"One is able to see him more intimately in his private life, to see him closely as a lover, as a husband, as a father, and as a friend."—"His letters reveal him with most vivid, intimate touches, so that he breathes out of them, and in the whole range of English letters there are not more touching nor more sweet womanly letters than those written by Duchess Kate to her beloved lord."

A few genealogical foot-notes serving to identify some of the dramatis personæ would have been welcome, and though perhaps it may savour of hypercriticism, a four-page index is scarcely adequate for a work worthy of serious study. Not so much as regards explanatory matter as an extenuation of the names of persons and places. Such items as "Ghost-story" and "Remonstrance of the Commons" might well have been omitted.

Allan Fea.

* Originally published by Messrs. Methuen some years ago.

STAGE AND SHELF.*

One of the pitfalls of success is the temptation to distort the vehicle of such success into some other form—not always happily. This fate has overtaken "Jew Süss." Not that Mr. Ashley Dukes has failed; his adaptation at the Duke of York's is quick-moving, interesting, spectacular; no student of the book (least of all Mr. Dukes himself) can reasonably have expected more, since a mere three hours' traffic was almost bound to miss those qualities that made the novel great—the infinite, loving detail, the subtle sense of irony, and above all the vein of mysticism which gives the original its unforgettable tang. More strange are the play's shortcomings in other respects: faults of miscasting and production, I think, since they are not apparent in Mr. Dukes's text. There is a curious flatness over it all, a lack of conviction; one contrast clear enough even in the acting version—that between Weissensee, the smooth politician, and the bluff, stupid Remchingen—is completely missed; what a flame is old Rabbi Gabriel in the book, and how ordinary here! But all are ordinary, all faintly theatrical, all rather "character-costume" parts than human beings. Mr. Matheson Lang must be excepted, however, if only for the passage of his grief over Naemi, which is the finest and sincerest thing in the play.

Another transformation, though in the opposite direction, is the novelising of "Outward Bound," by Mr. Sutton Vane. Here again was a property so lucrative that one can understand the author's impulse to extend it from stage to shelf, even though one cannot feel that he has improved it. The play was compact where the book proves garrulous; it hinted just enough of what had passed before curtain-rise, whereas the book narrates those events in full without adding to their significance. Again, the play's dialogue was terse and suggestive; it was of such a kind as stimulates acting, giving "something to bite on," as actors say; but since the actors' work has been recreated in print, it is somehow less convincing. I infer Mr. Vane to have the dramatist's rather than the narrator's temperament.

Or perhaps this is not a question of temperament, but of a theme's inherent suitability for one form or the other? It is significant that our big dramatists seem shy of duplicating their themes. Mr. Galsworthy neither dramatises his novels nor novelises his plays; and on the one occasion when Mr. Shaw did so (in "Cashel Byron's Profession") the result was to all intents a fresh creation. There was a welcome revival of Shaw's "Captain Brassbound," by the way, at the Everyman recently. This early play is curiously uneven; in its first half are passages which sound like a cheap imitation of the Shaw we have come to honour; not till the trial scene—perhaps not till the final duologue—is the author at anything like his provocative best. Mr. Malcolm Morley's handling of the play, and his own rendering of Brassbound, were consistently good. I hope he will not cease reviving these Shavian

* "Outward Bound." A Novel, by Sutton Vane. 7s. 6d. (Chatto & Windus.)—"The First Mrs. Fraser." A Play, by St. John Ervine. 3s. 6d. (Chatto & Windus.)—"After All" A Play, by John van Druten. 5s. and 3s. 6d. (Putnams.)—"Buy a Broom." A Play, by Eden Phillpotts. 3s. and 2s. 6d. (Duckworth.)

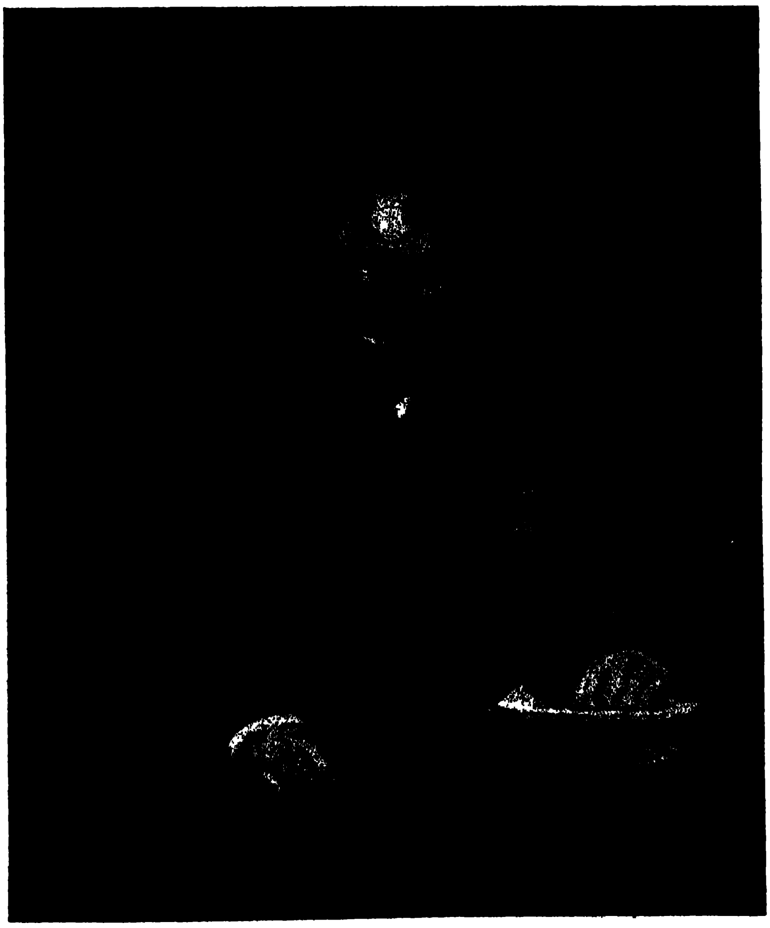
yesterdays; the Everyman is just the theatre for them, being small enough to let them be taken fast, and without danger of that over-emphasis with which the Shavian lily is sometimes so disastrously gilded. Shaw is no " actor's " dramatist; he demands team-work and intelligence, rather than mummers' tricks; which is no doubt why, at the Everyman, one nearly always finds him competently done.

Shaw's fellow-countryman, Sean O'Casey, has had a qualified success at the Apollo with " The Silver Tassie " : a piece worth seeing—all Mr. O'Casey's are—but like the rest of them, disjointed and full of loose ends. For instance, Susie in Act I is said to be in love with Harry; nothing is made of it—it is not even mentioned again. Note, also, Susie's *volte-face* of character—neither foreshadowed in the first act nor remarked on later. Or the two elder men's appearance in the hospital ward—war casualties presumably: but we are never enlightened. Or, again, that uproarious bit of fooling with the telephone; like a turn in a music-hall, not linked to anything that precedes or follows. I suppose Mr. O'Casey may reply that he is a realist, and that real life is a tangle of such loose ends; and indeed, in his hands, they do not seem to spoil the flow of the play. A much more dangerous fault was the unlikeability of his protagonist in the first act. One felt that if somebody had got to be maimed . . . But here, too, I incur the flat retort, that the play's theme precisely *is* the tragedy of a character who is at once " unsympathetic " and pitiful. I give it up. Mr. O'Casey seems to me to flout all the rules; yet I enjoy him hugely.

And lastly, Mr. Wallace: what does he in this galley? I must include his play at Wyndham's, " The Calendar," as a faultless example of the slick, well-made piece. Writers who have a message—something worth while to say—are entitled to put that something first, and then to build a play on it with such technique as they can devise or assimilate. Mr. Wallace, having nothing in particular to say and no aim except entertainment (I am not trying to belittle him: sheer entertainment is and always will be a desirable aim), Mr. Wallace is forced to take care that his technique is first rate. And does so. " The Ringer " was good theatre; this is still better. Here are no loose ends—not even the convict-butler's " indeliable " pencil. This is a master-craftsman's piece, which would have warmed the heart of the late William Archer. It should be seen by all aspiring playmakers; for as an exposition of stage-technique it is probably unsurpassed.

Most good plays get published nowadays; and I suppose it is a heartening sign of the theatre's welfare that some of the best are being so well patronised as to be inaccessible to the casual critic—though this somewhat hampers the critic's function. I still find a permanent " House Full " at " Journey's End " and " The First Mrs. Fraser " for instance; but I have by me an edition of Mr. Ervine's play which is good reading. " The First Mrs. Fraser " is light comedy; a shade too light—or rather, too facetious—in its opening passages; but Mr. Ervine knows his London theatres well enough (as he hints broadly in this very play) to allow ten or fifteen minutes' grace for the inevitable late-comers, and the small blemish disappears as he gets down to business. It is odd, by the way, to find in two plays so extremely unlike as this and " The Calendar " a common idea: yet so there is—the central theme of Mr. Wallace's piece, so far as it has a theme, and also pretty prominent in Mr. Ervine's: namely the query why a woman who is playing the cad should feel aggrieved because her male antagonist will not continue to deport himself as a " perfect gentleman." This query was worth making in the theatre and much overdue there; long-suffering man should offer the two dramatists his joint congratulations.

The conflict of older and younger generations, which is a part of Mr. Ervine's plot, is the main theme of Mr. Van Druten's " After All," and in a lesser degree of Mr. Phillpotts's " Buy a Broom." Mr. Phillpotts tells a somewhat artless story, set in the pleasantly original surroundings of a gipsy camp; his folk ring true, even when they are fantastic, and he has drawn two very lifelike and amusing children. " After All " is sterner stuff—more like Mr. Ervine's type of story, though on an intenser plane. It is in fact a modern version of the old " repertory " theme: that quietly bitter strife of parents and their children, which is perhaps still the most generally interesting of all subjects for a play. Mr. Van Druten uses less wit and more humour than Mr. Ervine; in print at any rate I find his piece the best of the three. GRAHAM SUTTON.



Viscount Melbourne.

From a painting by John Partridge in the National Portrait Gallery.

From "Lord Melbourne," by Bertram Newman (Macmillan).

THE CYNICAL PREMIER.*

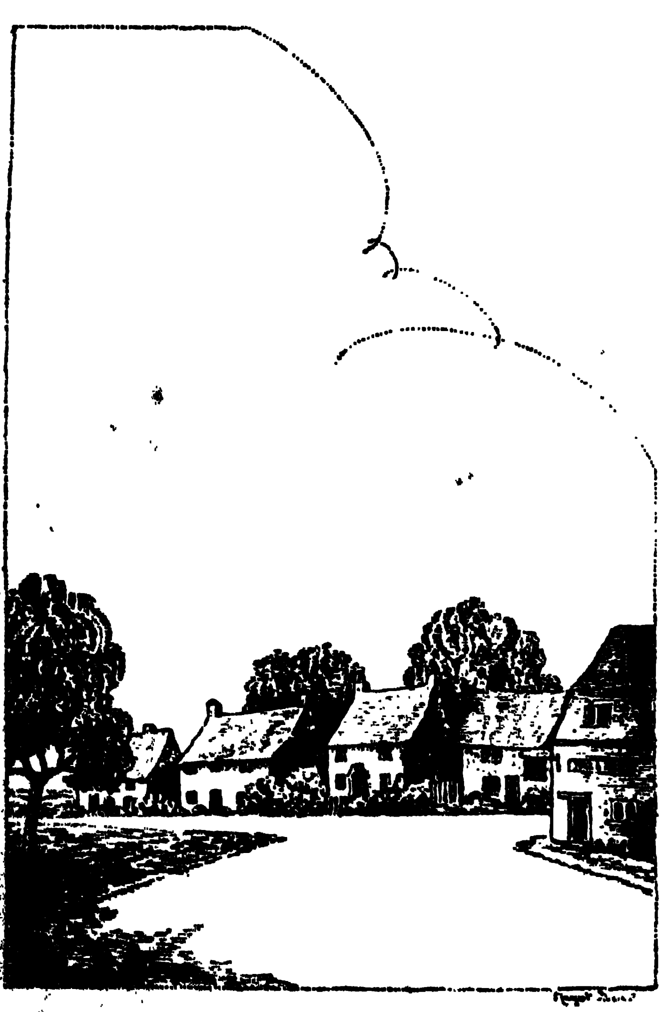
Mr. Bertram Newman has widespread taste in his biographical researches. For there are wide gaps between the human natures of Cardinal Newman and Edmund Burke (both of whom he has already handled in earlier volumes) and the subject of the present book. It would be difficult to imagine two men more unlike than the sentimental Burke, full of theories and enthusiasms, and the cynical Melbourne—who seemed, on the surface at least, to have neither a guiding principle, either moral or constitutional, nor any emotional social outlook of any kind whatsoever. Yet even Burke and Melbourne had one thing in common: they both adored a Queen! But in how different a manner. And both the saintly Newman and the very sceptical

* " Lord Melbourne." By Bertram Newman. 12s. 6d. (Macmillan.)

Melbourne had a common taste for wandering along the vague meandering bypaths of theological controversy. But again, how different were the two wanderers. One fancies that the Cardinal would have described the Premier's theology in the dogmatic terms of heresy.

Mr. Bertram Newman has given us a very charming and a very useful volume. It is of a far higher standard than the more frivolous productions of those authors who are so set on the production of smart epigrams that they seem to forget that a biography is not merely an essay in style. Mr. Newman has plenty of style; and he manages with unaffected ease to say serious historical truths in the sparkling manner which holds the attention and remains in the memory. But he has all the time a sense of the courtesy that is due to the stately Muse of history: he does not drag her to the more trivial realms of burlesque. Lord Melbourne might so easily, with all his affectations and social surroundings, have been turned into the gaudy hero of a musical comedy. Mr. Newman, with rigid respect, has kept to the strict truth, and given us the portrait of a very polished gentleman, who concealed beneath that cynical surface a mind that very nearly reached the highest realms of philosophy.

This author modestly denies in his preface that he has paid chief attention to the political side of his hero. But one ventures to discover a great deal of most illuminating political history closely and artistically bound up with the biographical facts. It is a period that easily lends itself to the trivial chatter of the smart governing class set; and Mr. Newman is right when he gives us a due proportion of this glittering display. Lord Melbourne's sparkling mother, and his highly strung wife, Lady Caroline, were very typical of their day, and are a very legitimate part of the background. They, more immediately, were all-important factors in the life of Melbourne. Without such a mother and such a wife, the story of Melbourne would have been a very different affair. It is more than a possibility that the unruly behaviour of Lady Caroline was a most considerable factor in her husband's firm conviction that human beings—on the whole—must be given their heads, to go their own way, however stupid and self-destructive. That was why he was so firmly sceptical whether the reforms, for which so many other men were ready to lay down their lives and sell their souls, were worth the parchment and parliamentary paper on which they were inscribed.



". . . where Bunyan buffeted three Quakers."

From "Joyous Pilgrimage" by R. Francis Foster (Elkin Mathews & Marrot).

Yet beneath this cynical surface, as Mr. Newman has rightly shown, was a mind of high social purity. No party success or lazy indifference would move Melbourne one inch from the path which he thought was just and honourable. Of course (as again Mr. Newman more than once insists) he was not a modern thinker, equipped with all the latest social theories and packed with the statistics of the present schools of political economy. This author very wisely considers his subject as an intimate part of the Regency and Early Victorian age, and he does not theorise and sentimentalise from the viewpoint of to-day. He does not waste paper and ink in wondering why Lord Melbourne did not do what Mr. Ramsay MacDonald might do and think a hundred years later.

Mr. Newman, being a fine artist, prefers to place his subject matter before himself—by no means an inevitable virtue in modern biography! So he gives us a plentiful number of very helpful quotations from Melbourne himself and his contemporaries. This is the wisest and most respectful manner of biography; it is only the inferior middle men who like to repeat a story in their own words. Mr. Newman must have many temptations to talk himself, for he often puts a whole character, or even a period of history, into a line or two of terse words. His intellectual thought and literary craftsmanship have combined in the production of a biography that is delightful reading, for it is a tragical story and romance, and yet with scientific history as its firm basis.

Since Mr. Newman is so conscientious in giving us all the necessary facts, it is hardly necessary to dispute some of his conclusions. For he so fairly allows us to judge for ourselves. But there are one or two suggestions that are a little alarming. For example, he appears to believe that Canning was a great statesman, and that he was Melbourne's master in statesmanship. He writes that Canning "conquered all obstacles by sheer brain power." One would have thought that a moment's study of the facts would have convinced so intelligent a writer as Mr. Newman that Canning's chief characteristic was trivial intrigue and flashy rhetoric. Again Mr. Newman apparently fails to see that Peel (here resembling Canning) was successful mainly because he represented the worst side of the money-grubbing heartless plutocracy of his day. On the low plane of efficiency in administration and parliamentary handling Peel may be a representative figure. But he cannot be an ideal for any but the worshippers of an age which built the Crystal Palace. One is sure that it is only by an oversight that Mr. Newman sometimes gives the impression of imagining that Mr. Huskisson and his Free Trade fancies were on the line of true reform. This author is too thoughtful to be misled by any such conventional ideas of pedantic orthodoxy.

G. R. Stirling Taylor.

GOOD ENTERTAINMENT.*

If the title proper of this little book promises blithesomeness and mirth, linked with good comradeship, the sub-title prepares us at the same time for something rather less jovial. And certainly a little such preparation is not out of the way for the amazing sequence of incidents and predicaments which confronted and befell the writer and his companion Longshanks in the accomplishment of

* "Joyous Pilgrimage. Being the Chronicle of a Strange Journey." By R. Francis Foster. 7s. 6d. (Elkin Mathews & Marrot.)

their self-appointed task of girdling London. If the curious phraseology of the book strikes one at first as a trifle laboured, that impression quickly dies away and one is caught irresistibly in the spell of its quaint and symbolic imagery. As pilgrims of old they started forth, leaving their last fivepence ha'penny with the Father Guardian at Chilworth Friary on behalf of the needy poor, and with only one great-coat between them, which they shared in inclement weather (true Longshanks possessed a top-hat at one stage of the journey, but of its ignoble uses we will leave the book itself to relate) they took the road in the approved spirit of preparedness for what might be in store.

The writer with a commendable humility lays all the laurels on Longshanks's head. It was the eloquence of the latter which carried them round many a tight corner, in fact on one occasion so inspired did it become that it was only brought to an end by the familiar "Time, gentlemen. *please* !" of the landlord. It was Longshanks's philosophy too, which declared that "a man cast bread upon the waters that it may return to him buttered." He also maintained that "the millionaire is an unconscious participator with the saint in the doctrine that to give is to recoup oneself a hundredfold." Sweet indeed are the uses of adversity which bring such delectable recompense as the picture of Longshanks quarrelling with a sweep to whom he offered a first lesson in Latin in return for a ride in his cart, only to be answered by a flourish of the broom in his face, and again the same buoyant individual imprisoned in the village stocks after satisfying a natural curiosity. There were many occasions we would prefer to read about than share, and dilemmas no less fantastically conceived than expressed, in fact this pair of vagabonds seemed to act as magnets for any knavery that happened to be afoot and they dealt with all and sundry in the most spirited manner imaginable. Of the free eats and drinks too that were manœuvred and the conversations that were their natural accompaniment, this mere hint will have to serve. Suffice it to say that Longshanks's wit and ingenuity, combined with the author's racy and whimsical interlarding of history (with a difference) provide most refreshing entertainment, so quaintly are they blended with the mediæval atmosphere which casts a glamour over the familiar scenes.

L. O.

HAMMERSMITH HOY.

What a delightful title !* And what a neat label for the Lyric, Hammersmith ! It is a major achievement of Sir Thomas's that when I think of Beecham I think of bills and not pills, and of Sir Nigel's that when I think of Hammersmith, I think of the fortunes of Nigel, and not of the sordidness of the Broadway and the sad magnificence of the Thames.

* "Hammersmith Hoy." By Nigel Playfair. 21s. (Faber & Faber.)

The Lyric floats in other waters, though the earthly end of its gang-plank is in a Hammersmith slum, and the airs which fill its delicate sails are from another century—the eighteenth. It is a hoy, no doubt, as Playfair defines that happy vehicle, quoting, I trust, though I am not learned enough to vouch for it, from Doctor Johnson's dictionary: "A hoy," he says, "is a small sailing ship capable of carrying a modest freight for a short distance."



Sir Nigel Playfair.
From a drawing by H. A. Perry.

Prettily put ! Though, unless we are to judge the works of art by crude mass and volume, the modesty must be referred altogether to the skipper of the hoy. And as for short distances—well, "The Beggar's Opera" ran for 1,463 performances, and only "Chu Chin Chow" (2,238) and "Charley's Aunt" (1,466) ran for more. Yet Playfair rightly regards his venture as tiny. It is an exquisite miniature: a miniature; as Playfair says himself, of what a National Theatre—that is to say, *the* National Theatre—might be and do.

The bigger half of the book—178 pages out of 301—is pre-Hammersmith. If there were no Lyric *dénouement* those 178 pages would make a delightful autobiography, especially for a reader like me who is almost as much a Victorian as Playfair is.

For, make no mistake about it, Nigel Playfair is the Compleat Victorian. He is as Victorian as *Punch*, and Gilbert, and antimacassars, and croquet, and Mr. Gladstone, and "Alice in Wonderland," and the middle-classes, and comfort, and Old Brown Sherry. I always guessed as much from his looks and his works, and now I know.

I mean this review to be mainly about the man-of-the-theatre, and so I shall skip the sedately whimsical story of his boyhood, and discover him at Oxford, diligently doing nothing except preparing to be an actor. (He was marked for the Bar.) He says that he never attended any lectures, but got through the Honours School of Modern History by cramming *Little Arthur's History of England* and the article on Napoleon in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*. For him Oxford meant the O.U.D.S., not until later called the "Owds," a pronunciation to which Playfair succumbs "with considerable distaste." One of his fellow players was "Ponsonby, now Under-Secretary. He was certainly very funny as Launce."

Some of his happiest days at Oxford were spent in the preparation and performance in Worcester College Gardens of a version made by him of "Alice in Wonderland" and "Through the Looking Glass." But more important, in the shaping of Playfair, is it that he fell under the influence of Max Beerbohm—the writer; the man he knew but slightly then. There is a family likeness between these two, with their elegant precision and outrageously logical whimsicality

The only interesting thing about his career at the Bar is that he spent a year in the chambers of Alfred Lyttelton with an Oxford friend of his, Plum Warner. As at Oxford, he thought of nothing but the stage, and he became a well-known acting member of such famous amateur companies as the Old Stagers and the Windsor Strollers.

This is important. Good amateur acting has something which in general professional acting lacks. But Playfair never lost that something, and for all the finished technique of the Lyric, Hammersmith, you find that something there.

Arthur Bourchier, who had been a great man with the Strollers and the Old Stagers, had much to do with Playfair's final leap on to the stage. While he was yet moaning at the Bar, he staged a play of Nigel's and Philip Carr's: "Shock-headed Peter"; and gave Playfair his first job, an engagement of forty weeks. Asked what salary he wanted, Playfair suggested £5 a week. Bourchier replied: "It's curious, Nigel, that you should have said that. Because it's exactly what I think you're worth to me. . . . But I shan't give it you. I feel that you are the sort of man who will one day drive the coach, and the sooner you learn the value of economy the better. You shall have four." That is the only one of the many excellent stage stories in the book which I shall tell you: this is a review, not the sack of the city.

The two significant facts about his pre-war stage career are that he played in Philip Carr's Elizabethan and Restoration revivals, and that he was on the original committee of the Stage Society. The original membership of the Stage Society was a queer mixture of Fabian intellectuals, long-haired æsthetes, and persons interested in the drama. Often the mixture was in one person; but Playfair was for the drama neat.

And then, just after the Armistice, Playfair assumed the management of the Lyric. The story of how he did it is exciting and romantic, and does credit to Arnold Bennett's heart and Sir Nigel's head. They got the Lyric for a song—and then sang it. I am not going to tell you about that, and how, with the luck of all good captains, Playfair got the help of Lovat Fraser, Frederic Austin, Frederick Ranalow, and the rest. You must read it for yourself. There is nothing in English stage history more miraculous than the way they made eighteenth century ballad-opera and prose comedy the London fashion in a suburban house which the great Mulholland wouldn't touch at £500 a year.

Yet I am more interested at the moment in trying to find out why Playfair was just the man for the job. It takes this book to tell me, and I can't put it into a few words. Here is a hint: His neatness of mind, his precision, his primness, is all a cosy and comic mask for Puck. And Puck wanted to play pranks with the drama. So far as modern England was concerned, eighteenth century drama was fresh material which he could do what he liked with. There was much in that period that appealed to him: He liked the elegant formality of its manners, he liked to be sedately shocked by its elegant indelicacies. But I think the main thing was that eighteenth century plays were comparatively unspoilt by modern stage-directions. And so he staged "The Beggar's Opera," and played his tricks. Quite right, too! Every fresh production of a play is a new creation. Colley Cibber, Barry Jackson and those other fellows go too far, but the devout Shakespearean gets nowhere.

W. R. Titterton.

THREE POETS, OFFERING OUT OF THREE AGES.*

Soon after 500 B.C., on an island one quarter the size of the Isle of Wight, Bacchylides was writing odes in celebration of the victories of his fellow-islanders and others—odes which, in A.D. 1929, Dr. A. S. Way translates into English. These odes will not find a very large audience waiting for them; the sap has gone out of them for us; though we too celebrate in our public prints the national heroes of games. Our Olympia goes by the name of Wimbledon, which Bacchylides might have found cacophonous. His little island, Ceos, sent Lachon to Olympia to run in the Boys' Footrace in 452 B.C. When Lachon came back, Bacchylides had a welcome ready for him, verses to be sung in his honour, and ending (in Dr. Way's translation) in this fashion:

> "And now by the Song-queen's grace—
> Yea, of her with whose voice heaven rings—
> O thou whose feet in Olympia's race
> Were like to the wild wind's wings,
> A song for the victory won
> By thee, Aristomene's son,
> Is the honour-meed of the triumphing speed
> That to Keos new glory brings."

Dr. Way likens Bacchylides to Longfellow in power of genius. I should say that the attribution is hardly justified by this book of translations. Scholars may quarrel over him, but the rest of us will coolly let him drop. He is so remote that he seems to have nothing whatever to say to us; his gods, his circumstances and his ceremonies have no bearing upon ours.

With Mr. Andrew's modernised version of "Sir Gawain and the Green Knight," a poem written in the fourteenth century, we feel on far more familiar ground. This is natural, for, though Sir Gawain is an old invention, he is ours; his story was written for people in this island, written to appeal to the romantic and moral-minded man which an Englishman still is. We have always loved magic and a rich display; we have always been hero worshippers, humane and humorous, idolising strength of sinew and purpose, and asking for happy endings and poetic justice. English tragedy is our kind of drama, invented by our optimism. Cheerfulness keeps breaking in. All this could be exemplified from "Sir Gawain," which is an excellent story, also, and so modern (mystery, courage, sex-interest, the triumph of virtue) that I would seriously recommend it for the basis of a film play. The Germans could do it enchantingly.

The poem has long been known as a masterpiece, but in its original form it could only be familiar to students, because of its difficult vocabulary. It is written in the alliterative verse which was the forerunner of rhyme (but upon a basis more metrical than Piers Plowman) and is divided into stanzas, the last four lines of which are rhymed. Mr. Andrew has skilfully kept all these features in his modern version. His version is easy enough for anyone to read with pleasure, though it still preserves the charm and quaintness of its original. There can be no doubt at all about the artistic greatness of the poem. Its natural descriptions are wonderfully terse and vivid, and are, of course, almost unique. The mediæval poets nearly always kept to the lively friendliness of spring and summer in their descriptions of nature; they were afraid of the unknown, and did not generally express, if they saw, the beauty of the bareness of winter and rough weather. This poet does not shrink from it. I heartily recommend this modern version of the Green Knight to all who love fine poetry and rich and coloured adventure.

The poet of the Green Knight is unknown, only his work survives. Two centuries later the credit of being a poet was every courtier's ambition, and then arose that tradition for perfect, finely polished verse for which the Elizabethan age is famous. If I may borrow an expression from Professor Grierson, the writing of poetry was, to most of Sir Walter Ralegh's contemporaries, a display of virtuosity. Love was their theme, but artistic ambition was their urge to write. When the Elizabethan did use poetry for an outlet for his personal philosophy, he proved himself to be infected with the dark disillusion and unhappiness that touched all thinking men at the Renaissance.

Ralegh had the reputation of a great court poet, but he seems to have been afflicted with sincerity, and most of his poetry was never printed, and has long ago disappeared. Perhaps he himself destroyed it. So here we have the very contrary of the Green Knight—the poet surviving in name and fame, and most of the work irretrievably lost. For Ralegh's reputation was enormous, yet this, the definitive edition, representing years of patient searching, contains no more than thirty-four poems that can be ascribed to him

* "The Odes of Bacchylides in English Verse." By Arthur S. Way. 10s. 6d. (Macmillan.)—"Sir Gawain and the Green Knight." A Modern Version. By S. O. Andrew. 4s. (Dent.)—"The Poems of Sir Walter Ralegh." Edited by A. M. C. Latham. 10s. (Constable.)

with any certainty, and only one of which it can be said, "Here is the text as Ralegh left it." That one, the last book of the Ocean to Cynthia, is a long poem printed from Ralegh's own handwriting; but it is obviously an unfinished draft, and to be made at all comprehensible, needs very careful editing and repunctuation. Small as it is, this collection shows Ralegh's reputation to have been well founded. His best is very high among English lyrics, direct, pitifully beautiful, sensitively responding to life while sadly resenting the tragedy of age and decay and death. Ralegh was a man of brilliant powers condemned to waste his powers on the catching and keeping of captious court favour. He felt his genius going to waste, and the years of his life (never very certain) fast running away to no purpose. The well-known epitaph was, it appears, simply the last verse of a love poem in the usual extravagant Elizabethan mode. He began with artificiality, and ended with this:

> "Even such is Time, that takes in trust
> Our youth, our joys, and all we have,
> And pays us but with age and dust;
> Who in the dark and silent grave,
> When we have wandered all our ways,
> Shuts up the story of our days."

What he added later, when he sent this out from the Tower as his own epitaph, is a significant comment upon the brave and melancholy loneliness endured by the great spirits of those doubting times:

> "But from this earth, this grave, this dust,
> My God shall raise me up, I trust."

All Ralegh and his poems are in the eight lines of this epitaph.

FRANK KENDON.

A GARDEN MISCELLANY.

Until recently, if you had been cataloguing the work of Mr. Coulson Kernahan, you might have described him as a novelist, writer of essays in criticism, author of short stories, or of that strikingly popular series of allegories, which began with "God and the Ant" and were finally gathered into one volume under the title of "Visions." But a year or so ago he started to make a reputation as a writer of nature studies and fantasies with "The Garden of God," which is now in a second edition, and he has just followed this new success with "Begging the Moon's Pardon,"* another book in a somewhat similar kind.

It is a book that you would say has grown spontaneously out of his love of the open air, of flowers and gardens, of dogs and cats—indeed, of all those things of earth and sky that he speaks of in "A Nature-Lover's Note-Book," where he says:

> I find no day common. On the contrary, such compelling and fascinating mystery and marvel do I newly find in each new day that I feel sometimes as if, even in heaven itself –
>
> O Earth! is Heaven more fair!
>
> —I could wish nothing better, when I go hence, than, with heaven's new and spiritual vision, to return to old earth. My hope is that, hereafter, I may be permitted to continue in loving comradeship with, and lovingly to study, my fellows, men and women, and my fellow living creatures of every kind, whether on earth, in the water, or in the air, and that I still may have sight of child-faces, fields, flowers, sky and cloud, and the great trees."

These are what he writes of here with a knowledge, intuition, sympathy and brooding thought and fancy of one who has given his heart to such themes. He begins with a whimsical sketch concerning the old superstition which says it is unlucky to have a first sight of the new moon through glass, and follows it with a delightful study of butterflies and "the Buddleia," which "takes its name from a certain Adam Buddle," a botanist of whose identity he admits he has no information. A feather fallen from a smaller sulphur-crested cockatoo furnishes him with a subject for a charming essay on the beauty of this gossamer miracle and the thoughts that rise from the handling of it.

There are essays as charming on a Sussex garden, on trees, on "A Fool and his Flowers," a homily on certain types of human beings, a lively, amusing story of a cat, "Skindles, M.P.", and another sketch in which the characters of the author's own cat and his dog are humorously and faithfully drawn and contrasted. Mr. Kernahan writes always with the insight and sensitive fancy and feeling of a poet; with a quick eye for natural beauty, and a broad human-kindness for everything that makes up the motley life of the world, for all the loveliness that grows and "beneath the moon decays." If you are a nature lover you will read this book with unalloyed pleasure; if you are not, it will help to make you one.

ARTHUR RUTLAND.

* "Begging the Moon's Pardon, and other Nature Fancies and Studies." By Coulson Kernahan. 2s. 6d. (Epworth Press.)

INDIA'S MIGHTY PAST.*

"This book will be of advantage to both Indians and Europeans," says in his foreword the Marquis of Zetland, than whom no one in Great Britain more appreciates the soul of India. It gives a very good idea of the history of the country and its civilisation from the earliest times till the death of Aurangzebe, the great Moghul Emperor, at the beginning of the eighteenth century. The contribution to Indian civilisation of the Aryans and Dravidians, of the Hindus and Mohammedans, of Delhi and the provinces is also made clear. It is from the Dravidians that Indians learnt sculpture, iconography, and the worship of the Goddess that is the Female Energy of the Universe. The Mohammedans—who adopted Indian manners and customs soon after settling down in the country—enriched the Indian arts and sciences. The book is written eloquently and yet without exaggeration. The author admits that Indian civilisation has its blots, like other civilisations ancient and modern.

Certain points are made clear by the author which are often forgotten by the average man. For example, there were empires in ancient India which were as large, if not larger than the British Empire in India to-day. Asoka was master of India from the Punjab to Mysore, as well as of Baluchistan and Afghanistan. Kanishka's empire included not only most of India, all Baluchistan and Afghanistan, but also Yarkand and Khotan. Then again the Hindus made continual progress in all departments of life and knowledge until the Mohammedans came; they then ceased to progress because they adopted self-defence and self-preservation as their ideals. The author contends that there were really no foreign masters of India until the Mohammedans came; because all previous invaders were absorbed by the Hindus. The Mohammedans retained their non-Indian religion, but in most other respects they also were Hinduised.

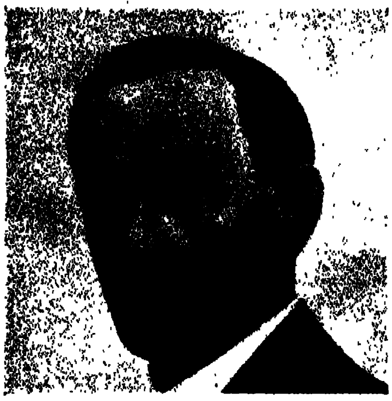
The ancient Hindu kings were not absolute rulers; they had to take advice of their Council and do reverence to the Brahmins who were their superiors in caste. It has been supposed that Indians did not have any alphabet till the eighth century before Christ, when they borrowed it from the Phœnicians; their culture till then was oral. But this has proved to be incorrect, since on the coins and other articles found at Mohenjodaro and Harappa—which are at least of 3,000 B.C.—there is a good deal of writing. The Indian drama, Mr. Shah contends, is of indigenous origin and not borrowed from the Greeks, as some Western scholars have tried to make out. Its prologue and its mixture of dance and music, which are not to be found in the Greek drama, support the author's contention.

Mr. Shah shows how highly developed was the culture of the ancient Indians from the fact that a gentleman was expected to be proficient in seventy-two arts and a lady in sixty-four arts. He argues that the bell-shaped capitals of the pillars of Asoka's palace at Pataliputra were not an imitation of the Persian capitals of the period, as some Western archæologists believe. They show rather that there was at that time a common Asiatic art stretching

* "The Splendour That Was Ind." By K. T. Shah. £2 10s. (Bombay: Taraporevalla. London: Kegan Paul.)

from India to Asia Minor. He is not quite correct however when he says that Greek sculpture is not creative but merely imitative. He forgets that the archaic Greek sculpture—that preceding Pheidias—was creative.

In the chapter on art the author shows how the Mohammedans were influenced by the Hindus. The ceiling and the pillars of the mosque of Qutbuddin, at Delhi, and the mosques at Ahmedabad for example, are Hindu both in construction and decoration. The domes of the Mohammedan buildings in India are also of the Hindu type; they rest on and are surmounted by lotus leaves which the Hindus have employed in their art from time immemorial. The domes of the Indo-Saracenic buildings have also as finials the Hindu *kalasha* (water-pot), and not the spike as in other parts of the Moslem world.



Mr. Dan Griffiths,
whose new book, "Human Nature," has just been published by Messrs. Daniel.

In the chapter on industry and commerce the author shows how centuries before the Christian era Indians knew how to make iron and steel. Also from early times they had commercial relations with other parts of Asia, Europe and Africa. And they carried their goods in their own ships and did not allow the Phœnicians to act as their carriers.

In the chapter on the social system Mr. Shah shows the good side of the caste system. He says that it is elastic and adaptable, and allows the individual within its fold full opportunities to display his talent or genius. He disapproves of the modern Indian woman's ideal of rights (borrowed by her from the West); he wants her as far as possible to stick to her ancient Indian ideal of duties; because he argues that the race should be more important than the individual. In these days, when it is the fashion to run down the pomp and splendour of kings, it is refreshing to find Mr. Shah write enthusiastically about the pomp and splendour of the courts of Indian emperors, their camps, dresses, etc.

The author, though proud of the bygone greatness of his country, is not despondent of its future. He thinks that it will still do things as great as it did in the past.

A few mistakes may be pointed out without in the least wishing to detract from the merits of the book. Mr. Shah says that the Khyber Pass was used by invaders from early times. This however is not true, as Sir George MacMunn, in his book on Afghanistan, has pointed out. It really was not used by any invader before Nadir Shah in the eighteenth century. Then again, Mohammud of Ghazni did not invade India twenty-four times, as the author seems to think, but twelve times. The proof-reading, one regrets to have to point out also, has not been careful enough.

The book has been very well got up, and the half-tone and coloured illustrations add greatly to its beauty. It should be read by every lover of India and by every student of human history. It is popular without being superficial, thorough without being dull.

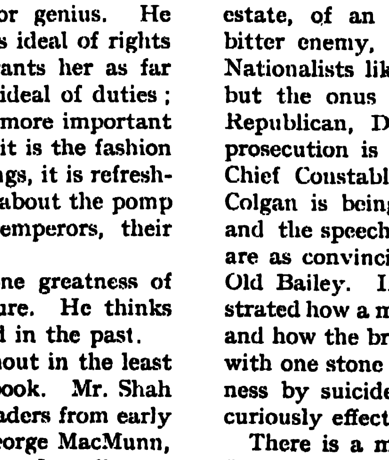
VASUDEO B. METTA.

ALL CONCERNED WITH CRIME.

Crime and the Great War are filling the fiction market. The field of criminality, once covered by expert detectives of fiction, is now being patrolled by amateur investigators. In some cases the obtuse Watson has taken the place of the alert Holmes. For example, Professor Henry Poggioli, Ph.D., the chief figure of "Clues of the Caribees,"[1] is not over-endowed with intelligence, though esteemed highly as a sleuth-hound. Sometimes he is quite baffled; at others he happens on leading clues by accident. Truth to tell, Mr. T. S. Stribling, the meritorious author of "Birthright," "Red Sand" and "Fombombo," is not altogether happy in his new medium as chronicler of evil doings and uncertain retributions. His professor has an American degree as a psychologist, and he reasons out his cases instead of working on them. The scenes of his operations are the Dutch West Indies, Haiti, Martinique and Port of Spain. The most dramatic story of the collection is "A Passage to Benares," in which Poggioli insists on sleeping in a Hindu temple, with the most unforeseen and unfortunate result.

Forsaking red-haired curates and hidden treasure in the Emerald Isle, George A. Birmingham is dreadfully sinister in "Wild Justice."[2] There is still some humour in his simple cut-and-thrust dialogue, but the thread of his new novel unrolls in the shadow of the rope. It is a story this, not of Irish playboys, but of Celtic assassins—figures walking through blood to merciless revenge. The Mellany murder concerns the killing, on Lord Benton's English estate, of an Irish Republican, Seumas Sweeney. His bitter enemy, the Loyalist O'Callaghan, who hates Irish Nationalists like poison, is the first man to be suspected, but the onus is slowly but surely attached to another Republican, Diarmuid Colgan. The main agent of his prosecution is still another Irish exile, Colonel Devenish, Chief Constable of the county. The chapters in which Colgan is being tried for his life are intensely dramatic, and the speeches of counsel for the Crown and the defence are as convincing as any that have been delivered at the Old Bailey. In the climax of the narrative it is demonstrated how a man is hanged for a murder he did not commit, and how the brain which devised the killing of two enemies with one stone makes a little slip and expiates the carelessness by suicide. In this new medium Canon Hannay is curiously effective.

There is a much greater paraphernalia of terror in Mr. J. Lindsay Hamilton's crime story, "The Gorgon."[3] On the dust-cover we see three puny human beings transfixed with terror at the sight of a threatening giant of the most horrific appearance. The Gorgon is our old friend, the anonymous director of a nefarious organisation which strikes down its victims at his nod. Mr. Hamilton surrounds the evil genius with every attribute of terror, and yet he does not succeed in inspiring the fear that is implicit in Canon Hannay's book. Mr. Hamilton, however, can claim that he veils the identity of his master-crook with considerable skill, although several hints are given, especially in the early part of the story, which can be availed of by alertly wily readers.



Portrait by Vaughan & Freeman.

Mr. J. Lewis May.
Author of "The Path through the Wood" (Geoffrey Bles).

There is another mysterious unknown in Mr. Selwyn Jepson's "I Met Murder."[4] Here the havoc is wholesale. At a dinner at Eastblyth Manor a shot comes out of the void and whizzes past the head of the host, John Arden. Hamish Page, the vulgar, brutal profiteer, is distinctly uneasy. He has some reason to be, for very shortly thereafter at his new residence, Blyth Towers, he is discovered in his bedroom by the valet who brings his morning tea, with a bullet through his brain. At this juncture Sergeant Grice is joined by George Jupp, the Home

[1] "Clues of the Caribees." By T. S. Stribling. (Heinemann.)—[2] "Wild Justice." By George A. Birmingham. (Methuen.)—[3] "The Gorgon." By J. Lindsay Hamilton. (Herbert Jenkins.)—[4] "I Met Murder." By Selwyn Jepson. (Hodder & Stoughton.)—[5] "House Sinister." By Horace Newte. (Nash & Grayson.) 7s. 6d. each.

Office criminologist. George is a small man about fifty, of that pre-eminently English type which always looks thin and miserable when there is an east wind blowing. His colouring as to hair and eyes is indeterminate, and he has a permanent mildly aggrieved air. While suspicion is gathering about Anita Skinner, news comes of the finding of Lady Codrington's body on the heath by Brooker's Mill. The Rev. Lionel Lake is implicated. All question of Anita's guilt is summarily removed by the finding of her body at the Towers with a small, clean bullet wound in her forehead. The main burden of suspicion then falls on Professor Skinner and his assistant, Blake. Then Skinner is found dead in the Drive. It is at this stage of the book that the reader gets a very violent shock and Mr. Jupp comes into his own as a heaven-born detective.

The operations of a cold-blooded poisoner are always associated with a certain amount of interest. In Mr. Horace Newte's "House Sinister,"[5] Vanda Wincuelin, going as holiday companion to a young girl, Ida Dalmon, is much more favourably impressed by Ida's mother than by her father. Edgar Dalmon was short and thick-set, with curly ginger-coloured hair, with eyes which very curiously appeared to have neither pupils nor whites, and eyelids which appeared to be hooded. He had however a soothing and appealing voice, and had obviously other fascinating qualities, as his wife adored him. On the other hand, his sister-in-law, Edith Wakeford, was distinctly afraid of him, and she died shortly after making her will, and exhibiting rather suspicious symptoms in her last illness. Mr. Dalmon was greatly taken by his daughter's governess; so he turned his deadly attentions to his wife. She died also in a highly suspicious manner, of tetanus. Under what must have been an overpowering obsession of compulsion, Vanda in a heartlessly short space became the second Mrs. Dalmon. The reality of the marriage was so distasteful that Vanda, fighting against her dreadful bridegroom, was helped in the nick of time by young Dr. Edward Westmacott, her true lover. Dalmon went mad and died in three weeks. He was really too hot-blooded for cold-blooded success.

LOUIS J. MCQUILLAND.

"TUCK."*

The altruism which induced an epicure to be an unpaid Chairman of Quarter Sessions for twenty-five years was worth a post-Arthurian knighthood, but not the liking which Sir William Hardman has won by his serial medley of history, gossip and personalia. Edward Dundas Holroyd was lucky to receive for more than a decade the equivalent of a professional journalist's résumé of his country's doings, plus humorous enrichments occasionally beyond the transcriptive courage of admirable Mr. Ellis.

The present volume covers the period April, 1865–April, 1868, leaving hope for a successor, as the letters to Holroyd continued to August, 1871. Mr. Ellis has richly added to the value and interest of what by itself would be more than readable. For instance his notes on Adah Menken, illustrated with a "spoony" photograph of herself and Swinburne, are almost lavishly instructive, and one may cite his commentary on the marriage of Prince Christian to Princess Helena, and on the Prophet Baxter as further evidence of success in annotation.

Mr. Ellis is not a Victorian, though she was ruling when he was born; otherwise he would not have written his very entertaining remarks on John Brown, the rugged royal servant whose feet are depicted in caricature on Queen Victoria's mantelpiece. If Catherine of Russia had had a John Brown he would have acquired a magnificence which would have overlaid the sober colour of his name, and it is fair to remember that Queen Victoria's favour left him a servant who could be sneered at as a "lackey."

The old Toryism was like a window-tax: it excluded light, but it tended to increase the charm of a friendship; it required no philanthropic worrying or struggle to

* "The Hardman Papers." Edited and annotated by S. M. Ellis. 21s. (Constable.)

transmute a bore, a slave, a man out of work, into a neighbour to be loved as oneself. A Hardman does not force the pace of affection; his heart is in his giving. As "Tuck" and "Robin" he and Meredith are friends on whom I look with artistic pleasure. "Tuck" set the humorousness of Meredith alight, and Hardman, in extolling and quoting Meredith's poetry, and in ecstasising over "The Shaving of Shagpat," helped to mitigate the chill cast on Meredith by the shadow of Dickens. However, Hardman was not Meredithian enough for the ultimate antics of that style, for in 1866 he remarked: "Meredith writes so much better when he has not time to finish, rewrite and (as Anthony Trollope says) twist his work to curl-papers."

A letter by Meredith written on January 31st, 1868, curiously exemplifies the exuberance of an artist contemplating with a sort of inverted snobbery a book fated to have many readers, however insipid its trickle of royal fact.

"Have you read England's Book? It sent me up Box Hill dancing a Tupper-jig. I swear by gosh, the God of the Loyal, it is a Book! And I like the Book better than the people who go retching in praise of it. Yet they also are interesting to the studious and, well-trained in the matter of belching, might let off their loyalty in regiments with applause."

Meredith, then editing the *Fortnightly*, had rashly selected as reviewer of "Leaves from the Journal of Our Life in the Highlands" a gentleman who handled that unpretentious little volume with staggering solemnity and, conjuring up a fluffy throng to share in that solemnity, Meredith demands: "Shall such a people live? . . . May thine and mine live in the Age of the final Eradication of Humbug. But then will thou and I be flying particles on the breath of the South-west."

In the slang of Demos, the eradication of Humbug is "some job"; and would have been even in Hardman's case. In 1866 he writes that Swinburne's "Poems and Ballads" "contains some passages worthy to rank among the noblest in our language, while three parts of it are the foulest beastliness." Obviously if the offending volume had been so proportioned it would have met the legal fate of "Ulysses" and "The Rainbow." Truth to tell, its morbid erotism is not in the least aphrodisiac in effect. The worst aspect of the book is its black frown at the gods. One would have thought that a "Pantagruelist" like Hardman would have dismissed the erotism as merely fantastically fervent; but no! he is British and Victorian *malgré lui*, so he must lash it with a puritanical tail. An envelope of stupidity, by which cant hides its viciousness from the soul, seems to assist success in positions of authority where much gab and no originality are required. Certainly Hardman's attitude to democracy, to political offenders and to the flotsam of vagabondage is repulsively unimaginative. Nor can his appreciation of President Lincoln's stercoraceous humour diminish one's disgust at his carefully draped satisfaction at the death of that statesman. Lincoln's theatre-going on his fatal Good Friday was "too much" for Hardman's "stomach," and no doubt it showed indifference to episcopalian opinion, but it may be remarked that some Nonconformists view the first Good Friday as much more notable for its victory than for its pain, and would not (I knew a Primitive Methodist minister who did not) object to playing cricket on that day.

The most interesting event in Hardman's personal life recorded in this volume is the litigation resulting from a bell-ringing church clock which drew from Shirley Brooks the remark: "Rabelais is supposed to have meant England by the 'Ringing Island,' and the mad love of making a damned row has always been upon us." Hardman's grievance was just. To have one's nocturnal drowsiness ding-donged at every quarter of an hour would be tormenting; yet in 1866 this able lawyer had so miscalculated his right that he lost his case and had to pay costs. "The wretched snobs celebrated their victory by a band of music accompanied by a man or men ringing bells." No wonder Hardman exploded in three big "D's"! His reader will be ungrateful for much amusement if he does not sympathise. W. H. CHESSON.

THE BETTER SIDE OF WAR.*

There is little doubt that the day of the ultra-realistic War book is passing. War books continue, but those which, to use the words of the editor, "apparently cannot achieve effects without overloading their pages with crude details of abhorrent sights and obscenities of dialogue," are giving place to better, more artistic and, when all is said and done, truer conceptions of the tragedy and the horror of those years of madness.

Two such prove worthy companions to, say, H. M. Tomlinson's "All Our Yesterdays" and Richard Blaker's "Medal Without Bar." The more graphic, and therefore the more enthralling at first glance, is by Coningsby Dawson. The more poignant and more sensitive is by Vernon Bartlett. Each is a craftsman; each is stirred and driven by the futility of all the carnage, the loss, the suffering, the sacrifice; each is seared by the blundering and the essential insensitiveness of the Machine which recks nothing of the individual.

It is of the individual that each writes; not the coarse, semi-bestialised creature made popular by the Continental school of war novelist, but the man who came from farm or factory, cottage or villa, from your street or mine. Listen to Mr. Dawson telling of artillery drivers:

"I remember a march on this same road when the drivers were so frozen that they had to be lifted out of their saddles; no one had the strength to unfasten a bit till he had thawed his fingers between the horse's back and the saddle-blanket. Yet there wasn't one man who quit when we limped into our muddy standings. Every gunner and driver went to work on the horses, grooming them with a will and trying to make them comfortable before he thought of himself. . . . I think the Lord of Compassion, when the final reckoning comes, will remember kindnesses even to horses. When He judges those drivers He'll not forget the bitter cold of that winter's march and what it meant to stand grooming in the snow and sleet when you were bitten to the bone and almost crying with misery."

Can one wonder that the broad-minded officers talk of the individual magnanimity of each Tommy's sacrifice and the unimaginative callousness with which it was accepted? "We ask too much when we treat them as feudal slaves, and expect them to act like crusaders."

Mr. Bartlett has a grimmer theme than Mr. Dawson. We are given an introductory glimpse of the childhood of the hero, his hopes and aspirations, the hopes and faith of his mother. He goes to war, is sent out on an unnecessary raid—herein lies one actual example of the blundering against which both authors write bitterly and trenchantly—is wounded, and lies long hours in a shell-hole in No Man's Land, dying. His mind hovers from present to past, past to present, and gropes out into the future as he lies there, sinking, sinking. In his tortured musings, moralisings and self-examinings we learn much and feel more. Then comes the end, though not in the shell-hole.

Had it not been that the publishers tell us beforehand that the hero dies, we would not have betrayed the fact. The knowledge detracts from the natural suspense so cleverly built up by the author. Yet that is a small matter in a work of this nature. For it is one of those books which memory will not allow us to be finished with when once it is read and laid aside.

W. R. C.

HENRY ARTHUR JONES.†

In her preface Mrs. Thorne disclaims any attempt to offer a critical study of her father's work as a dramatist, because that has been done by many "far better qualified" for such a task. But indeed so far as the present volume is concerned, such an attempt has been rendered unnecessary by Max Beerbohm's inimitable introductory letter. In recalling his criticisms in the *Saturday Review* he maintains that he was right in admiring the plays of

* "The Test of Scarlet." By Coningsby Dawson. 7s. 6d. (Hutchinson.)—"No Man's Land." By Vernon Bartlett. 7s. 6d. (Allen & Unwin.)

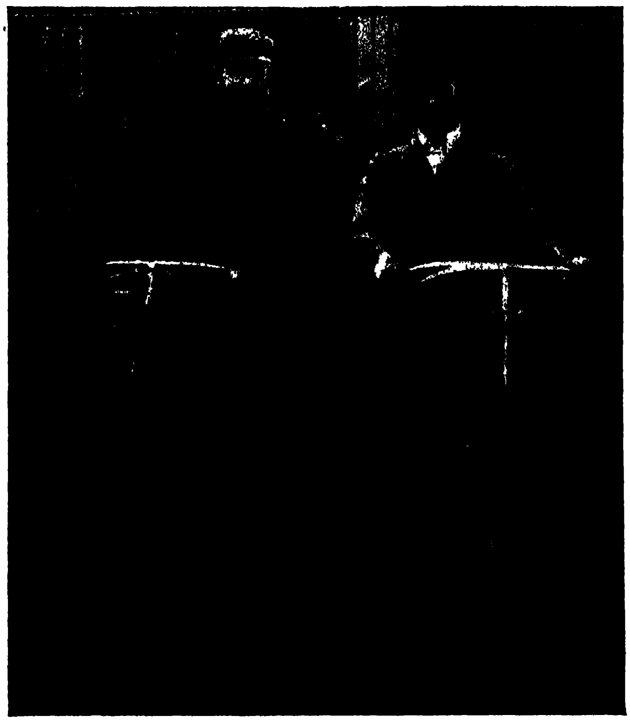
† "The Life and Letters of Henry Arthur Jones." By Doris Arthur Jones. 25s. (Gollancz.)

Henry Arthur Jones "more, on the whole, than any other English dramatic work of that time"; and then gives his reasons in sentences which are a balanced appreciation of his friend's outstanding qualities:

"No playwright was more essentially 'of the theatre' than he; none had a keener sense of what the theatre is for and isn't for—of the effects that can be made there and not elsewhere, and of the effects that can be made much better elsewhere than there. None had in greater measure the gift for easy, quick, pointed dialogue. None had humour so robust and genial. And none, I think, knew nearly so much about the hearts and minds of human beings."

Equally illuminating is Max Beerbohm's insistence upon the quality which enabled the dramatist to win his many triumphs on the stage: "great vitality, eager concentration." That is in perfect harmony with the citation Mrs. Thorne has happily made from one of the finest of her father's unacted plays: "Endurance, not enjoyment, is man's pass-key through this world." Hardly otherwise is it possible to explain how the son of a small farmer, who never had a day's schooling after the age of twelve, who began working in a draper's shop at that age, who then became a warehouseman and commercial traveller, and had reached his thirtieth year before success rewarded his labours, took foremost rank among Victorian dramatists. Mrs. Thorne has summed up all this in a passage which should be a beacon to all aspiring souls:

"Though he started writing when he was twelve, Henry Arthur had to wait sixteen years before his first play was produced. From the beginning right up to the end of his life he was to remain undaunted by failure, to find resources within his own nature of courage, patience and endurance, which gave him strength at the commencement of his career to conquer and overcome sixteen years of barren work, and when he had won recognition, to ignore and triumph over defeat by renewed effort. He felt his failures keenly, but he would not allow them to dishearten him."



George Bernard Shaw and Henry Arthur Jones, in the early nineties.
From "The Life and Letters of Henry Arthur Jones," by Doris Arthur Jones (Gollancz).

Although the dramatist's daughter has rigidly kept to her disavowal of criticism, she has wisely included among her appendices the elaborate reply to a questionaire on dramatic technique which her father wrote in 1923. In his lucid answers to many questions bearing upon every aspect of the writing of a play, he laid bare the working of his mind in a manner invaluable for the guidance of every playwright. In one passage too he gave perhaps the most vital clue to his own success: "I have kept a close watch on all the men and women I have met. I have listened to every conversation that has fallen within my earshot. I have thrown all my observations and experiences into a common melting-pot, and have drawn from it fresh specimens and types of humanity that are new and consistent individuals compounded out of the massed material."

It is with the tangible results of the vitality and technique of Henry Arthur Jones that this affectionate but judicial biography is chiefly concerned. After giving due attention to prentice efforts, the narrative becomes fully detailed with the great triumph of "The Silver King," thenceforward to present an absorbing account of the successes and failures of the forty-one years between 1882 and 1923. As to the failures, although Mrs. Thorne does not stress the fact, she does, by reproducing her father's striking farewell message, indicate that they were mainly of his own seeking. That is, such plays as "The Crusaders," "The Tempter" and "Michael and His Lost Angel" were deliberate attempts to utilise his vogue with playgoers to persuade them to appreciate the best in drama. His successes of course are blazoned in the history of the Victorian drama; and among them is that comedy, "The Liars," which has taken its place permanently among the greatest comedies in the English language. As to his own preference, Mrs. Thorne records that a month or two before he died he said: "If I were to have a volume of plays to go into eternity with, and if—supposing I go up that way—I see Peter, the ones I'd tell him I'd have would be 'Michael and His Lost Angel,' 'The Tempter,' 'The Liars' and 'The Case of Rebellious Susan.'" In the choice of the first he could count upon the suffrage of Bernard Shaw, who averred that the "melancholy truth" of that failure was that "the English stage got a good play, and was completely and ignominiously beaten by it."

That hearty verdict is a reminder of the notable friendship of the two dramatists. It began in the early nineties, and knew no break on Shaw's side. To G. B. S. his friend was "first, and eminently first among the surviving fittest of his own generation of playwrights"; and among the many attractive illustrations of the biography, one of the most interesting is a snapshot of the two friends standing by their bicycles. Henry Arthur Jones was rich in notable friendships with most of the famous men of his time, but that which glows with the greatest colour in these pages is his intimacy with Bernard Shaw. The War was to make a gulf between them, but on Shaw's side the old kindliness never changed. The rift was honourable to both men; to Henry Arthur because it had its roots in his passionate patriotism; to Bernard Shaw because he regarded all his friend's criticisms as "the top dressing of denunciatory rhetoric." "Wells and I," he added in the tender letter he sent Mrs. Thorne after her father's death, "were the only part of the world that was too foolish and cruel for him to suffer gladly."

Biographies of the theatre are apt to be ephemeral productions—published to-day and "remaindered" in a few months. But it will be singular if this does not prove to be a notable exception. The portraiture of the man is so vivid, there is such a wealth of interesting detail, and the letters of the subject and his friends are so replete with discussions of great themes, that the book may easily take an honourable place among the notable biographies of English literature.

Henry C. Shelley.

THE POETRY OF SCIENCE.*

M. Maeterlinck has now produced a sequel to his little book on "The Life of Space" which we reviewed in these columns a year ago. Having in his "Life of the Bee" given us a study of the mystery and majesty of the infinitely little, he turned his thoughts, in "The Life of Space," to the infinitely great; and now again, in his new volume, he allows his imagination to wander through the

* "The Magic of the Stars." By Maurice Maeterlinck. Translated by Alfred Sutro. 6s. (Allen & Unwin.)

dizzy amplitudes of the universe. He is a poet at play among the stars, and only those readers will be disappointed who expect the poet to be a scientist or a consistent philosopher, deducing from his observations and musings a single unified theory. This is indeed a somewhat baffling book, fascinating yet difficult to read; for just as we fancy that he is about to develop a logical line of argument, the writer becomes discursive and, flying off at a tangent, proceeds to elaborate some alternative point of view.

If however we accept Mr. Maeterlinck frankly as a poet, there is both pleasure and profit to be derived from his excursions into space. In the first part of his book he pays tribute to some of the greatest astronomers of the last forty years, during which period, as he reminds us, more knowledge about the universe has been accumulated than during the whole preceding period of history. He then succinctly summarises the findings of recent astronomical research; and not only does he show a complete mastery of the facts, but he gives dramatic vitality to those facts in a manner of which only a poet is capable. He makes figures and distances *live*—in such a way that the less steady-headed among his readers will find their brains spinning and will feel inclined to close the book. It is to be hoped however that such readers will persevere; for it is really for their solace and sustenance that the book is designed.

It is the whole underlying *motif* of M. Maeterlinck's discursions that "the infinite, with its immensities, its unfathomable secrets, loses its terrors when surveyed by the spirit"; for it is in spirit, rather than in matter, that he conceives the essence of the universe to lie:

"This much is certain: if one single mass could be formed, one vast, overwhelming mass, of all the matter contained in the ever-revolving universe; and if that stupendous sphere were launched into the vibrating, energy-laden ether; one might safely declare, considering the immense voids of interstellar space, that the sphere would lie as inconspicuous in the infinite as a grain of sand in all the deserts and all the oceans of our earth. If truly the universe be in its essence material, we can only marvel at the insignificant part its prime or perhaps unique element is given to play."

Thus M. Maeterlinck argues from his contemplation of the nature of the electron, and his whole book is really a sermon—rather than a treatise—upon the same text, which he amplifies with suggestions and illustrations drawn from his study of all the latest researches into the properties of radiation, electricity, gravitation, space-time and so forth. His arguments, as we have said, fit into no logical scheme. How indeed could they be expected to do so, since, as M. Maeterlinck himself reminds us again and again, there is still infinitely more to be learned about the universe than has already been discovered? It is perhaps the pivotal merit of M. Maeterlinck's book that it is calculated to drive vitally home to even the dullest mind the fact that there are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamed of in the average philosophy, and that, in the light of present data, a mechanistic theory of the universe is untenable. As for the future—M. Maeterlinck admits the possibility that further knowledge may cause a return to the mechanistic point of view. But he deems that possibility remote. With a poet's intuition and a poet's eloquence, he expresses his conviction that every fresh discovery will but demonstrate more clearly the spiritual nature of the universe, driving men back "to the idea of God, the idea we find in the first sagas of the Rig-Veda; an idea we have never surpassed, and probably never shall."

GILBERT THOMAS.

MODERN ENGLISH TEACHING.*

The author is a man of culture and has had over thirty years' experience as an inspector of schools. His ideas (as one would naturally expect) are sane and sound—never revolutionary. Mr. Davidson is not violently opposed to modern tendencies, but he evidently thinks that the

* "Modern English Teaching." By E. F. Davidson, M.A. 2s. 6d. (Collins.)

pendulum has swung too far. He puts up a defence for recitation, reading aloud, dictation, and the teaching of grammar. In fact he suggests that children should be asked to write in imitation of a given style—an exercise which is useless except for purposes of parody.

The author is of opinion that too much attention is given to expression and too little to understanding what is written or spoken. He advocates word-study, dictionary-drill, and the intensive study of short passages of literature. But if a reader suddenly wonders what is meant by

"The quality of mercy is not strained,"

and asks whether the "quality" is "strained like coffee" or "strained like a tight-rope" (what *does* the line mean ?), the fault is probably due to expression. Limitations of vocabulary or wandering attention on the part of the scholar may be responsible for his failure to grasp the meaning; but may it not be due to carelessness and lack of lucidity in the writer or speaker? And is a teacher right in directing the attention to words rather than to the ideas which shine through the words?

Would it not be better to regard language as a transparent medium, both in reading and in writing, and to follow the advice of the Duchess in "Alice in Wonderland" to "take care of the sense and the sounds will take care of themselves"? Does the sculptor think of marble or of the goddess whom he is liberating? Does the astronomer remember the telescope when he is gazing at a new nebula?

The chapter of Composition is excellent, and there is some useful advice on the choice of books for the school library. Mr. Davidson is to be commended for his courage in attacking the ideal of "inspiring a genuine love of literature" in the young. Only one person in a hundred is capable of appreciating the beauties of a passage of fine flexible prose, but all young scholars should be trained to grasp the meaning of a simple message or a few written instructions. Still, the surest way to appreciate the value of a piece of good writing is to try to write. Literature does not exist solely for "imitation": it is a whetstone as well as a touchstone. R. W.

OLD-TIMER AND NEW-COMER.*

Sir Arthur Pinero may be said to embody the history of the modern theatre. We look back to the dim eighties and find controversy raging around his innovations and experiments, and he himself declaring "The drama is not stationary, but progressive." He humanised farce and brought it to that rich border country between its own legitimate province and the more sedate realms of comedy. He followed Ibsen in tragedies wherein character and the inexorable past wove a web of fatal circumstances. He toyed with the drama of social ideas. Always he has been a conscientious craftsman and essentially a man of the theatre since the period of the middle seventies, when he was acting with Irving, the Wyndhams and the Bancrofts.

Now, fifty years after, his "Dandy Dick" is enjoying London success, and he presents us with another volume containing a tragedy, a "sedate farce" and a delightful preface. With this last, which defends Sir Arthur's own practice in the matter of stage directions, and incidentally abuses the existence of "that modern excrescence of the theatre—the producer," many will quarrel. Indeed it is written in the vein of defence from imaginary opponents. My own chief quarrel with it is for its brevity; one would willingly have heard more from this "old theatrical hand," as Sir Arthur calls himself.

The two plays reveal the dramatist faithful to his creed of experiment and alive to current tendencies. "Dr. Harmer's Holidays," for example, uses the fluid technique of nine scenes instead of the rigid three acts; and as some of those scenes are pure mime, we have a hint of the expressionist method of stagecraft. The story is one of a young doctor whose divided personality dictates a normal life of kindness and ultra-respectability cut through by an abnormal streak which sends him to the lowest degradations of the underworld for his diversion. The story, we are told, is based on an actual instance of an old murder case where the victim was proved to have been such a character. To say that it is convincingly worked out is only to say that the hand of Sir Arthur Pinero has not lost its cunning. He holds our interest in and sympathy for the protagonist from the first moments in his pleasant consulting-room to the last sordid wordless picture of Harmer's murdered body. The failure of the play lies in the lack of universality of the theme. It has proved a snare in Pinero's work before, and even his best known pieces, such as "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray," seem upon reflection rather particular instances than general principles.

The farce is highly diverting if we will treat it as such. A serious writer, persuaded to exploit his boy and girl for sentimental copy and eventually driven to build up a huge fictitious personality as the "Child-Man" who adores and understands the young; the egoistical monsters into which his models grow; the ultimate revolt from their domination and that of the myth; these things are well chosen elements of farce, and the author carries it off with a high hand. Once again his catch is a rare bird and not everybody's pigeon. That is one fault; another is that occasionally we suspect the author of trying to point a moral against charlatanism in art and literature; and farces, even sedate farces, must have no dealings with moralising.

If Sir Arthur comes with fifty years' experience and more than thirty published plays, Mr. James Bridie with his first volume interests us as a new-comer. "The Switchback" has been produced by Sir Barry Jackson at Birmingham; "The Pardoner's Tale" is a one-act Grand Guignol; "The Sunlight Sonata," a morality play, with a very good idea somewhat confusedly worked out. Truth to comfess, I do not find Mr. Bridie matured enough either for presentation or publication. His ideas are dramatic and show a sense of the theatre, but there is no conviction in the characterisation. In "The Switchback"—the story of a country doctor whose researches are exploited by a newspaper owner and a financier to his own ultimate undoing, for he is struck off the Medical Register and the cure is found to be fallacious—we have a good idea; and if any one of the characters had been controlled from within instead of being shifted about by the author, it could have been a fine play. As it is we are mentally saying all the time "I don't believe it." There are good lines and good ideas; but no characterisation. Mr. Bridie tells us that the doctor's wife ran away with the financier; she did not, she was not that sort. He says the doctor returned to his native village and took to whisky; impossible! That he then forgave his wife and went off to Palmyra; stuff and nonsense! If Mr. Bridie will cease to bully his characters into the framework of a preconceived story he will make a considerable playwright. For the dramatist there is no truer guidance than that of Novalis when he says: "Character is Fate." The man who imagines himself sole controller of the shears, though he have as many ideas as Mr. Bridie, will never write a great play.

Horace Shipp.

* "Two Plays." By Sir Arthur Pinero. 6s. (Heinemann.)—"Three Plays." By James Bridie. 7s. 6d. (Constable.)

DESERT ISLANDS.*

The foundation of this big book is a long and interesting lecture on Islands, chiefly Robinson Crusoe's, delivered by Mr. de la Mare to many fortunate audiences. As a sample of the rambling manner of the book, we have this opening for the preface:

"Authors of the eighteenth century delighted in copious titles. These had one single merit—they saved the reader further trouble. Thus: 'Desert Islands: being the Voyage of a Hulk, called by courtesy a *Lecture*, that was launched under the Auspices of *The Royal Society of Literature* of *London* many years ago, namely, in 1920, was afterwards frequently in Dock again for Repair and then refitted for Farther Adventurings, and so at length became laden with an unconscionable Cargo of Odds and Ends and Flotsam and Jetsam, much of it borrow'd from other Vessels infinitely more Seaworthy than itself, and

* "Desert Islands." By Walter de la Mare. With illustrations by Rex Whistler. 21s. (Faber & Faber.)

the most of that concern'd with what are known as ISLANDS, some of them Real, some of them Allegorical, and the rest purely Fabulous; together with a rambling Discourse concerning a certain very Famous Man of Letters, viz. DANIEL DEFOE, and his Elective Affinity, ROBINSON CRUSOE: which, being concocted in a most Unmethodical Fashion, is now presented to a World already groaning under an intolerable Burden of Printed Matter by its Humble Servant the Author, and dedicated to his son, DICK, MDCCCCXXX.'"

If I had realised what a hole in my review this copious title would make, I might have hesitated to quote it. But it is, as a matter of fact, equally a warning to the wrong kind of reader and a promise to the right kind. For the unmethodical accretion of curious facts and stray passages from old and new authors—the mind drawing them together being Mr. de la Mare's—around the theme described, is just what will appeal to anybody capable of reading at leisure with the grave pleasure of one who sips a rare liqueur.

It is quite impossible here to indicate the extraordinary range of literary references in this volume. One might of course guess that Mr. H. M. Tomlinson is quoted, and also Mr. John Masefield, but Professor L. P. Jacks and Professor A. S. Eddington also have a place which they fill without need for apology. One might hope to see something from Mr. E. H. Viziak's "Medusa," but only if one had read that magnificent but recent romance of the sea. While not surprised to come across the kind of authors edited by the Hakluyt Society, Thomas Hood, George Borrow, Swift, Miss Rose Macaulay, Robert Browning—and a score of others justifiably represented—might escape our expectation.

So too once it is realised that these "Desert Islands" are spiritual ones as well as earthly, De Quincey's "Opium Eater" will be expected, but an astonishing account of the effects of hashish drugging contributed by Mr. J. Redwood Anderson could never have been anticipated, although it is certainly one of the most interesting and, because hitherto unpublished, the most valuable of the items in Mr. de la Mare's literary cornucopiæa.

The one thing which I regard as an unforgivable shortcoming in the book, considering its aimless sequences of subjects, is the absence of an index. It must also be admitted that occasionally Mr. de la Mare's comments on the treasure trove which he has thrown at our feet are not in his usual fine prose. But as the book grows on one by a second reading, the quantity of true de la Mare reflections and curious sidelights on literature and life easily swamp the little lapses which, even to mention in a brief review, is to over-emphasise.

R. L. MÉGROZ.

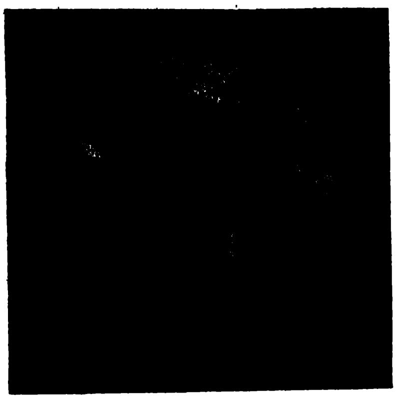
Novel Notes.

GIVE UP YOUR LOVERS. By Louis Golding. 7s. 6d. (Heinemann.)

What a charming, uncommon story this is, and with what skill Mr. Golding has carried through the little problem he presents! The book is no tract, but a novel simply and finely written. Still the question is there: Is the union of Jew and Gentile a good union or a bad one? Mr. Golding does not give an answer, and the story must be read to realise all that love between a man and woman of such entirely different religious beliefs may mean. The picture of the convent boarding school is very well drawn; and then there is the contrast of the synagogue; also the Jewish father and the Christian mother, and the strange but beautiful friendship of the lonely boy, who has lost his own mother, for the mother of the girl he loves. Avrom Farber, the degenerate Jew, is perhaps the best drawn of all the characters. One seems to see the horrible creature as he strangled the cat in all the fury of his hate, because the animal, with the unerring instinct of its kind, always raced away from him. The book closes with the preparation and the celebration of a Jewish wedding between Avrom and little Hannah, the sister of Philip, the hero of the book. One wonders what tragedy awaits this fascinated child wedded to the half crazy monster.

A MAN OF MANNERS. By Philip Hughes. 7s. 6d. (Hutchinson.)

A young, innocent girl cast friendless upon the world is not altogether a new theme in fiction, but Mr. Philip Hughes gives a certain freshness to it by making his simple, credulous and pretty little Dorothy fall into the clutches of a handsome rogue, actually marry him and believe in his honesty despite all evidence to the contrary. Even the author appears to feel that he somewhat strains our credulity for he says, " One cannot help wondering why so astute a girl as Dorothy—and in some directions she was most astute—should have shown such confidence in Basil when so many exterior circumstances . . . tended to disturb it." The explanation was that Dorothy had been brought up to assume that all the world was honest, and, her astuteness being indeed a very inconspicuous quality, it took her a long time to discover the error. Her disastrous marriage landing her, very unjustly, in the divorce court, she is set free at last to find love and happiness at the end of a present-day romance of London life that will appeal to all who enjoyed Mr. Hughes's earlier novel, " Together," now is in its eleventh impression.



Portrait by Vaughan & Freeman. **Miss Catherine I. Dodd,** author of " Bells of Thyme " (Jarrolds). Reviewed in last month's BOOKMAN.

BROTHER LUTHER. By Walter von Molo. Translated by Eric Sutton. 7s. 6d. (Cobden-Sanderson.)

It is no bad thing perhaps, whatever opinions we may hold respecting an age-old controversy, to be taken back to those stirring times again, to note the surroundings, see the great figures that were fated to mould the future, and look with clearer eyes upon the ambitions, the faults, the convictions, the fierce adherence to one side or the other in that period of alternating tyranny and courage. In " Brother Luther " we get a vivid account of one week in the sixteenth century, when Luther was struggling for Reformation. Rome, France and Germany pulled first one way, then the other. The young Emperor was mysterious ; the Pope's manner was arrogant ; priests and soldiers were eager and determined to carry out their work ; and Luther himself, a strong, honest figure, surrounded by enemies and friends, faced authority and refused to withdraw the " heretical " words he had written. Intrigue is rife here and passionate and sincere devotion to the old faith and to the new by one adherent and another ; with " the people," in reality, waiting to be guided. The style of the telling of this reconstructed chronicle is vigorous, and implies a good translator.

MURDER ON THE MARSH. By John Ferguson. 7s. 6d. (John Lane.)

This, like all of Mr. Ferguson's, is a capital mystery story. We have only one complaint. Sherlock Holmes's Dr. Watson has become a convention in the detective tale, and should now be banished from it. The journalist, Godfrey Chance, who goes about with Francis McNab, in " Murder on the Marsh," and serves as a foil to his astuteness, is sometimes, especially at the outset, more irritatingly dull, simple, slower in the uptake than any moderately successful journalist is likely to have been. Otherwise Mr. Ferguson has designed a story of a strange and sentimental kind whose mystery is insoluble until the reticent McNab gathers all its strands together at last and cleverly unmasks the man who contrived murder—first of the ailing, eerily haunted Mr. Cardew, then of the enterprising young policeman, Hackett, as soon as he made a discovery and before he could communicate it. There is some good character sketching in the book, and thrills enough to satisfy anyone in search of excitement, and no situation more thrilling than that in which Chance and the detective sit in the darkened bedroom waiting for the mysterious assailant who is expected to come in at the open window. Excellent entertainment, but in future please kill all Godfrey Chances, Mr. Ferguson !



Miss Mary Forrester, author of " The Gleam " (Hutchinson).

The Bookman's Table.

ABOUT ENGLISH POETRY. By G. F. Bradby. 2s. 6d. (Oxford Press.)

A good many inquiries into the nature of poetry have been published lately, and the authors of some of them have seemed almost desperately anxious to look at their subject from a new point of view. Mr. Bradby is not one of these, and it is possible that his little book will not appeal very much to those who endorse the views of Mr. Robert Graves and Miss Laura Ridding. But less sophisticated folk will find much of interest and value in it. His aim, Mr. Bradby says, has been " to discuss quite briefly some of the many interesting questions which arise in connection with the study of Poetry " and " not so much to maintain a thesis, as to start the reader on a voyage of discovery for himself." But even those who have been long on that endless voyage will find him a stimulating companion, for he has the gift of explaining these reactions to poetry which it is so often difficult to put into words : he can tell us the why and the wherefore of our enjoyment. The question " What is poetry ? "—the essential quality which distinguishes it from prose—he answers by defining it as " an emotional and metrical appeal to the understanding, which awakens in us, in some form or other, a consciousness of beauty." On the basis of " this admittedly loose definition, as a working hypothesis," he proceeds to examine the various qualities which go to the making of fine poetry—the particular beauties of significance, restraint, rhythm and melody, and the magic of words. The examples which he chooses for analysis are nearly all famous and familiar passages, and he enhances our delight in them by making us understand it better. One favourite device of his is to show why a poet used certain words or groups of words by substituting others, equivalent in literal meaning, and exhibiting the inferiority of the result. Mr. Bradby's book will be of special value to those whose difficult task it is to instruct others in the appreciation of literature, but, as we have said, no one can read it without profit.

BALZAC, THE MAN AND THE LOVER. By Francis Gribble. 21s. (Nash & Grayson.)

There is much material in Mr. Gribble's book on Balzac that will be unfamiliar to English readers. That an uncle of his, Louis Balssa (as the name was written until

the novelist's father corrected it), was guillotined for murder was only recently discovered in the archives of the Albi law courts and revealed in the *Revue Universelle*. The victim was one Cécile Soulie, a girl of spotted reputation, and the evidence wraps in mystery Balssa's share, if he had any, in the crime. The executed man may have suffered from a local prejudice and indeed doubt extends to the fact of Balzac being his nephew. But it is about Balzac the lover that Mr. Gribble is most curious, and his book is dominated by the purpose of "tracing the course of Balzac's sentimental education—of exhibiting the 'creative evolution' of the Romantic who became a Realist and the Realist who remained a Romantic." There were two women supreme in Balzac's life, Madame de Berny, who retained an abiding place in his heart, and Madame Hanska, who never quite ousted the other from it, though he loved her and ultimately was married to her. Mme. de Girardin, the Marquise de Castries, Mme. Marbourg, and the rest, when not mixed up with his financial needs and social aspirations, were "literary loves," required to keep his hand in if he were to sustain the reputation of the man who understood women. With Mme. Berny and Mme. Hanska it was different, and in regard to the latter Mr. Gribble's thesis commits him to a view of the lady which we must think unduly harsh. "Love had come, in the end, to be more to Balzac than fame . . . but the woman he married was not the woman he had loved." She was a shallow, selfish and self-centred woman: the woman he had loved had been no more than a figment of his imagination. It may have been so; but to support this tragedy of lost illusions, Mr. Gribble seems to subscribe to stories that are unbelievable of his wife's scandalous behaviour at the moment of the novelist's death. We suspect the mordancy of Octave Mirbeau's pen, and require more substantial corroboration than it gets from other sources. It is mostly with the Lover that this book is concerned, though incidentally it throws some light on the Man, independent of his sentimental history. But about the Writer—who after all alone now interests us—Mr. Gribble is deliberately silent.

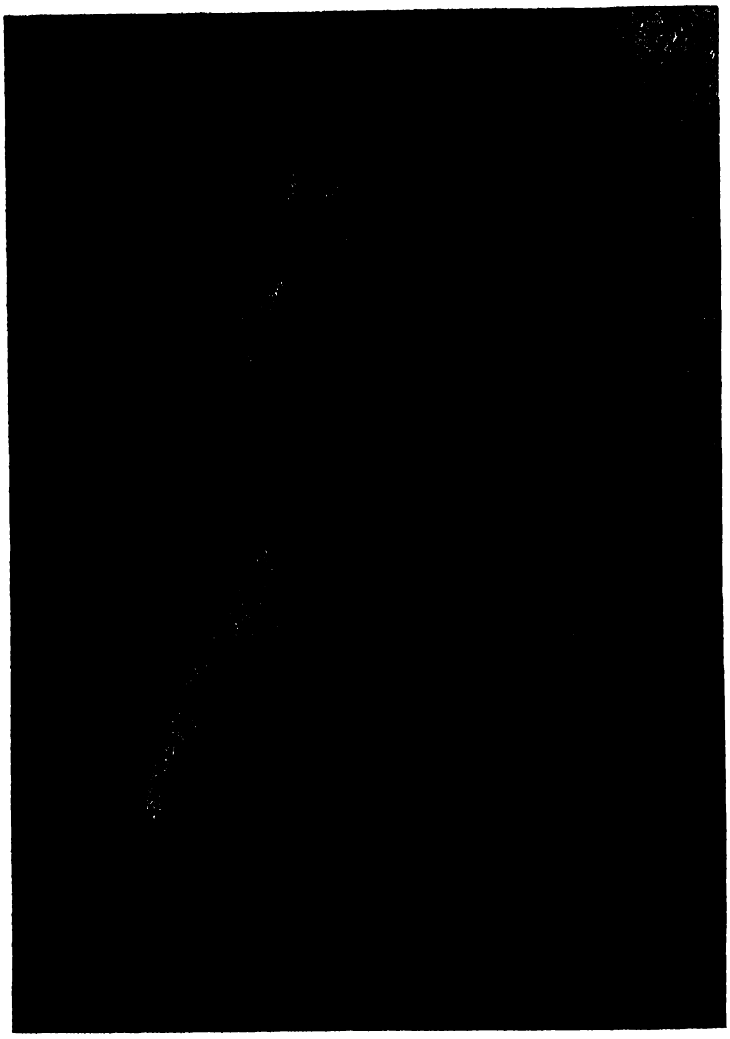
DAYS ON DARTMOOR. By C. W. Pilkington-Rogers. 7s. 6d. (Methuen)

Mr. Rogers's conversation with a tin-worker makes one rather chary of accepting information at second-hand, but what he tells us of Dartmoor is principally from his own personal experience, covering a period of over twenty-five years. This is not a guide-book (a thing he abhors) but it serves a useful purpose in indicating many of the pitfalls which waylay the visitor and preserving him from sharing the author's fate when much laborious walking merely led him to a cowshed. It opens up many delightful out-of-the-way tracks, discourses in gossiping vein on the physical features, activities past and present (Hey Tor sent its granite for the arches of London Bridge), and in no unmistakable way reflects Mr. Rogers's sensitive responsiveness to the moor's elusive allurement. There is an interesting chapter on dolmens, menhirs and other neolithic remains but, despite contentions to the contrary, the author stoutly maintains "there is no evidence that Druidical worship ever prevailed on Dartmoor."

THE WORLD OF SELF AND SPIRIT. By Edmond Holmes. 5s. (Cobden-Sanderson.)

Frankly we cannot quite understand Mr. Holmes's mystical creed and paradoxical philosophy, and cannot quite decide whether our inability to understand them is due to deficiency or excess of light—to defects in his exposition, or to debility in our intelligence. When he says that "It is only by transcending self, whenever an opportunity of transcendence presents itself, that we can realise little by little that self can be indefinitely transcended," and that "self-identity is established not by self-consistency but by self-contradiction and self-transcendence," he seems to us to be not only mystical, but misty, and to use the words "self" and "transcendence" in two

senses neither very clear. Yet his little book is so full of patches of luminous wisdom that one is prepared to believe that one's failure to understand the whole of it is due to one's own lack of philosophic grip. The first chapter on the "Logic of Becoming" and the meaning of reality is both interesting and lucid, and its analysis of the Law of Contradiction is admirable. The distinction drawn in that connexion between true contradictories and correlated polar opposites is particularly trenchant and instructive. Acute too is the discussion of Freedom in Chapter IV, applying the distinction, where it is maintained that Freedom and Necessity are not contradictories, but polar opposites mutually dependent, not mutually exclusive. The main message of the book seems to be that the ego is real, that it itself is the sole generator of reality, and that the evolution—an epigenetic evolution of the ego is the goal and purpose of conscious existence. "I have no shadow of a doubt," he writes, "as to the intrinsic reality of the object of my self-awareness. The whole phenomenal world may be no more than a phantasmagoria. But the inner world, the soul, the spirit, the world of self is real beyond all reality. It is the source and goal of its own being. It shines by its own light." Mr. Holmes has a good literary style; he is sane and sincere, often wise and acute, but he is apt to be hazy and does not seem to have always found quite the right terms to make his theses clear.



Mary Gladstone, about 1880.

From "Mary Gladstone (Mrs. Drew): Her Diaries and Letters" (Methuen). Reviewed in last month's BOOKMAN.

THE MEDWAY RIVER AND VALLEY. By William Coles Finch. 10s. 6d. (Daniel)

We are already indebted to Mr. Coles Finch for several delightful nature books and at least one book dealing with the county of Kent, where his home has been for many years. His latest, handsomely produced volume is a mine of interest to historians, geologists, archæologists, and to any who would know their England. Like all our important rivers, the Medway has played its part in the story of the British people, and Mr. Coles Finch has searched old archives and gone to various authorities to present in full the record of this neighbour of the Thames which has figured so largely in many epoch-making events. The landscape of the Medway valley, the character of its people, its association with smuggling and the signs of the smuggling days still to be discovered, the Dutch invasion, literary and artistic connections, and many other aspects claim the author's interest and are illustrated with over a hundred very fine photographs, reproductions from old prints, etc., which give the book a unique value. If you know Kent, "The Medway River and Valley" will make you know it and love it more intimately; if you do not know it, you will be eager to come for yourself and explore the places of "indescribable beauty" and high romance that lie in "The Flower Garden of England." We regret that under two illustrations from this book reproduced in our Christmas Art Supplement the name of Mr. Jonathan Cape, instead of that of Messrs. C. W. Daniel, was given as publisher.

THE PATH THROUGH THE WOOD. By J. Lewis May. 7s. 6d. (Geoffrey Bles.)

Mr. Lewis May, known for an admirable life of Newman and his sympathetic translations from Anatole France, has had the happy inspiration of setting down, for his own pleasure and ours, his memories of childhood and youth. He has attempted no complete or continuous autobiography: each of his forty-odd sketches, none of which is more than half a dozen pages long and some of them only two or three, is detached and self-contained. But the net result is the revelation of a personality of great charm and subtle understanding. There are pictures of school days in London and holidays in North Devon, and the latter will appeal especially to those who love rivers and the sea and boats. And there are pictures of the legendary literary world of the nineties, seen from its very centre, for Mr. May was privileged to be a daily inmate of the Bodley Head in its great days. Nothing is better in this book than the contrasting portraits, perfect in tact, sympathy and humour, of the two famous publishers of Vigo Street, the enterprising and social Lane and the timid, reclusive Elkin Mathews. But portraiture is a gift of Mr. May's; and so is landscape.

DRAWINGS AND PAINTINGS. By Joan Manning-Sanders. With an Introduction by R. H. Wilenski. 21s. (Faber & Faber)

There have been so many youths with beautiful pasts that we have grown suspicious about infant prodigies. Our popular press, daily and weekly, is so avid of sensation that any policeman, postman or plumber who gets a work accepted by the Royal Academy is fairly certain of obtaining wide publicity. A masterpiece by a real painter is far less likely to attract popular attention. The present writer remembers that after Sir James Guthrie—the Raeburn of our day—had been elected President of the Royal Scottish Academy, he declined to allow a critic to write a magazine article on his portraits and other paintings. "It would be premature to do anything of the kind now, thank you," said this most distinguished Scottish painter. But apparently it is not premature to publish a whole book about the pictures and drawings of a young girl still in her teens. Miss Joan Manning-Sanders has some gift and has shown some talent for painting, but not more than that possessed by a round score of other young artists of her own age. She now needs application far more than advertising, and the best that a well-wisher can hope is that a promising talent may not be killed by too much kindness.

Books of the Month.

From April 15th to May 15th.

(Books reviewed in this Number are not included in List.)

ART

ERNEST BENN.—English Mediæval Enamels. M Chamot. 7s. 6d.—Interrelation of the Fine Arts in England in the Early Middle Ages. M. Dick hinney. 7s. 6d.
DENT.—A History of Music in Pictu... Edited by Georg Kinsky. 30s.
TIMES OF INDIA PRESS (Bombay).—Mural Paintings of the Bombay School. W. E. Gladstone Solomon.

CRITICISM AND BELLES-LETTRES

CHATTO & WINDUS.—A Writer's Notes on His Trade. C. E. Montague. 7s. 6d.
CONSTABLE.—Of Reading Books. John L Lowes. 5s.
JARROLDS —Essays (2nd Series). C. M. Masterman 5s.
MORLEY & MITCHELL KENNERLEY.—Adventures in Living Dangerously Louis Golding. 2s. 6d.
NELSON.—Looking Back. Robert Munro. 10s 6d.

FICTION

(Price 7s. 6d. each, except where otherwise indicated)

PHILIP ALLAN —The Brief Hour H. du Coudray.
ALLEN & UNWIN.—Lisbeth of Jarnfjeld Johan Falkberget.
BURNS, OATES & WASHBOURNE —Quest Doreen Smith.
THORNTON BUTTERWORTH —We'll Meet Again. Dudley Gordon Leslie.
CASSELL.—Frolic Lady. S P. B Mais.
JONATHAN CAPE —A Time to Kill. Alec Brown.
CHAMBERS —At the Back O'Beyond. Richard Remnant.
CHAPMAN & HALL —A Wise Man Foolish H T. Hopkinson.—Drink Up, Gentlemen J. B. Morton.
CHATTO & WINDUS —Cecile F L. Lucas. 8s. 6d —Brief Candles. Aldous Huxley —Anna Perenna. Alan Sims —Tales by August Strindberg 3s. 6d.
COLLINS —The Noose. Philip Macdonald - Shock Virgil Markham —Bowery Murder. Willard K. Smith.
CONSTABLE.—Back Door Guest. Lennox Kerr. 6s - The Blackthorn Winter. Philippa Powys.
HEATH CRANTON —Lord In May. Ethel C Nicol.
EPWORTH PRESS —The Wireless Call. Mrs. Coulson Kernahan. 2s.
HARRAP.—The Ace of Spades. Henry Holt —The King Against Anne Bickerton. Sydney Fowler
HEINEMANN. —While the Patient Slept. M. G Eberhart —North of Suez. William McFee.—Diana Dauntless Paul Kester.—Shrimps for Tea. Josephine Blumenfeld.—Joe Jenkins' Case Book Paul Rosenhayn
HODDER & STOUGHTON —Rice. Louise Jordan Miln — The White Owl. Edmund Snell —Gunpowder Lightning. Bertrand W. Sinclair.—The Last Hero. Leslie Charteris. —The White House Gang Earle Looker. On Helle's Wave. Hugh Imber.
HOPKINSON.—The Blockhouse. José Diaz Fernandez 6s.
HURST & BLACKETT —Romany Stranger. Kate Mary Bruce.—Ladies' Man. Rupert Hughes.
HUTCHINSON.—The Chank Shell H. de Vere Stacpoole. —Lady O'London. Dorota Flatau.—The Marriage of Meldrum Strange. Talbot Mundy. 6s —Little Green Apples. Geoffrey Moss.—The Night Club Mystery. Elizabeth Jordan.—Yo Ho, and a Bottle of Rum H. M. Stephenson.—The People of This Town. Ethel Hueston.—The Wild Goose. Frederick Graves.—Fugitives from Passion. Coningsby Dawson.
JARROLDS.—Richer Dust. Stanton Hope.—St. Peter and the Profile. John North.—Whispering Shadows Herman Landon.—The Death Watch. Michael Cape-Meadows.
HERBERT JENKINS.—The Rising Generation. John Glyder.—The Komani Mystery. Hon. Victor Sampson.—The Moon Gods. Edgar Jepson.—Murder Will



Out. Patrick Leyton.—The Trent Trail. Wyndham Martyn.—A Parcel of Ol' Crams. Jan Stewer. 3s. 6d.
HERBERT JOSEPH.—How Faultless the Nymph. Duncan Logan.
KNOPF.—The Sweet Cheat Gone. Marcel Proust. 10s. 6d.—Guerra. Alfred Neumann. 8s. 6d.—Bright Intervals. Nancy Hoyt.
WERNER LAURIE.—Mountain City. Upton Sinclair.
JOHN LONG.—Young Ambition. Hylda Rhodes.—The Devil's Advocate. Fred M. White.—The Midnight Lady. Gaston Leroux.—Under Arabian Skies. Ralph C. Wells.—Furtive Farm. William Westrup.
LIPPINCOTT.—Ladybird. Grace Livingston Hill.—The Doomed Five. Carolyn Wells.
METHUEN.—The Secret of the Cove. H. L. Deakin.—Diamonds to Sit On. Ilya Ilf and Eugene Petrov.—The Hammersmith Murders. David Frome. 3s. 6d.
MILLS & BOON.—Bachelor's Wife. Helena Grose.
MORLEY & MITCHELL KENNERLEY.—Ladies in Waiting. John Dellbridge.
JOHN MURRAY.—High Wages. Dorothy Whipple.
NASH & GRAYSON.—The Hound Desire. W. R. H. Trowbridge—The Beloved Adventuress. Edmund B. D'Auvergne.
STANLEY PAUL.—Silver Tongue. Alice Ross Colver.—So it Goes On. Hilda Willett.—Men Are Human. Vance Palmer.—Mistress of Ceremonies. Nora K. Strange.
PUTNAMS.—An Experiment in Sincerity. John Erskine.
SECKER.—The Handmaid of the Lord. Ramon Maria Tenreiro.
SELWYN & BLOUNT.—Lost Anthill Mine. Arthur Preston Hawkins.—The Vanishing Horsemen. A. E. Yarra.
SKEFFINGTON.—Horse-Ketchum. Dane Coolidge.
WARD, LOCK.—One Tropic Night. E. Charles Vivian.

FOREIGN BOOKS AND TRANSLATIONS

ALLEN & UNWIN.—Æschylus, The Suppliant Woman. Translated into English Rhyming verse by Gilbert Murray. 2s.—The Storm. A. Ostrovsky. 3s. 6d.
DENT.—Johannes Brahms, Richard Specht. Translated by Eric Blom. 21s.
FABER & FABER.—Anabasis. St. J. Perse. 10s. 6d.
PUTNAMS.—My Experiences as a Miner. Count Alexander Stenbock-Fermor. 5s.
SCHOLARTIS PRESS.—The Works of François Villon. Edited by Geoffrey Atkinson. 25s.
SHEED & WARD.—Labourers in the Vineyard. Giovanni Papini. 7s. 6d.
STUDENT CHRISTIAN MOVEMENT.—The Psalms. Herbert H. Gowen. 7s. 6d.

HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY AND TRAVEL

BRENTANOS.—France in Tunis and Algeria. W. Basil Worsfold. 5s.
CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY PRESS.—T. E. Brown: A Memorial Volume. By various Contributors. 10s.
DUCKWORTH.—Glimpses of the Great. G. S. Viereck. 21s.
FABER & FABER.—Hindenburg. F. A. Voigt and Margaret Goldsmith. 12s. 6d.
JOHN HAMILTON.—Flying Fury. James McCudden. 8s. 6d.
HARRAP.—Sardinia. Douglas Goldring. 15s.
HUTCHINSON.—Mata Hari. Major Thomas Coulson. 12s. 6d.—My Life Story: From Archduke to Grocer. Leopold Wolfling. 21s.—Horace Walpole. Lewis Melville. 18s.
JARROLDS.—Brigham Young. Susa Young Gates. 18s.
JOHN LONG.—Crooks of the Waldorf. Horace Smith. 18s. 6d.
JOHN MURRAY.—The Book of Puka-Puka. Robert Dean Frisbie. 10s. 6d.
CECIL PALMER.—The Tragedy of the Stuarts. J. Desmond Gleeson. 7s. 6d.
STANLEY PAUL.—The Bench and the Dock. Charles Kingston. 5s.
SKEFFINGTON.—The Tragic Empress. Comtesse Des Garets. 21s.
WELLS GARDNER.—G. H. S. Walpole. W. J. Margetson. 3s. 6d.

MISCELLANEOUS

ALLEN & UNWIN.—The Drift of Civilisation. By various Authors. 7s. 6d.—Spirit In Evolution. Herbert F. Standing. 10s. 6d.
GEOFFREY BLES.—The Mind of the Murderer. Dr. Harold Dearden. 10s. 6d.
CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY PRESS.—The Threshold of English Prose. Selected by H. A. Treble. 2s. 9d.
CHAPMAN & HALL.—A Common-Sense Guide to Public Speaking. J. F. Finn. 5s.—The Material Culture and Social Institutions of the Simpler Peoples. 10s. 6d.
CONSTABLE.—The Realm of Matter. George Santayana. 12s.—Marriage. Ralph De Pomerai. 15s.
HEINEMANN.—Is Sex Necessary? James Thurber and E. B. White. 7s. 6d.
HUTCHINSON.—Garden Poultry Keeping. E. T. Brown. 6s.
CROSBY LOCKWOOD.—Every Man's Own Lawyer. By a Barrister. 60th Edition, 1930. 15s.
METHUEN.—A Guide to French Fêtes. E. I. Robson. 7s. 6d.
OXFORD PRESS.—The Little Oxford Dictionary of Current English. George Ostler. 2s. and 2s. 6d.
GEORGE PHILIP.—Philips' Crown Atlas. 3s. 6d.
RIDER.—The Cosmic Christ. Violet Tweedale. 10s. 6d.—The New Astronomy and Cosmic Physiology. G. E. Sutcliffe. 4s. 6d.—Buddhism and Modern Thought. J. E. Ellam. 3s. 6d.—Your Latent Powers. Margaret V. Underhill. 5s.—The Flame of God. Elizabeth Sharpe. 4s. 6d.
SEELEY, SERVICE.—Fine Angling for Coarse Fish. By Various Authors. 12s. 6d.
SIDGWICK & JACKSON.—A National Theatre. Harley Granville-Barker. 5s.
SIMPKIN MARSHALL.—Smith Minor Again. Colin McIlwaine. 1s.
STOCKWELL.—The Drama of Europe. Stanley De Brath.
UNIVERSITY OF LONDON PRESS.—The Columbus Regional Geographies. Senior Series. Book One. Leonard Brooks and Robert Finch. 2s. 6d. and 2s. 9d.—Fundamental English. Junior Series. P. B. Ballard. Pupils' Book I, 10d., Book II, 1s. 2d., Teachers' Book I. 2s., Book II, 2s. 3d.
WARD, LOCK.—The Complete Book of Gardening. 15s.
WATTS.—Natural Singing and Speaking. E. Cameron. 2s. 6d.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA

PUTNAMS.—Brain. Lionel Britton. 5s. and 3s. 6d.—Plays Out of Time. Harold F. Rubinstein. 7s. 6d.
UNIVERSITY OF LONDON PRESS.—Modern Short Plays. 2s.

POETRY

CAMBRIDGE PRESS.—Marionettes. F. L. Lucas. 5s.
DENT.—First Poems. Philip Henderson. 3s. 6d.
HOGARTH PRESS.—Cambridge Poetry, 1930. 3s. 6d.—Cavender's House. Edwin Arlington Robinson. 4s. 6d.
LONGMANS.—The Mountain Beast. Stella Gibbons. 3s. 6d.
SHAKESPEARE HEAD PRESS (Stratford-upon-Avon).—Panorama. Rowland Thirlmere. 6s.
YALE UNIVERSITY PRESS.—Selected Poems. William Alexander Percy. $3.00.

RELIGION AND PHILOSOPHY

JAMES CLARKE.—The Outcast Christ. E. H. Phillips. 5s.
MOWBRAYS.—Every Man's Story of the New Testament. A. Nairns. 4s. 6d.
NEWNES.—The New View of Christianity. 2s. 6d.

REPRINTS AND NEW EDITIONS

AQUILA PRESS.—Odes and Sonnets of Garcilaso de la Vega. Translated by James Cleugh. 3 guineas.
CONSTABLE.—Convention and Revolt in Poetry. John Livingston Lowes. 7s. 6d.
DENT.—The Nursery School. Margaret McMillan. 3s. 6d.
HEINEMANN.—Death Comes for the Archbishop. Willa Cather. 15s.
OXFORD PRESS.—The Golden Grove. Selected from Jeremy Taylor. Logan Pearsall Smith. 10s.
VERONA SOCIETY.—Verona Editions of Elizabethan Novels: The Unfortunate Traveller. Thomas Nash. 18s.

The Collector

"Let not the collector, therefore, ever, unless in some urgent and necessary circumstances, part with any of his treasures."—BURTON

THE VALUE OF WRAPPERS.

AN essential feature of book-collecting nowadays is the saving of wrappers. A first edition of a scarce book, or even of any book that has some importance but possesses no wrapper, is not nearly so valuable as one that has a wrapper, and one that is in good condition. There are plenty of instances of this, but one that happens to come to my mind at the moment is Tomlinson's "Old Junk." This was Tomlinson's second book, published by Andrew Melrose in 1918. It was really a war product, and we are not therefore very justified in despising the way the book was made. The volume is printed on atrocious paper, and is not easy to come across. The chances are that most of the copies, which were not many as editions go nowadays, have fallen to pieces. In spite of the fact that it came out when good paper was hard to get or only obtainable at a high price, "Old Junk" had a coloured wrapper. My copy, which I have just taken from the shelves behind me, is fortunately an extraordinarily good copy, and the wrapper is perfect. It has an additional jacket wrapped round it—a precaution I always take with scarce items. A really first-class copy of this, with a perfect dust-wrapper, would I suppose be worth four or five pounds at least at the moment. I have seen indifferent copies, without a wrapper, marked at £3. So you see what a difference a jacket makes. By the way, in my copy is inserted a cutting from that clever "Mr. London" feature that Mr. Hannen Swaffer made famous in the *Daily Graphic*. He told us, in the paragraph in question, that Mr. Wells once said: "If you counted on the fingers of one hand the present-day authors whose works would live, Tomlinson would be one of them." That is undoubtedly true, and his books are enhancing in value very rapidly. "Sea and the Jungle" is changing hands at £40 to £50, and if a copy had the author's autograph in it, it would command many pounds more. I have just seen such a copy in Messrs. Elkin Mathews's new list, marked at £60. And this is not a dear copy.

The coloured wrapper really began its career in America. Before that it was but a plain printed affair and, back of that, publishers just wrapped their books in glascine paper. We soon adopted the fashion of the coloured jacket, as it was called in U.S.A. In Australia, by the way, it is sometimes called a shirt. We usually call it a wrapper now, but the catalogues describe it, and correctly so, as a dust-wrapper; for after all that is what it really is; it is intended to keep the dust from the book. But some people have curious ideas about wrappers. Many won't have them at any price, stripping them off, and throwing them away, immediately the book comes into their hands. The other day I was showing a relation my books, a large proportion of which have the wrappers intact. On the spine—that is the shelf-back—of any number of them, is printed the price.

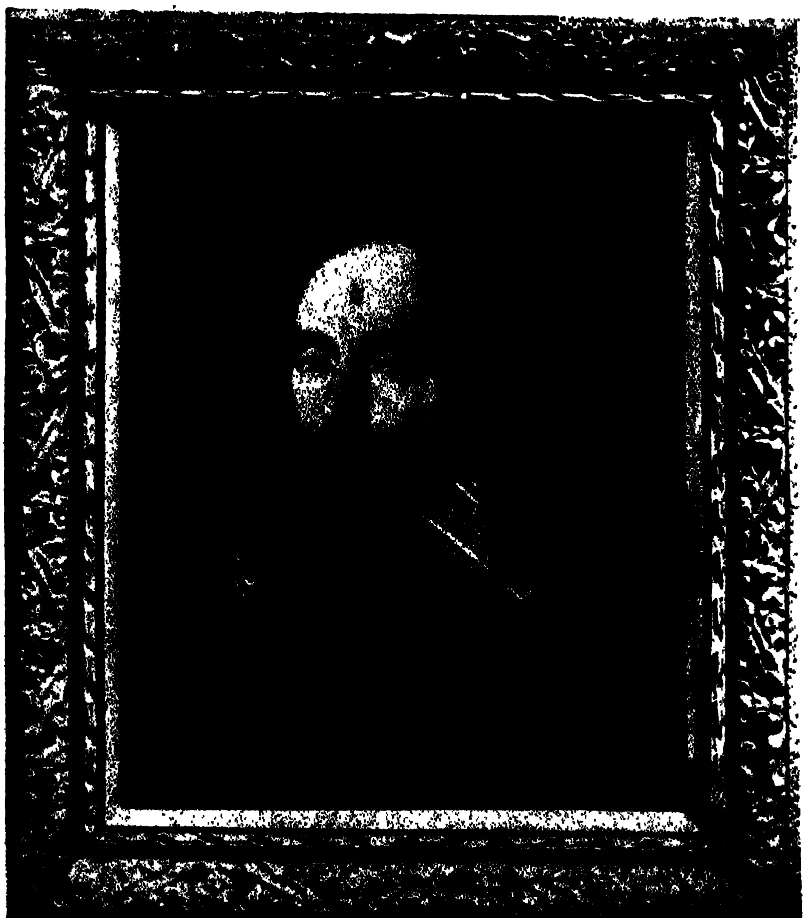
"I wonder that you keep the wrappers on," he said.

"Why?" I asked.

"It looks so purse-proud—those prices showing!"

Now did you ever come across an attitude of mind that was so utterly provincial? I was nonplussed—tongue-tied. And I had thought I was known as a collector!

Another instance of the value of the wrapper is associated with Mr. Galsworthy's "Silver Spoon." The ordinary edition has a plain, printed wrapper, but the first few copies were



An early seventeenth century portrait, believed to be Shakespeare, known as "The Welcombe portrait of the Poet."

From Messrs Ellis's Spring Catalogue of Choice and Rare Books, No. 261.

issued with a spoon printed on it. It was a silver and green wrapper, but Mr. Galsworthy did not like it; so it was immediately cancelled. The few copies that were circulated with the original wrapper fetch something like £4, but the other edition is much less costly. There are a number of instances of this kind.

The importance of the wrapper for book-collectors is so especially realised by some that, in rebinding a book, the jacket and cloth covers have been retained. But of course in doing this, the first edition value has become much lessened. A volume that has been rebound in some other style is rarely as valuable as when it was in the original cover. In the past collectors did not pay much attention to the wrapper; now it is understood how important a part it plays in the value of the book. After all said and done, it seems to me incorrect to throw away a wrapper, whether it is on a first edition or not. The wrapper, even though we detest it, is really a part of the volume. There are those who even collect wrappers. I have heard of one or two, but it is not general.

QUESTIONS FROM A FRIEND.

The one thing about book-collecting that makes of it a garland that binds all of us together in friendship, is its human aspect. I have yet to find a true book-collector who is without sympathy for a brother of the cult. So when a question comes to us, from someone in another part of the country, it gives us more than a little pleasure to try and answer it.

The happy burden of this little note is the result of a kindly letter that came to us the other day from that delectable county of Dorset, where we have often dallied in fancy with the spirit of Thomas Hardy. We hope there will be others who will help us over the stiles; for we must go questing with them. We would be sorry souls an we had no spirit of sympathy and help in us. That is not our way. And when there comes with the letter a precious word of encouraging congratulation for our modest efforts, the task is at once a delight.

From time to time we shall, perhaps with some venturing, try to suggest those authors whose books are worth noting. We shall not always be correct. Years may pass, must pass in some cases, before our trumpeting is justified. As to Brett Young, friend of Dorset, there are those who think "Black Roses" is worth while; and we know of others who have cried fie upon it. At least the author is a man with inner vision, and much correctitude in his manner and his writing. If I started out to make me a collection of his first editions, I would surely have his goods and his bads. I have his "Black Roses" upon my shelves.

Naturally if we collect books only for capital appreciation—an ugly term, I agree—we shall do our level best to avoid the "bads." We must let our experience help us in our judgment, and we must arrive at our judgment by way of our experience.

That other author, Stephen Hudson, may well become valuable. And if you have stayed your mind upon him you have indeed a true literary sense. I remember the intellectual thrill, even though it was mixed with a soupçon of the tragic, that was mine when I read "Richard Kurt" in 1919. Some of his other books are "Elinor Colhouse" (1921), "Prince Hempseed"

(1923), "Tony" (1924), "Myrtle" (1925). As to "A True Story," while the component parts appeared in separate volumes, and are I suppose the first printing of them, the gathered volume is the thing to possess. I don't think I would bother about those other parts. Take as an instance Mr. Coppard's "Adam and Eve and Pinch Me." The stories that appear in this most precious volume were first printed in the old *Westminster Gazette*, *Pearson's Magazine*, *Voices* and the *English Review*; but these have no value, whereas "Adam and Eve and Pinch Me"—which is the title of the sixth story in the book—is commanding the high price of ten or more pounds. Richard Aldington said that, although "A True Story" is five hundred pages long, "I should not have minded if it had been twice as long."

As to Mottram, if you have not a first edition of "The Spanish Farm," I fear it might well cost you £8 to £10. The later books of this author are not so high-priced. This brings me to the desire to reiterate the advice, that it were unwise to begin collecting—unless there are great riches available—when first editions are commanding high prices. Let us find our way to the instinct to collect an author when he or she is nobody's child. Our harvesting will then indeed be a plentiful one. First editions of all the famous War novels will be valuable possessions some day—that is if such collecting has its attraction for you.



Mr. Francis Brett Young.

ON THE LISTS.

Where shall we start?

There is a delightful list of Pegasus Books that were exhibited by the famous House of Bumpus. A goodly list this. "In short," says the Pegasus, "the firm conceives its function to be that of a merchant of ideas, which in that case centre round the history of the arts, and the appreciation and practice of all matters pertaining to the making of books." You will discover the ideas in the list for the seeking. Then there lies, cheek by jowl with the Pegasus list, two from my good friends, Messrs. Foyle. One is an intelligently edited "Foylibra," full of helpful hints about book-collecting and other things, as well as a most useful list of current publications, and a well arranged catalogue issued by Department No. 17, dealing with Fine and Applied Arts and Collecting. Of course I turned at once to the collecting section; for of such is the kingdom of bibliophiles; and there indeed I found myself more than content during a rainy hour that kept me prisoner in my quiet library.

In the Vardu Bookshop Spring Catalogue of Modern First Editions I spent some happy moments. I like this list. A very readable one too. There was an item, "St. Hercules," of Martin Armstrong's. Do you know his work? Some day I must write about him. And some precious volumes by Norman Douglas. I'd like to be with him, these joyous spring days, in Italy. I see there are some eight books by Maurice Hewlett. Last night, or rather early this morning, when the grey cloud of dawn began to withdraw itself from my bedroom, I spent an hour with one of the Hewlett books noted in this list—"The Little Iliad." Hewlett is going up. Some day his books will be *very* valuable. They are already near it. I am only speaking commercially. Before I mastered my sleeplessness, I took more than a little pleasure from List No. 32, of First Editions of English Books of the Nineteenth and Twentieth Centuries, of Messrs. Davis & Orioli. A well arranged list this. It is no use trying to detail this catalogue. There are over seven hundred entries. Better write for it. Full of good items. Their address is in Museum Street, London. The same antiquarian bookseller sent us a good list of books about fifteenth and sixteenth century printing, and woodcut books; famous presses, and no end of other fascinating books about subjects that one would expect to find down the side streets of life; such as gastronomy and wine, and early herbals

Quite a number of lists and sheets came along the other morning from Messrs. Émile Hazan & Cie, of 8 Rue de Tournon, Paris vi. They are offering the "Contes de Perrault" in a magnificent edition, illustrated by Lucien Boucher. There is a very limited edition, on Japan paper, at a cost of 800 francs. The French are making some very fine limited editions, and some of them are finding their way over here. But to return to our own people. There dropped into our letter box this p.m. a number of other lists. An interesting one came from Rawling Brothers, of Cheltenham. Once, while lounging happily in a bookshop in Cheltenham, seeking for certain long-wished-for treasures, I wondered if there were many other towns that presented so alluring an environment for the book hunter. Another excellent list is Mr. Harold Halewood's Catalogue 49 of Early Editions. Mr. Halewood, of Preston, had sent me his list a long while before the "Collector" was started. They are always readable, and always hard to resist. I like the quotation at the head of the list from the sayings of that prince of collector-buyers, Dr. Rosenbach: "Rare books are a safe investment; the stock can never go down." True enough for Mr. Halewood. His stock is always plentiful. There are some worth-while American books in this list, and a precious item for £50. It is Keats's "Endymion." A Moxon edition of 1873, being "Master James M.

Barrie's School Prize for 6th Latin Class Verse Translation." This is something I have never before come across.

Mr. C. E. Hewitt, of Brixton Road, has sent me a list (No. 5) of a varied character. With it came a reprint of an article entitled "The Book Hall," from the *Brixton Free Press*. It describes Mr. Hewitt's bookshop. Having given a reading to the list, I turned my attention to a catalogue sent out by "The Sign of the Huntsman," which is located at Southborough, near Tunbridge Wells. The attraction here was the listed books and manuscripts from the library of Austin Dobson. . . . These dots mean that I stayed my writing, and meandered for a while with the lovely music of his "Proverbs in Porcelain." But I am back again at my task of catalogue surveying. The list is of the exquisite order. There are two hundred first editions; there are books of as far back as the sixteenth century; there is Americana. And there was a good and friendly mind at the birth of this list. I have never been to Southborough, but one of these days I shall hide myself in a fictitious name, and go a-nesting with a pseudonym, and mayhap I shall come honestly by a fair owning of a longed-for book. In this way I have wandered round the pleasant shelves inside and outside of the International Bookshop, so attractively kept in that well-trod by-way, St. Martin's Court. Sometimes I have watched the light in the eyes of a collector as he almost glued his nose to the window. The list before me is a short one, as it is admitted; but still a very readable one. You will find in it books by H. E. Bates, Martin Armstrong, William Gerhardi, Richard Hughes, Percy Lubbock, Charles Morgan, T. F. Powys and Virginia Woolf. All to be surely collected, and all to be very valuable one of these days.

There was that notable illustrated catalogue of the Myers House, that I have been closely studying again. I just wanted to run off with the presentation copy of Hardy's "Dynasts." Laid in it, there is a most interesting and important Hardy letter relating to the work, together with a humorous letter from Dr. Stopford A. Brooke. This is of course a first edition—and it costs £750. Next to it comes a First Colonial Edition of "Jude the Obscure," with an interesting autograph letter from Hardy to his intimate friend, Mr. Crackenthorpe. In J. W. Browne & Son's Addison House Book Catalogue there is, as they say, "An entrancing feast of Good Things for Literary Antiquarians, Connoisseurs, Student Collectors, Lovers of Literature and Discriminating People." Such a note as that is very seductive. And when you get inside the list—there they are, all in happy medley. I marked such as—Early Bibles; Eighteenth Century Literature, and Dr. Johnson and his Circle; Old Coloured Items and Illustrated Books of the Victorian Era—and goodness knows what else. Browne's hail from Rugby.

Mr. Henry H. Bates's No. 1 White Hail Catalogue starts a good career in its nice set-out. That is half the battle for success. And English catalogues are in most cases most admirably arranged. Here we have books for all purses, and moderately priced first

editions, and one or two interesting French MSS. I had collected personally the following lists, all of which should be sent for ere they go out of print, for they are among the best of antiquarian lists: H. Gray & Co., including first and rare editions of the works of Oscar Wilde; Ingpen & Stonehill, English books from 1830–1930; the Salamander Book Shop Ltd., early printed books on Medicine, Science, Botany and so forth; Catalogue Nine of Modern First Editions from the Mill House Press; and Rare and Valuable Books, Fine Bindings, Authors' MSS., Autograph Letters and First Editions, 1650–1930, offered by Major Hartley Clark.

Notable catalogues came to me direct from Mr. William Brown, Messrs. Ellis, Messrs. Heffer, Messrs. Maggs, Messrs. Elkin Mathews and Mr. Miller. In the latter catalogue are many first editions, cheap books and autograph letters. The list from Maggs is devoted especially to engravings, etchings and drawings by early and modern masters, while Mr. Brown's catalogue includes works on art subjects, and first and fine editions of modern authors. Heffer's is just one of their valuable lists of a great many notable works on the Fine Arts and English Literature; and Messrs. Ellis's catalogue is devoted to all classes of books, and describes simply but impressively as "Literature: Æschylus, Boccaccio, Brontë (C.), Defoe, Dryden, Johnson, Smollett." A further catalogue from Messrs. Ellis (No. 261) contains a list of nearly three hundred choice and rare books and particulars of an extraordinarily interesting portrait reputed to be of Shakespeare. This was formerly in the possession of Sir George Otto Trevelyan, and is priced at £350. This portrait is among the illustrations in the catalogue and we reproduce it on another page. Then there is the latest list from Elkin Mathews. I am always lured to read their catalogues from beginning to end, and this latest one kept me too long. They always print them well, and arrange them well, and fill them with good things. There are nearly eight hundred entries, and if I began to enumerate, or rather to write about the many, many excellent ones among these, I should run over into the next number! (N.P.: it is List No. 30.)

THE MARKET.

"Frescoes from Buried Temples," variations upon ethical themes by James Guthrie, with poems by Gordon Bottomley, is a Pear Tree Press work, hailing from Flansham, near Bognor. The whole edition consists of fifty-five copies. Every copy is numbered and signed by artist and author, and the price is £12 12s. We believe a few copies may still be had. Other books from this press are the Felpham Edition of Blake's "Songs of Innocence" and James Guthrie's "Book of Spiritual Drawings."

Although a rather soiled copy of A. E. Housman's "Shropshire Lad" was sold for £28 recently, really good copies still command £60 to £70. But prices are generally keeping low. A moderately priced copy of "The Little Minister" brought—first edition of course —in the three vols., with the sixteen pages of Cassells' advertisements at the end of volume one—£32.

Mr. J. G. Wilson, of Messrs. J. & E. Bumpus, gave a very interesting address recently on Limited Editions. In the course of it he dealt trenchantly with the many vexing aspects of limited editions, and especially with that very troublesome one of a bookseller not being able to get enough copies to fill his orders. Mr. Wilson said: "If there is any solution to this problem of the limited edition, it is surely that the publisher may announce his book to the trade, closing his list by a given date, and print only the aggregate number asked for." That is sound—only the publication might not then be a limited edition, although it might well be a signed edition. If several hundred copies were made, as might well be the case, the book would have no "collecting" value. But we see no objection to this. Messrs. Cape decided to follow this plan with the signed limited edition of Henry Williamson's "The Village Book." They printed sufficient copies to fill all orders received up to a certain date.

Here are some prices paid at auction for first editions of some notable works: Fanny Burney's "Evelina," £4,000; Goldsmith's "Vicar of Wakefield," £540; Jane Austen's "Sense and Sensibility," £205; Fielding's "Tom Jones," £65; Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress," first edition of the Second Part, £300; Dickens's "Pickwick Papers," in the original nineteen–twenty parts, with most of the wrappers and advertisements, £580; Dodgson's "Alice's Adventures in Wonderland," £180; Galsworthy's "From the Four Winds," £58; Galsworthy's "Jocelyn," £50; Milton's "Lycidas," £1,020; Second Folio Shakespeare, £560; Montaigne's "Essayes," £450; Lawrence's "Seven Pillars of Wisdom," £150; Pope's "Poems," with author's inscription, £300; Smollett's "Peregrine Pickle," £65; Sir Launcelot Greaves," £120; "Humphry Clinker," £60; a copy of the early issue of the first edition of Swift's "Gulliver's Travels," £220; and a Kelmscott "Chaucer," £290. It will interest readers to know that Fanny Burney's "Evelina" was published in three volumes in 1778 at 9s. A nice appreciation! Few readers in those days of "Evelina: or a Young Lady's Entrance into the World" could have thought when they paid their nine shillings for a copy, that we sophisticated people of the twentieth century would think well enough of it to pay £4,000 for a copy at auction. Only—it is going to America.

SELLING OUR "FIRSTS."

Someone has written to inquire how he can dispose of a fine copy of Mr. Galsworthy's "Forsyte Saga." I am not sure, first of all, which edition it is—the Limited or the regular edition. It is much easier to sell the former than it is the latter. Only a limited number of the Limited Edition was made, and there is always a ready market for it. The number actually printed was 265, and all were signed by Mr. Galsworthy. But it would be unwise to sell this, or the ordinary edition now, because not only the prices of the first edition of Mr. Galsworthy's works have depreciated, but the prices of all first editions are on the low side. I should be surprised if as much as £25 could be secured for the Limited Edition at the moment, and not more than £10 for the ordinary edition, whereas a few months

since the former was fetching £50, and the regular edition £25. But do not let this concern you. The market will rise again before long, and certainly Mr. Galsworthy's books will appreciate in first edition values.

The same general word applies to "Caravan," "To Let" and "Swan Song" and all the other works by Mr. Galsworthy. Hence, now is the time to buy. Nowadays 30s. would be a fair price for "Caravan," but a Limited Edition might well cost £15 to £20, although a copy was sold at auction some months since for something like £12, I think, speaking from memory. Ten to twelve shillings would be quite enough for the regular edition of "Swan Song." I saw a copy of the Limited Edition in an American catalogue that reached me last week, for $85.00—roughly £17. There were 525 copies printed and signed by the author.

As to "To Let," here we have a more expensive item, and I don't think I should hesitate to buy at £3 10s., because I believe it, in common with all the other books by Mr. Galsworthy, will go up in price before many months have passed. "To Let" is a rather scarce volume and not always to be found in a catalogue. Once it went up to a very high price. In a record that I have kept in my own copy, I find that it was once priced at £8 10s. It was published in 1921, and printed on rather poor paper. With it, says the author on the reverse of the title page, "The Forsyte Saga" comes to an end.

The Society of Scribes and Illuminators is holding an exhibition of modern illuminated manuscripts at Messrs. Davis & Orioli's bookshop, 30, Museum Street, W.C.1. The exhibition opened on Wednesday, May 21st, and closes on June 4th.

Catalogues received too late for review this month from Albin Michael (Paris), Hellen & Sergent (Paris), Buchandlung Gustav Fock (Leipzig), Librairie du Nord (Brussels), Martin Breslauer (Berlin), André Plicque (Paris), Jules Meynial (Paris).

The First Edition Club has on exhibition, at its premises in Bedford Square, an interesting collection illustrating the tendencies of modern French book production. The exhibition is open to members only.

The Liverpool First Edition Club is holding a members' exhibition of finely printed books from modern presses, at the Basnett Gallery, Liverpool. An artistically printed catalogue shows that the exhibition is rich in interesting items produced by the presses, British and foreign, that specialise in the production of beautifully printed books. In an admirable introduction to the catalogue Mr. Eric Gill rightly claims that such an exhibition is "to be looked at as an exhibition of works of art, of things made by responsible and disinterested workmen, and the things exhibited are to be judged rationally. . . . Finely printed books are rare; they are not therefore curios." The rarest books on show are "The Book of Ruth"; and "Æsop's Fables," from the Lanston Monotype, of which the copies were distributed privately; and one of the most valuable is perhaps the "Special Bible," printed for Professor Lyon Blease, and valued at £75. We have not space to go into details, but it is evident from the programme that it is an exhibition worth going to Liverpool to see.

The 1929 issue of "Book Prices Current" (£1 12s. 6d; Elliot Stock) is just to hand. This carefully compiled annual is the most indispensable of reference books for the collector, and we shall deal with it fully next month.



"Fire and water, wind and land, I desire to have under my hand and bond"

From "The Old Book A Mediæval Anthology Edited and Illuminated by Dorothy Hartley Introduction by George Saintsbury. To be published in a limited edition of 1,300 copies, for England and America, by Mr Alfred Knopf

Some of the rare items in a recent sale of books at Messrs. Hodgsons were from the library of Mr Edwin Wilkins Field, who inherited certain of them from Crabb Robinson There were for instance Blake's copy of Wordsworth's Poems, with critical notes in Blake's handwriting, Coleridge's copy of Kant's "Vermischte Schriften," with ten pages of his notes on the flyleaves, and Leigh Hunt's Foscolo's discourse on Dante, with his copious marginal notes The sale took place too late in May for us to report upon it this month

Mr Frank Hollings's catalogue (164) of One Hundred Choice Books contains, I note among other desirable things, a first edition of "Jane Eyre" (£750), Barrie's "Little Minister (£120), Bunyan's "Mr Badman' (£300), Galsworthy's Jocelyn" (£130), Hardy's "Tess" (£250), Johnson's Rasselas (£170), and a number of other rare books at lower prices This is another catalogue to write for, so too is Mr Hollings's No 165 catalogue of books from private presses and rare first editions, and, for chess players, his catalogue of new and old chess books

There is a large collection of Galsworthy first editions at prices ranging from 15s. to £100 in the new catalogue of Messrs. Dawson; an equally large Shaw selection, and several firsts of Wells, Masefield, Yeats and other moderns, with a most tempting list of limited editions and books from private presses

Messrs Duckworth have just issued, in a limited edition of 275 copies, Oscar Wilde's "Letters to the Sphinx," and will issue during June limited editions of Edith Sitwell's Collected Poems, and of Sacheverell Sitwell's "Dr Donne and Gargantua"

From Mr Thomas Thorp comes a copious catalogue of books and bookplates (including a large collection of Trollope first editions), and a catalogue (No 137) of rare and important books in which there are, among other good things, four pages of Dickens's first editions, one of Kipling's, a number of Kelmscott and Nonesuch Press books, and some Shakespeare items to which I would call particular attention

I gather from various correspondents that the interest in grangerising is by no means declining Boswell's Johnson, Forster's Life of Dickens Lockhart's of Scott—most good biographies lend themselves well to extra illustrating, says one correspondent, but it is difficult to find all the illustrations needed I am afraid I cannot assist him beyond suggesting that he should pay a visit to the Court Bookshop in Bloomsbury which specialises in the sort of pictures the grangeriser requires

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THE COLLECTOR AND HIS CATALOGUES.

Few items contribute so liberally to the bookman's education as the bookseller's catalogue To the bookman living in the metropolis or in one of the great industrial centres it is helpful enough but to the collector in the country town or the remote village it is absolutely indispensable Cut off, as the latter generally is from contact with the more important bookshops, his knowledge of bookish matters would be seriously impaired but for the regluar circulation of dealers' lists

Book catalogues serve many purposes Primarily they supply information regarding current prices, so that, by judicious comparison, the buyer is able to purchase in the most favourable market As a barometer they are invaluable, furnishing as they do all the fluctuations in the market One is able to note that Galsworthy is "up," or that Wells is "down", the gradual extinction of Scott, or the resurrection of Tennyson Filed for reference (for most bookmen keep their catalogues—or at least a selection of them), they constitute no mean bibliography, for the better class catalogue usually supplies quite full collations of the rarer books—or if the collation is omitted, space is generally sufficient to quote the reference number of the item in one of the standard bibliographies Lastly (for though most attractive it is their least useful office), they are often of rare beauty in themselves, and furnish such delightful extracts—here a facsimile of some early title page, there a reproduction of some fine typographical work—that to destroy them is, humanly speaking, almost impossible

Booksellers are almost as varied as their lists The only thing they have in common is the appeal to send a post card for inclusion on their mailing list. My own experience

prompts me to divide them into three categories. The first class comprises a few of the old established and more conservative houses. Their undertaking to forward you catalogues regularly is meant. Whether you make purchases or not you will receive their lists; with this type of firm, too, the very smallest order will be executed with the same courtesy and promptitude as the largest. One such firm has sent me regular lists for at least the last ten years.

The second, and by far the largest class, consists of the dealers who have entered the business since the "first edition" craze became so marked. Few of them are bookmen or scholars in the same sense that distinguishes members of the first category. The invitation to ask for their lists is no sincere one, or at least only up to a point. It should be qualified by the statement that "if we don't receive an order quickly you will cease to receive our catalogues," for you will soon find, to your chagrin, that unless you cement the acquaintance with a cheque, this class has no use for you.

Placed in the third category are the very few firms who send a first batch of catalogues with the intimation that a further supply will only be forwarded on receipt of an annual sum. Much as I dislike this method, it is greatly preferable to class two. At any rate there is no misunderstanding. But the attitude of both classes is wrong. Class two presumably argues that if no purchase ensues, catalogues are not worth sending. My submission is that the argument is false. To begin with, most collectors are (or will soon develop into) specialists, and for such it may mean months of patient catalogue study before the item they seek comes to light. To cease the supply almost immediately seems very much like cutting off the nose to spite the face. Further, even assuming that no order ensues, is the assumption that the catalogue does no good sound? I think not. Every bookman has a circle of friends with like tastes, and if the recipient does not place an order, it frequently falls out that one of his friends does so. The objection to paying for catalogues is mainly on the ground that the "genus" catalogue has ever been a gift. One never dreams of paying for information concerning vacuum cleaners or garden produce; why should one pay for information in regard to books? Ironically enough too, it often seems that the catalogues which are sent only after a deposit has been made, are greatly inferior to the ones which come gratis. So much for catalogues then!

The hardened collector of course does not believe everything the dealer sets down in cold print. For the guidance of the undiscerning it might fairly be stated here that there is hardly any catalogue published which does not contain at least one bad error. To confirm this I submit two extracts from recent lists.

No. 1 is from a house of established repute. Yet the catalogue quotes an item as below:

> GOLDSMITH (O.). The Vicar of Wakefield. *With 32 illustrations by W. Mulready, R.A.*, FIRST EDITION *with these illustrations*, 8vo, *morocco, g.e.*, 30s. 1855

"The first edition with these illustrations"! The statement will evoke chuckles from a student of the "Vicar of Wakefield," for he well knows that the Mulready illustrations were first published exactly twelve years earlier—in 1843. Yet the item might well deceive the unlearned in bibliographical matters.

No. 2 is also from a well-known bookseller (who has taken the precaution to set the entry in heavy type). It reads:

> ROGERS (SAMUEL) Poems. *First Edition. With woodcuts by Luke Clennell.* Fcap. 8vo, *orig. bds., fresh back strip, uncut. Very scarce. Cadell*, 1812. £2

It only proves that to booksellers (as to the rest of mankind) a little knowledge is a very dangerous commodity. To begin with, the title is incorrect. It should read "The Pleasures of Memory with other Poems," a new edition. What the bookseller has in mind is that the "first edition" with the Clennel cuts is valuable. So it is, and will no doubt appreciate. Only—it was published in 1810, not

1812. The 1812 is the second edition and worth about 5s. Probably the information was gleaned from Austin Dobson's essay contributed to Andrew Lang's "The Library" of 1881, where the 1810 edition is mentioned. Austin Dobson, in his appreciation of the book, makes a singular error. He states that the 1810 issue is known to collectors as the "Firebrand" edition. Since, however, the "Firebrand" cut did not appear in this issue the statement is obviously incorrect. It was omitted from the second edition of "The Library" published in 1892. I have a copy of this 1810 edition before me as I write. It is a large paper copy, and I know of few things more attractive than the delightful little pen-and-ink sketches of Stothard, so admirably translated to the wood by Luke Clennell.

Nearly every book list you pick up will blandly assure you that 1895 marks the date of the first illustrated edition of Du Maurier's "Trilby." To be fair I used to think so too, but having recently handled a copy with the familiar illustrations complete, but with a New York imprint, and the date 1894, I now know better.

In conclusion, I do not want it to appear that I have a grudge against booksellers. That would be untrue, for I have many close personal friends amongst them, and have generally received very fair treatment at their hands; but I do suggest that they do not always appear to cultivate the friendly atmosphere between themselves and their customers that obtains in most other businesses. If I can be proved wrong I shall be only too happy to admit my error.

H. T. Kirby.

We sent extracts from Mr. Kirby's interesting article to a number of booksellers, and print below a first instalment of the replies received.

Our practice has been to send catalogues to any address when requested to do so, and to keep on sending them, sometimes for years, until it is evident that the recipient is not a buyer of books; so that we think we belong to the first class of booksellers in your classification. In answer to your second question, we do not think that your contributor has any reason for feeling dissatisfied with those whom he calls the second and third classes of booksellers. The purpose of catalogues is to sell books, and, as catalogues cost a good deal of money to produce, it would surely be unreasonable for a collector to expect to receive them unless he makes at least some purchases.

A. W. Evans, for Elkin Mathews, Ltd. (London).

My custom is to issue a catalogue each month. These are sent to possible buyers, and should I not receive an order for twelve months, his name is struck off my mailing list. If, however, an order is received, he remains on my mailing list for a further two years, and is then put with what I call the Poor Buyers List, and gets an occasional catalogue, i.e., any copies that are left over after dispatching same to my regular clients. G. H. Last (Bromley, Kent).

My practice is to send catalogues when requested, and to place the applicant's name on my mailing list; if no order is received for three years, the name is removed from my list. P. M. Barnard (Tunbridge Wells).

Our custom is to issue one catalogue a year which we send regularly to a list of addresses which we have collected from time to time, regardless of whether the catalogue brings a return or not. We print on the envelope a request "If undelivered please return to George Over (Rugby) Ltd., 22, Market Place, Rugby," and when the returned envelopes are received we remove the name from the list.

G. E. Over (Rugby).

In reply to your interesting inquiry, we would say that we always send out our catalogues regularly whether purchases are made or not—and we find it pays!

Capell (London).

We have a regular mailing-list of about 2,000 names, all of whom receive our catalogues five or six times a year. As each catalogue costs us roughly fourpence, and one penny postage, we are making a present to these people of over two shillings a year each. Out of this list never more than a hundred people order books, and *always the same people.* Very occasionally a stray new order turns up, but generally for an insignificant book of some isolated interest. This year we were offered a list of 4,000 new names of self-styled book collectors. We sent them our catalogues, and we received about twenty orders, i.e. one for every two hundred names, and in every case for very small items. In sending this new list we enclosed slips, asking the recipients to notify us if they wished to receive further issues. Only some fifty people were sufficiently interested to reply. While we have no objection to sending our catalogues to scholars who are genuinely interested in old books, and in the information which a carefully-produced catalogue always affords, even if they are not purchasers, we are of opinion that the trade, in their own interests, should take some steps to insure that such catalogues, representing many months of bibliographical research, should not get into the hands of persons who idly toss them into the waste-paper basket without a glance. After twenty years' experience we are sadly convinced that the majority of requests for catalogues are lightly made by people who are at best catalogue collectors, but not book collectors.

Davis & Orioli (London).

All catalogues issued by us are sent to all our customers, where we have their address, irrespective of whether they buy or not, and new customers are treated in the same way. We only discontinue sending when the customer himself asks us to. A customer not seeing any book in one list that he requires may quite possibly require several out of a subsequent list, and as one usually sends out about seven or eight times as many catalogues as there are books in the list you can see that everyone cannot buy.

P. A. Cruden, The Little Bookshop (London).

My usual policy is to allow any applicant a certain number of catalogues and if that is not successful to discontinue sending them. I usually allow a period of two years. If a customer (?) does not order a book in that time then he is merely seeking for cheap information or free reading material! Arthur Rogers (Newcastle-on-Tyne).

There is of course the dealer's point of view in that he does not wish to send catalogues at expense with little hope of resultant business, and it is undeniable that some requests for catalogues are sent out of idle curiosity, or a desire merely to ascertain if anything happens to be included of value on the requestor's shelves. Our rule is to send six or eight catalogues, when, if no business or inquiry results, we cease to send. James Miles (Leeds).

We do not know H. T. Kirby and therefore speak with judicial impartiality, in saying there are also three classes of collectors.

I. Those who buy more or less regularly, to whom we gladly supply lists gratis as issued. Such buyers realise the heavy cost in skilled time, printing, and postage that catalogues involve.

II. Those who order only when they see an obvious and profitable bargain.

III. Those who never order, but need information gratis and at our expense. Such addresses are regularly weeded from register.

There are fourth and fifth classes, the banes of most antiquarian bookmen. These we need not describe.

Shakespeare Press (Stratford-on-Avon).

We send catalogues on application, gratis, and if requested we continue sending them without regard to orders received. Every two or three years our card index of addresses for catalogues is inspected, and those are deleted from which not a single order has been received.

Francis Edwards, Ltd. (Marylebone, London).

Further replies will be published next month.

The Bookman

"I am a Bookman."—*James Russell Lowell.*

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1/- net monthly, except Special Numbers.

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"KIND HUNT."*

By Wilfrid Gibson.

THIS is a difficult world for poets and it takes most of them all their time to look after their own careers, the business of establishing themselves in the public estimation and of maintaining their precarious perch above the heads of the crowd is apt to absorb all their energies; or, rather, to put the matter more fairly, their intense concentration on the production of their poems leaves them little leisure for the consideration of the fate of others. Mr. Blunden, however, besides having been a Blue-coat boy like Leigh Hunt, has a chivalry in common with the subject of his long-expected and eagerly-awaited biography: he, too, has a sincere concern for the reputation of other poets and will spare no labour in their service; but, while Leigh Hunt exercised himself on behalf of neglected or ill-used contemporaries, Mr. Blunden is bent on the rehabilitation of the slighted shades of the lesser and half-forgotten poets of the Romantic Revival. His labours on behalf of John Clare having been crowned with success, he has now turned his attention to a poet of a very different calibre and a man of a very different character; and in this case he is more concerned to justify the character of the man than to rescue the poetry from the oblivion that has fallen on it. Mr. Blunden by no means despises Leigh Hunt's poetry, but we feel that he likes it mainly because he likes the man who wrote it.



Leigh Hunt, author of "Byron and His Contemporaries."

From "Leigh Hunt," by Edmund Blunden (Cobden-Sanderson).

The bad luck that dogged Leigh Hunt all his life did not desert him at the graveside. Through all his days he was the victim of misunderstanding or wilful misrepresentation; and, largely owing to the heedless action of one of his closest and most trusted friends, it would seem that his reputation will never be free from the taint of villainy it received when the innocent poet became the victim of a genius. Charles Dickens, unable to resist the temptation of tricking out one of his most despicable characters with some of the superficial affectations and absurd mannerisms of his friend, the readers of "Bleak House" concluded that the insufferable Skimpole was an authentic portrait of Hunt. How anybody could bring themselves to believe that the amiable, industrious and long-suffering Hunt was truly represented by that sponging waster and heartless scoundrel Harold Skimpole, passes comprehension. As Swinburne wrote in the *Quarterly Review*:

> "The simple and final reply should have been that indolence was the essential quality of the character and philosophy of Skimpole, and that Leigh Hunt was one of the hardest and steadiest workers on record, throughout a long and chequered life, at the toilsome trade of letters; and therefore to represent him as a heartless and shameless idler would have been as rational an enterprise, as life-like a design after life, as it would be to represent Shelley as a gluttonous, canting hypocrite, or Byron as a loyal and unselfish friend."

Dickens, too, did all that he could to destroy the legend that he had unwittingly created; and to make it plain that he had simply drawn on his friend for the more amusing and harmless characteristics of Skimpole,

* "Leigh Hunt: A Biography." By Edmund Blunden. Cobden-Sanderson. (21s. net.)

And yet that word "harmless" makes me pause. Hunt was no deliberate villain, yet there was undoubtedly something of Skimpole in his character; and I cannot help feeling that Dickens felt in his heart of hearts that some of these "harmless affectations" were not quite so harmless as they seemed. Mr. Blunden records a momentarily harsh, but evidently deeply felt, comment of Keats's on his friend: "Hunt does harm by making fine things petty and beautiful things hateful." And these words read almost like the comment of Dickens himself on one of his own more volatile characters. Dickens loathed æsthetical foppery as much as he loathed ethical foppery, and there was a deal of æsthetical foppery about Leigh Hunt. Dickens knew, too, from bitter experience, how uncertain is the line which divides the "unworldliness" of the impecunious, who live largely at the expense of their friends, from a selfish humbug, and how shadowy that which separates "idealism" from a deliberate shirking of responsibility. It is indeed difficult for the most sympathetic reader to believe that Leigh Hunt could be truly so blind to the realities of life as at times he would appear to have been. And was it for nothing that that soul of integrity, his brother John, turned his back on him in later life?

The truth of the matter is of course that Leigh Hunt was, like the rest of us, a bundle of contradictions. He worked as hard as an ant, and was at the same time a butterfly sipping honey from the flowers of—a very literary—Paradise. He was a man of principle with an incurable carelessness in money matters. He had the stuff of martyrs in him, and yet loved to dally among the roses of Eden. (The plethoric Haydon once said to him—"You would have been burned at the stake for a principle, and would have feared to put your feet in the mud.") He went to prison for his political principles, had his cell decorated like a bower, and forgot to pay the painters. A married man with a difficult wife (whose slackness in money matters was responsible, as Mr. Blunden makes clear, for much of the misrepresentation her husband endured), and a family that brought him grief and trouble, he remained in spirit an adolescent to the end. He knew every misfortune and suffered every indignity that the world has to offer us, and he persisted in regarding life through the spectacles of literature.

Yet there was one thing that he always saw clearly enough, and that was poetry. He was not a great poet, nor even a very good poet, himself; but he recognised a great poet when he saw him. Even foppery, that deadliest of vices because it tends to confuse the real values, could not blind him to the morning star of genius. So let us remember him as the friend and champion of poets, and of poets who had still to win a general recognition. He was indeed virtually the discoverer of Keats, Shelly and Tennyson, and their indefatigable champion to the end; and though, as a youth, he failed at first to appreciate the significance of Coleridge and Wordsworth, when his taste had matured he made noble amends. It was not his fault that the championship of a great poet by a minor poet may temporarily tend to confusion in the minds of the indiscriminating; and the fact that fools regarded Keats at first as nothing more than Leigh Hunt's pet pupil, does not detract from the ungrudging nobility and single-minded generosity of Hunt's intention. Hunt was indeed always the soul of generosity, and, with all his weaknesses, entirely without spiritual or intellectual pride. Like the hero of his best known poem he is most fittingly recorded as "one who loved his fellowmen."

I must not close this short notice without a tribute to the ardour and understanding with which Mr. Blunden has carried out his self-imposed labour of love. This is indeed a model biography, entirely without the superior airs and graces of the smart-Alec school, whose efforts to be amusing at the expense of their forefathers have made the reading of modern biographies the most distasteful job that falls to the lot of the reviewer. How the shade of Hunt must rejoice to have so noble a tribute from a poet, and from such a poet!

CHAUCER.

By Alfred Noyes.

II.

The beautiful edition of the works of Chaucer from the Shakespeare Press is now complete, and Messrs. Blackwell are to be congratulated on a production that will appeal to the reader of poetry as well as to the bibliophile.

In a former article, dealing with the "Canterbury Tales," I described the "Prologue" as Chaucer's greatest achievement; and, for similar reasons, one may say that the greatness of Chaucer elsewhere is to be found in the incidentals rather than in the finished structure and full body of his work. In his "Dream of Fair Women" Tennyson suggests the truth:

> "I read before mine eyelids dropt their shade
> 'The Legend of Good Women,' long ago
> Sung by the morning star of song, who made
> His music heard below,
>
> "Don Chaucer, the first warbler, whose sweet breath
> Preluded those melodious bursts that fill
> The spacious times of great Elizabeth
> With sounds that echo still."

There is excellent criticism concealed in those lines. Chaucer was, above all things, a maker of preludes—preludes to narrative, preludes to character painting, the first vital touches of portraiture, and preludes to the confident and full-fledged lyricism of the Elizabethans. Tennyson does not tell us how far he read in the "Legend of Good Women" before his eyelids "dropt their shade"; but it is certain that Chaucer's own eyelids drooped long before he had completed his own plan for the poem. Of the nineteen women whose heroic stories he proposed to tell, he has dealt with only nine; and by far the most beautiful part of the work is again the prologue, and the great incidental ballade on Alceste, in which again we seem to hear the Muse of English lyrical poetry, trying over the first notes of the fuller song, and listening with eager ears to her elder sister of France.

The lines that lead up to it are among the most pictorial in English verse; and in themselves are a sufficient answer to the latter-day suggestion that colour must be left to the brush of the painter, and

should be ignored by the artist in words. Nothing could be more natural and spontaneous than Chaucer's use of colour, though this is again one of the "incidentals," and a strong case could be made out for him as the greatest master of colour in English poetry up to the arrival of Keats. Colour in poetry is not merely a matter of the direct use of the names of colours. Even more than in painting its beauty depends on what

of the decorative quality of Botticelli's "Birth of Venus," is Chaucer's picture of the God of Love walking in a meadow with his Queen :

> "And she was clad in real habite grene,
> A fret of gold she haddè next her heer,
> And upon that a whitè crowne she beer
> With flourouns smalè, and I shall not lye
> For all the world ryght as a daysye



Canterbury Pilgrims at the Tabard Inn, Southwark.
(Corbould.)

> Y-corouned is with whitè levès lyte
> So were the flourouns of hire coroune white." . . .

Swedenborg would have called "correspondences" with the world of the intellect and the spirit. A notable example of this is the passage in "Macbeth" :

> "This my hand will rather
> The multitudinous seas incarnadine
> Making the green one red."

Another example, rising even more clearly into the realms of the spirit and leaving the colour terms completely behind, even while it suggests the colours themselves in their richest life, is the passage in Keats's "Ode on Melancholy" :

> "Then glut thy sorrow on a morning rose,
> Or on the rainbow of the salt sand-wave,
> Or on the wealth of globed peonies ;
> *Or if thy mistress some rich anger shows,*
> *Emprison her soft hand, and let her rave*
> *And feed deep, deep upon her peerless eyes.*"

What sullen crimsons, warm snows, dark iridescences of tears are hidden and suggested in the alchemy of that indirect association of peonies and anger, tears, and the rainbow of the salt estranging sea. It is a masterpiece of colour, worthy of Titian.

More direct but not less beautiful, and with something

And what a picture is that of the god, Love himself, clothed in embroidered silk, fretted with red rose leaves and green sprays, the freshest since the world was first begun ; a sun, instead of gold, crowning his golden hair, so that the beholder could scarce look upon the brightness of his face, or see clearly the fiery darts that he carried, between his wings, outspread like the wings of an angel. After him came that radiant throng of women whose names have been his chief praise ; and, round the Flower of his delight they sang "carol-wise" the ballad in which he sets the beauty of the death-conquering spirit, as manifested in Alcestis, above all other .

> 'Hyde, Absalon, thy giltè tresses clere ;
> Ester, ley thou thy mekeness al adoun ;
> Hyde, Jonathas, al thy frendly manere ;
> Penalopee, and Marcia Catoun,
> Make of youre withode no comparysoun ;
> Hyde ye youre beautès, Ysoude and Eleyne ;
> My lady comith, that al this may disteyne."

This beautiful ballade is the pagan complement to the "Invocation" in the "Second Nun's Tale," where Chauçer made the opening lines of the thirty-third canto of the "Paradiso" of Dante an enduring part of

our English heritage. There are depths in that Invocation which have never yet been fathomed :

> " Thou mayde and mooder, doghter of thy sone,
> Thou well of mercy, synful soulés cure,
> In whom that God, for bountee, chees to wone,
> Thou humble, and heigh over every creature,
> Thou nobledest so ferforth our nature
> That no dèsdeyn the Makere hadde of kynde
> His sone in blood and flessh to clothe and wynde."

And it contains one superb exception to the rule that Chaucer does not write great single lines,

> " Assembled is in thee magnificence."

There is almost an anticipation of Crashaw here. But this Invocation, too, is incidental, and obviously not written for its setting.

In the " House of Fame," again, the first two parts are almost negligible as poetry, while the third (again opening with an invocation from Dante) is one of the finest examples of Chaucer's satirical power in poetry, and remains (yet again) an unfinished fragment. Nothing more true or more contemptuous has ever been written on that notoriety which is so commonly confounded with the real values of true fame. The good and the wise arrive at the House of Fame and achieve it, often against their will. The worthless arrive, ask for it, and receive it in even fuller measure. Again, the good and the wise arrive, and are driven away into oblivion. And again, the worthless arrive and, by the whim of the goddess, are blown into oblivion too. Caprice rules in that land, and nothing but caprice can be counted upon. It was in the faith that inspired his invocation that Chaucer found his permanent values and the power to defy caprice. He had a fortress in his own spirit, and he walked upon a sure though invisible road to the " land of matters unforgot." It was in this certainty that he was able to say in one of the finest of his minor poems :

> " This wrecchèd worldès transmutacion
> As wele or wo, now poure and now honour,
> Withouten ordre or wys discretion
> Governèd is by Fortunes errour ;
> But nathèles the lak of hir favour
> Ne may not don me singen, though I dye
> '*J'ay tout perdu mon temps et mon labour*'
> For fynally, Fortune, I thee defye."

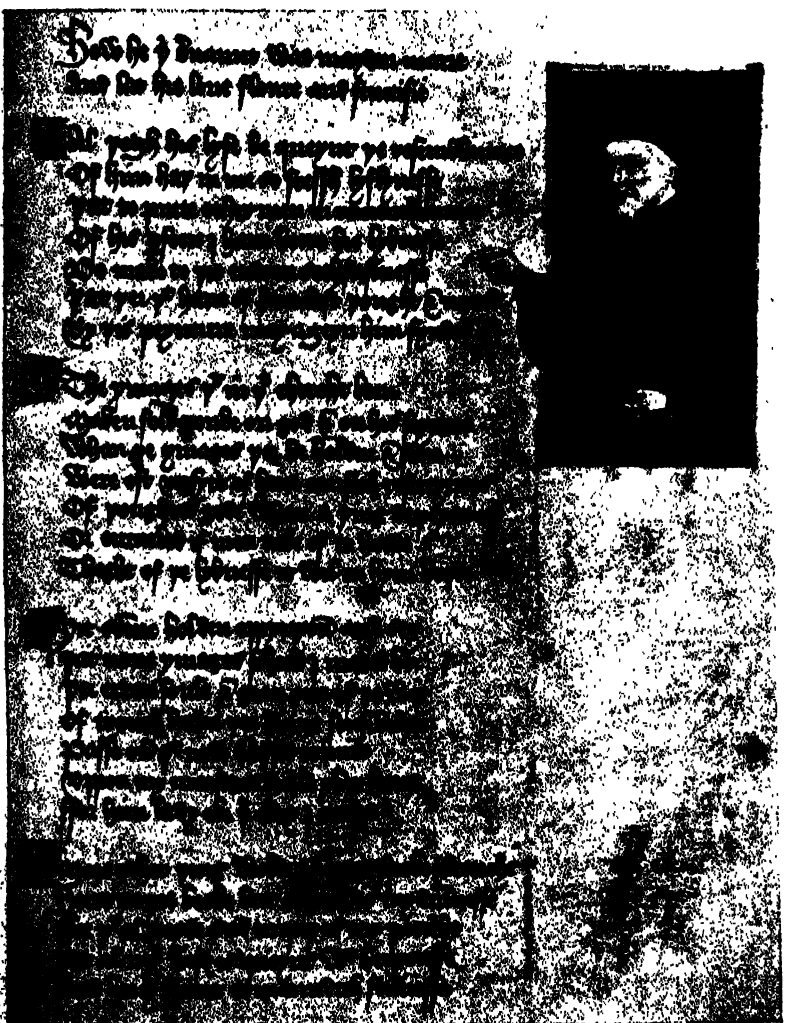
The refrain of his " Balade de Bon Conseyl " is the secret undertone of all his joyous music.

It is only when a man has achieved that nobler carelessness that he enters into the kingdom of real values in life and poetry, or is able, in Chaucer's phrase, to " hold the high way " with a song, and let his ghost lead him into that heavenly Spring of which all earthly springs are but prophetic shadows. It was so that Chaucer, the most joyous of all the pilgrims of eternity, took earthly beauty as his *viaticum*, and sang back to the birds in the wayside hedgerows :

> " Now welcom, somer, with thy sonnè softe
> That hast this wintre's weders over-shake
> And driven away the longe nyghtès blake ;
>
> " Saynt Valentyn, that art full hy on lofte
> Thus syngen smalè foulès for thy sake
> *Now welcom, somer, with thy sonnè softe*
> *That hast this wintre's weders over-shake.*"

This delicious air, anticipating in the little shiver of the additional syllable (the third) of the third line, the full breeze of our later lyric music with its " syllabic equivalences," is yet again only an incident in the " Parlement of Foules," perhaps the most delightful of all the minor poems. But the " Parlement of Foules " is really the exception proving the rule that Chaucer's beauties are incidental. It is an exquisitely finished and joyous work ; and the one to which (outside the prologue to the " Canterbury Tales ") the reader can return most frequently with the fullest pleasure. Human laughter there m i n g l e s with the music of the birds, and his earthly garden is none the less Paradisal in its light and colour and suggestion of the deeper inner tones :

> " A garden saw I ful of blosmy bowès
> Upon a river in a grenè mede,
> There as ther sweetness evermore y now is



The earliest known portrait of Chaucer.

From Thomas Occleve's poem " De Regimine Principum." Early fifteenth century. Harl. MS. 4866 (B.M.).



Geoffrey Chaucer.

From a manuscript copy, on vellum, of "The Canterbury Tales," adorned with marginal paintings, in the possession of the Marquis of Stafford.

With flourès white, blewè, yelwe and rede,
And coldè wellè-strèmès, nothyng dede,
That swimmen ful of smalè-fischès lighte
With fynnès rede and scalès silver-brighte.

"On every bough the briddès herde I synge
With voys of aungel in her armonye. . . .

"Of instruments of stringès in acord
Herde I so pleye a ravisshyng sweetnesse
That God, that Maker is of all and Lord,
Ne herde never better, as I gesse ; . . .

"The air of that place so attemprè was
That never was grevaunce of hoot ne cold ;
There wex eek every holsom spice and grass
Ne no man may ther wexè seek nor old,
Yit was there joyè more a thousand fold
Than man can tell ; ne never wolde it nyght,
But any cleer day to any mannès sighte."

It was no more than a dream-land, as he speedily goes on to show ; but, when the song of the birds was over, as he says, he woke, and began to read in other books, and read on always, in the hope that some day he would meet a reality whereby he should fare the better, "and thus to read I will not spare."

It is greatly to be hoped that this beautiful new edition of Chaucer will encourage others to read on also.

THE ENGLISH NOVEL.*

By Hugh I'A. Fausset.

WE live in a formless age and it is natural therefore that fiction should be our most practised and most popular art. For it imposes, or seems to impose, the lightest discipline upon a writer and has indeed become a sort of dumping ground for private confessions, public pamphl teering, psychoanalysis, sexual melodrama and social research. The licence of the modern novelist is however due to the fact that he is living and working in a period of transition not only in human life, but in his particular art. Until late in the nineteenth century the tradition still held, if somewhat precariously in England, that the prime function of a novelist was to tell a story, to unfold a plot, and to reveal characters at least as much by their outward action as their inward thought and sentiments. But gradually, as analysis has eaten into life and Dostoievsky has supplanted Dickens, the novelist has become more and more preoccupied with the inward drama of personality, with mental, emotional and spiritual events which are not necessarily externalised in action and which are unified by their own subtle logic rather than by that of a plot. In thus abandoning however the structural support of an objective narrative many modern novelists have collapsed into formless subjectivism and the surprising acclamation accorded to such a novelist as Mr. R. H. Mottram is doubtless due to the fact that although his treatment of life is superficial and external, he does at least try to be impersonal and objective. In this attempt however he is only following the lead of a number of writers who during the last forty years have acted upon the conception that fiction was not expansive story-telling, but an art, demanding as much austerity as any other art, and that the novel, in Mr. Ford's words, "was a vehicle by means of which every kind of psychological or scientific truth connected with human life and affairs could be very fittingly conveyed." This conception came to England from France. To quote Mr. Ford again : "It was Flaubert who most shiningly practised the doctrine of the novelist as Creator who should have a Creator's aloofness, rendering the world as he sees it, altering no comments, falsifying no issues and carrying the subject—the affair—he has selected for rendering, remorselessly out to its logical conclusions." And Mr. Ford's refreshingly provocative survey of the English novel from the Elizabethan age to the present day is governed by his preference for the novel of aloofness, of which Richardson, who "did have an artistic convention of sorts, did try in some way to render life, did deal almost exclusively in neither very moral nor very immoral personages," was the pioneer. And it is by this standard that he measures the virtues and defects of Defoe, Fielding and Smollett, and considers "Oliver Twist" as "the beginning of the end, the novel becoming *the* vehicle for the reform of abuses." That he is often prejudiced by his dislike of "Anglo-Saxondom" (possibly this accounts for his neglect of Jane Austen), and that he fails to distinguish between the writer who is inspired by true moral values and who

* "The English Novel from the Earliest Days to the Death of Joseph Conrad." By Ford Madox Ford. 5s. (Constable.)—"Tradition and Hugh Walpole." By Clemence Dane. 6s. (Heinemann.)

is inflamed or distracted by the moral temper of his day, is certain. Nor does he sufficiently recognise that undue attention to manner, to which the Aloof novelist is often prone, may stultify art just as much as undue attention to matter or morals. But although we may not share all his raptures over the technical efforts of Flaubert, Maupassant, Turgenev, Henry James, Henry Harland and George Moore, his essay is equally valuable for the disagreement and the agreement which it provokes. Above all it is a craftsman's essay, at once experienced and curious of experiment.

Miss Clemence Dane does not share Mr. Ford's dislike for the morals of the English gentleman. Indeed she comes near making him, under the guise of "the Plain Man in the Street," her criterion of value. This "Plain Man" whose interest almost all the great writers of the past have, in her view, won, is borrowed from a statement of belief by Mr. Hugh Walpole, and at the beginning of her essay is located in his nursery. Here Miss Dane finds three main types of child readers—the romantics, who satisfy their sense of wonder on fairy tales or the "Arabian Nights"; the moralists, who are attracted by the Bible and for whom virtue must be crowned and vice be punished; and the realists, who like autobiography and will not have fairies, even on a desert island. And, in her opinion, the typical English novel, which she calls "the traditive novel," has been the result of innumerable responses to the demand for a blend of these three types. Armed with this preconception, she proceeds to survey the English novel from the time of the folk-tale until the present day, and although at times facts in the form of one element of her synthesis put considerable strain upon her theory, she succeeds with much plausibility in preserving it intact until the late War, which "broke in two the life of the nation" and "did exactly the same to the life of literature." Hence on the one hand there is a "pre-war group of writers either revered as 'classic' or derided as Victorian," on the other a group of disintegrators and experimenters whose aim "seems to be to disperse the novel's parts once more, and this in the name of Realism." Hence also the temporary bewilderment or distress of the "Gentle Reader," whom however Miss Dane hastens to comfort by directing to the works of Mr. Hugh Walpole, in which, she assures him, he will find the blend so agreeable to his taste, "the old-fashioned tale with the innovation in idea which modernises it, which turns the traditional into the traditive novel."

Miss Dane's detailed study of Mr. Walpole's novels is charmingly sympathetic, but, like her formula, it lacks real critical penetration. That her appreciation is generous may be suggested by her description of "Harmer John" as "a book so moving that I am half afraid to put down the degree of admiration I feel for it, lest its beauty be cheapened by easy praise." But it is, alas! so much easier to be generous than just.

W. L. COURTNEY.

By Arthur Waugh.

Mrs. Courtney has written a book which no one else could have written;* and only those of us who knew her husband best can appreciate the value and fidelity of her record. Courtney wrote his own autobiography; but, as his wife says, he did not do himself justice. He was trained from boyhood in that decent school of personal reticence, in which many of his pupils would be proud to follow him; he had learnt and taught that among the things which are "not done" in the company of the self-respecting, the very first weaknesses to be subdued are self-praise and the celebration of one's own career. So while "The Passing Hour" contained many intimate and poignant touches relating to its author's youth, and plenty of kindly humour and character, it said almost nothing about the thirty-four years during which Courtney was editor of the *Fortnightly Review*, and paid no kind of tribute to the wide interests and keen judgment which rendered his editorship one of the most notable achievements in contemporary journalism. That gap in the literary history of our time Mrs. Courtney has now filled with a brief, compact and searching monograph which deserves to be acclaimed as a model of its kind. The portrait is irradiated with sympathy, but it does not disdain the duties of friendly criticism. Unlike most tributes of wifely piety, it presents the figure of a living man, and not a marble statue. It is as sensitive in humour as in interpretation; and it also offers, by way of background, a concise history of the *Fortnightly Review*, under all its editors, a history which will remain the final authority upon a subject of very real significance.

In calling her book "The Making of an Editor," Mrs. Courtney suggests implicitly that all the rest of her husband's life was a sort of preparation and training for the editorial chair, and that he was particularly happy in finding his natural occupation while still a comparatively young man, and of keeping it unbroken until his death. I think she is right in this. Courtney was certainly more at ease as editor than he can ever have been as schoolmaster or as don. My own recollection of him goes back to 1876, when I was a small boy at a dame-school in Bath. Just below St. Stephen's Church, Lansdown, a tall man with a military moustache was climbing the steep hill, with a schoolboy on either side of him. "That's Courtney," said my companion; "head master of Somersetshire College"; and, as he spoke, Courtney patted the back of one of the boys, who was faltering in the uphill climb. That picture has often recurred to my memory as a sort of allegory. The road was uphill most of the way in Courtney's life; but he was always cheerful and always encouraging to his fellow-climbers.

It was nearly ten years later that I next saw him, when, on my first morning at New College, Oxford, he sent for me to say that he was to be my tutor, and proceeded to lay down a synopsis of my future reading. From that time until the end of his life hardly a month

* "The Making of an Editor: W. L. Courtney, 1850–1928." 6s. (Macmillan.)

passed without our meeting or exchanging letters; for he left Oxford to join the literary staff of the *Daily Telegraph* the term after I took my degree; and, when I started life as publisher and journalist, he never missed an opportunity of giving me encouragement and help. It was owing to him that I went to Chapman & Hall as managing director, and that I was enlisted on the reviewing staff of the *Daily Telegraph*. And as he treated me, so he treated everyone in whom he took an interest. He was the most generous of friends, and the versatility of his interests gathered him friends from all classes of the intellectual community—writers, actors, artists, politicians, philosophers and men of science.

This vivid versatility was his prevailing characteristic; it was also his greatest danger as a schoolmaster and a don. Already at Bath, when he was a head master in his early twenties, parents were beginning to grow a little suspicious of his presence at theatres and dances; while at Oxford there were not wanting grave and reverend frowns when Irving was invited to lecture at the Sheldonian, and Toole brought to the high table in New College Hall! With a few cheery exceptions, Senior Common room considered Courtney too closely identified with undergraduate interests. He was treasurer of the Boat Club, virtual founder of the Dramatic Society, himself an actor, a dancer and a contributor to the London press. When he stood for the Professorship of Logic, the mandarins preferred a man whom they believed to be a more solid candidate. Courtney concluded that the time had come to leave Oxford; and being introduced by Dr. Robson Roose to the proprietor of the *Daily Telegraph*, he exchanged the dreaming cloisters of New College for the thunders of Peterborough Court.



Portrait by Elliott & Fry

W. L. Courtney.

The quiet humour which plays across Mrs. Courtney's pages is at its best in her description of the circumstances of this astonishing change. She relates how Oxford greeted the news, with a dismay that was apologetic and ashamed; and how Sir Edwin Arnold set the author of the "Life of John Stuart Mill" a task which was to test his ability by "two or three characteristic specimens of his pen"! The subjects chosen were—(1) The Present State of Parties in England. (2) Tulips and Tulip Shows; and the candidate for editorial honours was counselled to employ "three paragraphs—beginning, middle and end—the opening of the leader more or less arranged to catch attention, and the language as refined and correct as possible, but not so as to be above the heads of the million for whom we write." Courtney must have laughed in the sleeve of his gown; but apparently he did not write too high above "the million's" head. For he got the post, and came up to London and its fogs in the January of 1890, to work there for more than thirty-eight years with an energy that never faltered, and a popularity that continually increased. There can be no doubt at all that he was an immense asset to his paper. He was a figurehead with knowledge, he put all the world at its ease; and nobody was happier in smoothing over those difficulties and misunderstandings which are bound to arise in the day's work.

He had been five years in London when Frederic Chapman offered him the editorship of the *Fortnightly Review*, which had then seen thirty years of life under four different editors, and was now to remain in Courtney's undivided charge for another thirty-four. As his wife very shrewdly says, the *Review*, when he took it over, was "in no need of stimulation, but it was in considerable need of steadying"; and his was just the hand to give it the support desired. From the very first, the editor's biographer was associated with him as assistant and reader; and though she takes no credit to herself for any of the achievements of Courtney's editorship, the truth slips through the meshes of her reticence every now and then. It was she for instance who first "spotted" the quality of Mr. J. L. Garvin, then an unknown journalist in Newcastle, and in the course of sifting manuscripts she made many another shrewd discovery. But of course the breadth of the interests consulted was due, first and last, to Courtney's own receptivity; he had all the journalist's scent for a good theme, and he always preferred a sound article to a showy name. There was never a taint of snobbery about his choice of contributors; he went for the good thing, whoever wrote it; and the long list of writers who served under his banner may be said to include almost every considerable authority who lent distinction to the thought and policy of the last thirty years.

In the final chapter Mrs. Courtney remarks, with a flash of intimate insight, upon the good fortune which has attended the *Fortnightly* in "the singular suitability of each editor to his period" . . . "Who better than Morley could have waged the battle for free-thought in the fighting seventies?" But what would Morley "have made of the brilliant, slightly decadent, purely literary period, which Harris so faithfully represented, except perhaps to denounce it?" As for Courtney, "he had not Morley's strength of purpose; he impressed his own personality less upon his contributors—he did

not seek so to impress it; but he touched life at many more points, and his sympathies were wider." He represented the newer journalism, opening gates of knowledge and of taste to a fresh and importunate public. He took learning and judgment out into the open; he made them attractive and appealing; he set out to serve the public, and the public rallied round him with a will

CHARLES II AS A MAN OF LETTERS.

By Arthur Bryant.

THE life of Charles II offered few opportunities for the pursuit of letters. For the dark, romantic prince, born in the old Palace of St. James's three hundred years ago, was tossed before he was twelve into a world of battle, exile and poverty, and only returned to a settled existence when his youth was over and his habits formed. Even in his brief and troubled childhood Charles was given little encouragement to read. "Take heed," wrote his first tutor, Newcastle, husband of Lamb's "thrice-noble Margaret Newcastle," "of too much book" It was advice of which Charles had little need, and at the end of his life, Dryden, who knew him well, testified that he understood men better than letters.

> "His conversation, wit and parts,
> His knowledge in the noblest, useful arts
> Were such dead authors could not give.
>
> . . . . . .
>
> He drained from all, and all they knew,
> His apprehensions quick, his judgment true,
> That the most learned must with shame confess
> His knowledge more, his reading only less"

Yet if literature be the expression of an acute or beautiful mind, he is not too bold an explorer who would seek for it in Charles. For his sayings, recorded by those who lived with him, have as much the ring of true style as those of Johnson and Sidney Smith. "It is odd," he remarked at a time when some new informer was every day astounding the English public with stories of blood-curdling plots, "how all my friends seem to keep by them some tame rogue"; and when Oates, that most universal villain, offered to pray for him, his simple comment was: "I would not have God mocked." And what could be neater than his portrayal (so loved by Horace Walpole) of a tedious Anglican divine: "That he was a very honest man but a great blockhead; that he had given him a living in Suffolk swarming with nonconformists; that he had gone from house to house and brought them all to church; that he had made him a bishop for his diligence; but what he could have said to the nonconformists he could not imagine, except he believed that *his nonsense suited their nonsense*"

The truth of the matter is that Charles had a genius for self-expression. His remarks have just that vital touch of personality that marks the master of style. Nor when we turn from his spoken to his written word are we disappointed. The son of the man, who solaced his captivity by reading Shakespeare, had an unconscious gift for literature Unhappily he was lazy and, being a king, had little incentive to overcome that aversion which the lazy man, however gifted, feels to putting pen to paper—"the naturall lazinesse I have towards writting," as Charles calls it. Consequently his letters, other than the official variety written by his secretaries, are rare, and it was but seldom that any of his subjects could boast, as one did in 1670, of "a most gracious letter from his Majesty, all writt with his owne hand."

Yet we all have our intimate moments, and kings are no exception to this rule It is in the letters Charles wrote to those he loved most that we find the writer. The first recorded example was written at the age of nine to his tutor: "My Lord, I would not have you take too much phisik, for it doth allwaies make me worse and I think it will do the like with you I ride every day and am ready to follow any other directions from you Make haste to returne to him that loves you —Charles P." Already, in the childlike lines, there are traces of the man's essential style—the forceful brevity, the quiet mocking humour turning inward to ridicule itself, the warm affection, given so rarely and yet so freely when it was

The penniless years of exile offer few letters, yet there are one or two that prove how staunch was Charles's gaiety "I am just now," he wrote, "beginning this letter in my sister's chamber, where there is such a noise that I never hope to end it and much less to write sense I shall only tell you that we are now thinking how to passe our time, and in the first place of dancing, in which we find two difficultyes, the one for want of the fiddlers, the other for somebody to teach the new dances I have gott my sister to send for Silvius as one that is able to performe both; for the fidledies my Lord Taafe does promise to be their convoy, and in the meantime we must content ourselves with those that make no difference between a hymn and a coranto."

Charles's claim as a writer rests mainly on a series of ninety-eight letters which he wrote to his sister, Henrietta, Duchess of Orleans. In these the true Charles lives, witty, frank and affectionate. For Charles loved his sister as he loved no other creature. To him she was always "My deare, deare sister," and he a "brother that loves you more than he can express." "I assure you," he writes, "there is nothing I love so well as my dearest Minette." To please this sweet princess, for whom Molière wrote and Bossuet preached, Charles painted, in his direct, easy style, the life of the coloured court of vagabonds over which he presided: "We had a designe to have had a masquerade heere, but were not able to goe through with it, not having one man that would make a tolerable entry. I have been perswading the Queene to follow the Queene Mother of France's example and goe in masquerade before the carnavall be done; I beleeve it were worth seeing my Lord St. Albans" (who had a fiery face and was immensely fat) "in such an occasion. My wife hath given a good introduction to such a businesse, for

the other day she made my Lord Aubigny and two of her chaplins dance country dances in her bedchamber. I am just now calld for to goe to the Play, soe can say no more." And what could be more delightful than his reference to the seventeenth century plague of long sermons: "We have the same disease of sermons that you complaine of, but I hope you have the same convenience that the rest of the family has of sleeping out most of the time, which is a great ease to those who are bound to hear them." Or the reference to the distinguished French astrologer, who visited him at Newmarket and "lost his money upon confidence that the starrs could tell which horse would winn, for he had the ill luck to foretell three times wrong together, and James beleeved him so much as he lost his money upon the same score." Indeed, Charles's comment on this "profett" reveals the true Philosopher King: "I give little credit to such kinde of cattle, and the lesse you do it the better, for if they could tell anything 'tis inconvenient to know one's fortune beforehand, good or bad, and so, my dearest sister, good night."



King Charles the Second (ob. 1685).
From the original of Sir Peter Lely, in the collection of the Most Noble the Marquis of Hertford.

It has been said that Charles sold England. Yet in matters relating to the sea and trade, he would never allow the least derogation of the dignity and interest of his country, and when he chose could speak in the accents of Elizabeth herself: "There is nobody desires more to have a strict frindship with the King of France than I do, but I will never buy of it upon dishonourable termes, and I thanke God my condition is not so ill, but that I can stand upon my own leggs and beleeve that my frindship is as valuable to my neighbours as theirs is to me." And when war threatened and passions ran high, he could ride the whirlwind with a grace and confidence worthy of Palmerston: "The States keep a great bragging and noise, but I beleeve when it comes to it they will looke twise before they leape. I never saw so greate an appetite to a warre as is in both this towne and country, espetially in the Parlament men, who, I am confident would pawne their estates to maintaine a warre. But all this shall not governe me, for I will looke merely to what is just and best for the honour and good of England, and will be very steady in what I resolve, and if I be forsed to a warre, I shall be ready with as good ships and men as ever was seene and leave the successe to God."

Charles never conquered the aversion to pursuing the art for which he was so well fitted, but in his old age read much and took a considerable interest in literature. He would often talk to Dryden and on one occasion offered that great man his advice. "If I were a poet," he said, and then, with an exquisite courtesy to put his friend at his ease—"and I am sure I am poor enough to be one—I would write such and such a thing." Before he died he dictated to Pepys the story of that miraculous escape which, a hunted fugitive, he had made thirty years before. Let one passage, describing how he crossed a Shropshire river by night with his humble guide, Richard Penderell, suffice. Penderell, fearless till that moment, confessed that he could not swim and was afraid. "So I told him that the river being but a little one, I would undertake to help him over. Upon which we went over some closes to the river side, and I, entering the river first to see whether I could myself go over, found it was but a little above my middle and, thereupon, taking Richard Penderell by the hand, I helped him over." In the direct simplicity of the narrative there is a touch of Bunyan and Mr. Valiant-for-Truth's passage of that other river, even though there are no trumpets on the other side.

LITTLE ISLAND.

A Novel of St. Helena.

By LEONARD COOPER. 7s. 6d. (Hodder & Stoughton)

This novel is an original essay in historical fiction. Napoleon, Sir Hudson Lowe St. Helena and five average days of the life there—that is all. But Mr. Cooper builds up a wonderful picture of the clash between the Emperor and the nerve-racked, over-conscientious Governor, with vivid characterisations of the men around Napoleon: Doctor O'Meara, Generals Bertrand, Gourgaud and Montholon. There are glimpses of captive and jailer at their best and worst, memories of the Emperor's great days, a sad picture of boredom, intrigue, petty jealousies. "Little Island" is a fair and vivid reconstruction of the past. There are many startling moments when Napoleon lives and moves in these pages. Lovers of Napoleon and students of history cannot neglect this moving book.

BUSHMAN BURKE.

By JEAN DEVANNY. 7s. 6d. (Duckworth.)

Taipo of Bushman Burke, as his name indicates, is a native of the wilds, in this case the sub-tropical bush and timber land at the back of Wellington, New Zealand. Coming suddenly into a fortune of £200,000, he journeys to the city to see lawyer Wallace. In a remarkably short space of time he falls in love with Wallace's daughter Flo, and trouble begins The girl is ultra-modern, apparently shallow, and entirely self-centred. Her father even disclaims any affection for her. She has what she would describe as "a hectic time" and "goes the pace" to the fullest extent. After a brief and breezy time Burke marries her, and the book becomes a series of matrimonial episodes. Only two endings seem possible, and the reader's interest is bound to be sustained wondering which of the two it will be.

LITERATURE AND HISTORY.*

By Herbert E. Palmer.

Under review are two books by scholars and specialists in history, the first of them an extended reprint of a book already valued. "Clio, A Muse," by George Macaulay Trevelyan (Regius Professor of Modern History in the University of Cambridge), is a collection of essays of a very informing character dealing, for the most part, with subjects relative to history. They do not, in the least, invite adverse criticism, though it may be necessary to state that being in style a little too reminiscent of Addison they occasionally create an atmosphere which does not well suit the period dealt with. But in an age (this age) when essays are frequently little more than glorified journalese, meagre in content, careless in construction, and superficial in thought, these essays do strike a note which may be listened to with profit. While every now and again Professor Trevelyan startles us by something penetratingly well said, as when (speaking of Northumberland) he writes: "Like all the greatest things, like the universe itself, this land does not easily yield up the truth, whether its secret heart is of joy or of sorrow. It heightens both till they are fused and the dispute between them loses meaning. The great silence is too profound to be broken with a question."

Two or three of the essays strike me as being very valuable, the one called "The Middle Marches" a masterpiece of insight and information. For it is not only an enchanting essay in topography but gives us, through the telescope of the ballad, a remarkably clear view of the far-receded life of the wild freebooters of the Border Country. The essay called "Poetry and Rebellion" focuses the age of Byron, and should be read by all who have delighted in Maurois's "Life of Byron," for it epitomises and emphasises certain things which Maurois has left a little too straggling. Very few things in Professor Trevelyan's book are challengeable, though when, in his essay "History and Fiction," he writes of Stevenson's "Lodging for the Night" that it gives us "the real character of Villon" one can unhesitatingly say "No." Stevenson's tale succeeds brilliantly as a tale about a scholar thief, a mediæval Ishmaelite and one type of "goliard"; but the picture of him is only half the real Villon, for it omits his virtues and his gloomy ecstasies and genius, leaves them right out of the canvas.

"The European Heritage," by Watson Kirkconnell, is much broader in scope than George Trevelyan's book, and is not so much of the class which constitutes literature as that which helps and disseminates literature, a ministering angel aureoled with selflessness, so that you may call it a "glorified textbook," or anything patronising you like without sullying its clear quality and usefulness or insulting the author who is free from all affectation and pretentiousness. Actually it is a sort of short encyclopædia of literature and art, or, as the writer sub-terms it, "A Synopsis of European Cultural Achievement." It is the sort of book which ought to be in every editor's office and on the shelf of every teacher of literature and history; a book for reference, and yet nevertheless a book to wile away the time, for it is astonishing how so much jostling information about painters, scientists, musicians, poets, dramatists and novelists has been made readable and interesting. But that is because Watson Kirkconnell has avoided the ordinary textbook manner and managed to put glow and vitality into his crowded pages. Moreover, he introduces his sheaves of facts about celebrities by more or less trustworthy information about the beginnings of the race to which they belong, giving us also a short history of the race's development. Here indeed is a book which might be nicknamed "The Cultural Handbook of the League of Nations," assuming, as it does, that national animosities are utterly preposterous. "Ignorance is the mother of Intolerance," says Watson Kirkconnell. "Most of the bitter prejudices which to-day poison the relationship of nation with nation and of race with race spring primarily from lack of knowledge." True indeed, but most nations which go to war fight for land and money and do not trouble themselves about cultural heritage. It is only too easy for the governing classes to hoodwink the masses for the simple reason that the masses are fed on newspapers and cheap sentimental booklets, caring little or nothing about cultural heritage. If every newspaper in Europe would devote a column to this little volume (and they certainly won't do anything so wise or foolish), baptising themselves with its grace, and ever after devoting a page a day to reviews of books and discussions on art and literature with their international relationships, more would be done in the way of putting an end to war than is possible by the mouths of prelates and state orators.

Mr. Watson Kirkconnell's book contains chapters on the Eastern Slavs, the Western Slavs, the Southern Slavs, the Finno-Ugrians, the Jews, the French, the Germans, the Scandinavians, the Italians, the Celts, the English, the Spaniards, and others. One of his best chapters is on the Jews—sympathetic, enthusiastic, critical, condemnatory. "History," he says, "provides no parallel to the long-persisting vitality of the Jewish people coupled with a profound contribution to world-civilisation. Ancient Greek science, philosophy and art were more exaltedly important, but the glory of Hellas was of brief duration compared with the enduring strength of Hebraism. . . . But these incomparable ethics of the later prophets took a long time to develop. A strain of barbaric savagery mingled with religious zeal in many of their earlier leaders. Samuel butchered women and children in the name of God; David's dying words ordered a foul murder that he himself had sworn not to commit; Solomon was a sensual super-polygamist; and many a frenzied psalmist dreamt with horrid joy of the dashing out of alien children's brains against the walls of captured towns." He goes on to tell us how in mediæval times the Jews were thwarted and persecuted, adding most wisely: "The traits of mind and life which to-day make the Jew so frequently disliked are the result not of race but of the organised repression, ignominy and torment wreaked upon them for long centuries by those who professed allegiance to the Prince of Peace and King of Love" Yet these same Jews in the case of their own philosopher Spinoza became the persecutors, expelling this angel of Hebriac light from their synagogues.

But it must not be supposed that Mr. Kirkconnell's book is a jewel heap of perfection. Many essential names have been omitted; and these ought to be inserted in the reprint which is likely to come quickly. Although in the section on modern Irish literature Mr. Kirkconnell includes Yeats, Lord Dunsany, Douglas Hyde and Sir Horace Plunkett, he omits the very important dramatists Synge and Sean O'Casey; he omits the archæologist and story-teller Standish O'Grady and the poet and romantic prose writer James Stephens. He also calls "Æ" by his right name (George Russell) instead of by his generally accepted *nom de plume* (Æ), which is nearly as bad a mistake as calling George Eliot by her natural name of Marian Evans. And in the two sections on Scottish literature no modern writers are mentioned at all save Stevenson and Barrie.

But these are mere dust motes. Considering its self-imposed limitations of "tip and run," the book is astonishingly comprehensive, one of the finest little volumes of cultural information published for years.

* "Clio, A Muse." By George Macaulay Trevelyan. 7s. 6d. (Longmans.)—"The European Heritage." By Watson Kirkconnell. 6s. (Dent.)

THE BOOKMAN PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

JULY, 1930.

Answers to these Competitions (each on a separate sheet bearing name and address of sender) must be received by the Editor not later than the 14th of each month. A Competitor may enter for all the seven Competitions, but must cut out coupon below and send this with each answer or group *of answers, and address envelope:*

"The Prize Page," THE BOOKMAN, St. Paul's House, Warwick Square, London, E.C.4.

That they may be available also to Overseas Competitors, Competitions I, II and VII will be the same each month until further notice, but the subjects for all the other Competitions may each month be changed.

Competitors must please keep copies of their MSS.; the Editor cannot undertake to return them.

THE PRIZES OFFERED THIS MONTH ARE:

I.—ONE GUINEA for the best *original* lyric.

II.—HALF A GUINEA for the best quotation from English verse applicable to any review or the name of any author or book appearing in this Number.

III.—THREE NEW BOOKS for the best list of six poetical similes. These may be original, or taken from literature, giving sources.

IV.—HALF A GUINEA for the best definition of (1) wit, (2) humour, with a short passage from a well-known writer illustrative of each.

V.—HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best criticism, in not more than twenty-four lines of verse, of any book advertised or reviewed in this Number of THE BOOKMAN.

VI.—HALF A GUINEA for the best review, in not more than one hundred words, of any recent book. Competitors should give names of Book, Author and Publisher at head of each review.

VII.—THE BOOKMAN will be sent post free for twelve months to the sender of the best suggestion for a Competition.

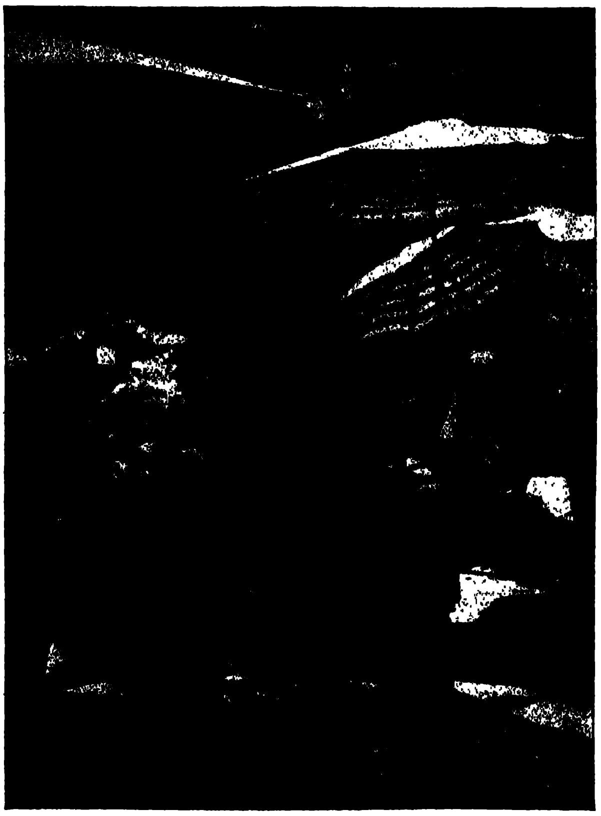
RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS FOR JUNE.

I.—THE PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA for the best original lyric is awarded to Esther Raworth, 6, Pannal Ash Road, Harrogate, Yorks, for the following:

TWO SONGS.

This is all my yearning, this
 my deep heart's delight—
To hear bird-song at morning
 and the sea-song at night!
Bird-song in the cool dawn when in freshest glory green
Tall trees stand lapped in primrose-foam and the drooping
 hyacinth's sheen;
Pure music from the cherry-bough whose drifts on drifts
 of snow
Flake down in pearly showers as the thrush flits to and
 fro;
And the golden flute-like lilting, pouring love's ecstatic pain,
Of the blackbird from the thicket veiled in swirls of sunlit
 rain—
O Powers that scatter largess, give me for my heart's
 delight
To hear bird-song at morning and the sea-song at night!

For from far away at twilight, when the land is locked in rest,
Comes a strange and luring whisper from the rose and
 opal west;
Purple waves are plashing softly in a silken, secret tune,
And the low-voiced breezes answer to the same mysterious
 rune;
And the lone sea-gull crying, wheeling round on flashing
 wings
In a magic silver circle, vague yet burning longing brings,
And the whole wide heaven is murmuring like a mighty
 harp of gold,
Breathing wistful peace and guerdon, dreams and hopes
 yet hardly told!—
O hidden gods of happiness, give
 me, for soul's delight,
To hear bird-song at morning
 and the sea-song at night!



A Siesta, Brussels.

From "Things Seen in Belgium," by Clive Holland (Seeley, Service).

We also select for printing:

TO A BUTTERCUP.

Pure cup of gold, what
 thoughts you bring,
Abrim with dewy dawns of
 Spring;
You pledge the splendour and
 the grace
Of rosy Summer's smiling face.

So frail, yet radiant and fair,
The Sun's first kiss you seem
 to hold,
And pass it on to cheer my
 path
With your unchanging heart
 of gold.

So common—yet the loveliest
 thing;
So rich, because the earth is
 thine;
For in His planning, wondrous
 wise,
The lowly flame with fire
 divine.

What living canvases of light
You paint upon our Native
 Land!
No picture yet has e'er
 surpassed
Your posy in a baby's hand.

Yet deeper still your beauty thrills,
As Heaven's workmanship I mark;
This miracle within the root—
God's finger fashioned in the dark.

(George S. Astins, Lynton Lodge, Fourth Avenue, Hove, Sussex.)

THE PILLAR BOX

(*Visited at Sway, Hants, June 9th, 1930*).

It stands near a way-side cottage,
This pillar box, small and red,
And the trees in their silence listen
To secrets the years have spread
And all down the Silver Roadway
In visions we come—then pass –
But I think that perchance our mem'ries
Will whisper across the grass

It stands at the old lane's turning,
And I thought as I stood to-day,
With my hand on its unmoved cover,
What wonderful dreams there lay—
In that pillar box small and simple,
That stands in a world apart,
Like a mask that is only veiling
The *life* in the human heart!

It holds such a power of meaning,
That there in the sunlight gold,
The roar of the world outside us –
The dreams of the cities old—
The hush of the spirit speaking,
The words that are just a prayer,
Were blended in one great chorus—
For something of *God* stole there.

I thought as the sun grew deeper
And followed us down the lane,
Of the current of thought still flowing
From city and town and plain—
Of the links that could bind so many,
Of letters that came and went,
And all that the *vital* spirit
Of one of God's workers meant.

For out of the haunts of Nature,
And far from the eyes of man,
The power of a kindred purpose
Can weave out its special plan.
And that letter-box locked up tightly
That stands by a dear old tree,
Held something of haunting magic
That ever will cling to me.

It stands near a way-side cottage,
And over the fair green land,
We think of the hosts of letters
That are posted by some kind hand.
And all down the Silver Roadway,
How often in dreams we'll pass,
And I think that perchance our mem'ries
Will whisper across the grass!

(Marjorie Crosbie, 10, Birches Barn Road, Wolverhampton, Staffs.)

We also highly commend the lyrics by E. F. Christie (Hampstead), Phyllis E. Noble (Long Melford), Mrs. May Belben (Wimborne), Vera L. Arlett (Worthing), Kathleen Blyth (West Hartlepool), Ella Rivers Noble (Long Melford), Evelina San Garde (Oswaldtwistle), J. Morton George (Woodford Green), F. C. Bell (Ipswich), Agnes Hart (London, S.W.), Gwendolen Leijonhufrud (Wimbledon), John E. Woods (Coventry), Norah M. Butterfield (Westward Ho!), Lorna Hill (Newcastle-on-Tyne), Eva Fitzmaurice (Manchester), Thomas Culshaw (Ormskirk), J. M. Burns (Malta), Ierne Ormsby (Addiscombe), Mrs. Douglas Blair (Gisborne, New Zealand), C. C. Fraser (Liverpool), N. Ray (Belfast), John A. Bellchambers (London, N.), Edith M. Walker (Bournemouth), Emily Davis (Dublin), Hilda Williams (Ormskirk), Mabel Herdman Porter (Faversham), M. Whitehouse (Birmingham), Margaret F. Woodzell (Plymouth), Margaret Fountain (Huntingdon), Doris Major (Hendon), Dorothy E. W. Payne (London, E.), Rachel Currey Day (Vancouver), Joyce Benning (Dunstable), Margaret A. B. Jones (Loughton), Stephen Walter (London, S.W.), Ada F. Strike (West Worthing), A. M. J. Parker (Mitcham), Iris Ottaway (Bungay), Fred B. Urquhart (Edinburgh), J. Percy Bryant (Taunton), Mary L. Lane (Victoria, Australia), Cyril E. Clarke (Manchester), J. Brown (Paraguay), D. F. Larkin (Brighton), Jenny T. Murray (Glasgow), Ann G. Williams (Middlesbrough), A. C. Seneviratne (Colomba), I. Ardern (West Runton), C. Burton (Forest Hill), Bertram R. Brown (Tiverton), Frances E. Hill (Coventry).



Cheapside's Tree and Little Shops.

From "London Cameos," by A. H. Blake (Herbert Jenkins).

II.—The Prize of Half a Guinea for the best quotation is awarded to M. Whitehouse, 12, Haden Street, Balsall Heath, Birmingham, for the following:

THE QUAINT COMPANIONS. By Leonard Merrick (Hodder & Stoughton)

"But loudly, sweetly sang the slippers
In the basket with the kippers."

Martin Armstrong, *Miss Thompson Goes Shopping*

We also select for printing:

HIGH WAGES. By Dorothy Whipple. (John Murray)

"A thousand guilders! The Mayor looked blue.
So did the Corporation too"

Browning, *The Pied Piper of Hamelin*.

(Ethel M. Kennedy, 46, Aughton Road, Birkdale, Southport.)

SHRIMPS FOR TEA. By Josephine Blumenfeld (Heinemann)

"You live on land and little think
What passes in the sea"

Hood, *The Supper Superstition*.

(A. C. Marshall, 20, St. John's Road, Corstorphine, Edinburgh.)

THE GOLDEN POUND. By A. S. M. Hutchinson. (Hodder & Stoughton)

". . . The sovereign'st thing on earth."

Shakespeare, *King Henry IV*

(Emily Davis, 23, Mornington Road, Ranelagh, Dublin, S.W.9.)

LADIES IN WAITING. By John Dellbridge. (Morley & Mitchell Kennerley.)

"If when 'last dinner bell's' rung he is late,
To insure better manners in future—
Don't wait!"

Barham, *Ingoldsby Legends* ("*The Knight and the Lady*")

(Ada F. Strike, 38, Harrow Road, West Worthing.)



Mr. Frederick Niven,

whose new novel, "The Three Marys," was noticed in a recent issue.

III.—THE PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS for the best example of bathos from any well-known poet of this century is awarded to B. M. Beard, 214, Broadway, Bexleyheath, Kent, for the following:

"But Granchester! ah, Granchester!
There's peace and holy quiet there,
Great clouds along pacific skies,
And men and women with straight eyes,
Lithe children lovelier than a dream,
A bosky wood, a slumbrous stream,
And little kindly winds that creep
Round twilight corners, half asleep.
In Granchester their skins are white,
They bathe by day, they bathe by night;
The women there do all they ought;
The men observe the Rules of Thought;
They love the Good; they worship Truth;
They laugh uproariously in youth;
(And when they get to feeling old,
They up and shoot themselves, I'm told)."

RUPERT BROOKE,
The Old Vicarage, Granchester.

We also select for special commendation the replies by J. A. Jenkins (Liverpool), J. Morton George (Woodford Green), Mrs. May Belben (Wimborne), G. G. Tutt (Wombwell), John Coghlan (Dublin), Elsie Ord (Lincoln), Kathleen Blyth (West Hartlepool), A. N. L. Parker (Mitcham), M. Luckham (Cheshire), N. Ray (Belfast), Miss Mackechnie (St. Andrews), John E. Woods (Coventry).



Mr. B. L. Jacot,
author of "Frogs Don't Grow Feathers." (Just published by Hutchinson).

IV.—THE PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best criticism, in not more than two hundred words, of Hamlet's famous soliloquy, "To Be or Not To Be," is awarded to Captain Wm. Jaggard, "Rose Bank," Stratford-on-Avon, Warwicks, for the following:

HAMLET: YOUTH OF SORROWS.

Oft-quoted, frequently misunderstood, yet never stale; terse, compact as egg, yet patent to all; this immortal meditation is based on Socrates's "Apology," refined by Montaigne, whose "Essayes" nourished Shakespeare. Probably Catullus's "Sparrow elegy" helped. Correct comprehension of this soliloquy provides the key-clue to this greatest play. Here Shakespeare revealed his innermost, as in Biron, Gaunt, Jaques, Prospero, Timon and "Sonnets." Penned at apex of creative genius, this passage exhibits Shakespeare observing, understanding all humanity. Nothing escaped that keen mnemonic record or magical memory. Into thirty-six lines is crammed a lifetime of experience, rounded off with exquisite touch: "Nymph! In thy orisons . . ." One slip occurs in "No traveller returns," seeing Hamlet interviewed his father from Beyond. Discussing death, Hamlet weighed not cowardly suicide to escape wave of cares, or "sea of troubles"; but removal of a crafty, better-dead murderer. Safety lay alone in feigned madness. Conscience worried him. Single-handed, faced by fearful odds, he renounced love, branded his guilty mother, reconstructed murder (French fashion), executed convicted murderer and forfeited life. Who of us, overwhelmed with similar handicaps, could successfully emerge? Queer anomaly! Hamlet, stage character, conferred more celebrity upon Denmark than all its famous natives combined.

We also select for printing:

No one can approach this soliloquy with a perfectly open mind, it is so "full of quotations." Yet one cannot read it unmoved. In that repetition of "to sleep" one can feel Hamlet's aching eyes as he thinks of the peaceful sleep denied him. Remembering the haunted sleep of later days, he cries in horror, "perchance to dream." He sees the endless worry of the future, remorse should he murder his uncle, bitter remorse should he forbear. "Calamity of so long life," he says. Then through his creation speaks the voice of the creator, tortured too, though differently—"the pangs of despised love," as the eyes of the Dark Lady laugh at him, "the insolence of office" as he remembers the bother about theatres and despised players. Surely Shakespeare too looked wistfully at the "bare bodkin" that could end it all, as the hunted stag is given his "quietus." With the wealth and variety of its images, with its haunting conciseness of expression, this speech expresses unforgettably the feelings of the inarticulate who are driven, for the moment, beyond endurance. It is great poetry, deep feeling woven into perfect music, and all the schoolboys of the ages can never make it hackneyed.

(E. D. Young, 1, Bryn Bowydd, Blaenau Festiniog.)

We also select for special commendation the replies from Mrs. May Belben (Wimborne), Alan George Howard (Bristol), C. S. Stamper (Grimsby), A. Davidson (Glasgow), Emily Davis (Dublin), Margaret A. B. Jones (Loughton), B. M. Beard (Bexleyheath), S. Barrington McClean (Glasgow), John E. Woods (Coventry), Nora M. Butterfield (Westward Ho!), N. Ray (Belfast), Janet M. Smith (Bristol), Mrs. E. G. Elton (Pollard's Hill), Mrs. M. Luckham (West Kirby), J. A. Jenkins (Liverpool), Gwendolen Leijonhufrud (Wimbledon), Clifford Bower-Shore (Stockport), Gertrude Hancox (New Malden), M. Grace (Newcastle-on-Tyne), Winifred Simmons (Parkstone), Sybil G. Gillett (London, S.W.), L. Bruce (Ashford).

V.—THE PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the most terse pathetic passage selected from any modern novel is awarded to Phyllis E. Noble, Bridge House, Lyston, Long Melford, Suffolk, for the following:

"Esteban was trying to make a decision. It had always been Manuel who had made the decisions, and even Manuel had never been forced to make as great a one as this. Esteban went slowly upstairs. The Captain waited for him, and waited so long that presently he ventured half the way up the stairs and listened. At first there was silence; then a series of noises that his imagination was able to identify at once. Esteban had scraped away the plaster about a beam and was adjusting a rope about it. The Captain stood on the stairs trembling. 'Perhaps it's best,' he said to himself. 'Perhaps I should leave him alone. Perhaps it's the only thing possible for him.' Then on

hearing another sound he flung himself against the door, fell into the room and caught the boy. 'Go away,' cried Esteban. 'Let me be. Don't come in now.' Esteban fell face downward upon the floor. 'I am alone, alone,' he cried. The Captain stood above him, his great plain face ridged and grey with pain; it was his own old hours he was reliving. He was the awkwardest speaker in the world apart from the lore of the sea, but there are times when it requires a high courage to speak the banal. He could not be sure the figure on the floor was listening, but he said: 'We do what we can. We push on, Esteban, as best we can. It isn't for long, you know. Time keeps going by. You'll be surprised at the way time passes.'"

Thornton Wilder, *The Bridge of San Luis Rey.*

We also select for printing:

"She was gone with Foxy into everlasting silence. She would suck no more honey from the rosy flowers, nor dance like a leaf in the wind. Abel would sit, these next nights, making a small coffin that would leave him plenty of bee-hive wood."

Mary Webb, *Gone To Earth.*

(Winifred Simmons, "Sherenden," Parkstone, Dorset.)

We also highly commend the replies from Clifford Bower-Shore (Stockport), Fred W. Flear (Harpenden), Mrs. May Belben (Wimborne), Iris Ottaway (Bungay), Janet M. Smith (Bristol), M. A. B. Jones (Loughton), Norah M. Butterfield (Westward Ho!), John E. Woods (Coventry), B. A. Billings (Manchester), N. Ray (Belfast), Ada F. Strike (West Worthing), J. A. Jenkins (Liverpool), B. M. Beard (Bexleyheath), Marjorie Crosbie (Wolverhampton), C. Burton (Forest Hill), James P. Higgins (Birstall), Annie Andrew (Cheshire), C. S. Stamper (Grimsby).

VI.—The Prize of Half a Guinea for the best hundred-word review is awarded to Phyllis E. Noble, Bridge House, Lyston, Long Melford, Suffolk, for the following:

THE ROCKLITZ. By George R. Preedy.
(John Lane.)

Saxony in the seventeenth century, swayed by the Rocklitz, who ruled the impressionable young Elector with her "golden glance of all imaginable potency." Her brief year of power, the dramatic intrigues of the court, the superstitious fear of witchcraft, the grim secrets of the Koenigsberg, are described with a masterly pen in this magnificent romance. The characters live—so vivid are they indeed that they arouse not only the interest but the emotions; one feels stirred to sympathy or antagonism and sometimes even to shuddering horror—and the whole story is dominated by the enchanting personality of the Rocklitz herself.

We also select for printing:

THREE DAUGHTERS. By Jane Dashwood.
(John Murray.)

This is a delightful comedy—the story of three girls and their matchmaking mother, spiced with the details of their affluent, well-upholstered life in the late Victorian era. But the serio-comic love affairs, the genial satire at the expense of snobbishness and conventionality do not obscure an undercurrent of sadness, of wistful regret for the passing of youth and the fading of its roseate vision, of tender sympathy with the secret miseries of girlhood. "That life of waiting, hoping, saying nothing, hiding her feelings, keeping everything in," has never been more faithfully portrayed.

(G. Pitt, 8-6, Wyndham Crescent, N.19.)

We also select for special commendation the reviews by R. K. Spedding (Liverpool), Clifford Bower-Shore (Stockport), John Coghlan (Dublin), S. R. Fuller (Streatham), B. M. Beard (Bexleyheath), E. D. Young (Blaenau Festiniog), C. S. Stamper (Grimsby), Margaret Owen (Whitstable), A. E. Gowers (Haverhill), M. Whitehouse (Birmingham), N. Ray (Belfast), Winifred Murrell (Catford), Margaret A. B. Jones (Loughton), Mrs. Emily E. Moore (Letchworth), James P. Higgins (Birstall), H. Alun Jones (Quorn), M. J. Dobie (Mouldsworth), Ethel M. Kennedy (Southport), Ada F. Strike (West Worthing), Aileen N. J. Parker (Mitcham), Fred B. Urquhart (Edinburgh), Mrs. E. G. Elton (Pollard's Hill), Mrs. H. Hardy (Weymouth), J. A. Jenkins (Liverpool), Evelyn Bamber (Wiltshire).

VII.—A Prize of One Year's Subscription to The Bookman is awarded to Gertrude Hancox, 7, Lime Grove, New Malden, Surrey, and to Norah M. Butterfield, "Etain," Golf Links Road, Westward Ho!), Devon.

Current Fiction.

APRIL FOOLS.[1]

John Touchwood must have possessed a highly developed sense of humour as well as a vivid conception of dramatic possibilities to think of giving his fine country mansion to his unsuccessful relations, provided they all lived in it together! At his birthday celebrations on April 1st, where all are present except the wealthy host himself, who has made a surprising and unpopular marriage with his secretary, we get a glimpse of the clashings and jealousies which the whimsical John foresees will lend themselves to situations worthy of the best stage farce. If you have read "Poor Relations" you will not need to be told that Mr. Mackenzie has excellent material in the way of character to work upon; for "April Fools" is a sequel and one which inflicts no pangs of disappointment. It is a sheer delight from first to last, the characters are drawn in a spirit of buoyant comedy, the dialogue so terse and pointed that you can hear a full house roaring with laughter at every line. There are the testy George and his actress wife; Laurence, the clergyman turned actor, with his devoted wife Edith waiting on him hand and foot; James; the emotional Beatrice; Hilda, the widowed mother of Harold—and what unlimited fun Mr. Mackenzie gets out of the solemn, bespectacled, literal-minded Harold, the butt of his Uncle Hugh and of his two lively cousins! But then he gets unlimited fun out of the whole family, with their individual absurdities and amusing human failings—and, like the artist he is, adds to the enjoyment of the farce by giving it an unexpected twist and neatly turning the tables on John Touchwood, and on the reader who has been sharing John's mischievous anticipations.

A. A.

FIRE OF YOUTH[2]

Guy Wetherby's life had been shattered by the early death of his wife, and he left his four children to the care of his sister-in-law. They grew up wild, joyous creatures in a little English coast town, swimming in the sea or, when the weather was calm, sailing on it in their canoe. It was the sea that brought Phil Wetherby her first romance, for she saved Terry Maclean from drowning, and the two young people instantly fell in love with each other. Terry however saw no immediate prospect of marriage, and felt it his duty to go away, secretly pledged to Phil, as she was to him, but leaving her to brood on his silence and absence while he tried to make their future happiness secure. Disaster fell on the family; Guy Wetherby died and, reduced to poverty, they turned their old home into a guest house. Thither came Timothy Wing, a man of

[1] By Compton Mackenzie. 7s. 6d. (Cassell.)

[2] By Margaret Pedler. 7s. 6d. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

mature years and comfortable income who, touched by the valiant struggle Phil was making on behalf of her sister and two brothers, helped them on in their various careers and then asked her to marry him. Prompted by gratitude, she accepted his offer, and then Terry returned. Poor Phil was stricken to discover that she cared for him still. He used fair means and foul to force her to break the promise she had given to Timothy, and she fought him and her own heart until—but you must read Mrs. Margaret Pedler's charming romance to learn how Phil solved her problem, or at least how fate solved it for her. It is a story full of interest and pleasing sentiment, and Mrs. Pedler's many admirers will find in it all the charm and graciousness which make her work so deservedly popular. A. A.



Miss Evelyn Scott.

MANY CAPTIVES.[3]

If you read Mr. Owen's "The Shepherd and the Child"—and if you did not you have missed a story of rare charm and beauty—you are not likely to have waited for anyone to recommend you to read his new novel, "Many Captives." This is written with the same quiet realism as the other, the same sympathetic understanding of men and women, and with something of spiritual significance underlying the development of its narrative. One way or another certain of its people are captives, they are shut in by temperament or circumstance from a full enjoyment of life, and the story is of how some of them—Crossford, the ex-convict, in particular, helped tactfully and finely by Gil Southwaite, the soldier whom the War had immured in a prison of deafness—broke out of bondage and found freedom. The characters are drawn and their destinies shaped with insight and imagination; but it is useless trying to summarise such a book as this; the delicate art of it all would lose too much in any sort of outline. You can only realise the pathos, the dramatic power and beautifully humane philosophy of it by surrendering yourself to its spell and growing absorbed in its atmosphere, and you will find it well worth while to do that.

A. R.

ESCAPADE.[4]

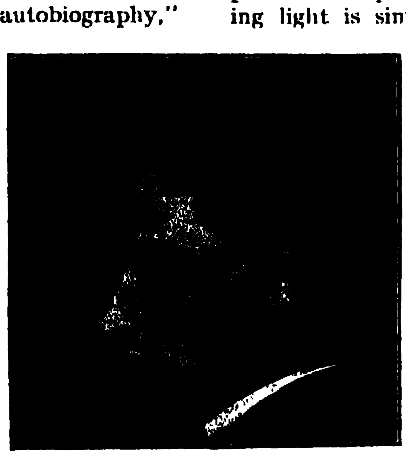
When a writer to-day promises "creative autobiography," the work, if well written at all, is almost certain of a *succès fou*. For there is nothing more wildly popular than the mental twistings of an ego and if laid bare to an erotic public. "Escapade" is well written, even if at times over-burdened with the too strained sophistries of morbid youth brought into contact with unforeseen eventualities, and forced to find its feet undefended by its natural environment. A slight infusion of mature humour and a little more critical discrimination would have made the book more palatable, but, on the other hand, it does in some degree recapture for us the reaction of ingenuous youth to its new and difficult surroundings. Otherwise it would be difficult to understand the necessity for such books to be written. After all we are asked to believe that this is an age of youth triumphant, and we must pay for this belief. G. F.

SHRIMPS FOR TEA.[5]

Here is a book of—we were going to say—short stories, but these are altogether different from the O. Henry tradition and probably only the most enlightened editor would believe that his readers might enjoy them. In that he would be wrong, seeing that the taste for something unmechanical, something lifelike, vaguely beautiful, has grown and grown since Katherine Mansfield blazed the trail. This comparison with an illustrious writer may seem excessive, for apparently this is Miss Blumenfeld's first book. But the fantasy of these little vignettes caused more than one of those to whom the present writer showed this volume to make the aforementioned comparison. And as in this rather unusual review of a strikingly unusual book we have been a little personal, one may surmise that we have here an instance of heredity, for the book is dedicated to "R. D. B.," whose Diary we have all of late been reading. It is hard to pick out for special commendation any one of these exquisite sketches, for if we were to praise one there would be several others knocking at our heart and asking why they should be left out. This is a book that one lingers over. People no doubt exist who would, on reading it, complain that they are not accustomed to such things. Begone, ye dullards! Know that you have held in your hands something whose fragile beauty, compact of sorrow and laughter, is too good for such as you. And turn to your dull magazines where this kind of story will be considered to be not sufficiently like honey and too much like honey-dew. H. B.

KINDNESS IN A CORNER.[6]

In fiction Mr. Powys has still to do better than his astonishing novel, "Mr. Weston's Good Wine." It was his high-water mark so far. It showed how capable he was of welding into one remarkable whole the dark realism and the fantastic comedy of his earlier books. It transmuted facts into symbols as easily and unconsciously and beautifully as a human being can transmute mere air into the music of the human voice. "Kindness in a Corner" in a sense carries us back to some of the earlier work of Mr. Powys. It is (as his publishers put it) comedy pure and simple. Comedy, yes; and simple as the morning light is simple falling across the sea. Nor perhaps would it be unfair to add that if you do not find it "pure" *honi soit qui mal y pense*. The Rev. Silas Dottery, whom Mr. Powys's readers will already have met in earlier tales, is the central figure in this new book. He passes through the chapters rather like a dear, benevolent dream—a simpleton in whom is no guile. What guile there is, down in that little Dorset corner pictured in the book, belongs to the neighbouring Canon Dibben and his pecking, prying wife. (Yet guile is a hard word to throw at two such flesh-and-bloodless creatures.) Between them they seek the downfall of that innocent and truly reverend gentleman; but there are apparently unseen presences guarding him; and the evil returns to smite the giver. Such an analysis however is rather like trying to catch a butterfly intact, bloom and all, by flinging one's cap at it—the poor crumpled thing bears no longer any resemblance to its quivering original. Mr. Powys's novels always evade analysis—they are like poems in that respect—and none evades analysis more successfully than this new one. If beautiful writing, limpid as a sunny stream, means nothing to you, or if you don't care for tales that, without any apparent rhyme or reason, go on for their own



Portrait by E. O. Hoppé.

Mr. Compton Mackenzie.

[3] By John Owen. 7s. 6d. (Gollancz.)
[4] By Evelyn Scott. 7s. 6d. (Jonathan Cape.)
[5] By Josephine Blumenfeld. 7s. 6d. net. (Heinemann.)

[6] By T. F. Powys. 7s. 6d. (Chatto & Windus.)

sweet sake, "Kindness in a Corner" will never please you. But if these things delight you, and if you care for art as coloured and detached and useless as a bubble, here is a book that will hold you entranced. C. H. W.

THE EDWARDIANS.[1]

Twenty-five years is not such a long time that the memory of many of Miss Sackville-West's readers, and even some of her reviewers, will fail to retain a very clear picture of the England she recalls in this devastatingly brilliant comedy of manners. It is not society at large with which she concerns herself, but that tiny corner of it wherein the "top-notchers" of this century's first lustrum disported themselves. If we are to believe Miss Sackville-West entirely, these gambols were even more scandalous and futile, the disparity between private morals and public respectability they indicate even more glaring, than contemporary gossip-writers (surely there were such people) could bring themselves to hint at. But the fact is we have detected Miss Sackville-West in one or two anachronisms (she is years out with the date of the first rubber boom). We have half a mind not to accept her arraignment of her Edwardian progenitors in its entirety. The devil, we are assured, is not so black as he is frequently painted, and it may be that like so many bright spirits among her young contemporaries this author is a little obsessed by that social conscience of which her forefathers only possessed the rudiments, and in her fervour to expose the follies and falsities of the old regime, has slightly overstepped the limits of fair comment. Nevertheless her book is brilliant: She conveys most vividly the atmosphere of that great house in the South (few will fail to recognise it) which forms so suitable a background for her post-Victorian but still feudal pageant. Not a few of her characters are, or were, real people, and difficult though it is to work celebrities into a novel, the feat is here accomplished triumphantly. Against that it must be said that the minor characters of the comedy, the ducal hero's dowager mother and his charming sister, the bourgeois couple whom his caprice introduced into the charmed circle with unsatisfactory results, the innumerable servants, are far more alive and convincing than the heavyweights, His Grace and that romantic explorer friend of his, Mr. Leonard Anquetil, neither of whom can we accept as honest flesh and blood. A. G.

[1] By V. Sackville-West. 7s. 6d. (Hogarth Press.)

FRANCISCAN SANCTITY.*

To establish the point of view and the controlling spirit, it seems desirable to indicate in the first place that this study of certain famous Tertiaries in the Order of St. Francis is the work of a Roman Catholic, that it bears the *nihil obstat* of the English *Censor deputatus* and the *Imprimatur* of the Vicar-General at Westminster. In the second place it is a competent production, giving full lists of the authorities from which it depends, though it has obviously the difficulties of its standpoint for those of other communions, and for those especially who are outside the official churches. Some of these will remember, for example, that the last word—which may be well a word of another kind—has yet to be said on the alleged "poison" of Manichæan doctrine and on the Catharist heresy. They may feel also that the primitive Rule of the Third Order is not only "at first sight" but otherwise "rather an uninspiring document." With its twelve *Pater noster* at Mattins, for those who cannot read, its seven for each of the other church hours, three for a *lapsus linguæ* and fifty for a departed soul, one recalls inevitably the Buddhist praying-wheel. There must be a justification of the latter somewhere in the world of ingenuity if these repetitions can reduce purgatorial fires and be acceptable at the Throne of God as a tolerable part of practice in any Dedicated Life. The studies are seven in number, respectively on Blessed Angela of Foligno, St. Margaret of Cortona, St. Louis IX, King of France, Blessed Ramon Lull—as fashion requires us now to remember him who from time immemorial has been known and celebrated as Raymund Lully—St. Bridget of Sweden, Blessed Ippolito Galantini, and Blessed Benedetto Cottolengo. One is grateful in particular for the last two monographs, the subjects of which have been known to very few in England.

It is difficult to mention the writer by name, as there is no ground for determining whether she is married or "single"; but I have termed her work competent. It is well done throughout, and corresponds to the conventional descriptive formula of "good reading," even though the literary palate feels somewhat jaded by recurring extravagance of laudation. Blessed Angela is amongst "greatest of Catholic mystics," belongs to the "great teachers," and her one book is "magnificent," seeing that some of its revelations reach "transcendent spheres." Three letters of St. Margaret remain extant, and these are "admirable." St. Louis is a synthesis of his century's "highest aspirations," and the inheritor of a "great tradition," not apart apparently from "the relentless crusade against the Albigensians," while he also left letters described as "beautiful." The expletives multiply in respect of Raymund Lully, whose alleged picture of his mother in "Blanquerna" is "delightful," while his "Art of Contemplation" is "colossal," his "Book of the Gentile" contains "delightful inventions," his "Ars Magna" testifies to "astounding richness and originality" of mind, and some poems of his old age are not merely "great" but one of them is among his "finest works in verse." Great also—"another great work"—is his "Tree of Science." These and many other enthusiasms and exaggerations offer unawares a touchstone for the thesis at large. It is throughout uncritical, especially on the miraculous side, to which conspicuous prominence is given. So also the supposititious "crown of thorns" sent to King Louis from Constantinople is accepted unflinchingly at the face value of the claim made concerning it, and is described as "a most sacred relic." Again, the pseudonymous writings which pass under the name of Dionysius the Areopagite are cited in terms which imply their authentic nature.

Among those who stand apart from the orthodox circles, I believe that there is none who recognises more fully than myself and perhaps has testified more to the importance and value of the Catholic records of sanctity, especially on the mystical side. But it is precisely in view of this standpoint that exception must be taken on my part to these indiscriminate studies, which seem to me the more harmful to their cause in proportion as their writer shows herself more fully equipped by an intimate knowledge of her subject, with its historical and literary connections. I am reminded continually of Ernest Hello and his "Physionomies de Saints," so pleasant and tender in its appreciations, so futile in the critical sense. As a particular case in point, occurring in the present volume: once or occasionally, once in fact, or "constantly" St. Margaret of Cortona, in her ecstasy of prayer, may have been raised, as stated, high up in the air. We know of such episodes, apart from all sanctity, in the annals of psychical research. They are all *nihil ad rem*, and it matters little whether they happened or not; but when we read of the same saint's affirmed mystical marriage as "performed in the presence of the saints and angels of Heaven"; when we note that "a ring was placed on her finger" and "a crown of rubies on her head"; and when we are asked to accept all this, not alone as a veridic but "a sublime experience," we know exactly where we are, that is to say, in the pantomime of a great subject. It calls to be delivered from the marvel side of psychical vision and illusion, and also—it must be added regretfully—from records of Franciscan Tertiaries which abound therein.

A. E. WAITE.

* "Among the Franciscan Tertiaries." By Nesta de Robeck. 10s. 6d. (Dent.)

SCANDINAVIAN LITERATURE.*

English readers have within recent years had their means of acquainting themselves with the modern literature of the three Scandinavian countries considerably extended. For long only the two great Norwegians, Ibsen and Björnson, were at all well known here. Then came a rather indiscriminate cult of Strindberg, who however is still only partially represented in translation, much of which is of very inferior quality; but this will be remedied by the new series of versions which, thanks to the generosity of Mr. Bernard Shaw, Messrs. Cape have in course of publication. Other writers who are now tolerably accessible to those who cannot read them in the original are Knut Hamsun, Selma Lagerlöf, Johan Bojer, Martin Andersen Nexö and, our most recent discovery, Sigrid Undset. But the work of some of the older writers, such as Jonas Lie and Henrik Pontoppidan, are hardly known to us. It is a pity, by the way, that in the "Selected List of Scandinavian Books in English Translation" appended to the handbook under consideration only those published in America, with the names of the American publishers only, though many of them have appeared also in England, are given. The translation was made and printed in the United States, but one would have thought that in an edition intended for this country the necessary revision might have been made.

Otherwise this is an extremely useful book. Mr. Topsöe-Jensen, while giving a multitude of precise information, has contrived to avoid a mere uninspiring catalogue of facts and dates. Whether he deals with a movement, a man or a book, he is able in a few words to make us realise his or its essential character, and his critical dicta are illuminating. Take, as an example of his power of getting a great deal of meaning into a small space, this paragraph on a book well known in England, Knut Hamsun's "Hunger":

> "This brilliant book is laid in Christiania (now Oslo), and it pictures a young author's hopeless struggle for existence. Hunger itself, which gradually breaks down his nervous system, is described realistically enough, but the point of view is quite other than that of Naturalism. Hamsun had learned from Dostoievsky and, so far as style is concerned, from Mark Twain. Everything is subjectively apprehended; the book deals with the moods that hunger calls forth, the visions and wild imaginings of fever; the total disturbance of the normal mental life. At the same time his style, by its sensitivity and its wealth of nuances, marks a complete rebirth of Norwegian prose."

Mr. Topsöe-Jensen traces the development of the Scandinavian literatures from the intellectual awakening in the early seventies, of which that remarkable man, Georg Brandes, was the trumpet-voice, through the naturalistic, neo-romantic and symbolistic movements down to the present day. He deals with the three countries, Denmark, Norway and Sweden, concurrently, though in separate chapters, for, he says, "in the days of the great men of the North, the days of Brandes and Strindberg, the North formed an intellectual entity." This however he considers is ceasing to be true.

> "Each of them goes its own way, even though each constantly follows attentively and with understanding the development of the other two. The twentieth century will speak of a Danish, a Norwegian and a Swedish literature. The term 'Scandinavian' will then be a geographical designation, but it will not be the expression of an intellectual reality."

That is a fruitful theme for this able author's further development.

F. B.

* "Scandinavian Literature: From Brandes to Our Day." By H. G. Topsöe-Jensen. Translated by Isaac Anderson. 7s. 6d. (Allen & Unwin.)



King Thor-Adam, or Sig (Tur, Dar, Ada, Sagg or Zax in Sumerian), deified as Zeus.
(From Atricolli bust in Vatican, after Alinari).
From "The British Edda," by L. A. Waddell (Chapman & Hall).

THE EDDA INTERPRETED.*

In the view of most authorities on the subject the elder or poetic Edda, regarded as the chief monument of early Scandinavian literature, is a collection of detached lays of which the subject-matter is purely mythical. But that is far from being the opinion of Dr. L. A. Waddell, who, already the author of several striking and highly controversial books on the origin of civilisation in general and the British race in particular, has made a new translation of the Edda and published it with an elaborate interpretative commentary.

> "The Edda," he asserts, "is historic, not only in the sense in which epic poetry in general is historic, in respect that is to say that it expresses the ideas and aspirations of a nation at some great stage or crisis of its development; but also in the sense and by reason of the circumstance that all its main incidents are both in spirit and in actual fact things which befell the ancestors of the people among whom the poet lived, and for whom he composed his epic."

That, though sufficiently startling, is only the beginning of his argument. Maintaining—what indeed is universally admitted—that the lays as they exist in the twelfth century manuscript are in a state of utter disorder, he has with an infinity of pains worked out a new arrangement for them; and that, he claims, displays them as a coherent whole, the homogeneous work of a single poet, whose theme is no less than the authentic history of the birth of a civilisation. Further, that civilisation is our own; for Dr. Waddell is convinced, on philological and other grounds, that the Edda is not Icelandic but British in origin, a point on which he receives more support from other scholars than he is likely to obtain for all his theories.

For in his inquiry into the identity of the hero of his epic, the culture hero of Britain, he travels a long and fantastic journey, which leads him far from any western island, be it Albion or Thule. To follow his arguments in detail, whether to endorse or to controvert them, would require a great deal of space and an erudition as wide as his own. In brief, having sought in earlier books to establish "the identity of the Sumerians with the early

* "The British Edda." By L. A. Waddell. 21s. (Chapman & Hall.)

Aryans or Goths, the ancestors of the Early Britons and Anglo-Saxons," he maintains that the "British Edda," as now reconstructed, furnishes him with a final proof. It

"is disclosed to be all unsuspectedly the great national epic of the ancient Britons of the pre-Christian period, which was sung adown the ages by our ancestors in these islands. It is also seen to be the hitherto unknown source of floating British tradition on which were based the fascinating legends of King Arthur and his knights and their Holy Grail, of 'St. George of Cappadocia and Merrie England,' with his Red Cross, of many of our Nursery Tales, and much of the imagery of Milton, and of the 'Faerie Queene.' It also preserves early and authentic historical versions of the Adam-Eve-Eden legend, and of the historical human originals of the leading gods, demigods and goddesses of classical antiquity, who were deified or canonised in gratitude for their great benefactions to mankind. And nowhere else, except in the Edda, do we find a complete ancient literary tradition of the early history of the world and of pre-Adamite man which will bear examination in the light of the ascertained facts of Science."

This is pretty comprehensive, and a theory which equates the Northern Thor not only with King Arthur and St. George, but with Zeus, Prometheus, Adam and Indra has at any rate the interest of audacity. It is supported by a wealth of illustrations, from Sumerian seals and other sources. F. B.

HOW PLANTS GROW.*

Sir Jagadis Chunder Bose is indefatigable. It is barely twelve months since we had his "Motor Mechanism of Plants," a big book in every sense of the word. Now there comes "Growth and Tropic Movements of Plants," a continuation and amplification of its predecessor, running into 450 pages. Naturally it is for the scientist; and even he will not find it "easy" reading. But the points discussed are most fascinating, and though there is bound to be controversy over some of the findings, it cannot be doubted that the author has proved himself a great pioneer in the field of plant physiology.

This latest explanation of his experiments and investigations deals particularly with the movements of growing organs under the changing conditions of environment. We may long have taken it for granted that variation of temperature, for example, or the alternation of light and darkness, will affect the rate of growth. Here we are given proof, the outcome of most meticulous observation and the employment of most sensitive instruments. How great are the difficulties confronting the investigator may be gathered from the statement that the average rate of longitudinal growth in a plant is about one hundred-thousandth of an inch per second, a length which is half that of a single wave of sodium light. Even with the magnifying growth-recorders hitherto employed, several hours were required to detect its measure and rate, and as it is essential to accurate investigation that all other conditions, such as light and heat, should be kept strictly constant throughout the experiment, it was obvious that the element of uncertainty could only be eliminated by reducing the experiment to a few minutes. This necessitated the devising of a method of very high magnification, and an automatic record of the magnified rate of growth.

It is the descriptions of such overcomings of seemingly insuperable difficulties which make the book interesting to even the non-technical reader. It is well illustrated with drawings of the instruments employed, and contains numerous graphs of the results obtained. In one special particular Sir Jagadis sets an admirable example to other writers on complicated technical and scientific matters: he gives a lucid summary at the end of each chapter and a general review at the end of the book.

W. R. C.

* "Growth and Tropic Movements of Plants." By Sir Jagadis Chunder Bose 21s. (Longmans.)

THREE ENGLISH WOMEN IN AMERICA.*

The title of this volume might lead one to expect that it was yet another of those unnecessary compilations that used to be termed "publishers' books." But the reading of a very few pages is sufficient to dispel that surmise, and to bring the pleasing conviction that here is a true book, carefully and adroitly planned, informed by an excellent central idea, and most skilfully written.

It was undoubtedly a very happy idea to bring together in one volume the American experiencee and impressions of three gifted women so various as Mrs. Trollope, Fanny Kemble and Harriet Martineau. Chance took all three of them to America at the same moment of its history—to wit, the presidency of Jackson, when "Chicago was a village of about twenty houses; Detroit a hamlet." It was the time when America was beginning definitely to break away from Europe and to work out its own destiny. Certainly it was not an easy time for the English visitor. American manners were then at their nadir, and expectoration was the national pride and solace. Self-consciousness was extraordinarily acute, and the faintest breath of criticism hurt like a wound. Dame Una Pope-Hennessy remarks that "no English persons of their day were ever prepared to admit that they were not generally attractive and superior to every foreigner they met." Assuming this to be approximately correct, we can see the perils awaiting the English visitors, none of whom was a model of circumspection. Mrs. Trollope's visit was part of a harum-scarum enterprise foredoomed to failure, and her disappointment and sufferings added zest to her scathing indictment. Fanny Kemble, after repeating her stage triumphs in America, married an American slave-owner, and promptly found herself in a hornet's nest. Her accounts of the plantations are ghastly reading, and bear the hall-mark of truth.

The best equipped and the most self-assured of these travellers was Harriet Martineau, who entered America with introductions of irresistible authority. She was fêted and lionised to her heart's content, but her barque also split on the rock of slavery. She was, to say the least, a competent and clear-sighted observer, and her testimony is impressive and terrible. When she wrote her book on her return, she insisted that the radical American weakness was "the worship of opinion." The soundness of the view did not obtain for her immunity from vituperation, and America, as after Dickens's report, "went up like a soda-water bottle." "She fed at our tables and she calls dear, delightful Boston pedantic." "Does a woman of circumscribed education and recluse habits feel herself competent to teach a whole nation?"

But it was poor Mrs. Trollope who left behind her the most lasting resentment. Her strictures became bitter jibes in stores and saloons. "When a man threw his legs on a balcony or spat on the floor of a music-hall, he heard shouts of 'a trollope! a trollope!'" Since these days English visitors and residents have learned prudence and politeness, and have come to understand better American susceptibility. The author of this valuable and most entertaining volume is herself a model of discretion. She has retold three absorbing chapters of biography, and has skilfully allowed her characters to speak for themselves. This is a book warmly to be recommended to all who value good workmanship. It is full of human interest and rich in entertainment, and is a not unimportant contribution to history. L. L.

* "Three English Women in America." By Una Pope-Hennessy. 15s. (Ernest Benn.)

ARTHUR ST. JOHN ADCOCK.

It is with the deepest regret that we record the death of Mr. Arthur St. John Adcock, Editor of THE BOOKMAN.

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In place of the customary editorial "Bookman's Diary," we have invited appreciations of St. John Adcock's many-sided activities and genius from among the host of men and women of letters who so prized his friendship and shared our admiration of the spirit in which he conducted the active editorship of this paper during more than twenty years

ST. JOHN ADCOCK—THE MAN

BY ROBERT LYND

Arthur St John Adcock was loved as very few men among contemporary writers have been loved He was loved not only in the inner circle of his family and friends, but even by those who knew him little more than as an acquaintance It was impossible to meet him even casually without realising that here was a man of invincibly open and generous character which would stand all the tests of circumstances He had a natural flow of kindness—not of vague, sentimental kindliness but of eager and unselfish interest in his fellows and their fortunes—that could be guessed at from a glance at his pensive face with its quizzical smile and his kindness was matched by his courage

He had to work hard all his life and often to work in circumstances that would have made other men miserable with apprehension When I knew him first he was living the always precarious life of the free-lance, knowing that he must not allow illness itself to interfere with his work, and though he lived under the constant threat of serious illness, he would never submit to becoming an invalid but performed many a day's task in defiance of the doctor's orders Few people realise how much courage it needs to remain cheerful in such circumstances when the very existence of a writer's home is menaced by the black shadow of ill-health St John Adcock however was as little of a valetudinarian as Stevenson, and his anxieties could do as little to diminish his cheerfulness as to diminish his astonishing industry

He was fortunate no doubt in having an inborn love of writing He loved writing to such a degree that, when unable to write the poetry and prose which he would have written if he had possessed a private income, he would turn what to most men would have seemed the tedium of compulsory task-work into a pleasure. If he stole a few hours of the day in the company of his friends or in the busy assistance of someone in trouble—possibly a man he scarcely knew—he never allowed those stolen hours to lessen the day's output, but would make up for their loss by sitting up when the rest of the world was in bed, and hammering away at his type-writer till the day's belated duty was accomplished When one remembers the frailty of his constitution one realises that his industry, like his cheerfulness, was on the heroic scale

Like most men who mingle journalism with literature, he had to live a good deal in Grub Street, but he never became a spiritual inhabitant of Grub Street Unexhausted by his almost ceaseless professional activities, he still contrived to find time to write poetry and imaginative prose that expressed his spiritual longings He had time even to write long letters to his friends He had time for his club and his dining clubs He had time to go to the help of innumerable people in difficulties He lived indeed like a man who had twenty-four waking hours in his day

Of his innumerable kindnesses to others no one but himself knew the full tale If it was money they needed, he would give more than he could afford If it was work, he would put himself to endless trouble to secure it for them If they were in distress of mind and needed sympathy, he would put his work aside and let them pour out their woes by the hour without ever showing a sign of boredom or impatience He was so little of an egotist that it never struck him as unreasonable that so many people should make large demands on his time and vitality while he himself made no demands on anybody

The truth is that frail though his health was it was impossible to exhaust his spirit When he left his work for the company of his friends he was like a man who had never known care or weariness He was as eager for an argument as an undergraduate was equally happy when silent or quizzing or adding to the comic news of the world with a good story of someone he had recently met Modest tolerant without a grain of malice he made friends even among those who in most points were his opposites in character

He was a man indeed in whom good nature existed without weakness, and in whom goodness was charming To visit him in his home if one was in a mood of dejection was like passing from winter into summer In a home so rich in affection the death last month of his brilliant daughter Marion St John Webb must have been a sorrow all but insupportable "We have a firm belief in the future" he wrote to me after it, "and are more certain than we are of most things that she is not dead" But the grief of the parting I suspect broke his heart—as unselfish and precious and heroic a heart as I have ever known

ST. JOHN ADCOCK: THE FRIEND.

By Alfred Tresidder Sheppard.

It is an honour, but an honour which makes one feel very humble, to be able to write these words. A fortnight ago to-day, on the eve of leaving England for a few weeks or months, I had a long talk with St. John Adcock in his office at St. Paul's House He was bearing the burden of a recent loss with splendid and indomitable courage; but I think the unintelligible mystery of this world led him to speak of deeper things than we usually discussed. He spoke with an unusual warmth about a recent scathing attack on Christianity, and said that evidently the writer had mistaken political and official religion, as Gibbon did, for real religion, which was far more than ceremony and form. Before parting he asked me to send him my address, as he wanted me to let him have some contribution to this paper. And here I am, with woods around me, and the singing of birds in the sun, and flowers, and the sea's rumour very near. When I opened my day-old paper this morning it was to read, with a sorrow which makes it difficult to write, the news of his death.

I can only say very imperfectly what many are feeling just now; that he knew the art of friendship to its last syllable. Always loyal, always generous, always helpful, always appreciative of one's own efforts and work, in friendship he gave himself most royally. One never left him without some new inspiration to put out, if possible, one's own best; he belonged to that noblest, I think, of all armies, the Noble Army of the Encouragers. There was never any pettiness or meanness in his nature; it is not too much to say that his unselfishness and tolerance and kindness bordered on the quixotic. He was always doing someone a good turn; I am sure that not a hundredth part of his unobtrusive kindnesses and generosities will ever be known to the world. How he found time for all his work, as Editor, Critic, Poet and Novelist was always a mystery; but he could always find a few hours to go to the help of anyone in distress. Need was the only recommendation to bring him to the rescue. More than once I found him in the act of doing some kindness to those who had let him down already; "Well, I couldn't refuse to help the poor fellow when he was down," would be his excuse.

And so he, who was always busy, rests. I think he might have been pleased by a scrap of verse by an ancient, long-forgotten Irish minstrel, which comes to my mind.

> "Over my house rain never falls,
> There comes no terror of the spear,
> It is a garden without walls,
> And everlasting light shines here."

Aucassin asks, "In Paradise what have I to do?" St. John Adcock would find an answer different from that of Nicolette's long-ago lover. Wherever he is in God's wide universe, I know he will find no happiness but in helping and giving happiness to others; he was too bright and eager a spirit for long idleness.

It is no mere form of speech to say that he was a man whom one could not know without loving, and one's heart goes out to those who knew him and loved him best.

ST. JOHN ADCOCK: THE LONDONER.

By W. Pett Ridge.

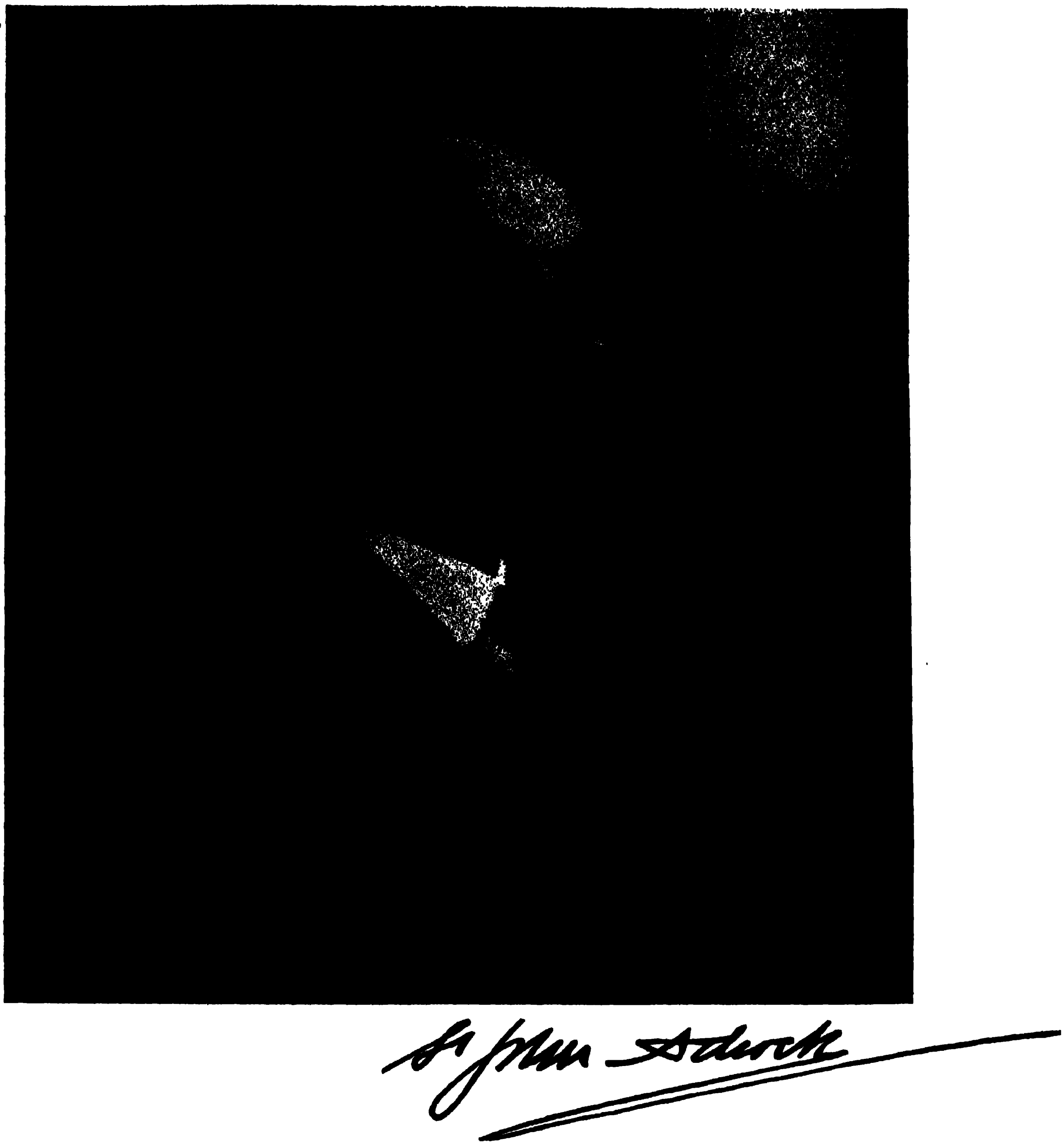
The number of writers on London has never been adequate in view of the extent of the subject; one looks around and sees peoples and places that have remained undescribed; incidents not yet set down. New fountain pens will come along, but this assurance cannot lessen the sorrow at the passing of an eminent and very industrious chronicler. St. John Adcock loved his town, and showed his affection in every line he wrote, whether in prose or in verse. I think he must have counted a day wasted unless he paid some tribute of regard. He had an acquaintance with its history denied to most of us. In walking through the streets of his day he kept eyes open, mind alert.

I have in my time encountered many writers. Few possessed so much gentleness of manner as St. John Adcock. Some there are upon whom London has a truly alarming effect; they arrive timid of voice, and shy in deportment, and before you can reckon up ten they have become clamorous, aggressive and ready to contradict any statement made in their presence. At my last meeting with St. John Adcock it struck me that, whatever changes had taken place in myself, he most certainly had not altered since the far-off evening when we first encountered each other at Robertson Nicoll's house in Frognal. Robertson Nicoll had a sound judgment of individuals, and I remember how highly he spoke then, and afterwards, of St. John Adcock. It was a fortunate occasion for both when they became associated with the control of The Bookman; it proved most uncommonly helpful for literature.

Possibly it was at Bay Tree Lodge that St. John Adcock learnt the value of being enthusiastic in criticism. Before Robertson Nicoll came to London, the general view of criticism seems to have been that to be notable it had to be adverse and, if possible, hurtful. It was not W. E Henley, but another editor of similar temperament, who once sent a book to a member of his staff with a note: "Let yourself go on this!" And to let yourself go meant you were to say everything in dispraise that could be said. Robertson Nicoll struck a fresh note by looking out for new talent and, having discovered it, he applauded whole-heartedly. The pages of The Bookman show how well St. John Adcock carried on the method

He must have led a happy life, or he could not have given so much happiness to others. I fancy he enjoyed the business of presiding over The Bookman lectures, although public speaking had no sort of fascination for him; very wisely he prepared beforehand, leaving nothing to the spur of the moment that has so often failed to goad a man into eloquence. The courtesy which was in his writing proved a notable asset elsewhere; I can recall no single occasion when I was not genuinely sorry to bid him good night.

St. John Adcock had friends everywhere. It is easy to believe that, in the next world, he is receiving a welcome from the many who preceded him. For myself I can wish for nothing better than that I may, some day, meet him again.



Portrait by Elliott & Fry.

ST. JOHN ADCOCK: AS POET.

By Alfred Noyes.

The "Collected Poems of St. John Adcock" are the best memorial that can be raised to one of the finest and most lovable characters that have appeared in modern literature. They sprang from the heart; they were true; they were deeply felt; they spoke of human affections, deeper than all the passions, and they faced the thought of the final parting with that deep sadness of the happy man, who fears death only because it severs us from those we love.

> "Wiser men than I may say
> Heaven is high and far away;
> Or may prove with reasonings rare
> Heaven is neither here nor there;
> Here where thou art, I with thee,
> This is heaven enough for me."

So he wrote in his beautiful lyric, "Enough," and again, in his dedicatory poem:

> "Let us, then, go together, and when we go
> Take all our memories from the world we quit,
> That we may laugh, content to leave it so,
> Forgetting us, whose heaven will be remembering it."

Those who knew him best know that this prayer, in a somewhat different sense from its intention, was fulfilled; for, when he stood by the grave of his daughter, a few weeks ago, he had the look upon his face of one who has accepted the last blow, and is content to follow.

This is not the moment for literary criticism; but I have been asked to deal specially with his poems. His satires were not his best work; for he was of too kindly and tolerant a nature to feel very much more than an amused pity, even for the hypocrisy that most deserved scourging. But in his poems of the affections, while he is always himself, he has a notable kinship to those poets of New England, Whittier and Oliver Wendell Holmes; he has something of the same spirituality and, at his best, his work is of as enduring a quality. For these poets will endure, and will be re-discovered when all the belauded bosh of the novelty hunters and fashion worshippers has passed into oblivion. There are technical flaws in his work here and there; lapses which, in his busy life, he had small time to correct. But if I were condemned to that desert island which has so often been used to test our love of literature, and if I had to choose between the "Testament of Beauty" and the Collected Poems of St. John Adcock, I should seize the latter as a hungry man seizes a crust of bread. St. John Adcock's poems would be a little household of the affections, aching, loving, sorrowing, and dying into life. There would be laughter in it and tears. The castaway would walk through London streets with him; ride on a bus, and share his gossip about books over a Dickensian tea in a cosy corner off Paternoster Row. The author of the "Testament of Beauty," as an amazing critic said in his praise, "moves in a sphere too exalted to care about interesting his readers." On our desert island we might well prefer a friend and a brother.

All the scholarly "gestures" and archaic spellings in the world are as nothing compared with one true pulse of this life-blood. I know all that can be said for those classic superiorities. They are quite compatible with something less than the spontaneous feeling of poetry, as Burns knew it.

An obituary writer has referred to Adcock's lyrical verse as "facile." This word is often used nowadays of the writer who is able to do something perfectly that others cannot do at all—as, for instance, to write the stanza quoted above, in such a way that, read once, it haunts the memory. This is often the result of infinite pains. But again and again, Adcock wrote lines that outweigh all the neo-Georgian anthologies put together:

> "The greatest kings are never known as kings;
> The gods come not in shapes of power or dread,
> But clothed in flesh, the sport of time and fate;
> Not till they rise and go—some flash of wings,
> Some sudden vision of the crownéd head,
> Humbles our hearts, and makes us wise too late."

This dead poet was among them; gentle as a child, but with something more austere, the steel of the spirit, sheathed in his own breast. He had taken the measure of worldly success, and he knew the meaning of "victory":

> "Once, stumbling to his goal through dust and heat,
> Wounded and bleeding, slandered and denied,
> The chief of Conquerors fell as in defeat:
> It was not Cæsar whom they crucified."

ST. JOHN ADCOCK: AS CRITIC.

By Frank Swinnerton.

If you were to ask the average man what he means by the word "criticism," he would answer: "Finding fault." This is the last thing that the critic lives for, but fault-finding is very easy to tired men, and a great deal of what appears as criticism in our periodicals is a mere weariness of mind and heart. St. John Adcock, I think, had never heard the common definition of criticism. At any rate, he gave no sign of ever having heard it; for he was never tired, and he never found fault. Indeed, it is his single defect as a critic that he was too generous. He was unable to condemn.

That was because he was above all things a man of the greatest humaneness. He loved his fellow-men; and he saw good in them. What good he saw, he mentioned with energy: to the less good he was, if not blind, at least courteous. He knew too well what pain, what toil and trouble lay behind even a bad book, and he could not despise that which had cost the author so much travail. When he thought of the author of a book that would have made me scream with indignation it was as if he said to himself, with the greatest simplicity, "There, but for the grace of God, go I!"

It might be supposed, by the severe, that this kindness made him uncritical; that he was a sort of Cassio, easily and fatuously pleased with everything, who said "Why, this is a more excellent song than the other!" But that was not the case. Adcock's gift was that he saw farther into the hearts of even inferior authors than most men are able to do. He found treasure there. Sometimes this treasure melted in the sun; sometimes it was not of the finest quality. But if Adcock said that there was treasure, there was treasure. Though others might have missed it, the treasure had been there for Adcock to find. He did not invent qualities. He discovered them more generously than others.

That is why he was such a valuable critic. He had not to wait for fashion; he judged for himself. He never staled or grew rigid in his views. He could admire writers of the most diverse talent. But he did not admire the bad work of these writers; he insisted

firmly and laughingly upon the qualities of their *best* work. No man had a more fluent taste; but the taste was in the first instance good and sure. While Adcock sometimes praised, in the course of his journalistic work, books and authors of less than the highest class, I should doubt if he was ever deceived by a bad book. He had the twin essentials of the true critic—taste and experience. He was shrewd. He loved letters and he loved men. If his humane sympathy sometimes made him too kind to the literary product, there was no fault in the judgment, but only a kind of additional mercy or understanding such as every moralist must admire. There may be greater critics: there will never be one with more unaffected delight in good work.

ST. JOHN ADCOCK: AS BOOKMAN.

By Arthur Waugh.

St John Adcock was a citizen of no mean city; for he held the freedom of the World of Books, and to be a Bookman is much more than to be an author. There are plenty of authors who are not bookmen at all, just as there are some bookmen who are not authors. Adcock was both author and bookman too; but it was perhaps in his capacity of bookman that he exercised most influence, and made the majority of his friends.

The true bookman lives in a world serene and self-sufficing; he belongs to no clique; cherishes no secret dislikes; literature is the essence of his interest, and if a book is good it matters not a whit to him who may have written it, or to what cause it may be devoted. He is both human and humane. He knows the difficulties of the writer's task, and he can recognise promise in the bud. Every new book makes to him the importunate appeal of a possible discovery; and, when the discovery is made, he refrains from arrogating the credit to himself. In short, he loves literature better than his own reputation, and he remains entirely free from jealousy as he is sincere in encouragement and praise.

Everyone who knew St. John Adcock intimately will agree that, in all these qualities, he was a typical Bookman of the most sympathetic kind. His interest in literature was inexhaustible, and it was supremely guileless. He made no parade of patronage or assistance; and yet how many young writers, who now flaunt themselves in the sunlight, have owed their first opportunities to Adcock's watchful appreciation? There was no touch of snobbery about his approval; he was never swept off his feet by the acclamation of a popular success; he looked to the quality of the work, and to that alone. And he judged that quality out of his own wide and comprehensive acquaintance with the best books and the best thought in the language.

Life was to him perpetually irradiated with bookish influences. He loved literary associations and literary shrines; his imagination revelled in the past, and he could fill every quarter of his native London with the shades of bygone bookmen. But he lived just as keenly in the present, alive to every new talent in the library or the newspaper office, and ready to range them all by merit and achievement in the swiftest flash of fancy. He will be greatly missed and mourned, wherever books are read, retold and remembered. And most of all he will be missed for his gentle and unfailing urbanity, the very bond of all the virtues of the bookman's human creed.

ST. JOHN OF FLEET STREET.

By Arthur Mee.

The friend of every struggling scribbler has gone to his rest. The Knight-Errant of Fleet Street is walking it no more.

A great shadow it is that has fallen over the street that leads from the Crown of Saint Dunstan to the Cross of Saint Paul, for St. John Adcock was of the very stuff of which our Street is made. There are men who have been in Fleet Street all their lives and passed through it unknown; this man had been in it and of it forty years, and these worn pavements have known no figure more familiar, none more beloved.

He had lived through Fleet Street old and new; he had seen its transformation from the narrow way of the nineteenth century to the crowded thoroughfare which, more than any other street on earth, sways and shapes the destinies of men.

And all these years this modest man, this good fellow who had always a smile and a friendly word, and a bit of good counsel and an immeasurable self-sacrifice, was the finest type of Englishman who ever held a pen. Let every Down-and-Out in Fleet Street weep, for their best friend is dead.

There was nothing he would not do for them. His was the charity that suffereth long and is always kind. He believed in everybody a little; nobody was too hopeless. Long ago there was a ne'er-do-well in Fleet Street who flitted in and out of offices, and on and off papers, disappearing and appearing again until most people were sick of him; but not our Knight-Errant. To the last of these disappearances he believed, and in the end the news came that the *Stella* had gone down and a woman had cried for a place in the boat. A man got out and made room; it was the Disappearing Ne'er-Do-Well.

A thousand times the end was happier than that. Just twenty-five years it is since I asked our Knight-Errant to seek out a tramp in a Rowton House who had done some scribbling and printed it. He had picked fruit and sold pins and sung in the street for a living, but the good heart of our St. John could not bear to wound a poet by calling on him in a Rowton House, and so they met in a teashop with some sort of sign by which they could know each other. There the Poet received his first big friendly word, and to-day he will remember it, for his name is W. H. Davies.

Two generations of life this fine fellow of our Street has seen. He was hardly on the threshold of journalism when he tried to rival *Punch*, and all through the never-wearying years his wit was bright and keen. He wrote a witty corner in every issue of the *Children's Newspaper* since its birth, and in this week's corner there is probably the last thing that he ever wrote; it reached the editor after his friend was gone. This is one of his last written words:

> *Somebody has been asking, What would you do if you were left a million? Take it."*

That was his way of writing, but everybody knows that our Knight-Errant, if asked what he would do with a legacy of a million would have said, not *Take it*, but *Give it*. It was good that he gave up Law for Literature; any scamp of a client would have talked him out of his fee.

His chivalry was in every forlorn hope. He seems to have been on endless papers that struggled and died. He helped to make no end of reputations. Struggling himself in the early days, too frail to insure his own life, he was the guide, friend and burden-bearer of all who came his way. There was nothing he would not do, nowhere he would not go to be useful or kind. He never failed. If ever contributors loved an editor it was him. If ever editors loved a contributor it was he. He was the universal man, the good fellow longing to be of use to somebody, the Knight-Errant always at his post, the Galahad whose heart was pure. No man could count the things he did to make life better for a struggler. He was Charles Kingsley's good fellow, helping lame dogs over stiles.

And now he has gone, and those who were laughing with him a day or two before can hardly believe it is true. This man who was in our heart of hearts was like a touch of ancient chivalry among us all, like a sovereign turning up among a pocketful of silver. He whose wit was clean and kind is dead from a tragic blow of Fate, his last days darkened by a shadow that must have broken his gentle heart. He has followed a child he loved into the grave.

Never again will our Street be quite the same, for the old familiar faces fade away. But still the memory lives—

> "Still are thy pleasant voices, thy
> nightingales, awake,
> For Death, he taketh all away, but
> them he cannot take."

ST. JOHN ADCOCK: AS EDITOR.

By Leonard Rees.

St. John Adcock's editorship was confined to The Bookman but, with his acting occupation of the Chair, covered a period of twenty-two years, during which the paper made a steady advance in prestige, influence, and prosperity. Of a modest and retiring nature, he had yet an arresting personality that almost from the first found expression in the paper. To begin with, he had a passionate love of letters, and he had formed himself while yet a youngster for the post he was ultimately to fill by comprehensive and thorough reading. Books were always his closest companions and most familiar friends, so much so that when he was fagged with editorial and other work he instinctively turned for recreation to his library. The range and regularity of his reading catholicised his taste, and kept him from any danger of falling into grooves, so that the doors of The Bookman, as of his own mind, were always open. Perhaps it leaned to the side of those things that were pure, and those that were lovely, in the old-fashioned sense, but it was never tied to any school, or coterie, or clique, and it never shut out from its purview the new and sometimes revolutionary movements that arose from time to time. To the Editor nothing that had its roots in sincere human feeling, and in a genuine attempt to widen the limits of literary expression, was outside the province of the journal. And so very unpretentiously but very effectively The Bookman became a guide to current literature which was absolutely single-minded in its purpose, and was free from any suspicion of priggishness or pomposity.

Adcock contributed to the paper some of his best critical work, a good deal of which has been happily preserved in book form. He had a fine insight and charm of style, and perhaps the only defect was an undue measure of mercy. He had not the temper of an old-fashioned *Quarterly Review*, and could not play the butcher to a work which deserved to be cut up but was manifestly a first offence. Not the least of his values as an editor was his capacity to find new talent, and to get the best out of all his contributors by his commendation and encouragement. They were a family group, with himself as the much-loved head.

As representative of very many gracious tributes received we print the following from contributors of many years standing.

By R. Ellis Roberts.

I never met any man so devoid of malice, envy and bitterness as Adcock. His own work was comparatively neglected, yet he never seemed downhearted or disgruntled. His passion for books was secondary only to his liking for men and women; and some of us regretted that at times his kindness controlled too severely his critical abilities. He always had time for the out-of-work and the hard-up; and he had a remarkable power of getting the best out of his contributors: he never worried one, but one naturally did one's best for an editor who never did less than his best for you.

By Ronald Campbell Macfie.

Life has brought me into contact with many men, but I have never met any man with a more gracious and lovable personality than Arthur St. John Adcock. Warm-hearted, loyal and unselfish in his friendships; modest, patient and courageous in his attitude towards life; conscientious and self-sacrificing in his professional labours; sound and critical, yet charitable and generous in his literary judgments; above all pettinesses and jealousies; of gentle wit and ready sympathy, he will ever live in my love and memory as one of the wisest, noblest, most lovable men I have ever known.

TO ST. JOHN ADCOCK ON A BIRTHDAY NOT LONG AGO.

THE HEART THAT WILL NOT GROW OLD

Here, in a world where hearts grow old,
You still retain your heart of a boy;
For still you follow and uphold
A creed of charity and joy.

Here, in a world where hearts grow cold,
Life still runs warmly in your blood;
For still your April dreams unfold
Blossom on blossom, bud on bud.

Here, in a world where hearts grow old,
Your heart is still with youth aglow;
For beauty still you make and mould
And beauty still you reap and sow.

Here, in a world where hearts grow cold,
Warm to your heart returns the love
That you to all the world have doled
As to its nest a homing dove.

Here, in a world where hearts grow old,
Still young and full of hope you live;
For, like a star by stars controlled,
New light you gain from light you give.

R. C. M.

The Bookshelf.

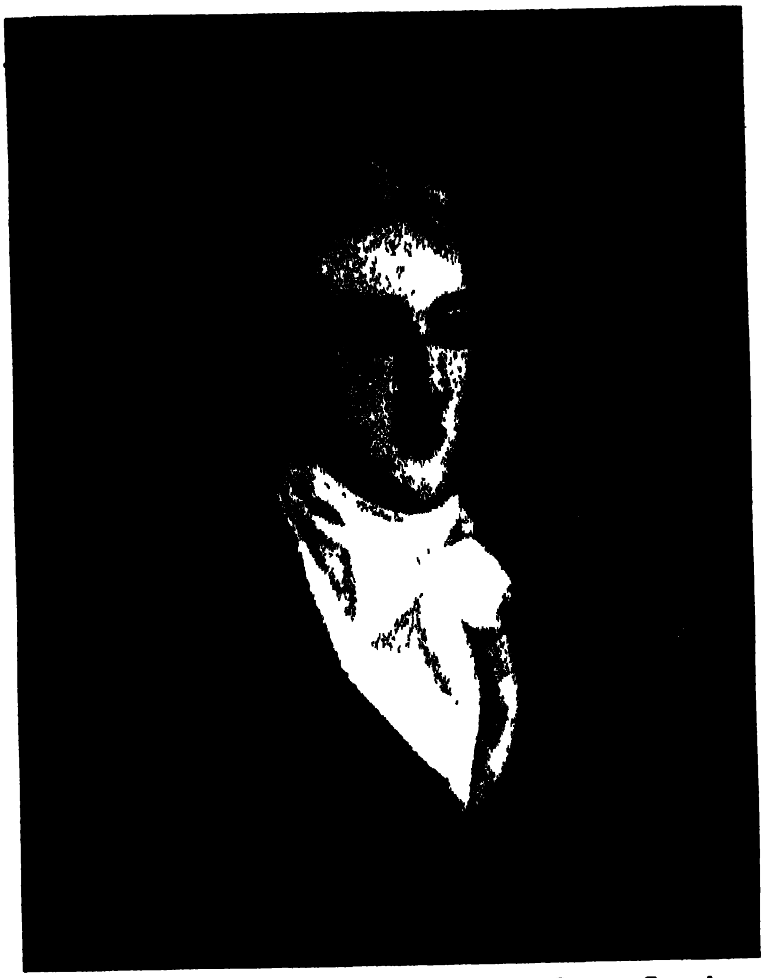
A GREAT ENGLISH STATESMAN.*

Publications coming from the eminent firm to which wewere so long indebted for blue-books and official papers, seem bound to suggest—shall I say solidity ? One cannot imagine a work by Mr. Lytton Strachey, or even Mr. Guedalla, issuing from such a source. It is in keeping with the fitness of things therefore that Sir Charles Petrie should be a writer with—shall I say a solid style ? Industriously he traces the tortuous and at times contemptible course of Canning the politician. The man Canning seems to elude him. That is a pity, for in this instance it is the man rather than the politician who requires elucidation. There is little new to be learned, and upon the materials in hand nothing at all new to be written about Canning's public career. There exists however no adequate study of his personality and character; a work of this nature might be of value and could hardly fail to be interesting. There is still room for it to be produced by some student of early nineteenth century affairs.

One judgment of Sir Charles Petrie's may be quoted to show how little grasp he has of Canning's mind. He offers as "the clue to his character" that he was "first and foremost an Irishman." Now Canning had in fact few or none of those idiosyncrasies with which the Irish are generally credited. He was neither generous nor vindictive. He seldom acted on impulse or spoke what he afterwards regretted. His line of conduct was the result of hard thinking, rapid but well based on facts.

When he persuaded the Cabinet, in which he was for the first time Foreign Secretary, to "Copenhagen" the Danish Fleet, he acted neither upon intuition as to what Napoleon might do if England remained inactive, nor with rash precipitancy. He had information which he trusted to the effect that the Tsar had agreed with Napoleon at Tilsit upon a policy which might include a seizure of Danish ships of war. Whether by making public this information he could have prevented an international outrage it is impossible for us to say. By deciding to leave nothing to chance he certainly defeated the plot. The international outrage was committed by England, not by France. The morality of this may be blamed, its expediency may be questioned, but no one can suggest that Canning behaved otherwise than as a cool, cynical statesman, displaying the qualities by which English statesmanship at its most successful has always been marked.

Or consider Canning's recognition of the South American Republics, when in his own magnificent (if bombastic) phrase he "called a New World into existence to redress the balance of the Old." There was no impetuosity here. The step was pondered. When it was taken, Canning said in his dispatch that the Spanish Government "must have been long prepared" for something of the kind.



George Canning.

From the portrait by Hickel, in the possession of the Most Hon. the Marquess of Crewe, K.G.

From "George Canning," by Sir Charles Petrie (Eyre & Spottiswoode).

All through the struggle with Napoleon, so far as he had official responsibility for it, Canning's acts were deliberate, carefully considered; he took long views. The same qualities distinguished his handling of the situation after the war. Patiently he stood firm against the rage of Metternich and the fatuity of the Tsar. Sir Charles Petrie says very sensibly that "the forces of disorder are best overcome, not by bayonets and *agents provocateurs*, but by the redress of practical grievances combined with a firm administration." That was the method which Canning favoured, and he is entitled to rank on this account as a statesman of foresight and faith. Whether it places him "with the greatest of the nineteenth century," as Sir Charles Petrie claims, would be a matter of more controversy, were it not that Sir Charles offers names.

The names he offers are those of Bolivar, Cavour and Bismarck. Let us look for a moment at the conditions of their countries to-day. South America is only now emerging from a century of disturbed industry, of backward social life, of politics both fantastically incompetent and incredibly corrupt. Italy has gone back to the crudest of dictatorships. Germany is recovering from the effects of a War due to the work of Bismarck. The provinces he took from the French kept resentment alive in their hearts and produced the unnatural alliance with Russia. The Empire he created became so uneasily vainglorious as to incur the enmity of almost the entire world. Surely great statesmanship builds upon sounder bases than did Bolivar, Bismarck and Cavour. Surely Canning is great for the very reason that he was not, as they were, in a hurry.

He cared little about the names of things or their outward shows so long as they were in themselves sound. "The temper and practice of the British Constitution," he said once, "is to redress practical grievance, but not to

* "George Canning." By Sir Charles Petrie. 12s. 6d. (Eyre & Spottiswoode.)

run after theoretic perfection " Thus he was in favour of Catholic Emancipation and opposed to the reform of the House of Commons franchise, which would, he predicted truly, give that House the whole power of the State Where he failed was in not seeing that the many had a " practical grievance " in the country being governed for the benefit of a small class

If any further proof were needed that Canning was not what is known as a typical Irishman it lies in his humour Wit most Irish persons have few are gifted with humour Canning had both but in him humour was predominant over wit When he received the challenge from Castlereagh, a letter of many pages, and muttered as he glanced over it I'd rather fight than read it by God "—when he embodied in a Foreign Office dispatch under cipher the familiar lines beginning

> In matters of commerce the fault of the Dutch
> Is offering too little and asking too much

when he made fun of professional philanthropists in *The Anti-Jacobin*, he indulged that sense of schoolboy fun which is inherent in the cleverest of the English and which the Irish possess not at all

HAMILTON FYFE

SUNDAY MORNINGS

Sunday mornings in winter, lying late in bed, eating breakfast slowly, crunching the toast appreciatively, the paper propped up before one ! Sunday mornings in summer, sitting in the garden, smoking, very comfortable and still the paper ! Sunday morning is perhaps the most delightful part of our week It is better than Saturday afternoon because on Saturday afternoon we never get quite away from that morning's work It is better than Sunday afternoon, because then there is beginning to loom over us the approach of the new week at the office !

Yes, we are very fond of our Sunday mornings ! And we are very careful to whom we grant the privilege of sharing in them Not for us the ordinary news of the week on that day of all days, when we really have time to digest it ! Not for us the last novel we had from the library ! Not for us any heavy books of reference ! No ! We keep our Sunday mornings for the *Observer* and Mr Squire Or, should we say, Mr Squire and the *Observer* ? For assuredly he it is to whom we first turn Yes in spite of all our jealously guarded seclusion on that morning, we let Mr Squire in We just can't help ourselves He is so irresistible His enthusiasm is so infectious his delight so catching his praise so generous his blame so fair

And we know that we shall always find something worth reading. It does not matter whether the review for the week is on a collected edition of Congreve or The Book of the Inn," we know that we shall enjoy it And we do ! Here, in this new collection of his reviews,* we have old friends turning up again How glad we are to see them ! How happy to be able to recall the time when we last read them that one in front of a good log fire that other by the side of a trout stream !

Sunday mornings ! What happy times they can be ! What happy times they must be when one can spend them in such delightful company !

No matter of what Mr Squire is writing, he is interesting and more than interesting He takes us from the New Prayer Book to Mr John Lane and the Nineties, and on the way we meet such people as Mr Chesterton and Mr Lawrence We have a fleeting glance of Mr Lynd completing his seven-hundredth essay for the *New Statesman* We listen to Sir William Watson and the late Mr Herbert Trench. And then we rush off for a lightning visit to Pirates and Smugglers And a Sunday dinner at an English Inn And then Cricket ! And what a good companion Mr. Squire is here ! How he infects us with his own enthusiasm, so that even those of us who never play cricket begin to wonder if after all we might not " take up " the game again

* " Sunday Mornings By J C Squire 6s (Heinemann)

But while we are still wondering, Mr. Squire firmly but kindly begins talking about the Fairs and Shows of his own childhood We see Mr Barnum, Lord George Sanger and many more We hear how Lord George Sanger became ' Lord ' George Sanger We confess that we had forgotten And then, while we are still thinking of the clowns and showmen of our own time—and how feeble they sound compared with those giants of the past !—we are off on a visit to Congreve, Webster, Ben Jonson and Otway And to these dramatists Mr Squire brings the same fire and enthusiasm that held us on Broad Halfpenny Down

And last of all we come to that part of the book called Chapters Ended ' Here we meet the men who were with us until very recently Maurice Hewlett, Joseph Conrad, Thomas Hardy, Edmund Gosse, Arthur Benson Neatly Mr Squire sums up their work No one could be more generous in his praise and no one could be more kindly when he points out the faults which even these giants made

This is the kind of book which we all like There is something for everybody here And once having borrowed the book from our library we shall want to buy it It is that kind of book There are so many things here which we shall want to read again and again to have them always by us Thank you, Mr Squire !

JOHN LINDSEY

LONDON AND DICKENS*

There are two subjects which possess a perpetual attraction for the reader London and Dickens The number of books that have been written on both is wellnigh countless Hardly a day passes without producing its tale of such And the variety of these works in size and importance is amazing Within the last few years additions have been made to what the booksellers call Londoniana and Dickensiana which are alone sufficient, to use Ruskin's phrase for a life's liberal reading And yet there always seems to be something new to be said on these well worn themes Thus in Mr Blake's charming little volume, although there is much necessarily that is familiar to most of those who know London even but superficially, there is also no little that will be new to many readers and the photographic illustrations (there are no fewer than one hundred and twenty of them) give the handy little book a special value in addition to that contained in the author's short but pregnant notes

The latest book on Dickens is also concerned with London and is a reprint in convenient form of its author's earlier work published in 1923 Mr Dexter has been so long recognised as the leading authority on Dickens that it is superfluous to say anything in praise of this present edition of his standard book on the subject One may however note that it has one advantage over its predecessor in that its form is such that it can be conveniently carried in the pocket, and with it there those wandering about London in search of the spots which Dickens has made immortal, can at once identify landmarks and read once again of those fictitious figures connected with them, who seem often more real than people of flesh and blood I observe that one or two misprints that had crept into the earlier volume have here been corrected, but I think the London Coffee House (page 192) was at 24, not 42, Ludgate Hill, and I suggest that the Serjeant's Inn mentioned on page 191, was the place of that name in Chancery Lane, not the one in Fleet Street

Mr Harper is so well known as the writer of innumerable books on all parts of England, and as the clever illustrator of many of them, that anything from his practised pen cannot fail to appeal to those who love the highways and

* " London Cameos By A H Blake 5s net (Herbert Jenkins)— The London of Dickens " By Walter Dexter 3s 6d net (Cecil Palmer) – The Abbeys of Old Romance " By Charles G Harper 15s net (Cecil Palmer)—" The Story of Lambeth Palace " By Dorothy Gardiner 15s net (Constable)

by-ways of their native land, as well as to those who visit this country from vaster but not more beautiful ones. In his latest book Mr. Harper has collected with obviously infinite patience and care, the essential data concerning those monastic remains which in their ruin are perhaps more picturesque than they even were before "the unimaginable touch of Time" had cast its dissolving influence upon them. In the preliminary chapters of this fascinating book Mr. Harper traces the rise and decay of the monasteries, and points out those reasons which led in many instances to their ultimate downfall. He deals with the vexed question, now an almost insoluble problem, as to who designed the many splendid structures, the decaying ruins of which are all we now possess; he shows how the increasing luxury of these architectural landmarks, the frauds in relics and so forth, gave a certain justification for the seeming injustice of the great suppression. And then he takes us on a pilgrimage to those exquisite remains some of which are familiar to us, but with all of which he here makes us familiar: Glastonbury, Fountains, Kirkstall, Roche (about which Dr. Aveling produced a folio many years ago), Newstead and Battle, Waverley and Tintern, Furness and Melrose, and the rest. He tells us of the Llanthony, in Wales (which Walter Savage Landor purchased), as well as of that earlier Llanthony Abbey, at Gloucester, whose remaining archway is part and parcel of a railway depot, which was the parent of the greater and better known institution. Indeed this excellent and most attractive work contains, as it seems to me, all that anyone wishing to become familiar with such things could possibly require, and I cannot but think that it will stand as one of its writer's most successful works—which is saying much.

From a consideration of these *disjecta membra* (so to call them) of the ecclesiastical life of long ago to Mrs. Dorothy Gardiner's learned and documented account of Lambeth Palace, is an easy step. Lambeth is contemporaneous with the best part of our national history, and although various books have of course been written about it, we have had nothing bringing the latest historical investigations to bear on its annals, until the late Archbishop Lord Davidson encouraged Mrs. Gardiner to undertake this authoritative work to which he wrote a preface just a year ago. That the late prelate was right in his judgment in this selection (as he was in so much else) is proved by the soundness and accuracy with which the authoress has performed her laborious task. With this book for perusal and reference, one cannot imagine anyone in future troubling himself to turn over even the erudite labours of Ducarel, or the later ones of Dr. Denne, or even the important book published in the eighties of the last century by the Rev. J. Cave Browne. Because, besides having these authorities on which to base her narrative, Mrs. Gardiner, by the light of later information, has been able to correct such errors as inevitably crept into more or less pioneer work, and has given us at last, which was long needed, at once an authoritative and essentially readable account of what is an outstanding London landmark as well as a landmark in the ecclesiastical history of the country.

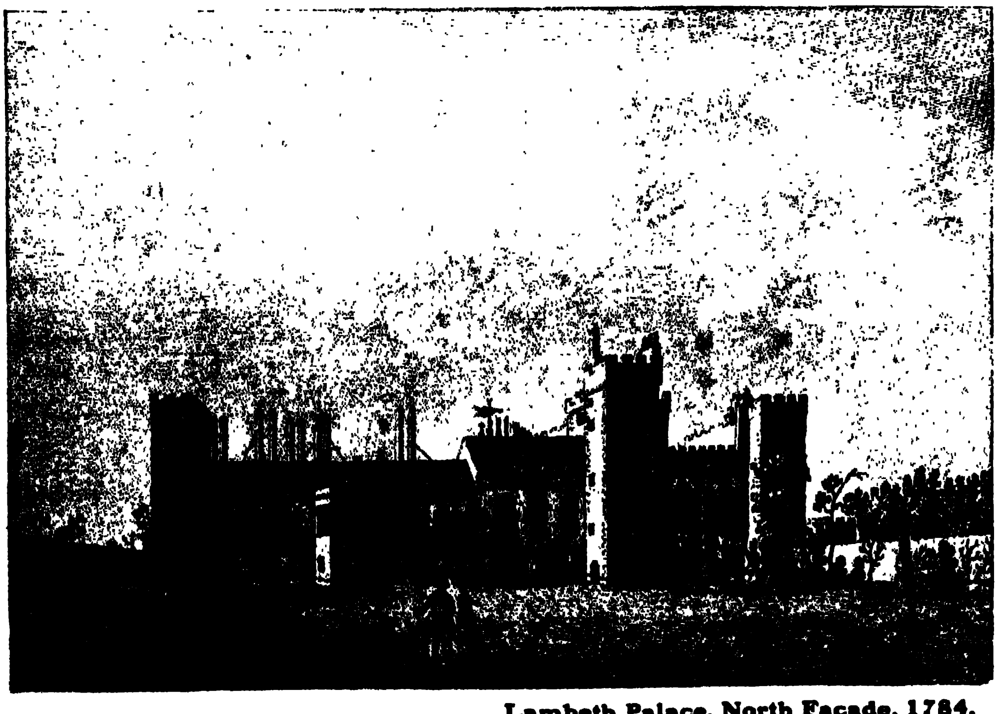
E. BERESFORD CHANCELLOR.

BOOKS—SERIOUS AND OTHERWISE.*

Mr. J. Alick Bouquet has given us in "A People's Book Of Saints," a pleasing and concise history of some of the saints of Christendom. They are chosen from all times and most countries, while special attention is given to the saints of England. Many well known stories are retold in this book while there are also told other incidents in the lives of the saints less generally known. One may well speak of the lives of the saints for one realises afresh, reading this book, that the saints even while they renounced the joys of life were never detached from it. They realised more than ordinary people the beauty of the world and the immense opportunities of happiness given to man. These saints were soldiers, scholars, travellers, statesmen and women of affairs, often great ladies and great gentlemen:

"St. George, the Cavalier, with the shield scored with the blood-red cross, is the patron saint of lords and ladies; but the kindly, thoughtful Archbishop of Myra, St. Nicholas, clothed in stiffly jewelled vestments, and with three golden balls at his feet, is the patron saint of the common people."

How he leaps out at one, that kindly Archbishop with his stiffly jewelled vestments, the patron saint of children, of friendless maidens, of the poor. There is in Florence a church dedicated to St. Nicholas, the church of the children, where the children romp and make merry under the painted eyes of his statue as though they felt themselves at home It is St. Nicholas in Germany who brings to children their Christmas gifts, and he is, of course, Santa Claus. There are warrior saints in this book, other than St. George and St. Ignatius Loyola, that most chivalrous knight, and there are kings and queens. But there is St. Colette of Corbie, the carpenter's daughter whose kind eyes surely watch over the rest of the British soldiers who were buried in her village on the Somme, and there is St. Richard of Chichester who began life as a ploughboy, and St. Christopher the giant and kind patron saint of travellers. One misses one or two beloved saints from this



Lambeth Palace, North Facade, 1784.
From an engraving by Godfrey in Ducarel's History of the Palace.
From "The Story of Lambeth Palace," by Dorothy Gardiner (Constable).

* "A People's Book of Saints." By J. Alick Bouquet. 7s. 6d. (Longmans.)—"Selected Works of Richard Rolle, Hermit." Transcribed, with an Introduction, by G. C. Heseltine. 8s. 6d. (Longmans.)—"Marcus Aurelius Antoninus: His Life and Times." By C. Clayton Dove. 3s. 6d. (Watts.)—"The Little Man in Blue By Ernest Ballard. 6s. (Williams & Norgate.)

collection. For instance, St. Francis of Assisi and his brethren with their teaching of love and pity for all creation, and St. Anthony who finds your lost possessions for you, and who preached to the fishes when the cold ears of men were turned from him. And but little space is given to that most wise saint, Francis de Sales, who commanded the great ladies who were his penitents to adorn their beauty so that they might by it draw the souls of men to God. Surely such a wise saint might be invoked as the patron of dressmakers! This is a book of peaceful and lovely living, with much to be learned from it and much comfort to be derived from it for life as it is to-day.

The "Selected Works of Richard Rolle, Hermit," will be of chief interest to clerics and religious orders for their spiritual guidance and instruction. But the layman will also derive much good from the works of this learned and saintly hermit, whose manuscripts, written in spiritual language of great beauty, exceed in numbers those of any other mediæval writer. They were read all over Europe and were among the earliest printed books in many centres of learning. He wrote in language of great beauty and power and it has been said of him that "he reached the highest pinnacle of prayer when the soul is ravished to behold Heavenly things," and to enjoy a foretaste of the Beatific Vision, "while yet bound in the flesh." Like many of the hermit saints of mediæval days, his reputation for sanctity drew thousands to visit him from all Christian countries. He tells us himself that his childhood was vain, his youth foolish and sinful. But he watched and fasted and prayed until, marvellously purified and uplifted, he was impelled to wander, to preach and write. His life is of great interest and helpfulness, proving if proof were needed that the most headstrong sinner may become the greatest saint. Mr. Heseltine has done his work well, modernising where necessary the old English which would have made a literal transcription somewhat difficult to understand.

Mr. Clayton Dove has given us in "Marcus Aurelius Antoninus, His Life and Times," more than the writings and thoughts and wisdom of the great Roman Emperor with which most of us are already familiar. This is a generous book, giving a detailed account of Marcus Aurelius's life through childhood and boyhood to the height of his greatness, and ending with a most beautiful account of his death. This is so much a classic that it is hardly necessary to dwell on the wisdom, the philosophy which this great pagan has left us. He was the precursor of the Christian saints without recognising it, for he persecuted them. But one can hardly believe that he had real hatred in his heart for them. Probably Christianity seemed to him a deception. A thousand pities he had not the full vision. But his wisdom has comforted many men, many gentle souls. Doubtless he is much read and loved by those of the faith he persecuted. His wisdom will always be loved. "Do not say: Let me not lose my little son. Say rather: Let me not be afraid to lose him."

"The Little Man In Blue" consists of a number of pleasant sketches which have a gentle philosophy of their own and are concerned with characters of one kind or another. One thinks of a traveller going, in very leisurely fashion, a ribbon of country road, meeting now and again a fellow traveller or someone by the road side, stopping to talk, and gaining some wise or whimsical experience. The thought is not very profound, but one travels a while in very agreeable company, and sees through sympathetic eyes the human round, the daily task.

KATHARINE TYNAN.

"PERDITA."*

Mary Robinson, universally known as "Perdita," has unquestionably made for herself a place among the world's celebrities. Everyone who is acquainted with the social history of the eighteenth century in England has heard of her as a beauty, an actress, and a mistress of a Prince of Wales. It would be going too far to say that everybody who is acquainted with English literature of the eighteenth century is acquainted with her works, for though she wrote many poems and novels, they have long since passed into oblivion. The only book from her pen that has survived is the volume under consideration. This contains many poetically-expressed perversions of the truth, and those unacquainted with her true history have accorded to her much more sympathy than she deserves.

It was of course hard luck to have married at the age of sixteen a blackguard, and to have soon after been imprisoned for debt in the King's Bench prison—a most unfortunate start. By the good nature of David Garrick she was released, and was engaged by him for Drury Lane Theatre, where at eighteen she played Juliet and other Shakespearean poetry, as well as appearing in plays by lesser authors. One performance of hers has made history. On December 3rd, 1778, she played as Perdita in Garrick's version of "A Winter's Tale" at a command performance. The Prince of Wales, who was present, was greatly attracted by her and arranged a meeting. She became his mistress. The moral character of his Royal Highness is so black that of course kindly writers have assumed the young woman was seduced. Something may be said in mitigation of sentence on this particular count. Mrs. Robinson explains that for years men of all ranks had persecuted her with "proposals of a libertine nature," which she turned down with scorn, though some of them were made by "a *royal* Duke, a *lofty* Marquis, and a City merchant of considerable fortune." So, by her own admission, she was, if innocent, at least not ignorant. Also she was twenty and the Prince eighteen, so that it was no question of cradle-snatching. Further, she made very satisfactory financial arrangements for her compliance to his desires. And it is to be remembered that, as a leading lady at Drury Lane Theatre, while her salary may have been small, yet it was sufficient to keep the wolf from her door.

After a short time his Royal Highness tired of this charmer, and proceeded to another. Mrs. Robinson then demanded payment of the bond for £20,000, which the Prince could not meet. She certainly did want the money, for she was living in an expensive house in an expensive part of the West End of London, and her bills must have amounted to a considerable sum. She does not mention in the "Memoirs" that she then threatened to publish the royal correspondence. George III was horrified, and through the medium of Fox, the bond was commuted for a pension for life of £500 a year, of which one-half was to be continued to her daughter. She is supposed to have been presently on the best of terms with Fox: "Who," said George Selwyn, "should the Man of the People live with but with the Woman of the People?" A liaison with Colonel (afterwards Sir) Barrantre Tarleton endured for nearly a score of years.

This is a bald outline of one who almost ranks as a national heroine.

LEWIS MELVILLE.

* "Memoirs of the late Mrs. Robinson." Written by Herself. A new edition, with an Introduction. 7s. 6d. (Cobden-Sanderson.)

CHAPMAN AND HALL.*

The firm of Chapman and Hall is celebrating its centenary this year, and is fortunate indeed in having Mr. Arthur Waugh for its historian. Until his recent semi-retirement (he is still Chairman and literary adviser) Mr. Waugh was managing director of this famous publishing house for twenty-eight years. He is moreover, as every bookman knows, a distinguished literary critic who combines scholarship with charm in an unusual degree. The record of Chapman and Hall's fluctuating fortunes could in no case have been dull: the facts themselves are too interesting. But Mr. Waugh has thoroughly vitalised the facts, and has given us a singularly fascinating and human story. There are not too many good books on publishing and its

* "A Hundred Years of Publishing: being the Story of Chapman and Hall, Ltd." By Arthur Waugh. 15s. (Chapman & Hall.)

history, and Mr. Waugh's volume should immediately take its place as a standard work.

Mr. Waugh begins with a brief glance at eighteenth century conditions, and then describes the evolution, at the beginning of the nineteenth century, of "publishing" as a distinct activity from "bookselling." It was as booksellers that two ambitious young men—Edward Chapman and William Hall—opened a double-fronted shop in the Strand in 1830. They hoped to become publishers in time, but they started with a retail counter. It was over this counter—so appropriately did coming events cast their shadow before them—that in 1833 Charles Dickens bought the copy of the *Monthly Magazine* containing his first printed story; but it was not until two years later that his immortal association with Chapman and Hall really began. In the meanwhile he had made some name for himself as the author of "Sketches by Boz," issued by Malone, while Chapman and Hall had launched a few modest publishing ventures of their own, among the earliest of which was a pamphlet entitled "The Christian Register, or Annual Record of the Several Religious Metropolitan Meetings, held for the Promotion of Christianity and the Diffusion of Education." In 1835 they were looking around for an author to illustrate a new series of sporting pictures by Seymour, and, after various names had been rejected, their chief clerk thought of "Boz." Dickens was approached and, through a further series of fortuitous circumstances, about which Mr. Waugh supplies some new details, the laughter of Mr. Pickwick broke upon a delighted world. Nay, to be accurate, "The Pickwick Club," issued in monthly parts, at first fell a little flat. It was the appearance of Sam Weller that raised Dickens at one leap to the pinnacle of popularity from which he was never to descend.



Photo: F. W. Maycock. **Arthur Waugh.**

"From "A Hundred Years of Publishing," by Arthur Waugh (Chapman & Hall).

For the next eighty years the publishing of Dickens in innumerable editions was to be the primary activity of Chapman and Hall. Through a trivial incident—Dickens's sensitive, overwrought nature was always ready to imagine a slight where none was intended—he left Chapman and Hall for Bradbury and Evans in 1844, but returned to them, through an equally trifling accident, fifteen years later. He roamed no more, and until the last copyright expired in 1912 the imprint of Chapman and Hall appeared on every complete set of his works. His publishers had been generous to him from the start. Generosity would in any case have been exacted. Dickens was warm-hearted and appreciative, but he was not the man to undervalue himself. He lived at a pace which prematurely killed him; he was always in need of money; and the demands and wishes of his ardent, impulsive, irritable genius became law to Chapman and Hall. That they were able to retain him, with only one temporary severance, was due partly to their own wise forbearance and partly to the tact of John Forster, who always remained the best friend alike of Dickens and the firm.

It was Forster who brought to Chapman and Hall many of the other famous authors whose names adorned their list during the middle Victorian period. It is impossible to mention them all, but a few must not be omitted. The firm "fathered" Carlyle in his obscurity and retained him in the days of his popularity. They issued several volumes of Browning's poems before they became profitable. They introduced the world to Mrs. Gaskell, and for many years they published for Anthony Trollope and later for George Meredith, who succeeded John Forster as their literary adviser. One of the most interesting chapters is that in which Mr. Waugh, himself able to recognise the claims both of commerce and of literature as such, weighs Meredith in the balance as a publisher's "reader." Another excellent chapter deals with the *Fortnightly Review* which, under the successive editorships of G. H. Lewes, John Morley, T. H. S. Escott, Frank Harris and W. L. Courtney, has enjoyed unique distinction and success among its own class of periodical literature.

With a prosperous magazine, and a monopoly in Dickens and Carlyle, Chapman and Hall could afford to be easygoing. They became in fact too easygoing. Before 1895 a "lack of continuity and cohesion" was already apparent, and with the death of the last Chapman in that year the firm lapsed into a somnolence from which Mr. Waugh himself was called to awake it in 1902. The task was the more difficult in that events had stolen a march upon him. The whole world—and with it the whole book trade—was in a state of rapid development amounting to revolution. The Dickens copyrights moreover were rapidly expiring. Of his arduous reign as managing director Mr. Waugh gives us fascinatingly intimate glimpses, and there are good stories about Mr. H. G. Wells, Mr. Arnold Bennett and a host of other famous and lesser known authors. From beginning to end indeed Mr. Waugh's pages are packed with rich and varied interest, commercial, literary and human. His volume is more than the record of a single business; it is an outline history of the whole book trade during the period, and a picture, intensely vivid and vital, of the social changes of a hundred years.

Mr. Waugh has left Chapman and Hall a prosperous and growing concern. Not only has the firm a strong list in general literature, but during the last sixteen years, through Mr. John L. Bale, who has now succeeded to the managing directorship, it has become the leading house in England for scientific and technical publications. All readers of Mr. Waugh's delightful book will unite in wishing the firm another century of life. Lucky indeed will it be if, having weathered the storms of a further hundred years, it finds another chronicler so authoritative and engaging as its present one!

G. T.

SEEKERS.

When you have read Mr. A. P. Herbert's new novel, "The Water Gipsies"[1] (selected by the Book Society as the "Book of the Month" for June), you will never again go through Hammersmith without a thrill of pleasure, glancing over the bridge at the barges alongside the wharves, and wondering which is the old *Blackbird*, where Mr. Bell lived with his daughters, Jane and Lily. There is some touch of magic about Hammersmith now that was not there before, for Mr. Herbert has cast a spell upon it, making us aware of the romance of common things and common people, and the busy lives of those who work the boats on river and canal. Jane Bell is an ordinary London girl, simple, romantic, fond of the "pictures" and young men; yet the background of her workaday existence is the glittering water and the roving life of barge folk, familiar to all Londoners though so strange to them. The story of Jane's love affairs, marriage, hunger for adventure and final acceptance of the best fate has to offer, is told in a book of outstanding quality, rich in humour and a kindly knowledge of humanity.



Portrait by Vaughan & Freeman.

Miss Pamela Hinkson.

Miss Pamela Hinkson's novel[2] is a quiet-coloured romance set in France—France with its dreams and traditions, its stifling conventions and brooding antiquities. Old Madame de Lassage, like a true French mother, had managed her daughter's affairs and guided her into an expedient marriage, but Marguerite had longed for freedom, to feel the west wind blowing in her face, and her daughter, Solange, was a child of love, all her mother's longings pent up in her soul. Shut away in a convent during the War, she knew little of the freedom of other girls. Not without bitterness Miss Hinkson writes: "The young had spent everything in that immense effort of youth while the old stood by, saving their strength. . . . Only in other countries the women had won freedom and were using it to the full, not asking if it was worth the price paid." Solange it is true had more liberty than many French girls, but she might have bowed to tradition and gone her repressed way if Peter Quincey had not come to France. He came like a wind from the west, from the far-off freedom of America, in love with France and, after their first meeting, in love with Solange also. Thereupon began the battle between the old and the new, the clash of modern ideas with deep-rooted customs, and Miss Hinkson gives intimate pictures of present-day Paris, telling her story with delicacy and charm, and a generous tolerance toward various points of view.

A very different Paris is introduced to us by Mr. Francis D. Grierson in "The Lady of Despair,"[3] for Geoffrey Barsette was a young writer who haunted the underworld in search of copy. Here it was, amid crooks and drug addicts, he caught a glimpse of the coldly beautiful Madelon Marly and heard her tragic history. Her lovers always met their end by sudden death. He soon found himself entangled in a plot exciting enough to gratify the heart of any would-be novelist, and moreover deeply in love with the fatal lady. But he had a rival in Vicomte de Caramie—a rival who within a few days was found dead. Madelon herself was accused of the crime, and the reader is kept in a delicious state of torment until ingeniously the web is unravelled.

It was in Paris too that David Maxwell fell desperately in love in Mr. Hugh de Blacam's fresh and delightful romance, "The Lady of the Cromlech."[4] He saw his lovely red-headed Irish girl coming out of a church; later met her at a dance, and then she vanished. Crazily infatuated, he set off on a quixotic search for her, traced her to his native Ireland and travelled through the country on foot, getting in with strange company, meeting with odd happenings. The book is a joy from beginning to end, sparkling with all the poetry and humour and gay things of life. To miss "The Lady of the Cromlech" is to miss a fund of happiness and laughter.

Mr. Rhys Davies, in his "Rings On Her Fingers,"[5] strikes a more sombre note. He writes of Wales, and how the dark, harsh lives of the Welsh miners invade the lives of the better-off, bringing to them a roughness and squalor and rugged strength. Edith Stevens, the eldest of the large unruly family of a schoolmaster, surrounded by poverty and quarrelling, instead of being overwhelmed by her environment, grows up curiously detached from it. Her artist friend, Raglan, says she is "a tall, proud lily drooping in a fly-blown jam-pot." Hating the ugliness of her life, shrinking from the coarse admiration of a young miner, and trying to escape from her secret passions, she marries Edgar Roberts, a prosperous draper. But there is still her own nature to contend with, and the marriage brings no satisfaction. Mr. Davies's revolt is against the new world, the new generation, and in this outspoken book a critical and ironic mind is at work. The characters are well done, drawn with a cynicism which tenders them little mercy.

All the people in these novels are seeking something: love, romance, adventure, freedom; and Veronica Lewis, the tired school teacher in "Quest,"[6] by Miss Doreen Smith, is seeking too, but her search is for beauty, the fundamental beauty of life—which perhaps is what the others and what we are all seeking, though we call it by different names. Veronica sacrifices much to find peace eventually in the Roman Catholic Church, and the book gives a sympathetic insight into the thoughts and emotions of a convert.

ALMEY ST. JOHN ADCOCK.

[1] "The Water Gipsies." By A. P. Herbert. 7s. 6d. (Methuen.)—[2] "Wind From the West." By Pamela Hinkson. 7s. 6d. (Macmillan.)—[3] "The Lady of Despair." By Francis D. Grierson. 7s. 6d. (Collins.)—[4] "The Lady of the Cromlech." By Hugh de Blacam. 7s. 6d. (Murray.)—[5] "Rings On Her Fingers." By Rhys Davies. 7s. 6d. (Shaylor.)—[6] "Quest." By Doreen Smith. 7s. 6d. (Burns, Oates & Washbourne.)

THOMAS HARDY.

After an interval of almost two years Mrs. Thomas Hardy has given us the second and concluding volume of her biography of her husband*. It is a curious fact about

* "The Later Years of Thomas Hardy (1892–1928)." By Florence Emily Hardy. Illustrated. 18s. (Macmillan.)

most biographies—and this one is no exception to the rule—that, contrary to expectations, they are more interesting in the earlier than the later chapters. We all know something of the history of, say, Napoleon, Beethoven or Dickens in their later years. What we want to know most of all and what we cannot know until we have read their biographies is the story of their beginnings, what they were like as boys and youths, what early signs they showed of their genius. Mrs. Hardy told us all these things in the admirable first volume of her husband's biography, and though the second part covers the more important part of Hardy's career as an artist—from the publication of " Tess " and " Jude," and the storms which followed, to his death in 1927—it has not, it must be confessed, the peculiar interest of the first.

But Mrs. Hardy has done her work well, and she has done what few other biographers in her position could or would have done: she has effaced herself and her own opinions almost completely. Not even in her account of the " Tess " storms (which seem almost incomprehensible to us to-day) or in her description of Hardy during the last few years of his life does she intrude herself. She is content to let the diaries and the letters of the great man speak for themselves, to pick out for us the germ of such a typical Hardy poem as this :

" *October* 10.—Am told a singularly creepy story—absolutely true, I am assured—of a village girl near here who was about to be married. A watch had been given her by a former lover, his own watch, just before their marriage was prevented by his unexpected death of consumption. She heard it *going* in her box at waking on the morning of the wedding with the second lover though it had not been touched for years."

In the present volume we watch Hardy abandoning the novel and turning again to his old love of poetry. " He abandoned it," writes Mrs. Hardy of her husband in the late nineties, " with all the less reluctance in that the novel was, in his own words, ' gradually losing artistic form, with a beginning, middle, and end, and becoming a spasmodic inventory of items, which has nothing to do with art.' " Hardy's theories of the writing of fiction, especially his insistence on the melodramatic and the prodigious, were not always right, but he came close to the mark in an entry in his diary in 1913, describing his impressions of the younger novelists of that time— a piece of criticism which is even more to the point to-day :

" They forget in their insistence on life, and nothing but life, in a plain slice, that a story *must be worth the telling*, that a good deal of life is not worth any such thing, and that they must not occupy a reader's time with what he can get at first-hand anywhere around him."

Hardy, it is not improbable, will be remembered in later years for his poetry rather than for his novels, and Mrs. Hardy gives us many quotations from letters and diaries showing that poetry rather than fiction was the great interest of his life. " Speaking about ambition," she wrote in her own diary in the last months of Hardy's life, " T. said to-day that he had done all that he meant to do, but he did not know whether it had been worth doing. His only ambition, so far as he could remember, was to have some poem or poems in a good anthology like the ' Golden Treasury.' " Mrs. Hardy throws an interesting sidelight too on her husband's theories about poetry—on what some critics, years ago, mistook for roughness in his verse and imperfect technique. She tells us that Hardy (himself an architect, it will be remembered, in his earlier years) discovered for himself a curious analogy between the arts of poetry and architecture. He was drawn, we are told, to the principle of the spontaneity, of the " unforeseen " of the Gothic, and so " he shaped his poetry accordingly, introducing metrical pauses, and reversed beats ; and found for his trouble that some particular line of a poem exemplifying this principle was greeted with a would-be jocular remark that such a line ' did not make for immortality.' "

The impression we get from this book is that of a great man who tried desperately all his life to " believe," but who would not allow himself to be humbugged, and who had the courage to fight hypocrisy and social injustice when to do so meant nothing less than ostracism. It is hard to believe on reading to-day the accounts of the storms which raged about " Tess " and " Jude " that such rages and furies could ever have been possible. I doubt if even Mr. James Joyce ever received (as Hardy did) " a letter from Australia containing a packet of ashes, which the virtuous writer stated to be those of his iniquitous novel." Nor can I believe that the late W. L. George, who had a reputation for being able to portray and understand women, was ever deluged as Hardy was after the publication of " Tess," by letters from men and women, confiding in him the intimacies of their matrimonial entanglements and appealing for his advice. What has happened to the reading public ? Or is it the novelists who cease to arouse such furies and such enthusiasms ?

H. L. MORROW.



Photo by Bernard Griffin, Dorchester. **Thomas Hardy.**

SOME OLD FRENCH POEMS.*

Mr. Wallis has produced a book which will be of great interest to students of mediæval French literature. It contains two hundred and fifty poems, of which only some three have hitherto been printed, and those in a bulletin of the Société des Anciens Textes Français issued nearly fifty years ago. They are taken from half a dozen manuscripts in the British Museum, and one hundred and ninety-four of them comprise the entire contents of a single manuscript—Additional 15224.

After an introductory note, which one would have liked a good deal fuller, Mr. Wallis proceeds to a careful bibliographical description of the manuscripts, including some which he has not used, and that is followed by a bibliography of printed French poetry ranging in date from Alain Chartier and Christine de Pisan to the Pleiad. The last is a valuable piece of work, though its alphabetical arrangement is very inexact, and one or two curious omissions are to be noted. Thus while Mr. D. B. Wyndham Lewis's recent and very good book on Villon is mentioned, M. Pierre Champion's much more important work is not ; nor is

* " Anonymous French Verse An Anthology of Fifteenth Century Poems collected from Manuscripts in the British Museum." Translated and edited by N. Hardy Wallis, M.A. 12s. 6d. (University of London Press.)

his companion study of Charles d'Orléans, nor Gaston Paris's classic little life of Villon in the Grands Ecrivains Français.

Next comes an index of first lines—Mr. Wallis's arrangement of his material is unusual—and then the poems themselves. These are presented exactly as they stand in the manuscripts, unpunctuated and without emendation. The text in fact constitutes a body of raw material, on which there must be a good deal of useful critical work still to be done, by Mr. Wallis or some other scholar. All the poems are anonymous, and no attempt has been made to attribute any of them to any of the known poets of the period to which they belong.

Perhaps that would not have been a very profitable undertaking, for the French poets of the late fifteenth and early sixteenth centuries were a conventional lot, writing on set themes and set models, their work monotonously alike. Between Villon and Ronsard there were no great poets, for even Clément Marot, though he wrote many charming things and towers above his fellows, hardly deserves that high epithet, which Mr. Wallis however confers on both him and his father. It is only now and then in reading these verses that one discovers a faintly individual note or evidence of an eye which has looked at nature in its own way. The freshness of such earlier poets as Adam de la Halle or Jehannot de Lescurel, or of contemporary folk-song, is for the most part lacking from these lovers' complaints of the cruelty or the absence of their mistresses—the overwhelmingly predominant theme—expressed in the artificial form of ballade, rondel or virelai.

To the text Mr. Wallis has added a glossary which contains the modern French equivalents of the old words, without grammatical or philological explanation, and a detailed analysis of the various metrical forms used.

Finally come his translations, which are in the metres of the originals. Their making must have been an arduous undertaking. In comparing them with the French, one notes not infrequent slight deviations from its exact sense, for the sake of rhyme or metre. But this was almost inevitable, and as a whole they are very competently done, as literal as may be, reading easily, and giving a just sense of what French poetry of the fifteenth century is like. Their greatest value will be as a crib for those who can read the original but not with facility or expertness; and on that account one could have wished that they had been printed face to face with the text, instead of separately.

FRANCIS BICKLEY.

THE PASSING SHOW.

Mr. R. D. Blumenfeld's publishers describe him as "a power in Fleet Street for over forty years." This is a claim the truth of which Fleet Street will confirm, though the world that is not Fleet Street will protest that it never until now heard of Mr. Blumenfeld, which will be equally true, for throughout a long and most industrious career R. D. B. has been content to remain a man of mystery, even to his colleagues. However, the secret of the very considerable success achieved by him in an exacting profession is now made plain in the pages of his Diary, if we mistake not the first occasion of its author's putting that potent and mysterious "chop" of his upon a title page. In the ensuing chapters Mr. Blumenfeld reveals himself as a really great journalist, whose *flair* for selecting from the day by day happenings of forty years the matters best fitted to be recorded in his notebook is positively uncanny. The hasty memoranda of a very busy but extremely methodical man, they do not claim nor possess any literary pretensions, for the most part are a précis of news rather than views, and usually news of the type whose interest continues to increase from the date of its being recorded. This applies to the homeliest and most prosaic trifles: the price of coal, the price of provisions, the preponderance of "drunks" in Tottenham Court Road and the Strand on Saturday nights, the vogues and vagaries of fashion, both feminine and masculine.

* "R. D. B.'s Diary: 1887–1914." By R. D. Blumenfeld. 8s. 6d. (Heinemann.)

Naturally there are also contacts with innumerable personalities, R. D. B.'s friendships taking, especially in his early days, a catholic range which included cabinet ministers and international crooks, captains of industry and cab-touts, Whitehall war-lords and "Junoesque" barmaids, R.A.'s and their humbler confrères who painted the eyelashes on Madame Tussaud's waxwork figures. Some of the comments on events and people betray a singular prescience, others in the light of subsequent history appear oddly wide of the mark. Stanley Baldwin, the diarist considers, though a pleasant and well-mannered young fellow, is unlikely (February, 1908) to go far in politics. In the same week a paragraph beginning, "This is the era of young men," nevertheless records that "when told in the House that young Mr. F. E. Smith, M.P., was to be made a K.C., I didn't believe it." And the following earlier entry is amusing:

> "Dined at the Savage Club, in Savoy Yard, with Harold Frederic, who persists in predicting a world war, and George du Maurier, the *Punch* artist (father of Sir Gerald and author of 'Trilby'), who is also a lecturer. Much amused by the conversation of an old actor named Odell, who appears to be the permanent attraction of this interesting club."

The date of this entry is June, 1887, and the "old actor," as we know, remained the star turn at the Savage for another forty years.

Another note of this period (the diarist had newly arrived from New York):

> "Had my first experience of Hades to-day, and if the real thing is to be like that I shall never again do anything wrong. I got into the Underground Railway at Baker St. after leaving Archibald Forbes's house. I wanted to go to Moorgate St. in the City. It was very warm—for London at least. The compartment in which I sat was filled with passengers who were smoking pipes, as is the British habit, and as the smoke and sulphur from the engine fill the tunnel, all the windows have to be closed. The atmosphere was a mixture of sulphur, coal dust and foul fumes from the oil lamp above, so that by Moorgate Street I was near dead of suffocation and heat. I should think these Underground Railways must soon be discontinued, for they are a menace to health."

R. D. B. served Northcliffe and Pearson in turn, but does not throw very exciting new sidelights on either of these remarkable Fleet Street personalities, though one episode is of interest:

> "Alfred Harmsworth came into my room and said: 'There is nothing I would like better than to obtain control of *The Times*. I've got a million pounds in Consols, and I authorise you to play up to that sum.' So I went to Printing House Square."

Actually R. D. B. gives more space to his first chief, Gordon Bennett ("The Commodore"), who was responsible for bringing him to Europe, and whose treatment of his subordinates was certainly both arbitrary and eccentric. Amusing and vivid however as are these thumbnail portraits of the "well-knowns" of four decades, the main interest of this book attaches to its character as a precise record of social progress throughout one of the most kaleidoscopic chapters of English history.

A. G.

THE VATICINATIONS OF LORD BIRKENHEAD.*

Lord Birkenhead has produced an extraordinarily stimulating book, with something to quote, or to question, or to contradict, or to take one's breath away, upon every page. Listen to this for instance. I take it from his opening chapter:

> "At present we derive the energy which drives the wheels of industry from coal and oil. Both these substances are won from nature at the expense of much money and vast stores of muscular energy, nor are these supplies inexhaustible. By means of the most efficient methods, moreover, a pound of coal can only be made to yield energy of the order of one horse-power for one

* "The World in 2030 A.D." By the Earl of Birkenhead. 12s. 6d. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

hour. Yet locked up in the atom which constitute a pound of water there is an amount of energy equivalent to ten million horse-power hours. . . . As yet, physicists do not know how to release it; or, having done so, how to make it perform useful work. This problem will be solved before 2030. . . . The consequences of tapping such stupendous sources of cheap energy are almost illimitable. For the first time in history man will be armed with sufficient power to undertake operations on a gigantic scale. It will be open to him radically to alter the geography or the climate of the world. By utilising some 50,000 tons of water, the amount displaced by a large liner, it would be possible to remove Ireland to the deeper portion of the Atlantic Ocean. The heat obtainable from the same quantity of water would suffice to maintain the polar regions at the temperature of the Sahara for a thousand years."

And in the paragraph which follows we are assured that in those days "a power plant of six hundred horse-power will carry fuel for a thousand hours' working, in a tank no bigger than a fountain-pen."

The entire volume is in this vein. Lord Birkenhead has equally startling things to tell us about aeronautics and psychology, about food and money, about wars and women. About women, above all! Even Mr. Havelock Ellis and Mrs. Marie Stopes, even Mr. Bertrand Russell and Mr. H. G. Wells, may gasp a little when they read what they will find in these pages about ectogenesis. The very word is new to most of us, and one had not expected to find Lord Birkenhead an authority in this field of knowledge. But he delivers himself unhesitatingly of what follows:

"Science . . . already foreshadows the possibility of producing living offspring in the laboratory from the germs of various animal species. Hitherto no living animal has been brought to birth *ab initio*; but the fœtus of various species has been removed from the maternal organism and further developed by skilful manipulation in biological laboratories. It is certain that scientists will one day succeed in producing a living human infant by such means. This process, known as ectogenesis, will be violently and furiously opposed by the spiritual descendants of all those who now attack contraception."

And we are reminded how hand-weavers broke steam looms, how surgeons fought the antiseptic inventions of Lister and the asepsis of Pasteur, and—to take a less beneficent innovation—how breech-loading rifles were condemned by a British general on the ground that they would transform infantry into "long-range assassins"!

Lord Birkenhead's book is illustrated by the well-known poster artist (if we may so describe him), Mr. E. McKnight Kauffer, whose designs, in their very different way, are as remarkable as the letterpress.

FREDERIC WHYTE.

JOHN XAVIER MERRIMAN.*

In writing this full and exhaustive account of the life and activities of one who was not only a justly famous man but a friend of long standing, Sir Perceval Laurence, for more than thirty years a distinguished judicial figure in South Africa, as well as an authority on its politics, has performed his task in a fashion which only makes the modesty of his preface, itself an important part of the book, the more attractive.

The most formidable aspect of his undertaking was obviously the selection and arrangement of the vast amount of material left behind by a man whose public career extended over such a tremendous period as that of Merriman; second only to that was the problem of presenting to the reader a smooth, comprehensive and completely coherent account of the tortuous and teeming history of the many phases of South African politics in which his subject took a leading part. Third, and most delicate part of the undertaking, was the necessity to temper enthusiasm for the character and achievements of his subject with that flavouring of detachment without which no biographer can attain first rank.

Long practice in the impartial survey of statement, and the grasping of the salient outlines of involved and prolix matters, have doubtless aided a former High Court judge in the handling of his materials, but seldom surely is the result of judicial labour so informed with humanity as in this instance. And the supreme merit of Sir Perceval's performance is that a sense of humour, equally rare in the legal mind, has enabled him to touch on Merriman's failings in a spirit which, while it names them without bush-beating, serves only to throw into bolder relief the root strength of his character.

The history of those British migrations which on the whole have tended to advance the cause of progress throughout the world contains figures of greater stature than John Xavier Merriman, but hardly one whose career more perfectly illustrates in one individuality the peculiar genius of the race.

The son of a West Country parson who rose to a South African bishopric, after three refusals of a see, Merriman was born in England, where he also received his schooling; but rejoining his family in South Africa while still in his teens, he became so identified with the country of his adoption that one of the most famous South Africans of modern times, in paying tribute to him in Parliament when death removed him at the age of eighty-five, claimed him outright, and rightly, as "one of South Africa's great sons." And the speaker was not only South African born, but a pure Dutchman and, as such, one who had fought to the bitter end in a war against the country that gave Merriman birth.

When flag-wagging and the bombast of the more extreme type of what is called Imperialism are forgotten, it will be found that the creative success of the typical Englishman transplanted to distant clime is due to two main and abiding characteristics: common sense and the tolerance which is the truest liberalism. It was these which laid the foundation of Merriman's success, and the unique esteem in which he was held by the people of two races in times of both strife and peace. Without them as basis Merriman, the politician, the economist and the singularly gifted speaker, would never have achieved the position he did.

His character, thus rooted, was tested in the most searching way. To him was assigned the destiny of having to work for long stretches of years with partisans as well as statesmen of both races. With more than one of them, and of both races impartially, he found himself at sharpest variance from time to time. During the period of the great Anglo-Boer War the controversies of party were fanned to fever-heat by racial passions. Yet when Merriman publicly urged the most unpopular of all causes in the face of his fellow-Britishers, not a man but listened to him; and when he fearlessly attacked the Dutch extremists afterwards, the most embittered Dutchman paused to hearken. They both entirely trusted him in that reliance paid only to absolute integrity.

The turning-point of Merriman's career was when, though he was unrivalled in experience and statesmanship throughout South Africa, and then Prime Minister of the Cape, the Senior Colony, Botha was preferred to him as the Union's first Premier. Great man as Botha was, the reason for his being chosen was primarily because, as leader of the war-hit Dutch, his selection most fittingly consummated the final work of Campbell-Bannerman conciliation; and the proof that Merriman appreciated a circumstance the outcome of which little tended to diminish his prestige, is clearly indicated in a letter that does his character most honour. The greatest tribute to the unparalleled position which he reached and held for the best part of half a century is to be found in the fact that whatever South Africa's paramount problem in peace or war during that vast period in man's life, the view of "J. X.," whether in office or out, was sought in each and all of them.

Brigadier-General Howard Gorges has made a contribution to Great War literature less sensational but much more welcome than many a recent one. No campaign throughout that enormous conflict was waged against greater odds of climate than the conquest of the Kameruns; none excelled it in the cheer and pluck, shared by white and coloured soldier alike, with which the capture of this

* "The Life of John Xavier Merriman." By Sir Perceval Laurence, K.C.M.G. 18s. net. (Constable.)—"The Great War in West Africa." By Brigadier-General E. Howard Gorges, C.B., C.B.E., D.S.O. 21s. net. (Hutchinson.)

former enemy colony of swamp, desert and hill was achieved. General Gorges writes with a soldier's straightforwardness, flavoured with a sense of humour that makes his narrative unusually easy reading. His description of the Bimbia River action between the British "Dwarf" and the enemy "Nachtigal" is vivid in the extreme. The book is superbly got up, and contains no fewer than 192 illustrations and 15 maps.

MOORE RITCHIE.

THE ENGLISH HERITAGE.*

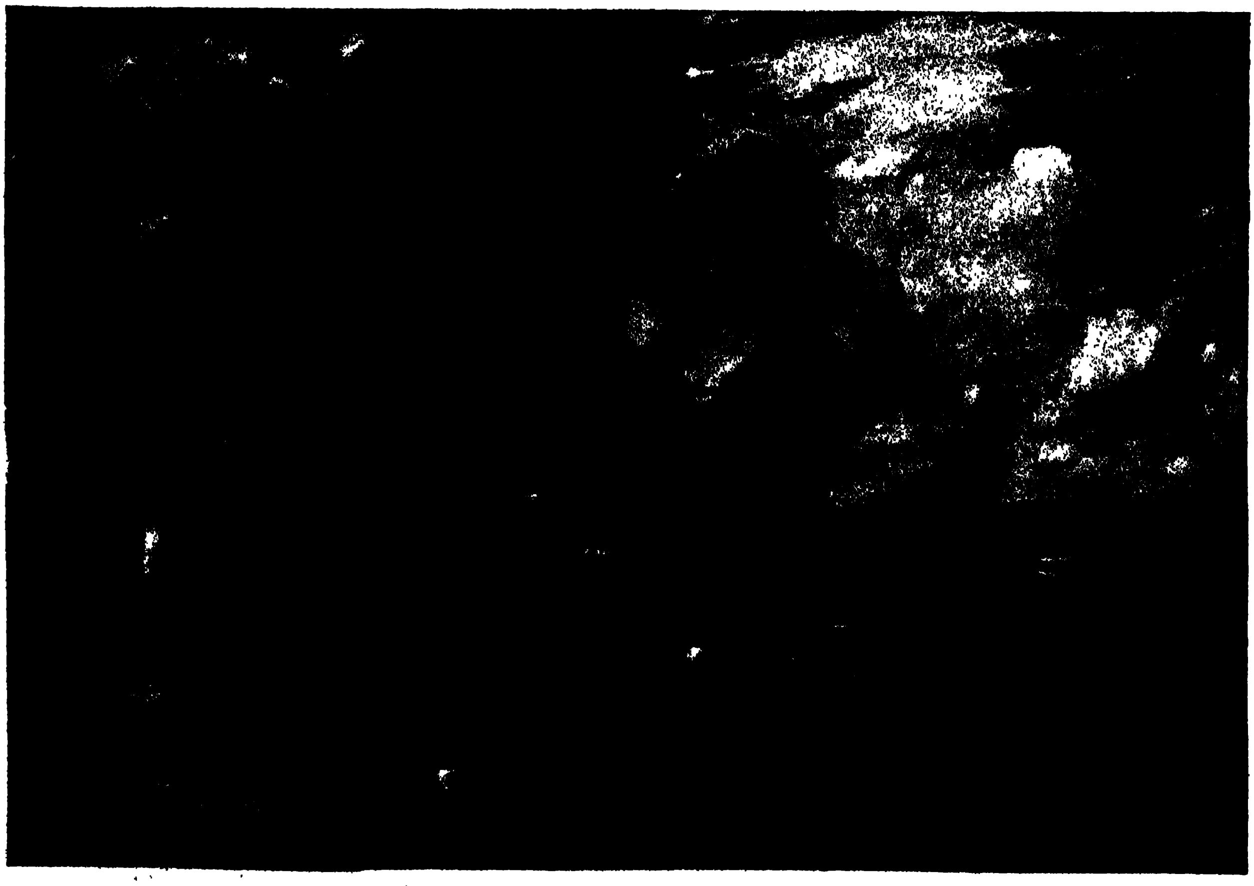
Two of these books certainly come at an apt moment, and are linked together by memories of many a cricket match on the green fronting the village inn. And it might be said that the subjects of these two come, in one sense, within the scope of the third, as the greater includes the less. The English inn and English cricket are certainly, in the common idea, part of the English constitution. But this perhaps is to jest, in a holiday spirit induced by tavern talks with Mr. Burke, on a serious matter—to which we will return presently, after a little refreshment at the inn.

The great merit of Mr. Burke's book, one that should make it part of the equipment of every car, along with the maps and the A.A. book, is that it is no mere literary guide-book. There are plenty of famous inns which should be visited for their historical or literary associations, regardless of what they may offer in the way of sustenance or sleeping room. Mr. Burke has many interesting pages on such associations. But he is primarily concerned with the first function of the inn—to shelter and feed the traveller, who may never have heard of Chaucer or Borrow or Stevenson. And in this matter he is not afraid to name names, to commend such as deserve it on one count or other. He does not tantalisingly leave us to speculate about the name and whereabouts of the inn that sends to the room of the newly-arrived guest a glass of cherry brandy—"Custom of the house, sir." He tells us where he has been well fed and lodged, in little places and big —from the "Hoop and Grapes" at Aldgate, to the "Spread Eagle" at Thame, noted not only for its artist landlord, John Fothergill (if only there were more landlords like him!), for its Black Soup, but also for its library. How many inns can offer you anything to read but last year's almanac?

And having begun to name names, those of a few of the inns Mr. Burke knows must serve for any further indication of the scope of his book. Do you know where to see the sign-boards of "The Rent Day," "You Might as Well," "No Hurry," "The Trip to Jerusalem," "The Marvel of Marvels," "The Quiet Woman," "The Flat Iron and Frog," and "The Black Boy and Stomachache"? The long list from which these are taken would alone mark out Mr. Burke as a knowledgeable man: with a knowledge of his subject which makes him declare that "of all inns there is none so good as the English inn"—when it is good. But when the English inn is bad it is horrid.

Mr. Neville Cardus almost summarises his own book, certainly gives a good idea of it, when he says that "If a psychoanalyst were to rap at me the word 'cricket' the chances are that my responses would be (all on a single breath), 'Lord's—buckle missing on pads—next man in —shady pavilion with shirts on pegs all inside out—Old William, "pro" at Shastbury—"left leg forrard, sir"—Nursery end—Mound Stand—dots on scoring card, lovely to go round them with a pencil and print the M's in the maiden overs—a new bat—linseed oil—Hobbs—Canterbury—first practic. in April weather.'" All these things are in his book and much else good stuff besides: memories of great cricketers and famous matches; of boys' cricket in which a composition ball was stopped by the wicket-keeper with a coat. A lovely chapter this-one to make the goutiest old curmudgeon buy his nephew

* "The English Inn." By Thomas Burke.—"Cricket." By Neville Cardus.—"The English Constitution." By Sir Maurice Amos. 3s. 6d. each. (The "English Heritage" Series.) (Longmans.)



The Hay Wain.

By John Constable, R.A. From the painting in the National Gallery.

From "Art in England," by W. T. Whitley (Cambridge University Press).

a new cricket bat. And never was there a book so free from the cricket cant which makes Mr. Cardus declare that "this perpetual insistence on the 'gentlemanliness' of cricket seems to me as unnecessary as it is offensive."

The English Constitution—how many people could immediately define it ?—is no subject to be treated in a few lines. And it would take a good many lines to give a proper idea of the amount of information on the subject which Sir Maurice Amos has got into one small book. He traces the growth of the Constitution down through the centuries, explains clearly the functions of Law, Crown and Parliament, and the share of each in our government. He has an illuminating chapter on a matter often mentioned but very imperfectly understood—the liberty of the subject. This is no book for light reading; but to anyone who is curious to know how we are governed, and how the government—to use a loose term—got its powers, it will be invaluable.

K. K.

BRAHMS.*

We like our great musicians to be romantic, and when romance seems to be missing from the records of their lives, we are prone to conjecture and surmise, thereby sowing the seeds from which a legend springs up. Dr. Richard Specht, himself a pure-blooded romantic, writes this life of Brahms with as much fervour as if he were dealing with Chopin, seeking out sentimental reasons for events which conceivably had quite prosaic origins. This insistence upon romance is not unattractive in these days of intellectual scepticism, and at least it has the good effect of counter-balancing the curious conviction current in otherwise well-informed quarters that Brahms was a dry-as-dust theoretician, whose works reek of the midnight oil, and whose musical achievement, however impressive on paper, is apt to be boring in performance.

How the composer of some of the most perfect songs ever written came to be so misjudged is a mystery. His pianoforte music alone, with its wide range of emotional expression, from the playful Capriccio, Op. 76, No. 2, to the solemn, almost mystical, Intermezzo, Op. 118, No. 6; from the wildness of the Rhapsodies to the gentleness of such intermezzi as Op. 117, No. 1, should give the lie to this strange illusion; and even a superficial knowledge of his chamber music and choral music—leaving the symphonies and the so-called German Requiem on one side—ought to dispel the idea that their creator was a man without emotional experiences, inventing musical patterns with scholarly ingenuity and no inspiration.

In truth, there is more evidence of romance in Brahms' music itself than Dr. Specht has been able to deduce from the circumstances of his life, which seems, on the whole, to have been no more eventful than many lesser artists', and distinctly unspectacular. He never married. Why, is not apparent. He appears to have formed a deep attachment to Clara Schumann, the wife of the composer who was the first prominent musician to recognise Brahms's promise. That this affection was kept within bounds during Schumann's lifetime is quite clear. Why, if it was deep as Dr. Specht maintains, it did not lead to marriage after Schumann's tragic death is not so clear. Other women played an important part in his life—notably Elisabeth von Herzogenberg, whose sympathy and criticism were invaluable—but whether he was actually in love with them is not as evident to the reader of Dr. Specht's book as it appears to be to Dr. Specht.

"It is pathetic to see Brahms ever in an aimless search after human beings, until he suddenly throws himself with all his soul upon an individual," he writes; adding, rather inconsistently, "He, loved by almost every one, would have been so unspeakably glad to love—and yet could not." He was intensely individualistic and not only failed to

* "Brahms." By Richard Specht. Translated by Eric Blom. Illustrated. 21s. (Dent.)—"A History of Music in Pictures." Edited by Georg Kinsky, with an introduction by Eric Blom. 1,500 illustrations. 30s. (Dent.)

suffer fools gladly but dismissed as fools or charlatans men who were neither. That he could be charming, affectionate, warm-hearted and undemonstratively generous is beyond disputing; but his frequent bad manners and lack of restraint sometimes made enemies of those who would have been his friends. It is recorded that when still a young, unknown musician he visited Liszt, who played the difficult E flat minor Scherzo and parts of the C major Sonata at sight, from a very imperfect manuscript, wishing thereby to show his young visitor unusual attention. Liszt, then one of the most powerful figures in the world of music, afterwards played his own Sonata in B minor—and Brahms fell asleep! With all its faults, this is not a work which could be justly described as soporific and Brahms might have contrived to keep awake.

The battle royal which was waged between the Wagnerites and the Brahmsians, like all such battles viewed in retrospect, seems to have been meaningless enough, for, as Dr. Specht points out more than once, the two composers have much in common. If Brahms was for the most part content to cast his work in traditional moulds and Wagner rebelled very consciously against old forms, that does not prevent the emotional content of their music from being frequently on the same plane. It is somewhat ironical that one of Brahms's best-known works—the A major violin Sonata—should have come to be known as the Meistersinger Sonata because of the resemblance which the opening theme bears to the *Preislied*. Wagner was frequently guilty of attacking Brahms, often spitefully, but there is good evidence for believing that he was not unaware of his competitor's greatness. Brahms rarely allowed himself to be drawn.

Dr. Specht's book is a valuable contribution to Brahms literature. His somewhat over-burdened and flowery style presented a difficult task to his translator, Mr. Eric Blom, who must be congratulated on the fluency of his version. It is not his fault if one sometimes sighs for a clearer and more direct utterance.

Mr. Blom is concerned, also, in the sponsoring of "A History of Music in Pictures." This was a happy idea. Fifteen hundred pictures—the frontispiece a coloured portrait of Beethoven, which is as it should be—tell the story of music from the third millennium B.C. down to the present day. The first picture is of a Sumerian drummer—the last a facsimile of part of the score of "Le Sacre du Printemps," by Stravinsky, and in between there is a profusion of portraits, pictures of instruments, buildings, stages, contemporary drawings, manuscripts, all briefly but exactly annotated. The work has been edited with great care, and should prove an invaluable reference-book for students and a fascinating picture-book for the mere lover of music.

HERMON OULD.

ELEONORA DUSE.*

In the autumn of 1859 Austrian soldiers saluted, as a casket of holy relics, the tiny glass case with gilt mounting in which Eleanora Duse was being carried to her christening, and her parents thought the error a happy omen. In the spring of 1924 the Italian nation buried its most famous actress with tremendous pomp—with wreaths, and with the graven wish that her restless spirit would rest at last.

This authoritative and colourful biography which fills the gaps between the two spectacles is the work of a German dramatic critic who was inspired in the task by Olga Resnevic, an intimate friend of the tragic actress. From personal memories, conversations, and a vast literature the biographer builds up the very image of Eleanora Duse who conquered the world, the theatre, but never quite her own heart.

Poverty darkened the child's most impressionable years, for her father was a wandering player who yearned to be a painter.

* "The Life of Eleonora Duse." By E. A. Rheinhardt. With 8 portraits. 16s. (Martin Secker.)

"To pack up and go on, always to go on was her first experience of the world. An image of one of those perpetual leave-takings out of the faint dawn of her memory always remained with her. . . . The kind hearted landlady had given her her first doll, a lovely doll, worthy of all the love of a child . . . the new leave-taking came. . . . She ran back to the empty room, laid the doll in the bed where she had slept and covered it up tenderly. Later she said: 'I left it there, so *it*, at least, might be warm.'"

School brought fresh terrors. During her sporadic attendances as the company passed through small Italian towns she learned her letters from occasional teachers. The other children, mistaking her shyness for pride, bawled after the sensitive child in the streets: "Showman's daughter!" But in solitude she dreamed dreams and talked to the stars. And her first appearance on the stage was at the age of four.

One evening in Verona, when she was fourteen, her mother died, and she was too poor to buy mourning. But there, too, on another evening, her love for the theatre awoke. D'Annunzio has told in a famous novel that when Duse as Juliet heard Romeo's "O she doth teach the torches to burn bright!" she was set on fire and became a flame. Another writer here quoted describes her reactions to that first triumph: "The garret, the squalor around, all were gone . . . she had been Juliet . . . it was her revelation in which she had found grace."

As a girl of twenty in Naples she was betrayed by a libertine. Her child only lived a few hours. The boy's grey and wrinkled face, which seemed from the first too old and sad to live, haunted her for years even amid ovations and cheering crowds. But she rejected the temptation of suicide with the proud phrase: "That would be too trivial, too easy!"

Although this biography tells in detail of Eleanora Duse's evolution as an actress, quotes many judgments thereon and portrays with discrimination and effect her triumphs in Italy, Vienna, Russia, New York and London, it is her own loves and personality which grip the reader most.

There is, for instance, as prelude to D'Annunzio, her husband Tebaldo Checchi, who married her to protect her from her manager's too pressing attentions. When Duse fell in love with Flavio Ando, her leading man, Tebaldo said good-bye to Duse, to Italy and to the stage without a murmur. His last act, after an obscure existence as an Argentine consul in England, was to leave his wife and daughter his savings "just when we needed them, always the same Tebaldo."

In her middle thirties one evening in Rome, as Duse returned to her dressing-room, after the second act of "La Dame aux Camélias," weeping with excitement and weariness, a young man with glowing eyes saluted her with the words: "O great lover!" It was D'Annunzio, a slight figure with metallic gaze, husband of a princess, grandiose follies to his name, and gloomy rumours afloat that he was, at thirty-three, a physical and spiritual wreck. Later, in the gondolas of Venice, there was a romantic reunion. He was then a famous poet and novelist, but when Eleanora Duse asked him why he did not write for the theatre he answered with a boyish laugh. The woman who asked the question lived to make known to thousands in the great centres "La Citta Morta," "Francesca da Rimini" and "La Gioconda." Her devotion to the poet never died. When D'Annunzio afterwards wrote "Il Fuoco," a novel which was to make her name notorious in several continents, she declined to stop it because her sufferings counted as nothing when it was a question of adding one more masterpiece to Italian literature: "Besides I am forty and in love!"

"Ashes, ashes!" Duse exclaimed when D'Annunzio went away. "Before my eyes, on my lips, in my empty hands." But she had other triumphs before her, and one feels when this gracious and indomitable genius told women: "Work; don't ask support from any man but only love; then your life will have the meaning you are looking for," she summed up her own dauntless spirit and noble career.

DESMOND RYAN.

THE STRANGER IN OUR GATES.

Great acting expands one's knowledge of humanity—I had written "extends"; but the other is the juster word. For the actor does not create, though the term is much used of him. His art anatomises human relationships; he interprets us to ourselves; and the chief virtue of great acting is to make crystal-clear to us our own private emotions—including those which, though ourselves have not suffered them, we may yet recognise to be potentially ours. "It is we who are Hamlet," Hazlitt deeply said; and the great actor reminds us so. True, his range will contain the grotesque, the bizarre, the monstrous, as an orchestra contains drums; but it is not with these that he will play on our hearts. That is why melodrama (the emotionally monstrous) is as like to draw mirth as awe. It was with Lear's "Look there, look there!" rather than with contemporary fustian, that Spranger Barry "caused all the critics of the pit to burst into tears"; or to take modern instances, some of the cleverest acting of our time served the Grand Guignol's horrors (just as the cleverest of the seventeenth century, I dare say, served Tourneur); yet it is by Miss Thorndike's Hecuba and Medea, by her Jane Clegg, that old men will remember her. The universal is the actor's high test; the challenge of "There, but for the grace of God . . .," or more finely, "There, but with more grace of God than you dare claim, go *you*!"

This challenge is present, to a supreme degree, in the acting of Yvette Guilbert.* In her stupendous "*Ma fille, ne puis le cacher; Renaud est mort—et enterré!*" she is the bearer of all bitter news since human sorrow began. In the conclusion of "Le Voyage de Joseph" she is the ageless triumph of meek faith over casual cruelty. Her "C'est le mai" is exquisitely funny—what a range this great artist has!—but it has also some of the same triumph; a triumph of old women plodding in devout procession, of village worthies, of little children in stiff frocks singing out of tune; and touches the heart as deeply.

Such moments are too rare in the routine of the theatre; but this month has been rich in them, thanks largely to the stranger in our theatrical gates. I should not like to say the Pitoeffs' "Ste. Jeanne"† is quite Mr. Shaw's (is there a strain of sentiment between the Maid and Dunois, at which he may look askance?), but it has passages of unmatchable power and beauty. The tent scene was superbly done. One felt that not only the technique of M. Larive, but the very shape of his neck, had marked him out for de Stogumber. Cauchon again—"Men will be the worse for remembering me; they will see in me evil triumphing over good . . . yet God is my witness I was just. I could do no other than I did." M. Hort's every gesture, every intonation, led up inexorably to those words of the epilogue. Or M. Penay: a Warwick more bone-English than one could have deemed possible, and speaking his native tongue (if I am not mistaken) with just the faintest, least malicious touch of an Oxford accent. But the chief honours go to Madame Pitoeff, in a performance to which I have no space to do justice. Her mere bodily presence (if one can use the word of anything so spiritual) was an unforgettable experience; and her demeanour at the moment of sentence seemed to sum up, in one soul's anguish, all that is crushed and broken in the story of man.

I was less moved by Herr Moissi's "Hamlet"† than perhaps I ought to have been. It was a thing of brilliant episodes—the amorphous horror of the ghost; the soldiers' panic fear at it; Hamlet's use of the candlestick at the climax of the play-scene; the most actor-like realism of the First Player; and many more. But the production was uneven; its details did not cohere. Herr Moissi's mutilation of the text was murder most foul. And the last act made nonsense. I would go far to see him in fantastic comedy—Puck, Dubedat; Cyrano, perhaps; but farther to see more Pitoeff, whether in "La Dame aux Camélias" (their second string) or in any other play.

* Arts Theatre. † Globe Theatre.

Another rather patchy Shakespearean production is the Savoy "Othello," staged by Miss Ellen van Volkenburg, to whom we owed the "reproduction" of the exquisite "Charles and Mary" from the Everyman. Her "Othello" strikes me as too contrived, too "actor"-ish, and with too many B.B.C. voices at large in it. Mr. Montesole (looking remarkably like the illustrious author) is miscast as Cassio; and Mr. Browne should be discouraged from slapping at everything within reach, including himself. Nor do I like the interpolated dance, since it transforms the castle chamber into the kind of cabaret to which Othello would certainly not have taken his bride. But Miss Ashcroft's Desdemona is a lovely thing; and Mr. Robeson, after a first act which unexpectedly lacks something of poise and dignity, goes from strength to strength. One touch is especially notable—the way he faces the rest at the end; noble, dignified; yet with a, somehow, infinitely pathetic hint of the naughty child—the very spirit of that inferiority-complex which is innate in Shakespeare's conception. A performance not to be missed.

Another entertainment of foreign origin, Feuchtwanger's "Ugly Duchess," has been unlucky in its short run;* for it was far more interesting on the stage than "Jew Süss," besides being better presented. Miss Esme Beringer made a prodigiously good job of the Duchess; as did Miss Vera Beringer, I should judge, of the adaptation. It is a pity no West End run could be arranged for this play—or better still for "The Blue Coast," which is about to finish at the Everyman as I write. "The Blue Coast," being an all-British production, has no business in this article (I will not be so shameless as to urge that its author, Mr. N. F. Webb, is an Ulster man!). I saw it unofficially, expecting nothing extraordinary—though I have yet to find an Everyman production that is not worth the trip. But to hear good news accidentally is no reason for keeping it dark; and "The Blue Coast" struck me as being an even rarer joy than "Young Woodley," which it somewhat resembles. Walk up to Hampstead, you gentlemen of the theatre who deplore the dearth of fine plays!

GRAHAM SUTTON.

Novel Notes.

OLIVER'S DAUGHTER. By Richard Church. 7s. 6d. (Dent.)

Mr. Church writes of simple country people—a village grocer and his daughter. The father, tied to a querulous, invalid wife, is a man of some intellect and a philosopher. The girl, Jessie, has ambitions to become a school teacher. A musical genius, a composer, temperamental and masterful, invades Jessie's life when she is on the eve of going away to college, and eventually she becomes his mistress. When she discovers that he still cares for the wife from whom he is separated, she leaves him and returns to her native village in time to see her father die and to take over the responsibilities of her mother and the business. But we do not feel that is the end of happiness for Jessie, because a faithful lover has been hovering in the background, and the story finishes on a note of hope. It is not a swiftly moving story; there is a good deal of unnecessary dialogue which tends to make it drag in parts and, despite its heroine's unconventionalities, it gives the impression of being a little old-fashioned. Oliver Kingsley and John Bembridge —the grocer and the musician—are the most definitely drawn characters; the others, even Jessie herself, are more obscure. But the book is interesting mainly as a work of fiction by a man who has already distinguished himself in the field of poetry.

THE SECRET OF THE CREEK. By Victor Bridges. 7s. 6d. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

Mr. Victor Bridges's new novel is not a bedtime story, for if you start reading it before going to bed, you will find yourself sitting up half the night to finish it. It is

quite one of the best mystery stories you could run across, for it has, besides a first-rate plot (concerning a seventeenth century volume of travels with a message in cipher on the back page), some excellent character drawing, an atmosphere of horror relieved by breezy humour, and a strong vein of probability, which make it among sensational fiction something of a work of art. Jim Cameron, purchaser of the valuable old book, soon discovered it was of greater value than he suspected when a stranger came along, offered him twice as much as he had given for it, and became abusive when he refused to part with it. Going for a cruise in his yacht round the coast of Essex, he and his friend visit the place from which the book originally came, and find themselves drawn into weird and exciting adventures, in which a pretty girl is a fellow victim. So ingeniously does Mr. Bridges keep the reader in suspense, that one is prepared to suspect everybody of being in the plot, and to regard every trifling incident as a trap. It is extraordinarily well done, and you certainly will not be able to curb your patience till the mystery of the cipher is cleared up and all the perils and pitfalls are satisfactorily removed from the path of Jim Cameron, Peter West, Jean Franklyn and the wily late detective-inspector, Mr. George Jennifer.

JIM TRELAWNEY. By Ottwell Binns. 7s. 6d. (Ward, Lock.)

Mr. Binns is an indefatigable writer of the sort to grip and hold one's interest from the word "Go"—although, as he himself will probably admit, literary subtleties are less fascinating to him than the rapid intricacies of his plots. The story's the thing—a good, rattling, never-flag-a-moment yarn to stir the blood and set the pulses beating. In his latest we meet Jim Trelawney who, accused of forgery, emigrates to Canada, where he joins the North-West Mounted Police. In the North-West also, on a secret mission, is June Rimington, whose life Jim saves and eventually shares. Between page 1 and page 256 are any amount of excitement and "atmosphere"—and what more could an energetic and romantically-minded urban reader desire?

THE HUNGRY ROAD. By G. U. Ellis. 7s. 6d. (Duckworth.)

The story of an arterial road that scores its way not only through a hitherto peaceful village and an old-world estate, but through the souls of the men and women concerned, directly and indirectly, with its construction. The two diametrically opposed outlooks—rural conversatism and urban restless innovation—are expressed fairly and without undue exaggeration on either side, and Martin, Sue and Ray (the three chief characters) are all such stuff as this tangled life of ours is made on. Mr. Ellis knows how to write a novel that is a novel, with beginning, middle, unforced climax and end; but behind the novel he writes we recognise not the mere story-teller but an author to whom the problems of every day are of more urgent importance than any story.

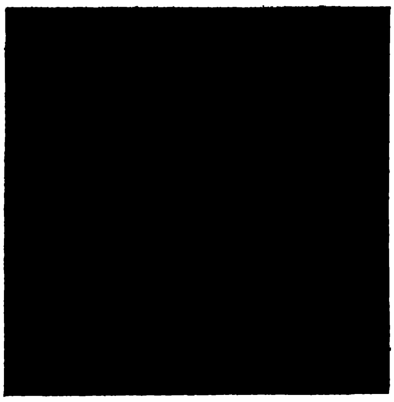
DIANA. A Novel by Emil Ludwig. 8s. 6d. (Allen & Unwin.)

"Diana" is composed of two novels written in 1917 and 1918 respectively, and now revised and rearranged as one story. They would not have been thus resuscitated, and certainly would not have been here translated into English—excellently translated, it may be added, by Eden and Cedar Paul—had not their author, Herr Emil Ludwig, made an eminent mark in the meanwhile with his biographies of Bismarck, Napoleon and the rest. For "Diana" is in no sense a great novel. It relates the loves—always the loves—of Diana de Wassilko, on whose figure is expended a wealth of words without bringing it to life. We hear much of her slim, sunburnt beauty, her carriage, her well-poised head, her elastic body, and a bronzed profile such as Antonello da Messina loved to portray, but we never quite realise her in the flesh. And so with her mind. Her old, romantic type never properly

emerges from its ultra-modern trappings, nor is she convincingly consistent in her determination to be free, and to give with her body only that she shall gain in the spirit She dominates her poet, her diplomat, her newspaper magnate, and the others, and finally yields to her princeling, in Italian, German and Balkans scenes that glitter and arrest, but she never is in herself a commanding and authentic presence She never quite lives, narrowly though she misses doing so.

THE LOST CRUSADE. By Daphne Muir 7s 6d net (Chatto & Windus)

The shameful end to that tragic adventure, the Children's Crusade of 1212, is well known The suvivors were sold in the slave markets of Alexandria Mrs Muir, taking this most extraordinary chapter in the whole history of the Crusades for the theme of her romance, will not let Stephen, the French shepherd boy who started the unhappy business, make so poor an exit Nicholas and his contingent from Cologne quickly disappear from the story, but Charla von Gothenfels leads the Swabian children through Italy, and taking ship from Brindisi to Cyprus is captured, brought on Stephen's vessel and henceforth is Stephen's fellow captive We see the two depart with Hassan, whom Stephen has won to the Cross, from Bagdad, voyaging on the waters of the Tigris "They knew instinctively that this was the end" Much study of the period is evident in Mrs Muir's work and the book has many descriptive passages, finely wrought



Portrait by Vaughan & Freeman **Mr. F. L. Lucas.**

CÉCILE. By F L Lucas 8s 6d (Chatto & Windus)

It seems curious that "Cécile" should be put before the public on its merits as *proxime accessit* in a publisher's historical novel competition, for though the setting is eighteenth century France the background seems purely accidental, there are no costume extravagances of colour or language, and the atmosphere is as modern as can be Many readers, and those not the least intelligent will welcome these attributes of Mr Lucas's novel which for the quiet distinction of its writing, subtlety of its character analysis, spirit and polish of dialogue, and poetic grace of its narrative and descriptive passages, deserves the highest praise It is hardly criticism to suggest that the title might more reasonably have been 'Andrée,' for it is the elder of a charming pair of sisters who is certainly the principal figure The volatile Cécile flits in and out of her more sober sister's life like the butterfly she is, too soon to be broken like so many of her kind on the wheel of a fate she is constitutionally incapable of avoiding Both girls make unfortunate marriages There is a hint of reconciliation between the disillusioned Andrée and her Gaston wiser now and very much more lugubrious, and the pair fade from our view in a half light that is as gently and pleasurably melancholy as a nocturne of Chopin played on an autumn evening Sweet sadness is indeed the note of the whole book



Miss Dorota Flatau.
Author of "Lady of London" (Hutchinson).

AUBREY DENE. By Sylvia Hooke 7s 6d (Longmans)

"Aubrey Dene" had a vivid tradition which stretched back to the crusades and onward through all the wars to the Great War, being a great country house which dominated a quiet English hamlet The novel opens with a murder Sir Denis Aubrey, of Aubrey Dene, has been acquitted for the murder of his temperamental and unfaithful wife Only his son Leonard had seen his father's deed Upon this sensational opening, and the love tangles and reactions due to Leonard's sensitive and loyal nature, Miss Sylvia Hooke builds a poignant and subdued story Leonard falls in the trenches, and for a moment the work of generations is threatened Tragedy overshadows everything, but how Sir Denis Aubrey found peace and the great house was saved for the future can best be learned in Miss Hooke's careful, comely and romantic pages She can tell a love story, suggest a quiet country-side, and depict a shelled trench with equal ease

NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor of THE BOOKMAN, ST PAUL'S HOUSE, WARWICK SQUARE, LONDON, E C 4.

A preliminary letter of inquiry should be sent to the Editor before any manuscript is submitted for his consideration

The Bookman's Table.

HORACE WALPOLE. By Lewis Melville Illustrated 18s (Hutchinson)

Horace Walpole, "a splendid example of the man of inaction" as his present biographer calls him, was an industrious enough little fellow in his own way As became the son of a prime minister, he sat in Parliament for twenty-six years, cultivating little interest in politics, but much in politicians He drew a fat income from unblushingly "farmed" sinecures, but that was the custom of his time He built himself a Gothic house at Twickenham, and wrote a Gothic romance, neither of which would appeal to modern taste (anticipated by Hazlitt) but in their day attracted vast admiration He collected pictures, books bibelots, and comic characters, and established a private printing press He despised and shunned "professional writers, except the author of the Elegy in a Country Churchyard, in whose company he made the Grand Tour, but before that was over quarrelled with him Even his correspondence he affected to regard as an occupation for idle hours, yet preserved clean copies of most if not all the letters he wrote Three thousand and more of these, addressed to one hundred and fifty persons remain for the edification of posterity, and Mr Melville rightly claims that there is not a dull page in them and that as an intimate chronicle of eighteenth century England (they extend over a period of fifty-six years) their value is unique With an uncommon gift of character-drawing and that "nice spice of malice which makes the whole world kin" "Horry" discourses of politics, internal and external, notably of the troubles that ended in American Independence, dishes up all the gossip of the Court, the clubs, the drawing-

rooms, and the more Bohemiam worlds of Literature, Art and the Stage. Through all the eighteen volumes in which these epistolary remains have been embalmed, with the distinguished expert assistance of Dr. and Mrs. Paget Toynbee as editors, Mr. Melville has enjoyed a permit to roam, making what use he pleased of this gold mine of material. His selection has been judicious, and the emergent portrait, given to us, as it is, very largely in the *ipsissima verba* of the subject, is literally a speaking likeness. It does not alter much our previous estimate of Walpole as one of the outstanding grotesque characters of a somewhat grotesque epoch, but it does show us a likeable side that few previous biographers have contrived to bring out. By nature thrifty and old-maidish in his habitual economies, Walpole could be and was generous on occasion, both in word and deed. Perhaps not all the obloquy which his share in the Chatterton scandal brought down on his head was deserved, and though his *bête noire*, Lady Wortley Montagu, must have wounded him deeply with her famous " men, women, and Herveys " epigram, he found towards her end some kind words to say even of her.

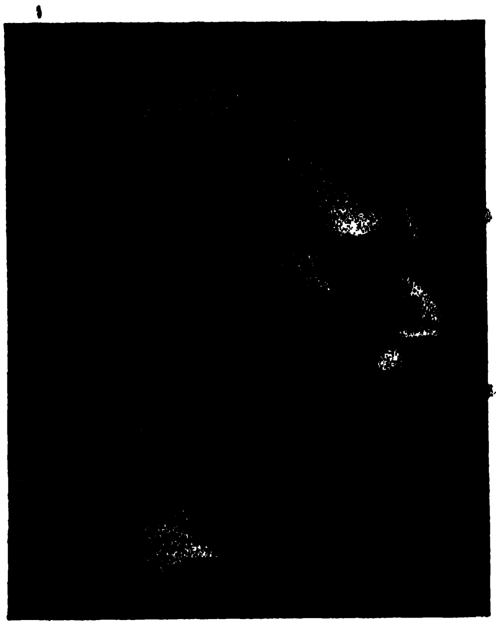
THE ROADS OF SPAIN. By Charles L. Freeston. 10s. 6d. (Humphrey Toulmin.)

It is a little disconcerting to be informed by the author of this book that an expectant crowd of spectators at Burgos told him " *nous attendons un* [sic] *personalité*," because Burgos is a place with fine traditions, and apparently they make elementary mistakes in the French language. As for Mr. Freeston, he does not profess to have any Spanish, and how one can write of a country of whose language one is in total ignorance we do not know. Of course Mr. Freeston does not set out to deal with anything except the roads; yet roads are only of interest (except for the engineer) in so far as they enable one to arrive with greater or less ease at the towns and villages. But Mr. Freeston deals so exclusively with the roads that he has very little time to spare for the intervening sights. One short paragraph is all that he allows to Zamora, a charming old town where three or four days should be the minimum stay, and so swiftly did Mr. Freeston traverse it that he talks of the " spacious central square," whereas the square is particularly small. The wonderful and ancient church where the Cid, Spain's national hero, received the honour of knighthood is not mentioned; but this building is locked, and it would have taken five or even ten minutes of Mr. Freeston's valuable time to discover the aged woman with the key. One is naturally a little dubious about a book furnished with an introduction by the Spanish Ambassador, for such a book will scarcely contain any criticism of things Spanish, and Mr. Freeston commits himself to the astonishing statement that " it would ill become any tourist to interfere in the politics of a country to which he is only making a passing visit "—by " interfere " he means " discuss." Shades of Karel Capek! Mr. Freeston actually prints a good deal of a brochure which was given him by the President of the P.N.T.6, the official travel association, and he was assured that it had been compiled by an impartial authority! There are a good many quite meritorious photographs in this book, although one gets a little tired of seeing Mr. Freeston's car reproduced, like a film star, over and over again.

PLATO AND HIS CONTEMPORARIES. By G. C. Field. 12s. 6d. (Methuen.)

Though books on Plato, the most attractive of all philosophers, are innumerable, there was room for the one which Professor Field set himself to write and has accomplished with a distinction of style and a lucidity of exposition worthy of its theme. To many who have delighted and found mental profit in the dialogues their author, the theorist of ideas, is himself but an idea. His master, Socrates, with his snub nose, his termagant wife and the final cup of hemlock, is a far more actual figure. The motive of this book is that the dialogues lose by being read *in vacuo*. He considers that with Plato, as with other

writers, a knowledge of the man contributes to an understanding of the work. He begins therefore with two admirable chapters of biography, based on a discriminating study of the extant material, which is regrettably incomplete and often obviously apocryphal. It is remarkable how substantial a brick he has contrived to build with such a handful of straw. But his main thesis is that, idealist as Plato was, his " chief interest in all his activities lay in his own age and its problems." So he proceeds, after a description of the Academy, a brief survey of the writing, and a dicussion of the obscure question of the chronology of the dialogues, to a critical and descriptive consideration of the background, moral and political, literary and philosophical, against which his hero was set in history. In short, while Plato himself is never for long out of the picture, this book is a contribution, and a very valuable one, to our knowledge of the general culture of Greece in the fourth century. The characterisation of individuals important in the story, such for instance as Diogenes and Xenophon, is particularly excellent.



Pablo Casals.
From the bronze bust by Brenda Putnam.
From "Pablo Casals," by Lillian Littlehales (Dent).

ADAM AND EVELYN AT KEW. By Robert Herring. Illustrated by Edward Bawden. 21s. (Elkin Mathews & Marrot.)

The virtuosity of this book is alarming. Having finished reading it, we confess we feel as we have sometimes done on coming away from an exhibition of modernist paintings : when our visual sense has been so consistently shocked that, stepping out into the street again, lo ! all the buses, the shops, the taxis, the people appear unwontedly grotesque. Similarly with Mr. Herring's book. Could one read it in summer and go straight off to Kew, why, there is no knowing what one mightn't see in the folk there, the flowers and the trees. But virtuosity is not all we look for in an author ; and when we have taken proper apprisal of Mr. Herring's ladies like flowers and men like trees walking, what are we left with ? Echo answers, What indeed ? There remain of course Mr. Bawden's drawings ; very individual, a trifle grotesque and more than a trifle satirical. But then Mr. Bawden's drawings could have made a pretty packet all on their own ; they gain little from the prose they accompany here. And what is it all about, this starry prose ? There was a gardener at Kew : Adam. There was a film star, naked in a pond at Kew : Evelyn. How either got there, or why, is all unknown. It was apparently a dream ; Adam's dream. And it all serves to provide Mr. Herring with an opportunity for incredible virtuosity. He knows all about his Kew, never fear. But whether it is likely to prove *your* Kew is another matter. Perhaps you like such pyrotechnic displays as this, for instance : " You might tell her to speak not, whisper not ; here is fringed pool, fern-grot, God wot--*she* wouldn't in the least." We have an idea, knowing Mr. Herring's intelligent interest in the films, that he has tried to transfer the medium of the expressionist film to prose.

PABLO CASALS. By Lillian Littlehales. 10s. 6d. (Dent.)

With the coming of the gramophone even executant musicians are assured a certain conditioned immortality, and many music lovers who are unaware of Pablo Casals's claims as a conductor, as a pianist, or as one of those who helped to raise Spain's musical standard, have enjoyed his 'cello playing. To the general public indeed Casals is first of all a 'cellist, and probably the finest 'cellist now living. And yet once, when he was climbing a mountain in California and a dislodged rock crushed the first finger of his left hand, his first thought was : " Thank God, I shall never have to play the 'cello again ! " This unexpected reaction is not to be taken as Casals's considered judgment, but merely as a protest against a world which is so apt to object to its great men being great in more than one direction. Miss Lillian Littlehales's frankly hero-worshipping monograph leaves one in no doubt as to Casals's greatness. He was born with no special advantages (except genius) and a good many disadvantages, of which poverty was not the least ; but his strength of character and single-mindedness were such that he conquered one field after another. He was a born pioneer, with that tenacity which reveals the Catalonian rather than the Andalusian, and his attempt to found in Barcelona an orchestra worthy to rank with the other great orchestras of the world only met with success after endless delays, intrigues and almost insuperable obstacles.

THE DRIFT OF CIVILISATION. By C. G. Abbot, Admiral Byrd, Albert Einstein, G. Ferrero, Sir Philip Gibbs, Maxim Gorky, J. B. S. Haldane, Rudolf M. Holzapfel, Dean Inge, Count Keyserling, Paul de Kruif, Martin A. Nexo, Professor Michael Pupin, Professor H. J. Robinson, Bertrand Russell, H. G. Wells. 7s. 6d. net. (Allen & Unwin.)

When that famous American paper, the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*, reached its fiftieth anniversary the editor, Joseph Pulitzer, felt that the occasion demanded a symposium. He therefore " addressed thinkers throughout the world and asked them to write of civilisation " ; with the result that his list of contributors is " like the roster of a world's academy of intellect and action." And well it might be ! Six of the " leading intellects of the world " discourse on the " Future of Man," six more on the " Future of Science " and five are left for the " Future of America." Here's richness, as Mr. Squeers would have said. Information, warning, encouragement and reproof are uttered by these seventeen good men (no woman, it seems, has yet graduated in the " world's academy of intellect and action "), and the reader will be heartened, if he is not cast down, by the tale of shortcomings and by the message of Sir Philip Gibbs on " Death-makers : the Next War." Signor Ferrero reminds us that " the modern world is great, rich, powerful, wise. It can boast of having created the most humane civilisation in history." At the same time " great new things are being prepared in the history of the world and we must be worthy of them." But Martin Andersen Nexo, the Danish communist, insists that in the present state of things " there is little room for the theatre, for æsthetics in general." And " anyway, art in the by and large is a cultural precipitate rather than live culture, and the proletariat's obligations toward life do not lie in that field." After that we are not surprised at Mr. Bertrand Russell's discovery : " One of the really difficult problems of education is to secure in the young the necessary minimum of good behaviour without producing the attitude of anger at the existence of insurmountable obstacles, but this is a problem of conditioning." On no account should Professor Leacock on the " Future of American Humour " be missed.

BRIGHAM YOUNG. By Susa Young Gates. 18s. net. (Jarrolds.)

This biography of the famous leader of the Mormon community, although written by one of his daughters, presents no new material of importance, and because of

its sustained loyalty to the subject cannot be regarded as a serious addition to the literature of Mormonism. In a foreword of elaborate and challenging panegyric Mr. Shepstone remarks that Utah "has much to teach this perplexed and harassed age," and would seem to suggest that the religious aspects of Mormonism possessed particular originality or unsuspected virtues. It is long since an accepted commonplace that the quite remarkable success of Utah was due to the commercial, not spiritual genius of Brigham Young. Mr. M. R. Werner, in his altogether admirable biography, has reminded us that the prophet himself remarked: "I am a Yankee; I guess things, and very frequently I guess right." With this quality of a modern business stores, Brigham Young possessed a genuine belief in his cause, and a formidable determination to stamp out all opposition. Fanaticism coupled with autocracy will make any people both united and outwardly impressive in their government and social structure. But fanaticism and autocracy do not necessarily spell permanence or make any contribution to civilisation. Mormonism as a driving faith has long been in decay, and as a creative emotion it has, apart from the charlatan who founded it and the subject of this book who made it a power, produced nothing of æsthetic value to preserve its memory against the slow challenge of the ages.

BAR AND BUSKIN. By E. F. Spence, K.C. 15s. (Elkin Mathews & Marrot.)

Mr. Spence is only one of many famous people of his generation whose careers have progressed along the parallel grooves of letters and the law, but his case is unusual in his refusal to abandon either in favour of the other when circumstances appeared to warrant some such step. Indubitably he has won distinction in both his chosen fields. His juniors of to-day however will be put to shame at the magnitude of working effort revealed as necessary to accomplish that success. What young hopeful in his twenties, and throughout his thirties and his forties too, would condemn himself to a way of life that involved a long day in court, a nightly sessions at the theatre, and thereafter the obligation before bed was earned of turning out as many as three different criticisms for as many papers, with printers' devils waiting on the doorstep till the milkman arrived? There are intimate and very charming references to a happy home life, tragically curtailed by circumstance, as background of these prodigious working activities. Retirement for such a one could not spell a *dolce far niente*, so we hear much of gardening, golf and fishing in the Newbury retreat, and indications that this gay and gallant volume of reminiscences may not be the last that we shall hear of its distinguished author.

Books of the Month.

From May 15th to June 15th.

(Books reviewed in this Number are not included in list.)

ART

DENT.—Artwork. Edited by D. S. MacColl. 2s. 6d.
DUCKWORTH.—Egyptian Sculpture. M. A. Murray. 15s.
JACK.—The Tate Gallery. J. B. Manson. 42s.
OXFORD PRESS.—A Miniature History of European Art. R. H. Wilenski. 4s. 6d.
STUDIO.—Chinese Art. William Cohn. 10s. 6d.—Masters of Etching. Levon West. 5s.

CRITICISM AND BELLES-LETTRES

ALLEN & UNWIN.—Casual Observations. Arthur Ponsonby. 6s.—Polish Romantic Literature. Julian Krzyzanowski. 7s. 6d.
CHATTO & WINDUS.—D. H. Lawrence. Richard Aldington. 1s.

ELKIN MATHEWS & MARROT.—County Anthologies: Cumberland. Walter and Clare Jerrold—Middlesex. T. Michael Pope—Lancashire. Prof. R. H. Case. 3s. 6d. each.
JOHN MURRAY.—Sir Joshua's Nephew. Edited by Susan M. Radcliffe. 10s. 6d.
WISHART.—Sligo. Jack B. Yeats. 6s.

EDUCATIONAL

Fundamental English. P. B. Ballard. Junior Series: Book Three. 1s. 2d. Teacher's Book Three. 2s. 3d.

FICTION

(*Price 7s. 6d. each, except where otherwise indicated.*)

APPLETON.—The Painted Minx. Robert W. Chambers.
ARTHUR PRESS (London).—The Apes of God. Wyndham Lewis. £3 3s.
GEOFFREY BLES.—Post Mortem. Gilbert Collins.—Mrs. Mason's Guests. Dennis Corry.
JONATHAN CAPE.—Escapade. Evelyn Scott.
CHAPMAN & HALL.—Hell on Earth. F. Haydn Hornsey.
CHATTO & WINDUS.—Vanishing Shadows. J. Maconechy.
COBDEN-SANDERSON.—Corduroy. Adrian Bell.
COLLINS.—Grayson's Girl. Katharine Tynan.—The Hardway Diamonds Mystery. Miles Burton.—Burglars in Bucks. G. D. H. and M. Cole.
CONSTABLE.—Arm's Length. John Metcalfe.
HEATH, CRANTON.—Limousin Folk. Jean Nesmy.
HARRAP.—Coronet. Manuel Komroff. 8s. 6d.—Free. Blair Miles.—Galanty Gold. Victor MacClure.
HEINEMANN.—His Master's Voice. Ivy Low.—Gondolas Pass. Helen Mackay. 6s.—The Loveable Outlaw. Geoffrey Williamson.—My Lord Lucifer. Bertha Selous.—At All Costs. Richard Aldington. 1s.—Other Man's Saucer. J. Keith Winter.—Iron Man. W. R. Burnett.—Robert Peckham. Maurice Baring.
HODDER & STOUGHTON.—Spider Web. Alice Campbell.—The Thirty Thieves. B. Dyke Acland.
HUTCHINSON.—The Gleam. Mary Forrester.—The Arches of the Years. Ethel Boileau.—Swan House. Baroness Van Hutten.—Broken Arcs. Pat Vian.
JARROLDS.—Memorial To George. Anonymous.—Green Timber. James Oliver Curwood.—The Yellow Mistletoe. Walter S. Masterman.
KNOPF.—Gladiator. Philip Wylie.
JOHN LANE.—The Crystal Beads Murder. Annie Haynes.
JOHN LONG.—Six Merry Mummers. Amy J. Baker.—Miracles of the Turf. Campbell Russell. 5s.—The Padgate Mystery. Edward Charles Reed.
ELKIN MATHEWS & MARROT.—The Car of Crœsus. Ernest Poole.
METHUEN.—Murder in the Village. John Skinner. 3s. 6d.—The Low Road. Hugo Morrison. 3s. 6d.
JOHN MURRAY.—Tony Potter. T. J. Morrison.
NELSON.—Speed Fever. Barry Lyndon.
ERIC PARTRIDGE.—The Seventh Bowl. "Miles."
STANLEY PAUL.—The Man Without a Necktie. Arbib-Hauser.—Outside Heaven's Gates. Ivy M. Clayton.—New Leaf. Alan Bendle.
RICHARDS.—The Case Books of X37. Major A. J. Dawson.
ALSTON RIVERS.—The Dark Secret. Alison Vivian.
SECKER.—A Quiet Street. Michael Ossorgin.
SELWYN & BLOUNT.—To What Red Hell. Guy Brown. 5s.—Lunatic Love. Henry Connolly.
SWAN PRESS.—Chameleons. Sydney Alberga.
WARD, LOCK.—White Hands Cannot Offend. A. R. and R. K. Weekes.—A Clue in Wax. Fred M. White.—Jim Trelawney. Ottwell Binns.—The Unexpected Daughter. Paul Trent. 3s. 6d.—Fishers of Men. Carlton Dawe.—Mr. Buffum. Hugh De Sélincourt.—A Moorside Feud. Harold Bindloss.

FOREIGN BOOKS AND TRANSLATIONS

ALLEN & UNWIN.—Three Masters: Balzac, Dickens, Dostoievsky. Stefan Zweig. 12s. 6d.—Tyrol Under the Axe of Italian Fascism. Dr. Edward Reut-Nicolussi. 12s. 6d.
ERNEST FLAMMARION (Paris).—Russia. Henri Barbusse.
HUTCHINSON.—The Calas Case. Marc Chassaigne. 18s.
NASH & GRAYSON.—Espionage. H. R. Berndorff. 10s. 6d.
RIDER.—Man's Highest Purpose. Karel Weinfurter. 10s. 6d.
SECKER.—Women and Monks. Josef Kallinikov. 15s.
SHEED & WARD.—Pascal. Jacques Chevalier. 15s.
HUMPHREY TOULMIN.—The Human Pair in the Work of Thomas Hardy. Pierre d'Exideuil. 10s. 6d.
LES PRESSES UNIVERSITAIRES DE FRANCE (Paris).—Le Vrai Ami Du Traducteur Anglais-Français et Français-Anglais. Félix Boillot.
WILLIAMS & NORGATE.—The Germans at Versailles, 1919. Victor Schiff. 7s. 6d.

HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY AND TRAVEL

ALLEN & UNWIN.—Company I Have Kept. Henry Salt. 10s.
BLACKIE.—Scotland: The Ancient Kingdom. Donald A. Mackenzie. 15s.
THORNTON BUTTERWORTH.—The Ways of Yesterday. A. M. W. Stirling. 18s.
CAMBRIDGE PRESS.—The Small Years. Frank Kendon. 6s.
CHAPMAN & HALL.—A Hundred Years of Publishing. Arthur Waugh. 15s.
DUCKWORTH.—By Way of the Sahara. Owen Tweedy. 12s. 6d.
EFFICIENCY MAGAZINE.—Kelvin. Herbert N. Casson. 7s. 6d.
MARTIN HOPKINSON.—Penultima. Sir Alfred Hopkinson. 18s.
HUTCHINSON.—Raffles in Real Life. George Smithson, *alias* "Gentleman George." 12s. 6d.—Swaraj: The Problem of India. Capt. J. E. Ellam. 12s. 6d.—The Romance of the Derby Stakes. Alan Macey. 10s. 6d.
JARROLDS.—The Underworld of Paris. Alfred Morain. 18s.—Confessions and Impressions. Ethel Mannin. 10s. 6d.
JOHN LANE.—Across Iceland. Olive Murray Chapman. 15s.
LIPPINCOTT.—John Jacob Astor. Arthur D. Howden Smith. $3.50.
SAMPSON LOW.—Amy Johnson. Charles Dixon. 3s. 6d.
METHUEN.—Pompeii and Herculaneum. C. G. Ellaby. 6s.—Oriental Memories. Friedrich Rosen. 15s.
STANLEY PAUL.—Women Bluebeards. Elliott O'Donnell. 18s.—Good-Bye to the Battle-Fields. H. A. Taylor. 21s.
RICHARDS.—It Isn't Far From London. S. P. B. Mais. 7s. 6d.
SELWYN & BLOUNT.—The Prodigious Marshal. Edmund B. d'Auvergne. 18s.
SHELDON PRESS.—The Royal Navy. Geoffrey Parratt. 7s. 6d.
TARAPOREVALA (Bombay).—Commercial Policy of the Moguls. D. Pant. Rs.6.

JUVENILE

BAILEY.—More About Jane. N. Gurney Callier. 2s. 6d.
MURPHY (Simla).—Boomba. Hugh A. Brinkworth.

MISCELLANEOUS

ALLEN & UNWIN.—Beyond Physics. Sir Oliver Lodge.—Your Character From Your Handwriting. C. Harry Brooks. 3s. 6d.
BAINES & SCARSBROOK.—Snapshots of Africa. Walter Reynolds. 1s.
BALE, SONS & DANIELSSON.—Civilisation and the Cripple. Frederick Watson. 10s. 6d.
BELL.—Historical Association Publications, 1928–9. 1s. each leaflet.
BURNS, OATES & WASHBOURNE.—In Praise of Divine Love. Alice Lady Lovat. 6s.
PETER DAVIES.—War Books. Cyril Falls. 10s. 6d.

HEINEMANN.—Woodfill of the Regulars. Lowell Thomas. 10s. 6d.—The Baffle Book. Edited by F. Tennyson Jesse. 2s. 6d.
HODDER & STOUGHTON.—Getting Wickets. C. V. Grimmett. 3s. 6d.
HUTCHINSON.—Frogs Don't Grow Feathers. B. L. Jacot. 7s. 6d.
JOHN LANE.—What's Wrong With Your Game. H. B. Martin. 7s. 6d.—Law-Breakers. Charles Kingston. 12s. 6d.
WERNER LAURIE.—Mental Radio. Upton Sinclair. 8s. 6d.
LIPPINCOTT.—An Hour On Health. Morris Fishbein. $1.00.
SAMPSON LOW.—Lawn Tennis. H. W. Austin. 5s.
ELKIN MATHEWS & MARROT.—Famous Shipwrecks. Frank H. Shaw. 12s. 6d.
METHUEN.—The Archæology of Middlesex and London. C. E. Vulliamy. 10s. 6d.—The Intelligent Man's Guide to Marriage and Celibacy. Juanita Whitefield Tanner. 10s. 6d.—The Science of Folk-lore. Alexander Haggerty Krappe. 10s. 6d.
MORLEY & MITCHELL KENNERLEY.—Some Craftie Arts. Jan Gordon. 5s. 6d.
GEORGE PHILIP.—The Seal Princess. C. A. Dawson Scott. 8d.
PUTNAMS.—The Power and Secret of the Jesuits. René Fülöp-Miller. 21s.
RIDER.—My Larger Life. Violet Burton. 5s.—The Story of Psychic Science. Hereward Carrington. 24s.
SEELEY, SERVICE.—Lawn Tennis. A. Wallis Myers. 12s. 6d.
ELLIOT STOCK.—Beyond Our Ken. Mrs. Arthur Stallard. 5s.
STOCKWELL.—Humour in the Schoolroom. Robert Strachan. 2s. 6d.
TWO WORLDS PUBLISHING CO.—Sweet Corn From Heaven. Richard Arthur Bush. 3s. 6d.
VALENTINE (Dundee).—Humorous Scottish War Stories. Allan Junior. 1s. 6d.
WILLIAMS & NORGATE.—Mediæval Internationalism. R. F. Wright. 7s. 6d.—Cremation. Florence G. Fidler. 2s. 6d.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA

CHATTO & WINDUS.—Michael and Mary. A. A. Milne. 5s.
DUCKWORTH.—Plays. John Galsworthy. 7s.
JOHN LANE.—Scandal At Court. Graham Rawson. 2s. 6d.

POETRY

ERNEST BENN.—The Collected Poems of Edward Thompson. 10s. 6d.
CORNISH (Birmingham).—The Pool of Silence. Dallas Kenmare. 1s. 6d.
DUCKWORTH.—The Collected Poems of Edith Sitwell. 8s. 6d.
MITRE PRESS.—The Spring Anthology, 1930. 10s. 6d.
COLON O'LOUGHLIN (Dublin).—Poets in Paradise. W. P. Ryan. 1s.
HUMPHREY TOULMIN.—Mystery and Tragedy. Sturge Moore. 7s. 6d.

RELIGION AND PHILOSOPHY

DENT.—The Free Church Sacrament and Catholic Ideals. T. W. Coleman. 2s. 6d.

REPRINTS AND NEW EDITIONS

CASSELL.—Arnold Bennett: Journal, 1929. 7s. 6d.
CONSTABLE.—The Listeners and Other Poems. Walter de la Mare. 3s. 6d.
JOHN LANE.—Montes the Matador.—Elder Conklin. Frank Harris. 3s. 6d. each.
WERNER LAURIE.—The Origins of Popular Superstitions, Customs and Ceremonies. T. Sharper Knowlson. 7s. 6d.
CECIL PALMER.—The London of Dickens. Walter Dexter. 3s. 6d.
PUTNAMS.—Portrait of the Labour Party. Egon Wertheimer. 5s.

The Collector

"Let not the collector, therefore, ever, unless in some urgent and necessary circumstances, part with any of his treasures."—Burton

THE RIGHT WAY TO COLLECT.

IT is quite evident that there is a serious interest in book-collecting, judging from the many letters on the subject that reach us from time to time. Most correspondents, while shrewdly enough recognising the commercial value of first edition collecting, are deeply interested in the higher aspects of the matter; which surely means that the standard of literary conception has not only developed in the individual mind, but has advanced collectively more than is generally recognised. This is as it should be. It is the only satisfactory evolution of collecting; for there is no other way of arriving at a true valuation of what books are worth gathering to ourselves, and what are to be rejected.

Even so, there are many who are yet in the elementary stage of collecting, and it is to them that we are venturing to offer these suggestions. To begin collecting is to discover a new and happy field of contentment and interest. Almost we envy those who are starting out upon so pleasing an experience. For them it is a field of pleasant anticipation—a place where many good things will be discovered. Sometimes there will be disappointment, which will make the gems upon which they must surely come, as wisdom and understanding arises quietly and convincingly, all the more precious. Time will bring that understanding, and with it a pleasure of mental experience rarely to be found in any other field of collecting.



Old Angling Lithograph in Colours.

From "Old Books and Prints": List No. 66, from Mr. Harold Hill, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

Collecting those books which are known to most people is the easy way, if the pocket is deep and long—for they require much money. The real art of finding first editions is to be reached by way of a knowledge of the intrinsic worth of an author. What value indeed is there in the so-called guides as to what to collect, in the urgings that "Walter de la Mare is worth buying." Of course he is—at a price. Or "there is a boom in Wells," or "Hardy is a safe purchase," or "George Moore is now being collected," or "Ernest Powys is a writer who will always have a certain following." And so forth. These things are what we read lately in a notable weekly.

There is no virtue or, to be fair, there is less virtue in collecting those writers whose fame is already established, and whose first editions everyone is trying to find at low prices. We do not condemn the suggestions. They have their value. But it is easy to recommend authors to the book-collector whom everyone, providing he has enough of this world's material goods, is collecting. There is little art in that, so long as your bank balance is big enough to foot the bill.

Real book-collecting is more than that. It starts from much earlier beginnings. Money *ad lib.* for book-collecting robs it of all the joys of the hunt. Robs it of individual valuation, of personal selection and judging. What we need is a sense that enables us to select those whom the affluents have not yet discovered. Doing it this way provides a literary ecstasy that cannot be measured by the riches of a Crœsus. There is no monetary possession that can offset the inestimable joy that comes to the modest man who, out of his inner soul, chooses the author of to-morrow, by reason of his long and persistent and earnest study of literary standards. And all this can be accomplished by the man of small means, as well as by the man of many possessions.

Those who would show us how to collect should not, in their well-meaning phrases, tell us that this and that author is being collected, when it is obvious to all. It is easy for all of us to be obvious, but it is quite another thing for us to be distinctive. This is the harder way. But it is the right, the constructive way, and the expert—let him be modest about it, knowing his own limitations—should do his best, if he would, by adventuring to give a little constructive help. He must, if he would be respected, do his level best to point the way to those—at present—unknown authors, who will, we believe, truly and faithfully be collected on the morrow.

And so we must justify our preachings.

For instance: I wonder how many readers of "The Collector" know anything about the work, very frugal at present, of A. M. Ritchie? She has written two stories, which have been recognised as a little more distinctive than most modern novels. Not much notice has been taken of them, except by those whose literary vision is not limited by a narrow horizon. And yet there is something very real in the mind that conceived and wrote these books. When it is realised that they come from the Hogarth Press, with which the Woolfs are associated, it will be realised that Miss Ritchie's work has been approved by the best judges. Even in the case of Mrs. Woolf herself, only a few collectors are awakening to her promise of greatness. Miss Ritchie's books may take time to reach high values, both literary and economic—but for me they already promise a future that will surely materialise.

There are many others close upon the door of the inner house of literature. We have here a dozen names of whom we will write as time and space and pleasure come to us.

THE MARKET.

This month there is a sale of a number of very interesting manuscripts of Tennyson at Messrs. Sotheby's. Some of these manuscripts are important, and all are, we understand, autograph. Naturally the copyright in the material is reserved. One of the items is a notebook containing a number of very early poems, and another is "The Devil and the Lady." This was written by Tennyson when he was fourteen years old, and incidentally published a few months since. Also some 1,200 lines of "The Princess" will be put up.

Since we wrote our last notes, the Poet Laureate, Robert Bridges, has passed on, and left almost a great reputation behind him. He was a purist in style, with a standard that no one could question, unless it were himself. At present his books are not very closely sought for, except by those who cherish the noblest form of expression, which can always be found in Robert Bridges's work. His "Testament of Beauty" will some day command an exceedingly high price. I suppose one can buy a copy of the first ordinary edition for four or five pounds, and the limited for anything from £10 upwards.

What a pity it is, that so many of our valuable historic documents should go to U.S.A. A few weeks since, the letter written by Queen Elizabeth to the Earl of Leicester was sold at auction to an American buyer for £580. If ever a document ought to have gone to the British Museum this one should have done, for there are not many personally written letters of Queen Elizabeth available.

Some interesting letters were also sold lately, all fetching good prices, notably a Dickens letter, describing his visits to the American Senate and House of Representatives, £480; a three and a half page letter from Jane Austen to Miss Martha Lloyd, £1,000; and a manuscript of Shelley's poem, "Swifter far than Summer's Flight," £820.

Naturally much attention has been focused upon Mr. Masefield since he was appointed Poet Laureate. It is a worthy selection. Mr. Masefield has been, and always will be, I suppose, a varied writer. One has only to look at the long list of his books to realise this. Mr. Masefield was widely interviewed at the time of his putting on the mantle of the Poet Laureate, and we caught new views of him. I expect, now that he is Poet Laureate, we shall find the value of his first editions appreciating. Not that they will rise to the high prices that obtained some years since. His "Salt Water Ballads" will always be a precious item—£40 to £50—because of its early date, and the fact that only a hundred or so were printed. Mr. Masefield has a great love of the sea, as many will recall who know something of his writings. His "Sea Fever" is always being quoted. One interviewer asked Mr. Masefield if he did not find the popularity of the poem somewhat burdensome. "The fact is," answered Mr. Masefield, "that the poem does not seem to belong to me. I am able to think of 'Sea Fever,' and of everything else I have written, in a spirit of absolute detachment. Once I have composed a poem it ceases to concern me."

When the Collected Edition of the works of Mr. Shaw was formally announced to the public, there was a great rush for sets. The publishers have not had an easy task to apportion the sets. We have ourselves failed to secure a copy! Only a thousand sets are being made. There will be about thirty volumes, octavo in size, and many will contain matter that has not before been published. The first four volumes will be published soon. The price per volume will, it is expected at the moment of writing, be a guinea. Anyone who is successful enough to procure a set will have a profitable possession, for there is no doubt at all that it will rapidly go up in price.

Here are some Limited Editions worth careful consideration:

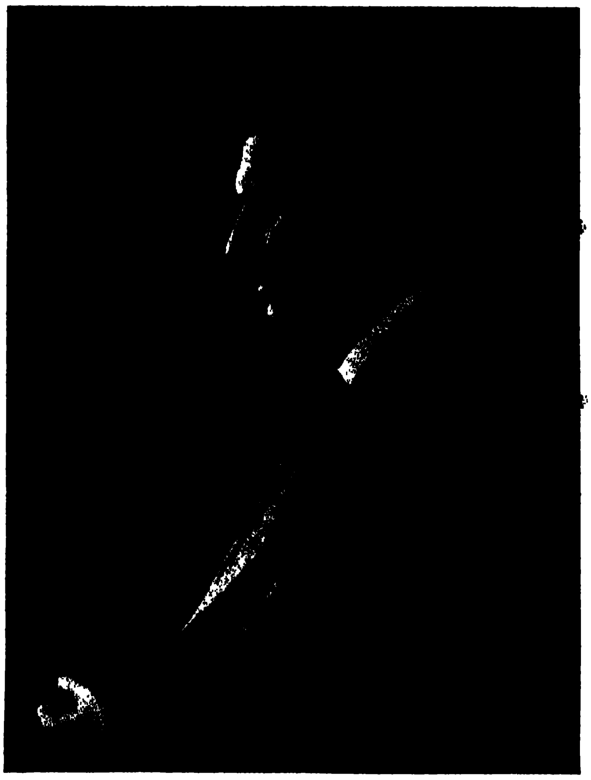
"The Three Wayfarers." By Thomas Hardy.
"Theme and Variations." By James Stephens.
"North of Suez." By William McFee.
"The Ecstasy of Angus." By Liam O'Flaherty.
"At All Costs." By Richard Aldington.
"Soames and the Flag." By John Galsworthy.
"Moby Dick." By Herman Melville.
"Tales." By Edgar Allan Poe.
"Typefounding." By Simon-Pierre Fournier.
"Homage to Meleager." By Humbert Wolfe.
"Etchings and Drypoints of Arthur Briscoe." By James Lever.
"The Jealous Ghost." By L. A. G. Strong.
"Adrian Glynde." By Martin Armstrong.
"Arthur Symons's Confessions: A Study in Pathology."
"Salammbô." By Gustav Flaubert. Illustrated by Alexander King.
"Seventeen Letters of Lord Byron to an Unknown Lady." Edited by Dr. Walter Edwin Peck.
"Brief Candles." By Aldous Huxley.
"Between the Lines." By H. M. Tomlinson.
"Elinor Barley." By Sylvia Townsend Warner.

Of the making of limited editions there seems to be

no end. And there is unwisdom in anyone who buys all and sundry. Some will suit one type of book-collector and some another. Limited editions are made to meet a demand; but they are not all justified. I watch my own purchases as closely as I watch the domestic outgoings! You will mix your purchases, earmarking some monies for ordinary editions and some for limiteds. Apply the same conclusions in book-collecting as do those shrewd gentlemen who go a-hunting in stocks and shares. Mix your investments. It is the best way, for both rich and poor and the middleman in this world's possessions.

Looking through the prices obtained at a recent important sale that included rare and valuable works both old and modern, it is evident that at the time of writing the market is depressed. Now is the time for collectors to draw upon their knowledge, to rely upon their taste and to make their purchases. The present low market prices will not always obtain. Before long there will be a distinct and definite advance. There are already signs.

We noticed at an American sale the following books were sold, and at prices that indicate the maintenance of high figures for certain kinds of old and rare books and first editions: Bennett's "Old Wives' Tale," $420; Dickens's "Christmas Carol," an uncut trial proof copy, $3,250; Hardy's "Far from the Madding Crowd," two vols., $1,000; Hardy's "Dynasts," three vols., $2,200; and Kipling's "Departmental Ditties," $1,025. The original MS. of Stevenson's "The Wrong Box," 147 pages, fetched $4,000.



Portrait by Walter Benington.

Mr. Holbrook Jackson.

Collectors might well look out for "A Book of Cats," being twenty drawings by Fougita, Prose Poems by Michael Joseph, S. A. Jacobs designer. There are to be 500 copies. Fougita will sign one of the drawings. The book, which emanates from America, is to be published at $25.00. Mr. Joseph is managing director of Messrs. Curtis Brown, the literary agents.

There is shortly to be issued "The Decameron of Giovanni Boccaccio," in two volumes. This new translation, by Frances Winwar, comes from New York. Mr. Burton Rascoe has written an introduction, and Mr. T. M. Cleland is the illustrator. And there is yet another one—translated by Richard Aldington, who lives in Paris nowadays. This edition is beautifully illustrated by Jean de Bosschere. It is in two volumes, and there are only 500 sets for sale in England.

Mr. Holbrook Jackson has been engaged upon a very important work for some time. The Soncino Press announce that they will publish it in November, in two volumes, and collectors should be sure of getting a copy. The title is "The Anatomy of Bibliomania." We are glad this is coming out, because Mr. Jackson—you will remember the charm of his "Eighteen Nineties," which we all ought to possess—does not write enough books. In this new work Mr. Jackson has accomplished a big task, in that he has traced the significance of books in the lives of men through all the curious and varied ramifications of their influence. The two volumes will comprise no less than 300,000 words. There are to be two editions—a limited one at twenty-eight shillings and a signed edition, also limited, of course, at six guineas. We shall refer to this again shortly.

It will interest our readers to learn that the first American edition of "Alice's Adventures in Wonderland," with its forty-two illustrations by John Tenniel, is worth quite a nice sum. A copy, beautifully bound by Sangorski & Sutcliffe, was offered the other day for $250.00, roughly some £50. It was published in 1866 by the Appletons.

Although first edition prices are low these days, some very good sums were paid for rare items at recent sales. But quite a number were knocked down to dealers at moderate figures: Kipling's "The Second Jungle Book," £4; Stephens's "Here Are Ladies," £1; Barrie's "Meredith," £3; Kipling's "Just So Stories," £4 10s.; Shaw's "John Bull's Other Island," £1; Barrie's "Auld Licht Idylls," £39; Wells's "New Machiavelli," 18s.; Galsworthy's "To Let," £1. These will serve as examples of the low prices obtaining, compared with previous sales of the same book. But some of these items were not absolutely in "mint" state.

The Pegasus Press, Paris, is issuing two magnificent volumes, at the price of nine guineas, of a book entitled "Spanish Illumination," by J. Dominguez Bordona, Keeper of the Department of Manuscripts in the Biblioteca Nacional, Madrid. There will be only 100 pages of text, but 160 plates in collotype. The specimen plate before us is a very fine reproduction.

Mr. A. Edward Newton is one of America's famous collectors. He has a magnificent library at his home in Philadelphia, where there happily rests upon his shelves some priceless first editions, notably a number of Johnson firsts, among no end of other extremely

scarce and precious items. Mr. Newton is not only a collector of books; he is a great and true lover of them. If you have ever read his delightful "Amenities of Bookselling" you will understand what we mean. This work by the way is fetching high prices in U.S.A., and the first edition will be very valuable one of these days. You cannot get a copy under fifty dollars. As a labour of love, Mr. Newton has written a book entitled "Thomas Hardy, Novelist or Poet." It is published by the author at $10.00, and the proceeds of the sale are to be paid over to the Committee for the Hardy Memorial. Mr. Newton, who always writes with so much charm, owns a great many Hardy letters, as well as the manuscript of "Far From the Madding Crowd." This new volume, "Thomas Hardy: Novelist or Poet," is decidedly worth collecting. There are reproduced in it many facsimiles of Hardy's writing.

GATHERING CATALOGUES.

Too few people quite realise the pleasures of catalogues. We never tire of reading them. There is always a romance in the entitled items in a nicely arranged catalogue. And the antiquarian bookseller has so much innate taste, that he presents them to us in a manner that must ever intrigue the imagination. More than that, he sets out his wares in so delectable a way, as to lure the silver from our pockets and the treasury note from our case. But who begrudges a few of these things for those gentle books which beckon us on his shelves? Not you and I, indeed.

Then let us look at the lists which follow. Beyond the poor praising that we have given them, there are thousands of others, and divers kind, for which the only knowledge will come from a reading of the catalogue by the pilgrim himself. And the lists are to be had for the asking.

"Give me good catalogues, sir," wrote a pleasant collector, "and I will give you a happy content."

That was a nice thing to say, and I understand, as many of my readers understand too, what he meant when, in his quietude of mind, he bid me know that he will give happy content in exchange for the pleasure of reading an alluring catalogue. Too little thought is sometimes given to these catalogues; for many are as finely made and edited as any book may be. For instance, there is one before me now that is a superfine thing. It is the noblest catalogue that I think has ever reached me from one of our famous antiquarian houses. It came to hand by the faithful postman, just a little while before I began these monthly notes, which always give me so much pleasurable anticipation as I approach the time for their writing. My small and modest letter-box was not wide enough to receive this Catalogue, which surely, more than any other that I know, deserves a capital first letter. So the good post messenger of His Majesty had to call my maid to open the door. That parcel was to give me many moments of bibliographic delight. It came from my friends, the Maggs, who are booksellers appointed to His Majesty King George V. A Grand List this: a superb List. One that brings a great dignity to my library. It contains no end of magnificent full-page plates, some of which are coloured. It measures nearly thirteen inches by close upon ten. The title of this Catalogue is "A Collection

of French Eighteenth Century Illustrated Books." The plates, of which, as I have said, there is a goodly array, are after Moreau le Jeune, Boucher, Choffard, Cochin, Coypel, Marillier, Eisen, Fessard, Greuze, St. Aubin, Gravelot and Monnet. The 271 books described in this magnificent List of 144 pages are all "in superb contemporary bindings" by such famous binders as Derome, Bisiaux, Douceur, Padeloup, Bozerain, Tessier, Mouillie, Meslant and others. You will be more than interested in knowing that it is seventy years since this notable House of Maggs, renowned throughout the world, first took down its shutters. Literally I suppose—for those were the days when shutters were an essential part of the shop. And this Catalogue has been issued in commemoration of that momentous day. If I began to talk about the many wonderful books in this List, I should sit far into the night; but the light that I should burn would be worthily spent. The values of these books range from a few pounds to hundreds of pounds. I wish I could discover the printer of this elegant volume; for he deserves more than a word of praise. He is entitled to a well-being of mind, to some of that happy content that my kindly correspondent wrote me of. How could it be otherwise, when he has made so fine a work! Our congratulations to him; our respectful salutations to the Maggs' for the idea, and my thanks to them for sending me the Catalogue.

I have written about the low prices that obtain among the first editions. There is no need for disappointment. They will remain low for a time, but it is doubtful if they will come back to last year's high figures. Oddly enough, those prices were, like stocks and shares, somewhat artificial. The present prices are too low. When the upward trend begins again they will, I am sure, rise to their *natural* market value. An instance of the present low prices is to be found in a list that has recently reached me from W. H. Smith & Son, of Southport. There are some 352 items in it, and every one is priced at an extremely moderate figure. Truth to tell, the fall in prices is to be noted in pretty well all catalogues. There are the Dobells' list, which shows the present conditions in their capital catalogue which they regularly post to me. This is list No. 363. I notice some of the much-sought-after Blunden books. Also they have a Norman Douglas entry of "South Wind" for £30, many Dunsany items, and lots of other alluring things.

Catalogue No. 40, issued by J. D. Miller, is a good list of modern books, first editions and association copies, and a number of works of general interest. I am particularly attracted by a number of books by W. W. Jacobs who, mark you, is being collected, and going up in price; some excellent copies of Sheila Kaye-Smith, Priestley, Galsworthy and others. Readable catalogues of modern first editions have been issued by Herbert Tremayne and M. E. Hartley, and in both cases there is very distinctive evidence of the low market values that we are finding everywhere just now. So now is the time to buy; because I am confident that, before long, the prices of all first editions will begin to appreciate again.

Messrs. W. M. Murphy reached us with their 253rd list. I have known them some years, but I must admit I was surprised at the high number of issue. The list covers Remainders—there's a lot to say, one of these days, about Remainders, and in good time we will say it—and a considerable collection of first editions. I was particularly attracted by a dozen or so books by Charles Lever, whom we wish people these days would not forget to read.

One discovers many new gestures in studying catalogues. Henry Start & Sons, for instance, sent me recently, and I was most glad to have it, what they describe as "Black Country Book Bulletin," No. 48. But there is no blackness in it—not a tittle. It contains a list of excellent books, and many standard sets, besides a number of modern first editions.

Three catalogues are lying on my table that call for somewhat special analysis. A largish one is that issued by Elkin Mathews: Catalogue No. 31. I shall use this as a kind of textbook. Anyhow, it will get dog-eared before long, because I am bound to refer to it a great deal. Which is some indication of my regard for it. There are over 1,900 entries in it, and I should say that I had marked for comment several hundred. If I began to make a selection of these, I should be unfair to the others—for there are no end of fascinating books in pleasing array, at worthy prices, in this estimable No. 31 catalogue. Mr. Muir's "Notes for Collectors" are admirable. He has, happily I am sure for the firm, recently joined them. These notes are the key to the right collecting temperament. Do get a copy of this list, and I shall feel happier, because I've turned my mind against the very seductive temptation to start writing about some of these nineteen hundred books. See for yourself if I am not right in my judgment, that here are good gatherings of the best of modern firsts.

The second list is entitled "First Editions of Modern Authors, and Books from Private Presses," recently acquired by Ingpen & Stonehill. The list belongs to a new series, and is numbered 17. Not a long list this, but though quantity may be on the short side, the quality, as one would expect from this firm, is of a high standard. There are, I notice, moderate in price, books by R. H. Mottram, Robert Bridges, A. E. Coppard, John Galsworthy, Robert Graves, Arthur Machen, C. E. Montague and a number of items from private presses. There are one or two books by authors whose books I would advise readers to buy, as they come across them: Martin Armstrong, H. E. Bates, Helen Beauclerk, Rhys Davies, Eric Gill, Sean O'Casey and Con O'Leary. Some of these I shall write about at greater length, one of these days.

Douglas Cleverdon's New List—his fourth—makes the third catalogue I wanted to mention specially. It consists of five hundred modern first editions, and there is a very nice foreword from Mr. Cleverdon in this admirably produced list. The layout, as we say in Fleet Street, is very pleasing. Each author is set in the middle of the line in capitals, and the page is indeed clear and

pleasant to the eye. And Mr. Cleverdon is obviously a bookman, as well as a bookseller; for he has set up a stock of books for you and me to purchase that would please the most fastidious of bibliophiles.

Time passes, and these notes, desultory and scrappy, but friendly, have to be set up in an hour or two, and they have to fly across London to the printer who is greedily awaiting them; so I must pass rapidly by, with just a nod and an apology to a list or so that I have kept to the last because, between you and me, they came to me last of all. It doesn't mean that they are of least value. Dear me, no. There are goodly things to be delved for, and luckily found in them. Two hail from London, and the others from America. Mr. Quaritch delivered to me his list of "Rare and Valuable Books Relating to Geography, Voyages, Travels and Navigation." I dare say you have noticed how this kind of catalogue sets me tingling, and restlessly wandering in spirit about the corners of the earth; to which I would journey across seas, no longer strange to us as they were to Frobisher and Drake and his kidney. Well, I can't go; so there you are. Perhaps you can't go either. Let's go building galleys for our adventuring in the titles and descriptions in this Quaritch Catalogue.

Then Maggs have issued a list (541) of "French Books Before A.D. 1700" A very useful catalogue And another issue (540) of books about "English Literature and History from the Fifteenth to the Eighteenth Century." . . . The American catalogues come nicely packed, and in friendly manner, from Goodspeed's Book Shop, Boston; and the White Rare Book Co, Miami. I think I shall have to reserve these for a little further talk next month. One is a list of autographs.

CONCENTRATION IN COLLECTING.

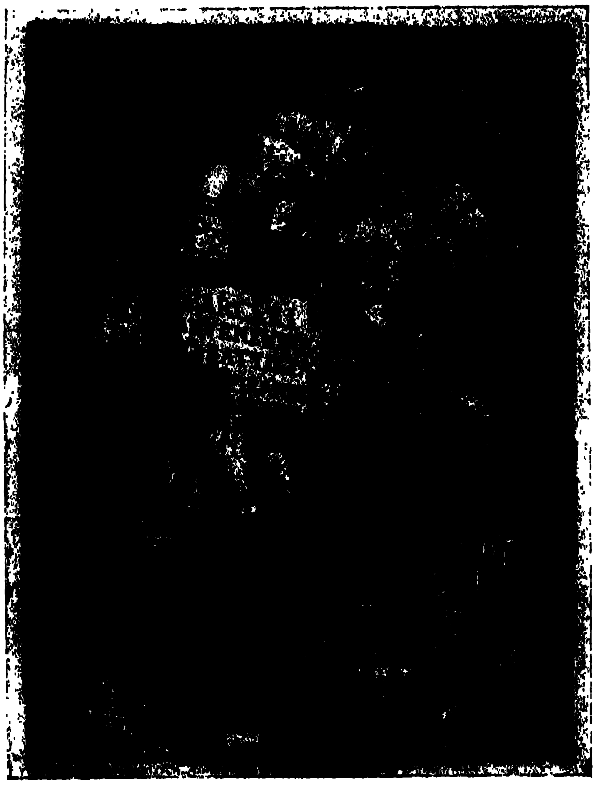
It is not a bit of good treating the business of book-collecting in a casual manner. Anyone who does that will never make a success of it.

The collecting of books, no matter what form it takes or what aspect of it is pursued, must be done with enthusiasm and with wisdom. Sometimes, when we become enthusiastic, discretion flies out of the window But that is *not* enthusiasm. It is merely ungoverned and misdirected impulse. There is, unfortunately, a good deal of this to be found among the pseudo-collectors. Those who catch at the straws of it, and miss the beauties underlying its pleasantness and its charm.

Book-collecting of the highest order, which is the right kind of book-collecting, only gains a reasonable end after much study and concentration. In saying this, the reader may fear that it is a hard task, and possibly not nearly so attractive as we would make out. On the contrary, the harder the work involved, the greater the delight. One is always finding a new facet for it; a new and pleasing road. Our quest, whether it be for the precious and the high priced, or just an inexpensive item, we must pursue both with equal concentration. No set of rules may be laid upon the table of our mind as to how we shall do this concentration. But it is necessary to say that we must steep ourselves in our great and glorious literature. Through

this golden portal comes intellectual emancipation. Let the collector work out for himself his own valuation, study planes of literary movements, watch the growth and development of new coteries, analyse the work of untried but promising new writers, use the antiquarian catalogue in a way that the student would use a textbook; but above all, let him set up his own standards—so long as those standards are built upon the rock of knowledge, of wise enthusiasm.

The buying and selling of first editions for profit is all so much like buying and selling of stocks and shares. The wise man buys wisely and holds his investments, if he has no interest in risking his fortune in the hope of capital appreciation. Those who go in for stocks and shares for the latter purpose, sometimes in their haste buy on a rising market—and then the prices take a turn downwards. Or a man holds on too long, and he loses in that way. If an individual means to make money out of first editions, he needs to buy *very* carefully, for one can never be sure how the market is going to move. Many people rushed to buy certain books last year that were fetching high prices, and now they are very sad when they see them on their shelves, and realise that if they sold them now they would lose at least half what they paid for them, whereas they had hoped to make a hundred per cent. profit.



Piranesi, Carceri (The Prisons), 1750.

From Messrs. E. Parsons & Sons' Illustrated Catalogue of Books on Art.

This is *not* the way to buy and sell. Buy at the beginning, when an author is unknown to the majority, but who *is* known to you. After long study, you have reached a point of literary discrimination which helps you to guess with some shrewdness about an author's future.

That is the way to make a big profit. But it is the hardest possible thing to do. Besides, when you have come to that point, you'll find it even a harder task to sell your old friends. The book is a much more valuable thing then, than the big margin of profit. It is a way books have with us.

A MEDIÆVAL MORALIST.*

The moralists and preachers of the Middle Ages were apt in telling illustration. They loved to enforce attention to their admonitions by rejoicing anecdotes. As they possessed a robust conscience they were not particularly squeamish as to the propriety of these narratives. If they could secure and hold the attention of their audience, better things might be added unto them. Did the mediæval moralist think it necessary to urge his readers not to beat their wives mercilessly on insufficient provocation, he would apply his text by an anecdote of the inconvenience suffered by the husband of a wife with a broken nose or a blind eye. "It is hard to keep a wife whom everyone admires, and if no one admires her it is hard to live with her yourself." Mediæval moralists so abound in illustration that the light is obscured by their richly painted windows. This passion of the Middle Ages for parable could be illustrated from many of their most popular books—"The Gesta Romanorum" for instance. It is very evident also in the volume under notice, "The Book of the Knight of La Tour Landry," printed and published in a most tasteful form as the first venture of the Verona Society, to which we offer our hearty congratulations and wish every success. The Society could have commenced its career with no fresher and less hackneyed work. "The Book of the Knight of La Tour Landry" contains the advice of a French mediæval father to his three daughters on many delicate and interesting topics, with anecdotes appropriate in his judgment to the occasion. Geoffrey de La Tour Landry was an Angevin gentleman, living in the fourteenth century, who after some experience of war with the English settled down on his estate and devoted himself to his family. For the edification of this family of two sons and three daughters, and undeterred by the fact that he was a widower, the good knight wrote two books profitable for admonition, for rebuke and for instruction in righteousness. He was obviously the possessor of a remarkably fine library, and was assisted in his labours by two priests and two clerks of his household. These extracted such passages from the Scriptures, from history and from classical sources as were suitable for his purpose, and to these the knight added from a copious and well-stored memory. It is unfortunate that the manual for the edification of his sons is lost. That for the daughters remains, and indeed "was the manual of deportment for girls of birth in France, England, and such parts of Germany as were relatively civilised, from the year of its appearance to well in the Renaissance." The popularity of the original caused it to be translated into English in the reign of Henry VI, and later on a version was prepared by Caxton for the service of his press. The version used by the Verona Society is based on that issued by the Early English Text Society in 1906, with considerable portions taken bodily from Caxton. The more archaic terms have been simplified in the interest of the unlettered student, and a glossary added to explain such as remain in the text. Above all an introduction is provided by that admirable scholar, Mr. Wyndham Lewis, abounding to the full in his whims, whams and temperamental qualities, and telling the general reader precisely what it is necessary for him to know.

The object of the Knight of La Tour Landry in writing his book was to press upon his daughters the cultivation of those Christian virtues which make not only for salvation in the next world but also for prosperity in this. Temporal success and eternal felicity are like a tangled yarn inextricably mingled together. Anecdotes abound,

* "The Book of the Knight of La Tour Landry." Edited by G. S. Taylor, with an Introduction by D. B. Wyndham Lewis. The Verona Society, London, 1930. £3 3s. (Hamilton.)

for instance, to prove that the grace of courtesy leads a woman to queenship on earth, as well as to the Kingdom of Heaven. In spite of the deep and evident piety of the writer, it is clear that the virtues regarded by him as so desirable in woman may be considered as the modest ideal of the mediæval husband. For generations men have pressed upon women gratuitous advice as to their dress, the making up of the face, the government of their eyes, and the danger of applying hot and rebellious liquors to the blood—advice which woman consistently has ignored. Such touching counsels were offered by the Chevalier de La Tour Landry to his daughters; they are urged by insistent parents on the wilful maidens of to-day. And the moralist of the future will still persist in well-doing with a similar result.

It is to be hoped that the success of "The Book of the Knight of La Tour Landry" may encourage the Verona Society to continue its activities, for it is the intention of the Society to carry out a complete survey of those novel classics of our literature that were a part of the daily reading of Shakespeare. This is a consummation devoutly to be wished. EUGENE MASON.

THE WORKS OF FRANÇOIS VILLON.*

Mr. Atkinson has written his introduction to this collected Works of François Villon at a time when we most needed it, for we have been lately led astray by the musical play and talking film in which the "*povre petit escollier*" (as he named himself) is shown as the romantic hero, the king of the vagabonds. "Latter-day writers," says Mr. Atkinson, "have created a 'Villon' whose existence is denied by the words of the poet himself." It would seem by this that a man must allow legend to play fast and loose with him to be certain of his immortality. But Villon stands so plainly in his work that there is no fear of the real man being lost to those who care to read. His short poem, "*Le Debat du Cuer et du Corps de Villon,*" with its recurring piece of dialogue in which the heart cries: "*Plus ne t'en dis,*" always with the body's reply: "*Et je m'en passeray,*" is a masterpiece of self-revelation.

Mr. Atkinson has set side by side with the original French his translation into English prose. If he aimed at suggesting the full beauty of Villon's verse in his translation he has not succeeded; it escapes prose; and Mr. Atkinson's prose has too often an air of the schoolroom about it. To take an example at random—the lovely stanza in "*Le regrets de la belle Heaulmiere*" (from *Le Testament*): "*Ainsi le bon temps regretons Entre nous, povres vielles sottes. Assises bas, a crouppetons, Tout en ung tas comme pelottes, A petit feu de chenevottes Tost allumees, tost estaintes; Et jadis fusmes si mignottes! . . .*" is reduced to a shambling prose passage beginning: "Thus we poor silly old crones look back with regret, among ourselves, to our happy days . . ." But if Mr. Atkinson merely aimed at giving his translation as a guide to those of us who would find difficulties with the fifteenth century French, this he has adequately done.

His introduction is divided into chapters on Villon's Life, Language, Culture, Experience, Personality and Character, and his Art. There is much in these chapters that is interesting, though in "Language" Mr. Atkinson sometimes speaks of "poetic" and "unpoetic" words as though Byron had never written: "To the kind reader of our sober clime, This way of writing will appear exotic," nor Bridges "The Testament of Beauty."

The edition is limited to five hundred and sixty copies.

CHRISTOPHER HARRIS.

GRAVESTONES OF ACADIE.†

This is a beautiful piece of typography, and the printers, Messrs. A. Smith & Co., are to be highly congratulated upon

* Edited by Geoffrey Atkinson. 25s. (Eric Partridge.)

† "Gravestones of Acadie, and Other Essays on Local History, Genealogy and Parish Records of Annapolis County, Nova Scotia." By William Inglis Morse. With photographs by the author. Regular Edition, £3 3s. net. Edition de luxe, £15 15s. net. (Quaritch.)

it. The paper is very desirable, while the binding of the ordinary edition—which the reviewer has before him—is really excellent, being what is called, we suppose, quarter bound in red morocco The photographs are extremely well done The binding has been carried out by S & S—which we suppose stands for Sangorski & Sutcliffe A worthy piece of work. There are fifty copies of the edition de luxe, and four hundred and fifty copies of the other

Annapolis County is a place full of interesting historical data And Mr. Morse has put the facts before us in a readable manner. There are twenty-five illustrations, all of which are referred to in the eight chapters. The work will not of course appeal to a great number of people, but there will be a few for whom this valuable historical record of these gravestones will have some attraction The author might well have written a book around his subject in a dull and uninteresting manner, but Mr Morse has been intelligent enough to make his work readable It is Chapter One that concerns itself with the Gravestones of Arcadie, and the other chapters have to do with a French vase, the story of which has its beginnings in one of the wildest parts of Nova Scotia, and the documents having to do with the fisheries—all of which are of considerable interest The parish records of Annapolis, Granville and Wilmot, and the data about the *Mayflower* all make good reading

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Further replies concerning Mr Kirby's article in last month's BOOKMAN

My practice is to revise catalogue lists each year where six or more catalogues have been sent and no order has resulted, the name is removed from the mailing list My comment on the three classes is

Number one No business man but merely the printer's friend Number two Perhaps too hasty fair trial should be given Number three Bad policy with real buyers

C HOWES (St Leonards-on-Sea)

My own practice is to send catalogues regularly to any applicant for at least three years I do not think it is reasonable for the collector to expect the bookseller to continue sending catalogues if repeated offers of a wide selection of his stock have failed to produce any response over a reasonable period, but I think it would be unwise to remove any name from his mailing list quickly It seems to me that the collector has a legitimate grudge only against your third class of bookseller, which I think must be a very small class indeed On the whole I think catalogues are well appreciated Anyway they are an essential tool of the trade, and although some pseudo-collectors use them merely for gathering information, their good service outweighs the disadvantages BERTRAM ROTA (London)

I belong to the first class of bookseller and send catalogues for a reasonable period, say two years, after which period I revise my mailing list I have never heard of the third class In practice I have found that an addressee may pass four or five catalogues before he finds something to interest him R BRIGG (Arundel, Sussex)

As auctioneers it is not our practice to send catalogues regularly to anyone who has not expressed a wish to receive them Those who desire to have them usually indicate their wish by paying a nominal registration fee for the various classes of catalogues, at the rates shown in the leaflet which we enclose All our more important catalogues are published in two editions one of which contains illustrations made by the collotype process

SOTHEBY & CO (London)

As far as possible we send catalogues whether a purchase is made or not We check the interest of our customers periodically by sending out a form which they are asked to return marked with the subjects they collect. We can understand the motives of Mr. Kirby's second class of bookseller, but we should have thought that [illegible] anxious for quick returns, he would have chosen a[illegible] profession The third class of bookseller expects th[illegible] lectors to pay him for issuing catalogues An exce[illegible] idea! Then the collectors will be in a position to dem[illegible] that the bookseller has them printed more carefully [illegible] pleasantly than he does now

J KYRLE FLETCHER, Ltd (Newport)

It is our practice to send our catalogues to all custome[illegible] on our mailing list, and we continue to do so whether th[illegible] purchase or not The list is of course overhauled ev[illegible] few years DOUGLAS FOULIS (Edinburgh)

It is our practice to follow the first catalogue applied [illegible] with the next two or three issues of our monthly supp[illegible]ment If no order or other communication has b[illegible] received from the applicant by then we drop the mat[illegible] presuming that the catalogues do not interest this pa[illegible]ticular person With the present high cost of catalogu[illegible] production and postage we cannot afford to send unappre[illegible]ciated lists for indefinite periods As to book buyers i[illegible] general being appreciative of catalogues, we think they a[illegible] knowing that a great number of those who apply for [illegible] lists promptly send an order and many become very [illegible] customers We have built up a large and valuable [illegible]g list in this way

WILLIAM GLAISHER, Ltd (London)

I have no hard and fast rule, but generally [illegible]king if catalogues are sent to a collector over a pe[illegible] of two years (which in my case represents twenty cat[illegible]alogues) and the collector finds nothing to order througho[illegible]t this time, I can only conclude that the type of books I d[illegible]al in are not such as the recipient collects, and that he [illegible]can have no further interest therein The preparation [illegible]nd issue of catalogues represent a large expenditure of bo[illegible]th time and money, and the employment of a staff of skille[illegible]d assistants All this is freely and willingly given, but the p[illegible]rimary object is to sell the books that are offered An oc[illegible]casional order ensures that the collector's name will be re[illegible]tained on the permanent mailing list But why should a collector who has continuously received a catalogue for two years, without ordering therefrom expect more? Or if he wants more why should he expect them free? Any tradesman must cut non-productive expenditure sooner [illegible]ot later or he could not carry on "Silence is golden" b[illegible]t the silent collector who responds neither by order nor thanks nor even an offer to pay mailing expenses, does not help to meet the inexorable demands of the landlord and the rate collector P J DOBELL (Bruton Street, London)

I circularise certain groups of people to whom I think my catalogues may appeal Anyone who orders is put on my mailing list (more or less permanently) Any who write acknowledging the catalogue and asking for future iss[illegible]ues are put on my mailing list, and if no order is forthco[illegible] in twelve months the name is taken off *The first* [illegible] who sends catalogues, etc, must waste a lot of money [illegible] does not weed his mailing list every twelve months or [illegible] *The second dealer* is not to be blamed in any way *The thi[illegible] dealer* must be able to issue really fine illustrated catalogues to demand an annual sum for a further supply"

F GUNTRIP (Tonbridge)

Further replies will be published next month.

The Bookman

"I am a Bookman."—*James Russell Lowell.*

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A CALL TO ADVENTURE.*

By Hugh I'A Fausset

MR TOMLINSON has done a bold thing. He has challenged a mechanistic civilisation in a land where the machine has most signally triumphed. But he has also done a wise thing. For he has addressed his challenge to the young. It would be very interesting to know how his audiences at Harvard, Princeton, Yale, Cornell and Columbia Universities reacted to his words. But it is too much to hope that a single lecture could explode the modern faith in the immortality of machinery and the eternal output of engines. I cannot doubt that it set many of his listeners upon a new road which may lead to a change of heart and of mind, while it fostered in others that secret revolt against the hard, material aspect of their age which, if still unvoiced, is slowly gathering momentum. It is needless to say that, although Mr Tomlinson lifts his voice crying in the industrial and scientific wilderness, his intonation is not that of an Isaiah or a John the Baptist. He has seen enough of explosives in his life to know that the appeal in all matters of the spirit is more effective than the assault. And no critic of the accustomed ways of the world ever spoke with more gentleness or humility. For one of the secrets of Mr Tomlinson's achievement as an artist lies in the fact that he has always humbled himself before the mystery of life. It was, perhaps, the sea which taught him first the wisdom and necessity of accepting one's own littleness, if one hopes to experience the greatness of reality. As he writes in the short tale by which he is represented in "Great Sea Stories of All Nations," "I murmured something feeble and sociable. I saw then why sailors never talk directly of the sea. Talking largely of the sea is something like the knowing talk of young men about women; and what is a simple sailor man that he should open his mouth on mysteries?"



Mr H. M. Tomlinson.

From a drawing by Helen Wilson

And perhaps the greatest loss which the machine has inflicted on the modern world is that it has fostered a delusion of mastery which is fatal to the illusion of mystery. And it is against that pride and all its sterile, sophisticated fruits that Mr Tomlinson opposes the humility of the sailor and the artist. For the sailor who cannot rest on land, who "would go to sea again, because it is better than suicide, or would sail the Indian Ocean, and go on till he comes to the region where day is born," obeys the same impulse and knows the same loneliness as the artist who must follow the inner compulsion of his genius though he cannot tell whither it may lead or whether he shall ever [illegible] the port of his desire. The vision of truth and of beauty, the intuition of some harmony to be realised and some new meaning to be won from the uncomprehended has, no less than the sea to which Mr Tomlinson applies the words, "moved the wonder of men, and has troubled their minds with surmises which went beyond the edge of the earth." The sailor and the artist each embark upon a voyage into the unknown, submitting themselves to elemental forces and the ordeal of the deep, yet opposing to these forces the tenacious logic of the human mind. And in Mr. Tomlinson the simplicity of the sailor is combined with the subtlety of the artist,

* "Between the Lines." By H. M. Tomlinson. 5s. (Humphrey Milford.) "Great Sea Stories of All Nations." Edited with Introduction by H. M. Tomlinson. 8s. 6d. (Harrap.)

and as he uses the language of the sea in discussing the hazards that the imaginative life involves and the integrity which it demands, so he interprets the hunger of the seaman for far horizons and his positive acceptance of hardship in terms of poetry. For him, in short, the life of thought, no less than the life of action, if it is to have real meaning, is a religious activity in the deepest sense of the word. And it is this conception of literature which he has upheld in "Between the Lines." "I see no essential difference," he writes, "between Isaiah and Swift as men with something to say to us. I am unable to separate religion and literature. For me they are the same. The writer who would give his public what it wants, with his tongue in his cheek, is in the same class exactly as the other fellow who once took pieces of silver in payment for treachery. He denies the light. And whether the public wants what we have to say has nothing to do with it. Perhaps the public is a good judge; perhaps the public realizes that there is precious little in what we have to say; and so neglects us, quite properly. That is for the poet to discover for himself; and discovery will depend on the depth and selflessness of his convictions and on his courage." And all through this lecture he emphasises the truth, so little regarded by those who reduce art to entertainment or to mere mental or sensational excitement, that our attitude to it is of the deepest significance, that it betrays our day, and that even bad and indifferent criticism of books is just as serious as a city's careless drainage. And this conception of art as a spiritual activity he opposes necessarily to scientific materialism. Against the idea, for example, that salvation can be found through external, mechanical manipulation he upholds the truth that all real advance comes from within. As he writes, "We change our thoughts and change our world. And that is the task of the poet." And the same creative conception governs his discussion of "style" Style means at once more and less to him than to self-conscious literary people. It is a little thing in the sense that it should never force itself upon our notice either as eccentricity or ornamentation. But it is significant because it is inseparable from substance, because it "depends, first and last, on what a writer has to say, and the kind of man he is. It is not his dress, but the essential man, the man even his friends may not know." It is good or bad according to the spirit which forms it, and if that spirit is creative it has that "indefina[ble] appeal which is in the form, colour, and poise o[f a] daffodil when the light favours it." What, in sho[rt,] Mr. Tomlinson pleaded for throughout this lect[ure] was a renewal of the creative impulse, and inevita[bly] that spectre of destruction, the war, haunted [his] thoughts. His own "All Our Yesterdays" is one [of] the few war novels in which the horror of that holoca[ust] is presented not as an awful accident but as inevitab[ly] determined by the slowly gathering forces generat[ed] by fear, lust and stupidity. But at least, as he adm[its] in this lecture, "the war made a revolution. It ve[ry] definitely displayed in Europe the reality under tho[se] polite and smooth appearances of society which till th[en] the young had never questioned. Now they kn[ow] what is in the family vault. No wonder they [cann]ot sing the old songs! No wonder, as there se[ems] to [be] no escape, they regard the saxophone an[ex]pressi[ve] instrument! No wonder they think there is no ne[ed] to look anywhere for the truth about life but in t[he] biological laboratory!"

But inevitable a such disillusion may have been, [it] is, if persisted in, no less fatal than the folly and fals[ity] of which it is the fruit. And in place of this spirit [of] buoyant and freely expressed cynicism, accepting t[he] rule of Mammon and of the Machine because nothi[ng] matters, or cleverly deriding the faith that sustained m[en] in the past because it was mixed with credulity, M[r.] Tomlinson has held up an ideal of informed creativen[ess] and invited the young to respond to it at whatever co[st.] It may seem a forlorn appeal to make to anyone rear[ed] in our materialistic society. But though young peo[ple] may worship the machine, it is rare for them, as he sa[ys,] to admire Mammon. And since it is a call to adventu[re] it would be useless to look, as he writes of the call [of] the sea, for common sense in it. But the young a[re] not wed to self-interest and I cannot doubt that M[r.] Tomlinson's appeal to them to give the modern wo[rld] a spirit which it has not and without which all [its] ingenuity and energy can only prove death's ministe[r] will evoke a response. And to become artists in l[ife] as distinct from artful exploiters of it, hard as the ta[sk] is and dangerous as the solitudes of spirit are to whi[ch] it leads, is an adventure no less kindling to our manho[od] than that of the sea, of which "Great Sea Stories of [All] Nations" is a finely representative record.

CHARLES LAMB: SOME SIDE-LIGHTS FROM BARRY CORNWALL.

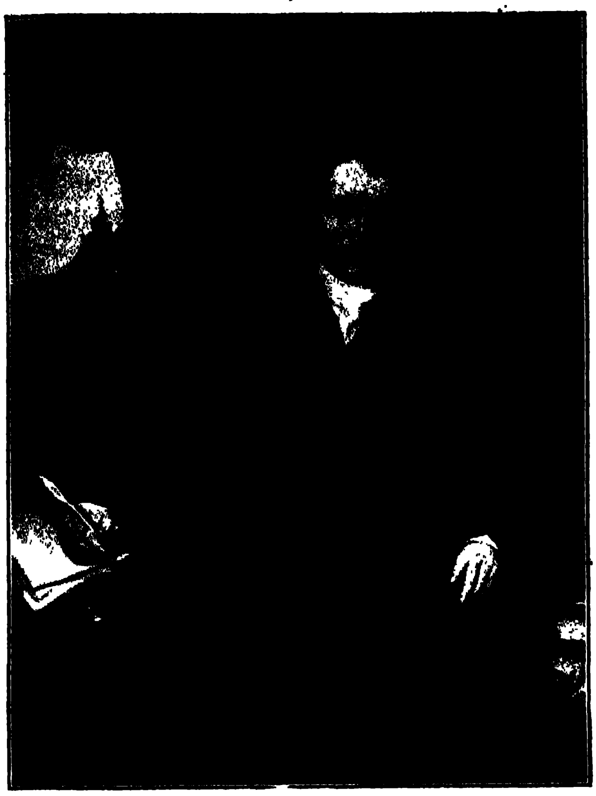
By John M. Turnbull.

IN an interesting article in THE BOOKMAN of March, 1922, Major Butterworth identified beyond dispute the portrait of Pope which drew from Lamb the glowing acknowledgment contained in his letter of April 13th, 1823, addressed to Bryan Waller Procter, more familiarly known as Barry Cornwall, the author of "Charles Lamb: A Memoir":

> "I have hung up Pope, and a gem it is, in my town room; I hope for your approval. Though it accompanies the 'Essay on Man,' I think that was not the poem he is here meditating. He would have looked up, somehow affectedly, if he were just conceiving 'awake, my St. John.' Neither is he in the 'Rape of the Lock' mood exactly. I think he has just made out the last lines of the 'Epistle to Jervi[s]' between gay and tender,
>
> 'And other beauties envy Worsley's eyes.'
>
> "I'll be damn'd if that isn't the line. He is broodi[ng] over it with a dreamy phantom of Lady Mary floati[ng] before him. He is thinking which is the earliest day a[nd] hour that she will first see it. What a miniature piece [of] gentility it is! Why did you give it me? I do not li[ke] you enough to give you anything so good."

The portrait concerned, as established by Maj[or] Butterworth, was an engraving by J. H. Robinson aft[er] Charles Jervas, executed as a frontispiece for Robe[rt] Jennings's 1819 folio edition of the "Essay on Man,"

Lamb might have had something to add to his appreciation, on the score of Modern Gallantry, had he known that the portrait was merely an extract from a larger picture from which the gay figure of Martha Blount hovering against a background of books had been excised. We meet Lamb's copy once more, in Procter's obituary notice in the *Athenæum* of January 24th, 1835. "The room in which he lived," writes Procter of Lamb's lodgings in Russell Street, which he occupied until September, 1824, "was plainly and almost carelessly furnished. Let us enter it for a moment. Its ornaments, you see, are principally several long shelves of ancient books; (those are his 'ragged veterans'). Some Hogarth's prints, two after Leonardo da Vinci and Titian, and a portrait of Pope, enrich the walls."



Charles Lamb.

From the painting by Meyer in the India Office.

Shortly after this exchange of courtesies, Procter was invited by the publishers, James Carpenter & Son, to contribute a commentary to their "Effigies Poeticæ: or Portraits of the British Poets," which was published in 1824; the "Conclusion" to the commentary being dated 10th April of that year, or just two days over a year after the date of Lamb's letter. The commentary was issued separately in a nicely printed octavo, the portraits apparently being made up in portfolio; though a handsome large paper issue of the former was also published with the plates interleaved. In the introduction, the commentator confesses the adoption of "another man's idea, which is neither the poet's nor our own." The identity of that other man does not seem obscure when the above confession is ranged alongside certain unmistakable veiled allusions to Lamb that are scattered through the text. If this surmise is correct, a still lighter demand on the imagination will suggest the deliberate expansion into a system of Lamb's fanciful treatment of the Pope portrait. Adoption of Lamb's method is clearly apparent in the notes on the portraits of several of the more famous poets even though the brilliance of the original instance is missing.



Photo by A. Debenham, Southsea. **Alexander Pope.**

From a contemporary painting.

"More of the adventurer, the soldier, or the courtier, perhaps, than of the poet," writes Procter, "may be traced in this likeness of Sir Walter Raleigh. There is neither the collected meditative look, nor the soaring glance which is said to accompany the 'fine madness'; but there is a gay, shrewd, undaunted eye, fit for a hero, or the gallant, who cast down his cloak amidst the dust for the 'virgin queen' to tread upon."

That of Prior:

"does not, indeed, coincide with our recollections of some of his verses; but it is an exceedingly striking portrait. It indicates the author of 'The Nut Brown Maid,' or perhaps the diplomatist, but scarcely the humorous fabler."

Thompson's face "is a personification of the Castle of Indolence, without its romance"; while Anstey, he considers, "looks fit to have been the author of the Bath or the Pleader's Guide."

Of Spenser he writes, "There is an eye accustomed to dwell on the shadows of the fancy, on fictions of the woods and waters,

"On perilous seas, and fairy lands forlorn"—

and one feels that the aptness of the quotation, together with his share in giving currency as household words to the line, excuses the mutilation.

Pope, regrettably, is represented not by Robinson's engraving from Jervas's picture, but by the well-known head by Hudson, so extraordinarily like, in attitude, costume and expression, to Hoare's chalk drawing. No doubt considerations of copyright alone excluded the portrait which surely both Procter and Lamb would have favoured. The Jervas picture was at this time in possession of George Watson Taylor, by whose permission Robinson's extract from it was made and

published. Taylor was bibliographer as well as bibliophile, being associated with the Roxburgh Club, and as such, whether under obligation to Jennings or not, would not lightly cheapen a privilege already extended to the publisher by authorising so early a reprint of this particular engraving. It may be assumed therefore that the Carpenters for their venture had to content themselves with the best substitute they were able to procure.

Two of the veiled allusions to Lamb referred to above strike so characteristic a note as to qualify them almost for inclusion in an appendix to the "Dramatic Specimens." One on Sandys's Ovid is consistent with such references to that work as are recorded in his correspondence:

"His best work, however, is his translation of Ovid; and from this volume we must take leave to make one extract, because it is a great favourite with a very excellent friend of ours. The passage relates to the change of Cadmus and Hermione into Serpents, and is in the fourth Book of the Metamorphoses.

His tongue was yet in motion, when it cleft
In two, forthwith of human speech bereft:
He Hiss'd when he his sorrows sought to vent,
The only language now which nature lent.
His wife her naked bosom beats, and cries:
'Stay, Cadmus, and put off these prodigies.
You Gods, why also am I not a snake?'
He licked her willing lips even as she spake:
Into her well-known bosom glides; her waste
And yielding neck with loving twines embrac't:—
Now they are two, who crept together chained
Till they the covert of the wood attained.
*These gentle dragons, knowing what they were,
Do hurt to no man,* no man's presence fear.'"



Charles Lamb.
Scratched on copper from life in 1825, by his friend Brook Pulham.

The other deals with Francis Quarles, bearing out the identity of the critic, and agreeably supplementing Lamb's observations on that author as expressed in his correspondence with Southey:

"The following is one of his elegies, and is admired by one of the very best judges of English literature, and our friend, to boot. We quote, once more, upon the strength of his authority, and in order to show our regard for him. The sixteenth Elegy goes to show the impartiality of death —that he strikes the eagle, and spares the kite—that

'Queen's drop away when blue-leg'd Maukin lives,
And courtly Mildred dies, when country Madge survives.'

and the seventeenth Elegy thereupon opens thus:

'Retract that word, false quill! O let mine eyes
Redeem that language with a thousand tears:
Our Mildred is not dead: *How passion lies!*
How ill that sound does relish in these ears:
Can she be dead whose conquering soul defies
The bands of death, and worse than death, the fears?
No, no, she sits enthron'd, and smiles to see
Our childish passions; she triumphs, while we
In sorrow, blaze her death, that's death and sorrow free.'"

In the portraits of Herrick, Henry More, and Swift, Procter finds respective resemblances to three of Lamb's most intimate friends—Southey, Wordsworth, and Coleridge. One might well wonder who first discovered these likenesses. Their noting at least suggests a companionable perusal of the plates, before publication, by Elia and his biographer, whence also may have emerged the various significances of the portraits referred to in a higher paragraph as extensions of Lamb's contemplation of the Pope portrait.

In this work we find the first account of Lamb's famous Ben Jonson joke against Procter, who relates the story more circumstantially both in 1830, in the *New Monthly Magazine*, and in 1866, in "Charles Lamb: a Memoir." It is here introduced with true Boswellian ingenuousness into the notes on William Walsh, of whom:

"We have nothing to say for him—or against him. We are in the predicament of a friend of ours who once cut a indifferent joke for the first time in his life; whereupon a notorious wag who was present, observed in an encouraging tone, 'Ah, indeed, very well, very well: Ben Jonson has said worse things—and better.'"

"What a desperate postscript is this to a letter of compliment," adds the victim.

In his note on Dr. Watts, Procter observes:

"We have heard a witty friend of ours recite (with an emphasis on the second word)—

'How *doth* the little busy bee,' etc.

in a way to satisfy us that his industry might be traced with little trouble to the poem of Dr. Watts. Whether our friend's humour, his shrewdness, his fine talent for depicting the drolleries of our nature, may be ascribed to the same influence, we know not."

Although the little book is anonymous, we may assume from the note on Quarles, quoted above, that its author did not intend to conceal his identity at least from Lamb. Lamb's library was composed, for the great part, of the junk of the extra-illustrators, salved from the stalls. We learn from Moxon that none of them contained portraits; so one can imagine the interest the "Effigies Poeticæ" would have afforded him. Whether Procter was directly influenced by him in the production of the work or not, the indirect influence which we have traced should suffice to earn for it a humble place after White's "Falstaff's Letters," Wilson's "Defoe," Burnett's "Prose Specimens," and Dupuy's "Pamphile," in that chapter of Lambiana that might be entitled "The Finger of Lamb."

A further literary opinion of Lamb's is related by Procter in the introduction to his "English Songs." Here he asserts that after the death of Charles I:

"the belles lettres, as well as monarchy, were overturned for a time; but returned—the former in a new guise and thoroughly degenerated—with the courtiers of his son. From that period, till the time of Thompson and Collins (for I refer Milton to the earlier period), all our songs, and most of our poems, were evidently written by the celebrated 'Lady of Quality'"—

adding the following foot-note at the end:

"Since the foregoing Introduction was written, I have submitted it to the perusal of a friend, whose opinion I respect; and he tells me that I have not done justice to the song-writers who have flourished since the Restoration."

The friend referred to can surely be no other than the

commender of Procter's "Dramatic Scenes," of whom its author elsewhere wrote, "He had more real knowledge of old English literature than any man whom I ever knew. . . . No one will love the old English writers again as *he* did."

Lamb, in acknowledging a copy of Procter's "English Songs" sent him by their publisher, Moxon, assured the donor that he had "more than read them." Judging from the pieces that he mentions to Moxon in the same letter of acknowledgment as taking his fancy, however, one is inclined to question the thoroughness of his perusal. The distribution of his selection, moreover, discloses one of those venial weaknesses which, in his case, can only endear. Out of over two hundred songs he singles out for commendation nine. Of these, three are more or less evenly distributed amongst the first hundred and fifty titles; the remaining six, commencing with "An Epistle to Charles Lamb"—"'Epistle to What's his Name' (here maybe I'm partial)'—follow almost consecutively amongst a succeeding dozen. Interest seems to have been a recruit of the partiality for the epistle. The volume must have resembled his copy of Wordsworth's "Waggoner," which he complained to its author "is very ill put up in boards, at least it seems to me always to open at the dedication—but that," he adds, "is a mechanical fault."

ARTHURIANA TO DATE.*

By J. P. Collins.

MR. HAMILTON FYFE has here recast a study which he produced years ago, and although it may be superseded by some work of a deeper and more exhaustive kind, it is not likely to be beaten for liveliness and interest. He makes no claim to be definitive, or to work out a Pineronian philosophy. His treatment is aspectual rather than chronological, and appreciative rather than critical. For he writes with the knowledge and intuition of a contemporary, so far as the great period of the playwright's achievement is concerned; and he avoids the crude and hectoring tone that spoils so much current writing—and not of course on the drama alone.



Sir Arthur Pinero.
A caricature which appeared in *The World*.
From "Sir Arthur Pinero's Plays and Players," by Hamilton Fyfe (Ernest Benn).

Years ago, in the late William Archer's "Theatrical World" (the best conspectus we possess of modern English drama), Sir Arthur gave us a valuable bit of autobiography which Mr. Fyfe might well have condensed for his opening chapter. It showed how thoroughly the future dramatist had studied the provincial theatres before he joined the Lyceum company. Ellen Terry said of him as a colleague in the seventies that "consummate care, precision and brain characterised his work as an actor always," and this early reading was a right one, as events were to show. Whatever success he has since obtained, as he says himself, is to be attributed to "observation, great patience and perseverance." We all congratulate ourselves that he turned from the green-room to the study, but we need not suppose that if he had cared, he would not have reached the front rank as an actor. As it was, he had to be content with small parts, and when he rose to the level of the king in "Hamlet," a Birmingham critic said harsh things. But as Mr. Fyfe very aptly asks, where is the actor who has made a success of that thankless part? It was an American critic, I believe, who reduced it to its real footing when he wrote of some Western actor that "he played the king as if some other guy had already played the ace."

There is an apostolic succession in the stage world, as in the Church, and the book has yet to be written that shall reveal how much its leading figures have owed to the managers under whom they served their probation. Irving, with all his mannerisms, was as inspiring as any, and it may stand as one of his claims to remembrance that he was Pinero's mentor-in-chief. Autocrat though he was, he allowed "the young man in the Scotch cap" unusual latitude, and this was a form of recognition that under the cap lay a keen mother-wit. Nor was Pinero slow in turning it to account for correcting Irving's vagaries, as this example will show:

"At a rehearsal Irving saw him sitting on a piece of scenery that stood upright in the wings. Irving said: 'Get up, my boy, get up; you will cut yourself' 'Oh, that will be all right, Mr. Irving,' Pinero replied ruefully; 'we are accustomed to having our parts cut in this theatre.'"

In his early plays—and the reproach has been often

* "Sir Arthur Pinero's Plays and Players." By Hamilton Fyfe. 15s. net (Ernest Benn.)

levelled at him since—Pinero worked in the conviction that his best materials lay in the upper ranks of society. The best commentary on this is that when he varied his policy later and resorted to a middle-class atmosphere, he created "His House in Order" and "The Thunderbolt"—masterpieces which he has not surpassed, or anybody else. Again, it must be remembered that until the present century dawned, Demos had found no theatre of his own, and the lower orders were still used by playwrights chiefly as a quarry for low comedy and "sob-stuff." Poverty, like politics, has never been more for Sir Arthur than a kind of stalking-horse or side-wings. Acting is "an imitation of life," he has said himself, and he has always insisted that dramatists should tell stories "so as to give rise to the greatest possible amount of that peculiar kind of emotional effect which it is the theatre's one great function to produce." Obviously the process must be conditioned by the author's individual powers, and few creators of character and situation have realised themselves and their scope more completely.

One thing that stands to his credit is that Sir Arthur has never used his great position to abuse his rivals or belittle his profession. He has helped towards a state of things where success descends in lavish measure on the veteran and the tyro alike. Certainly no one can complain that our audiences are not catholic in their tastes when they can appreciate a break-away in realism, like "Journey's End" on the one hand, and a brilliant intellectual satire like "The Apple Cart" on the other. Nor can we fail to see that in the one case the "emotional effect" is almost monotonous, and in the other it is absent altogether. The distinguishing characteristic in both, however, is sterling courage curbed by a fine discretion, and it is the absence of these qualities that accounts perhaps for so much that is depressing and undeserving in the theatre to-day. Fortunately there are signs of better things ahead, and one of them is the recent revival of "Dandy Dick" with so much acceptance and success. It can hardly fail to bring about the revival of Pinero's serious work at its best. Here he remains supreme, and we need fear no "morte d'Arthur," for he is secure of a permanent place in international drama.

BIOGRAPHIES OF THE MOMENT.

SCHOOL AND STAGE.*

By Horace Shipp.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY gives us the quintessence of a man. Not only does it tell the story of his life with an authority none but he can claim, but by its manner of telling, its omissions and emphasis, its choice of words even, it reveals the true personality of its subject-author. To individual friends a man subtly adapts his individuality; but here in the putting down of his life for all men's eyes, he will invariably present it as he himself would have it, so that we have not only the truth of the real but that of the ideal. So when we open the volume of Memoirs of Sir Frank Benson it is the actor-manager we expect to meet, but the public school boy and the public school man who emerges. In this book he is less an actor than a Wykehamist who has taken to the stage; less a theatre manager than an Oxford Blue with a theatrical team. He refers once to "the main interests of the subject of this chronicle—art and athletics." Henry Ainley appears in the pages to talk as much about being rushed off to cricket, football and hockey by his indefatigable chief as about the theatre. The pictures of schoolmasters and dons have a roundness which none of those of the theatrical personages of Sir Frank's mature acquaintance can boast. Indeed we are half through the book before we arrive at the chapter headed "I Commence Actor," and even then there are many glances over his shoulder at Wykeham, Winchester and Oxford.



Sir Frank Benson.
From a drawing by R. G. Eves.
From "My Memoirs," by Sir Frank Benson (Ernest Benn).

These institutions have a stout champion in the biographist. In our day of vociferous rebellion against their traditions and methods, he defends everything about them save the Winchester method of playing football, which comes in for really serious criticism. Rather is it that he does not so much defend as take for granted everything connected with the public school system, and record his own enjoyment and benefit from that system, extending the encomium to every

* "My Memoirs." By Sir Frank Benson. 21s. (Ernest Benn.)

public school man with whom life brought him into contact.

Even Sir Frank Benson, however, is at last driven to talk of the theatre, and since most of the readers of this volume will be reading it for the sake of his pronouncements on this subject, one may be forgiven for becoming a little impatient with the length of his prologue. There is moreover a faint suggestion of waning interest in his writing when he gets down to this all-important phase of his life. It may be that the attempt to record any theatrical career as full and as long as his tends to produce a catalogue of names and productions. As Sir Frank has the habit of adding to the theatrical celebrities of his companies lists of local celebrities who assisted in making his provincial ventures successful, and even gives us the names of his personal hosts and hostesses, the tendency is exaggerated. But it is in the nature of memoir writers thus to digress, and we forgive much of the garrulous " who afterwards married Lord Blank " element.

Theatrically, even more than the many good stories with which the book is enlivened, and the insight into the early careers of numbers of now famous players, its value depends upon the record of the fight which Sir Frank made for his ideal of a repertory theatre for Shakespearean and other poetic drama. Again and again throughout his career the opportunity occurred for the establishment of some highly profitable theatrical enterprise, with foundations firmly set upon the long run system and himself as actor-manager. Regularly he put the temptation aside and pursued the way of his own ideals; any other would have been unworthy of a Wykehamist we read, written large between the lines and occasionally upon them. Seen in the light of this repertory ideal the record of the rise and progress of the Benson Company is one of profound significance in recent theatrical history, and that more than all else makes the volume a valuable document of contemporary affairs.

In the actual writing of the book Sir Frank himself realises his limitations in form and style. " I must plead guilty to possessing but little art or aptitude for the making of books," he says, and it is true that we must accept this volume as a somewhat shapeless outpouring of a life and personality so rich in interesting material that it could not but be worthy the setting forth. There is a hint towards the end of the book that Sir Frank intends at some time to elaborate the later chapters which contain his theatrical records, and this would give us more surely the portrait of that Sir Frank Benson who is the idol of " Old Bensonians " from either side of the footlights.



John Gibson Lockhart.
From a drawing by D. Maclise, R.A.
From "Sir Walter," by Donald Carswell (John Murray).

STINGING NETTLES.*

By Dr. W. S. Crockett.

It is difficult for a Scotsman and a lover of Sir Walter Scott to say all that he feels about this book. It is one of those books that should hardly have been written. No good can come of it. Mr. Carswell may have his own opinions, but it is not fair—it is not even respectful—to a great immortal memory, to rake up long-forgotten stories, especially to revive a piece of scandal-mongering which had never a shadow of foundation.

He shows no real appreciation for the author of " Waverley "—no affection. The Scottish people made a mistake, Mr. Carswell thinks, in taking Scott to their heart. He did not deserve it. At his best he was but a poor writer, and no less was he a poor specimen of humanity—" a great loutish lump of lameness with a big ugly face." Has Mr. Carswell ever seen Greenshields's statue of Scott in the Scottish National Library? If he has, how could he speak of Sir Walter as " ugly " ? On the contrary he was, in early youth, comely and good looking. In later life care became printed on his face, and his hair grew silver white. His eyes were heavy, his chin sagged. But he was not " ugly," though his face was " big." Above all, he was Greatheart personified, and always is the heart the measure of the man.

There are numerous passages one would like to controvert. That for instance on Lady Scott, who was not (as I have shown elsewhere) " the natural daughter of the second Marquess of Downshire and a French woman unknown." Mr. Carswell is only repeating a bit of country-side gossip, unhappily perpetuated by James Hogg, followed by a few biographers of the minor sort who knew nothing at all of the circumstances

* " Sir Walter: a Four-Part Study in Biography." By Donald Carswell. 15s. (John Murray.)

and did not trouble about the first-hand information which even then was possible. Mr. Carswell himself has not probed the matter. There are other insinuations. What does Mr. Carswell mean by telling us that at, or near, the end of Lady Scott's life, " fate and her husband found her out " ? Would he have us believe in something furtively wrong—that she had been living under a kind of mask which only long and sore illness forced aside ? Cruel things, to be sure, were said of her, as of Scott, in the lifetime of both. We must not forget, however, the extraordinary publicity of those brilliant Abbotsford and Edinburgh days prior to 1826—the vast number of visitors of all classes, and from all lands, many of whom gave their impressions to the world, and not one had a single derogatory, disparaging word to utter about their so agreeable and charming hostess. The fact is that Lady Scott was adored by the Abbotsford circle, as well as by those in the neighbourhood of her Tweedside home. She may not have been, from some points of view, the ideal spouse for Scott as a literary man. But she was a first rate helpmate to him for all that: often his amanuensis: his translator from foreign tongues: an understanding conversationalist: with a mind cultured and high-toned, amiable, kind, generous. I write as one brought up within a short distance of Abbotsford, as one who, in youth, knew many people perfectly acquainted with its ins and outs during Scott's lifetime.



Lord Northcliffe at the height of his fame.

From "Northcliffe," by Hamilton Fyfe (Allen & Unwin).

Of course Mr. Carswell has much to say about Sir Walter in the light of his business connections. Nothing has been more a subject of controversy, and the whole case has been expiscated officially and exhaustively in publications of the Constable and Ballantyne firms, so that little needs to be added to the sad and sorry tale. Admitted that Scott was extravagant to a degree, that he was ambitious, somewhat rash, taking considerable risks in the matter of so much paper money, and with promises of new " Waverleys " which might never have been written, he had after all as good a right as any man to live out his dreams if he could. Conscious of his vast intellectual reserves, we must not blame him if he put them into an investment of which he felt sure it would work out all right in the end. He simply bargained for so much, and depended upon his brain and his pen for the devout consummation, as many do still, if not perhaps on the same lines, in these days when hard cash payment is the rule. It is not true that Scott was the " chief contriver of his own misfortunes," all traceable, according to Mr. Carswell, to that " fatal decision " in 1805, when he handed over as a " dead secret " the £5,000 he had realised from the sale of Rosebank, in consideration of a one-third interest in the new Ballantyne concern. Perhaps he should not have identified himself with any purely publishing business. Yet what harm was there in such a venture? Some modern literary men do the same. There is nothing "improper" or " dishonest " in it. Scott was his own man, responsible for whatever might happen, and by his recognition of this when the crash came, and in his herculean efforts to make amends, we have surely sufficient evidence of his real character as honest to the heart's core. The whole affair was superlatively unfortunate, nevertheless its outcome did more to establish Sir Walter's reputation and bind him to the hearts of his countrymen and of the world than even all his previous successes could have accomplished. Scott in adversity is ever a greater man than Scott in the hey-day of his triumphant prosperity.

Mr. Carswell's " study " deals also with James Hogg, John Gibson Lockhart and Joanna Baillie, each a pleasant contrast to his Scott chapters—the bitterness, the venom gone, a welcome calm behind the storm. Mr. Carswell can write well when he chooses. His " Brother Scots " was a piece of good work, if some stinging nettles were mixed with it also. But this diatribe ! No admirer of Sir Walter will take it seriously, except perhaps to grieve that it has been written. Between it and Mr. Gwynn's lately published " Life of Scott " the difference is that of midnight and morning.

ALFRED THE GREAT.*

By J. P. Collins.

THEY say that no man ever really failed to make Hamlet interesting, and we may fairly say the same about Lord Northcliffe. He was so intensely full of energy and personality that no book yet has rounded him up. The fault is that most of them have been written by men who were too much under the spell of the enchanter to see his shortcomings, or to distinguish how and why he was a symptom of a most amazing period, and not the Jove of it by any means. Even Mr. Fyfe, with his knack of presentation and his keen sense of interest, cannot wholly shake off the fascination that the great man exercised over his henchmen. Yet our author is well aware how necessary impartiality is if a book of this kind is to live; and he only succeeds in leaving an effect of cinematographic brilliance and uncertainty. So that the strain of hero worship breaks down, for we are almost asked to admire his idol's failures as well as his successes.

"Alfred the Great" had many advantages to start with, and they were nearly all tribal or physical. He was handsome and presentable; he had, when he liked, a most ingratiating manner, and he could attach his favourites to himself with a devotion that is growing rare in the newspaper profession. Mr. Fyfe rightly emphasises what Northcliffe owed to his wonderful mother, but there is always a mutual bargain of admiration between a warm-hearted woman and her favourite son. Besides, we must not ignore the influence she used over the rest of her sons in order to bind them to Alfred's chariot. There is only one example in our time of this Egyptian domination of a group of brothers by the ablest member, and this was that modern Joseph—Chamberlain. In each case there was intensive devotion to the common cause and the family interest, and the secret of success lay in the unified command. On the whole, the ruling member gained immensely by the combination of gifts it assembled to his hand, and Alfred Harmsworth was among the first to admit what he owed to the financial genius of brother Harold and the exquisite urbanity of brother Cecil. That is why we need not side with Mr. Fyfe when he reproaches the great man with the "mistake" he made in "filling his office full of brothers," and adduces it as a reason for his clearing the *Times* office of relationships or kindred groups. This was merely repeating the policy enforced many years before at Carmelite House, and even there the rule was incomplete in its enforcement, for two brothers might stay on if one cared to change his surname.

Mr. Fyfe quotes the Germans' praise of Northcliffe's "paper bullets" in the way of war propaganda, but those of us who were across the Rhine at the end of the war remember how the enemy snatched at anything that lessened the credit due to British pluck and strategy in the field. No paper had so inflated Germany's pre-war idea of itself as the *Daily Mail* had done by its alternate flattery and abuse of everything Teutonic. In his war policy, as in so much else, Northcliffe was peculiarly the victim of his prejudices and his impulses; and his antagonism towards Kitchener, Asquith, and Haig might have been much more serious if he had really wielded the Olympian thunderbolts that some folk believe.

A glutton for power and a man of immense capacity in a spasmodic way, he retained one touch of humility. He had a profound respect for unselfish idealisms that he could not share. The story has yet to be told of the way in which as a lad he actually signed his name as a convert on the books of the Salvation Army, and all through his life he remained one of its deepest admirers. When he was going to Washington to succeed Balfour he had a talk with the late General Bramwell Booth, and said: "Good-bye. I ought to have been one of your body, you know." Booth replied with a laugh, "There wouldn't have been room for both of us." And Northcliffe used to say it was one of the neatest compliments he had ever had. But these are only chance aspects, and it shows how many there were in this veritable jungle of a man. One question is whether anyone will ever achieve a better or completer portrait than Mr. Fyfe has given us here

* "Northcliffe, an Intimate Biography." By Hamilton Fyfe. 10s. (Allen & Unwin.)

THE BOOKMAN GALLERY.

FRANK KENDON.*

A THOUSAND pleasures that were denied to our fathers are ours to-day for the lifting of a finger—or less. For this prodigality, however, a rich penalty has been exacted. Our present tempo of life has been bought at the expense of inner quietude. Nowadays, we do not so much laugh as shriek; and if the lily is not painted, or the rose gilded, we pass it by as unworthy. So, too, in the field of art. Experiment and so-called "daring" tend to attract all the notice. You may have very little to say, but if you can find a bold and flaring way of saying it, you will win the public ear. Conversely, no matter how precious the thing you have to say, if you insist on saying it in an unsensational manner, you will probably remain unheard by all save the discerning few. In a sense of course this has always been true; but never so true as now.

To find a poet attracting attention, therefore, who has never gone an inch out of his way to be sensational, is somewhat surprising; or at least it would be surprising if it were by his poetry that he won the public ear. So perhaps, after all, it is in the ironical nature of things that Frank Kendon, who is first and last a poet, should have "rung the bell" (as it were) by a book of prose. Those who are now reading "The Small Years" are, for the most part, reading him for the first time: as a poet they will hardly have heard of him.

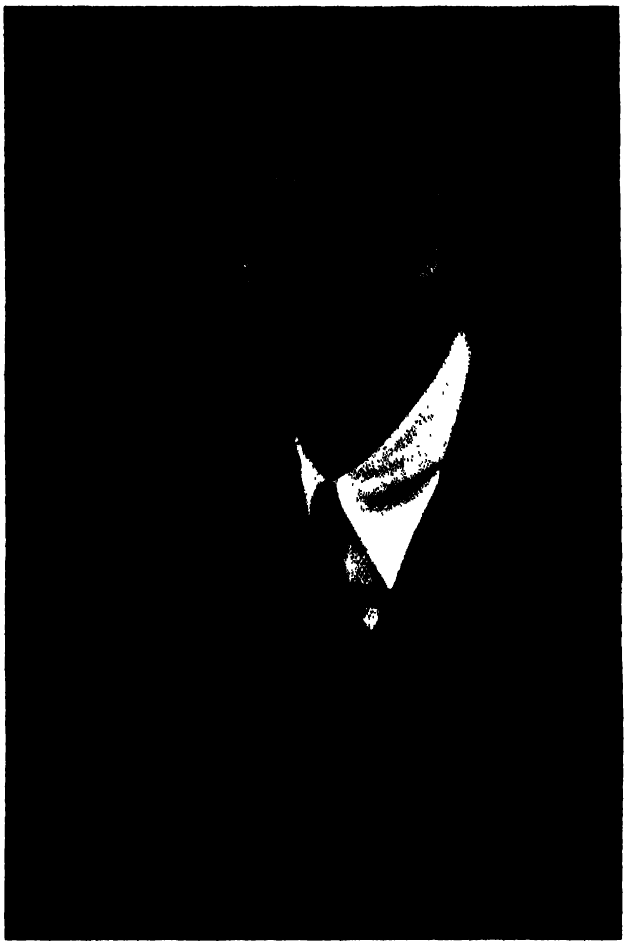
Yet "The Small Years" could never have been written

* "The Small Years." 6s. (Cambridge University Press.) "Poems and Sonnets," "Arguments and Emblems," "A Life and Death of Judas Iscariot." (Bodley Head.)

if Frank Kendon were not a poet—and a very good poet at that. They do well who have been giving to this book the unofficial sub-title of "the childhood of a poet"; for it puts into our hands a key to unlock the intimacies of a poet's mind. But there is (or was) something of the poet in most of us, and therein lies the measure of our general joy in such a book as this. Once upon a time the clear mirror of our mind could reflect brightly, and one by one, the common miracles of everyday; but the rough usage of the years has smutched (if it has not altogether broken) that mirror, and now at best most of us can only remember faintly the bright things it once could show. He, therefore, who can magically contrive to polish up the mirror again and reveal, if only for a moment, the clear vision of our childhood's eyes, wins our gratitude—and, more, reminds us of those "bright shoots of Everlastingness" that once sprouted from our sap. None but a poet could do this, for none but a poet continues to hold that early vision clean in his mind's eye. "The Small Years" is the fruit of a poet's longing to keep that brief innocency safe from the spoiling clutch of mortality—not for himself only, but for us all. "They (these memories) have not been much," says Mr. Kendon, "but they are something the world may have by my labour, and could not have without me. If I was luckier in my earth than thousands, I am to try to leave them the shadowy forms of my joy, to wrestle with the angel of childhood till he tells me his secret, and then I am to put that down, truthfully, for a particular addition to the joy of the world. Therefore," he continues,

"I would change fingers with you, and let you steal raspberries and gooseberries, and white currants on a string like an unfastened necklace, so that you would remember this grown-up year, not only the taste of them, not only the theft, but their light leaves and rough leaves and thorns, and your hand going in among them, going in through a checker of sun and leaf shadow, to steal them from their bushes."

There speaks the poet—capturing for us all the lost Eden of our childhood. No wonder Mr. de la Mare, in a charming introduction to the book, exclaims, "Alas, how few of us can recapture it—and how very few indeed with Mr. Kendon's lovely truth and clarity." Truth and clarity, yes, for in his pages you will find none of that damaging sentimentality that seems always to clog the footsteps of those who try to find the way back to youth. In its quiet understatement the work is almost perfect. Near Mr. Kendon's early home, for instance, there was a certain wood, called by the family "Our Wood." It is in the nature of woods, however, to be cut down once in every twelve years. "I knew nothing of death then," writes the author, "but I remember the feeling of dismay, and now I know it was the same: that what has been will never be again, that the wood, which was a symbol, almost a person to us, was going out of existence." Then follows a passage which shows the entire difference between Mr. Kendon's remembering and that of so many others:



Portrait by Clifton Edwards. **Mr. Frank Kendon.**

'It was not that we felt any sentimental sorrow for the trees that were down or crashing; the hurt was not made in the world, but in us. . . . It was nothing really; in a week we had, like sensible children, accepted the new wood, with its tree-stumps, its piles of bats and faggots; and we soon played happily over the very ruins of the wood we had lost."

Deservedly, then, this new book has introduced Frank Kendon to a wider audience. But will they leave it at that, we wonder, and wait expectantly for his next book of prose? Personally, very much as we have enjoyed "The Small Years," we dare to hope that his next book will be a return to poetry: for poetry, when all is said and done, is Mr. Kendon's job. Previous to this last work, he had published four other volumes, of which three were poetry. When he was still up at Cambridge, he appeared as one of a quartet in "Poems by Four Authors." Then followed, in this order, "Mural Paintings in English Churches" (an Introductory Essay on the Folk Influence in Religious Art); "Poems and Sonnets"; "Arguments and Emblems"; and "A Life and Death of Judas Iscariot."

The background of most of Frank Kendon's poetry is the country. From it he has drawn his best inspiration; but, not being in the main an objective poet, he has not sought so much to paint it in words as to let it serve him symbolically. Yet his eye is clear enough at times. "The Small Years" gives, in exquisite detail, some account of the particular country-side in which he was born—that old and fertile stretch of the Kentish Weald that lies between Tonbridge and Cranbrook. Little has happened, fortunately, to spoil that rural loveliness even to-day—with its miles of apple and other orchards, its lily-ponds, its hop-fields, its white-kilned oast-houses, and its quiet, hospitable villages: in Mr. Kendon's youth, however, it was, if possible, quieter

and lovelier still. In such a green land, then, he unconsciously harvested the rich store of rural experience ("the tiny circumstance of peace" as another country-hearted poet has put it) that later he was destined to give back again transmuted into poetry. He might travel far afield in the years to come; but it would always be to that Kentish country-side that his eager mind would return. Thus, though he saw war service in Palestine, it was not of the stony hills and cyclamens there, or of the mosques and white-robed Arabs, that he wrote: instead,

> "The brightest thing we knew
> In a land of gaudy flowers,
> Was a daisy tipped with dew,
> English! Ours!"

Not, of course, that he was a poet of any one part of the country rather than of another: home to him is wherever a lark sings over ploughed fields, or a wild violet hides in a green bank, or an English glow-worm lights its tiny lantern in a tangle of grass. Were it otherwise he might easily be a lesser poet than he is. He sings of the country-side not only because he cares for it æsthetically, but because, in so caring for it, he finds therein inspiration for his own (and our) spiritual illumination. Nature is a mirror which he holds up wherein we may see, not so much lark and violet and glow-worm, as our own selves by these things made splendidly responsive Both in "Poems and Sonnets" and in "Arguments and Emblems" the prevailing imagery is of spring; but beneath, all the while, the singing is of Life's own Spring of Love.

> "And thou, thou dearest treader of the slopes
> Of morning, look with courage and be blind:
> Live by the lark's example, Sweet, whose hope
> Grew into wings and left his doubts behind.
>
> "O little bird, begin thy song again,
> The deaf Earth hears thee in her dreams, and sighing
> Turns from her sleep, although her dreams remain—
> Lies listening to thee, pleased beyond replying.
>
> "O Love, not deaf as Earth, it is thy day;
> Hark to the lark that slept on earth so long,
> He's mounted with the mists and gone away,
> And now he calls the sun up with a song."

Though Frank Kendon's poetic background, then, is the English country-side, his ultimate concern, every time, is with man's spirit—its yearnings, its aspirations, its finest efforts to fight a way into expression through the paradoxically entrammelling flesh. All the beauties of earth and heaven are not enough if love is not in the human heart to inform them:

> "Therefore be thou, and not the stars, my faith,
> For in thy absence heaven and earth are void.
> Let not my wonder waste itself on death
> While thou, alive, can keep my heart employed.
> Thy age, thy tender youth, thy groans, thy mirth,
> Thy winged and daring love,
> These are the true creators of the earth,
> And heaven was a waste of stars till, looking forth,
> Thou didst discover beauty in the way they move."

There is the final appeal of Mr. Kendon's love-poetry: it sings the highest reach of love. In the opening poem to the "Arguments and Emblems" volume there is a line that runs, "Love is unjust that seeks an end"; and that particular philosophy is as a leitmotiv threading through all his work. Love that looks beyond the flesh can have no end. By such love the lover attains immortality: in the very measure of his ability so to love he reaches out to Love itself—to Life—yes, to God, if so you will have it.

Here, then, is a young poet whose achievement has already assured him a very definite place among the moderns—though that is a term he would probably scorn. He may have shown little concern with "window-dressing," but that is not because of his dislike of, or inability in, experiment. His numerous sonnets show the maturity of his technique. And his invention of "analysed rhyme" is a definite contribution to English prosody:

> "O tarry for me, sweet;
> I shall stir, I shall wake!
> And the melody you seek
> Shall be lovely, though late."

That his is not only a lyric genius was shown in the long narrative of Judas Iscariot. The point of view (i.e. of Judas as an impatient idealist, capable of the deepest remorse, unable to wait for any less immediate heaven than one here and now) was not exactly a new one: what was new, however, was the sensitive development of Judas's character, from boyhood, against the beautifully conceived background of Judea. Mr. Kendon's enforced sojourn in Palestine was there put to noble advantage. One hopes for another long narrative poem from his pen. He has already blown fresh life into more than one of the old legends, such as "Orpheus" and (in MS.) "Tristran": will he not turn, now, to some more constructive theme of to-day?

C. HENRY WARREN.

THE BOOKMAN PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

AUGUST, 1930.

Answers to these Competitions (each on a separate sheet bearing name and address of sender) must be received by the Editor not later than the 12th of each month. A Competitor may enter for all the seven Competitions, but must cut out coupon below and send this with each answer or group of answers, and address envelope:

"The Prize Page," THE BOOKMAN, St. Paul's House, Warwick Square, London, E.C.4.

That they may be available also to Overseas Competitors, Competitions I and II will be the same each month until further notice, but the subjects for all the other Competitions may each month be changed.

Competitors must please keep copies of their MSS.; the Editor cannot undertake to return them.

IMPORTANT.—Please note change of date.

THE PRIZES OFFERED THIS MONTH ARE:

I.—ONE GUINEA for the best *original* lyric.

II.—HALF A GUINEA for the best quotation from English verse applicable to any review or the name of any author or book appearing in this Number.

III.—THREE NEW BOOKS for a short description (one hundred and fifty words) of the literary associations of any place visited during the holiday season.

IV.—HALF A GUINEA for the best commentary, in not more than one hundred and fifty words, of Goethe's remark: "The dear good people don't know how long it takes to learn to read. I've been at it eighty years, and can't say yet that I've reached the goal."

V.—HALF A GUINEA for the best example of a five-word jewel phrase, such as "Laburnums, dropping wells of fire," giving source.

VI.—HALF A GUINEA for the best review, in not more than one hundred words, of any recent book. Competitors should give names of Book, Author and Publisher at head of each review.

VII.—THE BOOKMAN will be sent post free for twelve months to the sender of the best suggestion for a Competition.

RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS FOR JULY.

I.—THE PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA for the best original lyric is awarded to May Herschel Clarke, 254, Burrage Road, Woolwich, S.E.18, for the following:

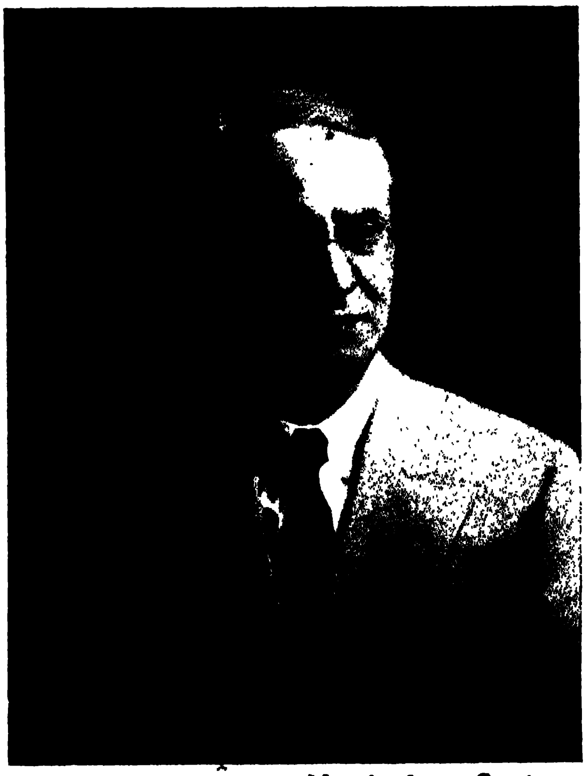
DIAMOND ON MY LADY'S FINGER.

Diamond on my lady's finger,
Lights that flash, and glow, and linger,
Like some elfin spirit peeping,
Darting, glinting, dancing, leaping;
Prisoned 'gainst that tender flesh,
Caught within a golden mesh:

Amber have you for her hair—
Delicious, scented, sun-wrought snare!
(Would I might languish a century there!);
Sapphire for her deep blue eyes,
Blue of the warm Italian skies;
Ruby, too, for her red young mouth,
Warm with the passion of the South;
But oh, what colour have you there,
Diamond, to which I can compare
The dimple playing hide-and-seek
Amid the peach-blossom of her cheek!

Diamond on my lady's finger,
Lights that flash, and glow, and linger,
Could I all your beauty know,
Whence you come and whither go;
All your fair inconstancies,
What your fiery essence is;
Could I grasp each changeful mood,
Catch each coloured interlude,
String it on a golden chain,
Like a thread of sunlit rain;
Could I wear upon my heart
Of your beauty every part;
Could I catch and clasp you whole,
Fiery one, unto my soul—
Something, then, O gem aglow,
Of a woman might I know,
Of my lady understand,
Diamond on her dainty hand!

We also select for printing:



Mr. Andrew Soutar,
author of "Not Mentioned" (Hutchinson).
Reviewed on page 304.

CRIPPLE SONG.

I can go down to no broad sea,
Yet, with a heart on fire,
I loose for utmost ends of earth
The ships of my desire.

Though I may lift no single sail
To net the morning's rose,
Daybreak is mine, and every tide,
And every wind that blows.

My brother men are sped with flutes,
They track the farthest star;
But I move out with never a sound,
And journey twice as far.

Yearlong they challenge armèd suns,
Waylay a pilgrim moon;
And still account sweet venture less
Than I that tire so soon.

The fans of heaven are spread for them,
Her tents of cloud unfold;
Where all is change and time is not,
I fear nor heat nor cold.

Through many a happy dusk they slide
To shallows and to sleep;
High on the bound of dream is set
The lovely watch I keep.

I can go down to no broad sea,
Yet, with a heart at peace,
Nightly I bring from ends of earth
The ships of my release.

(D. F. Larkin, "Winchelsea," Reigate Road, Brighton.)

We also highly commend the lyrics by Ella Rivers Noble (Long Melford), R. J. Cowlin (Mold), B. O. Johnson (Cradley Heath), Phyllis E. Noble (Long Melford), George S. Astins (Hove), John E. Woods (Coventry), J. M. Watson (Bute), S. R. Noyes (Johannesburg, South Africa), Norah M. Butterfield (Westward Ho!), M. G. Hughes, Kathleen Blyth (West Hartlepool), Alice E. Collinge (Harwood), Joyce S. Benning (Dunstable), Hilda Crutchley (Winchmore Hill), Alice Winterhalder (West Ham), Irene Hubbard (Steeple Claydon), Margaret F. Woodzell (Plymouth), H. Broadberry Seaman (Bayswater), Teresa Bellamy Noble (Long Melford).

II.—THE PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best quotation is awarded to John A. Bellchambers, 40, Highgate Hill, N.19, for the following:

SPEED FEVER. BY BARRY LYNDON. (Nelson.)

"The rest is silence."

SHAKESPEARE, *Hamlet, Act V, Sc. 2.*

We also select for printing:

MENTAL RADIO: DOES IT WORK, AND HOW? BY UPTON SINCLAIR. (Werner Laurie.)

"I grieve to say, I've winked at him,
And he has winked at me."

Bab Ballads ("*Gentle Alice Brown*").

(J. N. Banister, "Rollestone," Malden Street, Leyland, Lancs.)

BEYOND OUR KEN. BY MRS. ARTHUR STALLARD. (Elliot Stock.)

"She served kind, gentle masters,
Nor asked for rest nor change."

ADELAIDE ANN PROCTOR, "*A Legend of Bregenz.*"

(J. E. A. Gedge, Cothelestone, Bagborough, near Taunton, Som.)

DOWSED LIGHTS. BY ADAM SADLER. (Ward, Lock.)

"There's husbandry in heaven,
Their candles are all out."

SHAKESPEARE, *Macbeth.*

(Mrs. Rabertson, 66, R. L. Stevenson Avenue, Bournemouth.)

SPEED FEVER. BY BARRY LYNDON. (Nelson.)

"He went with one prance
From Turkey to France."

EDWARD LEAR, *Nonsense Rhyme.*

(May Godfrey, Brockham, Danbury, Essex.

ESCAPADE. BY EVELYN SCOTT. (Jonathan Cape.)

"Saile against Rocks and split them too,
Aye! and a world of Pikes passe through!"

ROBERT HERRICK, *His Cavalier.*

(J. H. Plummer, 10, Court Road, Horfield, Bristol.)

III.—THE PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS for the best list of six poetical similes is awarded to J. N. Banister, "Rollestone," Malden Street, Leyland, Lancashire, for the following:

1. "Forlorn! the very word is like a bell
To toll me back from thee to my sole self."
KEATS, *To a Nightingale.*

2. "It is a beauteous evening, calm and free;
The holy time is quiet as a Nun
Breathless with adoration . . ."
WORDSWORTH, *By the Sea.*

3. "I touched the heart that loved me,
As a player touches a lyre."
ALICE MEYNELL, *Without Him.*

4. "He watches from his mountain walls,
And like a thunderbolt he falls."
TENNYSON, *The Eagle.*

5. "Between two worlds life hovers like a star."
BYRON.

6. "As she passed it seemed like the ceasing of exquisite music."
LONGFELLOW.

We also select for printing:

1. "I saw Eternity the other night
Like a great ring of pure and endless light."
HENRY VAUGHAN, *A Vision.*

2. "I wandered lonely as a cloud
That floats on high o'er vales and hills."
WORDSWORTH, *The Daffodils.*

3. "It is a beauteous evening, calm and free;
The holy time is quiet as a Nun
Breathless with adoration . . ."
WORDSWORTH, *By the Sea.*

4. "And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer
Never to hope again."
SHAKESPEARE, *Henry VIII, Act III, Sc. 2.*

5. "I see you stand like greyhounds in the slips,
Straining upon the start."
SHAKESPEARE, *Henry V, Act III, Sc. 1.*

6. "And the barge with oar and sail
Moved from the brink like some full-breasted swan."
TENNYSON, *Morte d'Arthur.*

(John E. Woods, 63, Mayfield Road, Earlsdon, Coventry.)

We also select for special commendation the replies by A Davidson (Glasgow), Alice Winterhalder (West Ham), Ethel M. Kennedy (London, S.W.), B. M. Beard (Bexleyheath), Grace M. Yallop (Gorleston-on-Sea), Emily Davis (Dublin), G. D. Mobbs (Birmingham), E. M. Glaister (Hampstead), A. C. Marshall (Edinburgh), John Coghlan (Dublin), L. Bruce (Ashford), N. Ray (Belfast), Norah M. Butterfield (Westward Ho!), B. A. Billings (Manchester), Melfin W. Jones (Cardiff), Edith M. Walker (Bournemouth), Ruth K. Watt (Pulborough), John A. Bellchambers (London, N.), Fred B. Urquhart (Edinburgh), Mrs. May Belben (Wimborne), M. Luckham (West Kirby), Iris Ottaway (Bungay), C. S. Stamper (Grimsby), May Godfrey (Danbury), M. E. Arthy (Esher).



Mr. James W. Bennett,
author of "Chinese Blake," to be published shortly by Messrs. Skeffington.

IV.—THE PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best definition of (1) wit, (2) humour, with a short passage from a well-known writer illustrative of each, has been awarded to Edith M. Glaister, 19, Belsize Avenue, Hampstead, N.W.3, for the following:

WIT is the hitting of nails on the head, consciously and aptly, but not necessarily truthfully:

"He who can does, he who can't teaches."—SHAW.

HUMOUR is the juxtaposition of the incongruous and truth, often unconsciously characteristic:

"Howiver, I'm not denyin' the women are foolish: God Almighty made 'em to match the men" (*Mrs. Poyser*) —G. ELIOT.

We also select for printing:

WIT—The revelation of unexpected similarity or dissimilarity between previously unconnected ideas or expressions:

"A cynic is a man who knows the price of everything and the value of nothing."—O. WILDE.

Humour—The contingency of ludicrous incongruities in character or situation:

"Bunthorne: The poem is finished and my soul has gone out into it. It is a wild, weird, fleshly thing; yet very yearning, very tender, very precious. It is called, 'Oh, Hollow! Hollow! Hollow!'

"Patience: Is it a hunting song?"

(L. F. Goldsmid, 30, Crockerton Road, S.W.17.)

Surely Wit is common sense, or intellectual acuity, while
Humour is the "mind's twinkle," which makes living worth while.

The cleric husband who introduced his wife to the Bishop showed wit when he said: "A poor thing, my lord, but mine own!" His wife showed humour (poor thing, she needed it!), when she replied: "A poorer thing, my lord, but mine owner!"

(J. A. Jenkins, 139, Heathfield Road, Handsworth, Birmingham.)

We also select for special commendation the replies by B. M. Beard (Bexleyheath), Marjorie Crosbie (Wolverhampton), S. Barrington McClean (Glasgow), L. Bruce (Ashford), Captain Wm. Jaggard (Stratford-on-Avon), Emily Davis (Dublin), J. D. Mobbs (Birmingham), Mrs. May Belben (Wimborne), Mannington Sayers (Monmouth), C. S. Stamper (Grimsby), Kathleen Blyth (West Hartlepool), Fred W. Flear (Harpenden), D. Coop (Brighton), N. Ray (Belfast), B. A. Billings (Manchester), A. Davidson (Glasgow).

V.—The Prize of Half a Guinea for the best criticism, in not more than twenty-four lines of verse, of any book advertised or reviewed in the July Bookman, is awarded to Emily Davis, 23, Mornington Road, Ranelagh, Dublin, S.W.9, for the following:

Compton Mackenzie's "April Fools"
(Via the house where Cassell rules),
Tells how John Touchwood, risen to fame,
By writing plays, bestows his name,
Sub rosa, on his clerk, a lady
His relatives consider shady;
He asks these friends to dine upon
The First of April, when he's gone
A-honeymooning, having left
A lengthy note to that effect,
Which also wills, in compensation,
Share in his house to each relation:
Three families, well primed for strife,
A bachelor enjoying life,
A widow and her priggish son,
All shareholders, provide the fun,
Which waxes fast and furious, true,
Yet from this reader's point of view,
Although the cast are faithful all
To type, the fun begins to pall
Before the end; the writer seems
Intoxicated with his dreams.
But it's a yarn that all should read
Who love a laugh; they'll feast indeed.

We also select for printing:

THE ENGLISH INN. By Thomas Burke.

The drought may do its sultry best
To thwart desire for work,
But those who own some kind of car—
Though springs may fail and brakes may jar—
Find, wishful to refresh their rest,
A guide in Mr. Burke.

He tells us how with radiant sign,
Our country-side displays
The little hostelries and great,
Where gracious landlords stand and wait
To serve who will but pause to dine:
And he who lingers, stays.

"The Rent Day"—ne'er forgot when seen!
"You Might As Well" go there;
"No Hurry," and, for him who'll trapse
To Aldgate, is the "Hoop and Grapes";
"The Quiet Woman"—how serene
And how benignly fair!

"The Black Boy and the Stomach-ache"—
Intriguing as it reads,
But indicates the generous fare
That left the child no room to spare:
Then, English traveller, come and take
According to your needs!

(A. E. Pinnington, 70, Pitt Street, Norwich.)

We also highly commend the replies from B. A. Billings (Manchester), Iris Ottaway (Bungay), Edith M. Glaister (Hampstead), L. F. Goldsmid (London, S.W.), Agatha Honnywill (Portishead), J. A. Jenkins (Birmingham), B. M. Beard (Bexleyheath), Mrs. May Belben (Wimborne.)

VI.—The Prize of Half a Guinea for the best review, in not more than one hundred words, of any recent book, is awarded to E. D. Young, 1, Bryn Bowydd, Blaenau Festiniog, for the following:

WAR IN HEAVEN. By Charles Williams. (Gollancz.)

Constantly we seek that mental refuge, of which our need grows even greater, in a fantastic life permeating the commonplace, as detective stories make the common policeman a form of high romance. Mr. Williams goes further. From the conventional opening—a dead body—he takes us by natural stages to where, in modern England, black magic strives with Prester John over the battered Holy Grail. Breathlessly we follow the conflict—a publisher and an archdeacon among its protagonists—and the highest possible tribute to the author is our deep satisfaction and relief when magnificently the powers of righteousness prevail.

We also select for printing:

LORD CARNOCK. By Harold Nicolson. (Constable.)

The chief attraction of this book lies in its honesty and clear conception. The understanding and appreciation afforded Lord Carnock by his son enlists unwittingly the reader's eager interest. We follow not only his career but the man himself, his personality and interest in life drawing us from Germany to Persia, from Morocco to the Embassy in St. Petersburg. The points of acutest interest centre round the Algeciras Conference and events leading to the Great War. Here is a book of real interest to all, but particularly to the student of history and lovers of a good biography.

(Renée Allen, 33, Huskisson Street, Liverpool.)

We also select for special commendation the reviews by D. Orford (London, S.E.), Isobel Neil (Cricklewood), B. Noel Saxelby (Buxton), L. F. Goldsmid (London, S.W.), Mannington Sayers (Monmouth), Mrs. May Belben (Wimborne), Agatha Honnywill (Portishead), Mrs. Maude R. Fleeson (Manchester), Robert K. Spedding (Liverpool), Malcolm Hemphrey (Farnborough), Barbara Hughes-Stanton (Kensington), Mrs. Emily E. Moore (Letchworth), Dallas Kenmare (Barnt Green), Joan Vale (Moss Vale), S. R. Fuller (Streatham), Evelyn Bamber (Blackburn), Margaret Owen (Whitstable), C. S. Stamper (Grimsby), Mrs. W. E. Haslam (Cheltenham), N. Ray (Belfast), M. Luckham (West Kirby), Norah M. Butterfield (Westward Ho!), Mrs. E. G. Elton (Norbury), J. A. Jenkins (Birmingham), Keith Baddeley (Chesham).

VII.—A Prize of One Year's Subscription to The Bookman is awarded to Barbara Hughes-Stanton, Scarsdale Lodge, Wright's Lane, W.8, and to Robert K. Spedding, 92, Hartington Road, Liverpool.

AMBROSE BIERCE.*

By CLIFFORD BOWER-SHORE.

SIXTEEN years ago, Ambrose Bierce, man of letters, writer of fiction, essays, fables, satires and verse, shook the dust of Washington from his feet and went to Mexico, at that time in turmoil of revolution. And there the curtain falls. No confirmation of his death has been received, although his pupil and confidant, Dr. Adolph Danziger de Castro, is reported to have had a confession from Pancho Villa, the bandit chief of Mexico, who stated that Bierce, having been driven from the camp for criticising his (Villa's) methods, was followed by two soldiers and shot.



Ambrose Bierce.

Bierce was a strange man. Born in Ohio in 1842, he fought as a volunteer in the American Civil War, and took part in Sherman's march through Georgia He was promoted to the rank of major, and was wounded once. After demobilisation he drifted into journalism, and in 1872 came to London, where he wrote for *Fun*, at that time edited by Tom Hood Returning to America in 1876, he managed a mining company for some time before turning wholeheartedly to literary work. His letters reveal him to be an admirer of Shakespeare, prove that he was unselfish and encouraged talent in others, and afford striking evidence that he wrote for art's sake, and would not pander to "shallow public taste." His few intimate friends are conclusive in their belief that he went to Mexico as a means of committing suicide, for his last remark to them was "Everywhere I go I see only fools, and I am sick of it." In that sentence he admirably summed up the cynical attitude towards life displayed throughout his work.

Genius! In these days the word is far too often used, but none can legitimately gainsay Bierce's claim to the title. He wrote two of the most queer books in the world. In the first, "The Devil's Dictionary" (or as it was first called, "The Cynic's Word Book"), he finds a clear field for his petulant wit, and to read this masterpiece of both suave and bitter cynicism is to be forcibly reminded of the glib Johnson. Quaint definitions, curious traces of whimsey, flashing, stinging satire, all gambol daintily in this book which alone assures Bierce of posterity. It is here that Bierce, the short story writer, reveals his hatred for the longer form of literary art, when he defines "The novel . . . A short story padded. The art of writing novels is long dead. Peace to its ashes, some of which have a large sale."

The second weird volume is "Fantastic Fables." Many of the fables are original, but others are founded upon those of Æsop transformed by the touch of biting irony. Witty and cynical, showing a profound knowledge of human nature, he leers at conceit, sneers at false virtue and hates corruption.

It was in the most difficult branch of literary art that Bierce chose to exploit his astonishing gifts, for the short story was his true *métier*. Because he wrote stories that ended with a "snap" it has been said to his detriment that Bierce was "a magazine story writer." Bierce paints subsidiary detail with caution and local colour with skill. His stark simplicity, uniting beauty of diction with truth of presentation, arouses wonder, apprehension, curiosity and thrill, and the climax arrives with the reader pent-up with emotion. Then comes the startling *dénouement*, subtly simple, extremely plausible and pregnant with power. Bierce, the soldier, had lived dangerously. His stories of the American Civil War are among his best, realistic to a high degree, provocative of deep thought. He portrays for us the true horror of war without the obscenities resultant of retrospective thought, and the effect is to leave on the mind of the reader a more lasting impression of the futility and wanton waste of war than is made by any of the imaginative war novels at present in vogue.

Bierce's prose was strong, fluent and rhythmical. His vocabulary was like a river in spate, and though at times he was given to "fine" writing it can never be termed "tormented." He wrote a quantity of useless stuff, not surprising in view of his prolific output, and when he wrote badly he was insufferable.

Excelling in the macabre type of story, Bierce's work in this sphere loses nothing by comparison with that of Edgar Allan Poe. His morbid masterpieces are powerful in theme and forcibly told with perfect economy of technique. The bizarre, the mystic, the strange and extraordinary all attain plausibility under his skilful

* "In the Midst of Life." (Chatto & Windus)—"Can Such Things Be?" (Jonathan Cape)—"The Monk and the Hangman's Daughter" and "Fantastic Fables." (Jonathan Cape.)—"The Eyes of the Panther." (Jonathan Cape)—American Publishers: Albert and Charles Boni. 3s. 6d each.

pen. On occasion his characters are shadowy, yet contradictorily alive, moving in an atmosphere of graphic horror and vague terror. He unveils unforgettable pictures of life, stripped of rhetoric, prejudices and padding, revealing himself a master in the art of living as well as of fiction. His vivid style imparts a tremor to every nerve, and the ultimate thrill is obtained by uncanny power of description. At his best he never wastes a word, his unique artistry ingeniously served by simple and subtle realism.

Bierce was the first to exploit the loose penetrative type of story favoured by many present day writers, who sacrifice plot, variety of character, action and place, to depth and subtlety with a rich vein of psychology. Grim and crisp in manner, with fearful dramatic power, he creates oppressive atmospheres, and reveals the malignant powers exercised by the dormant, so terribly detailed in "The Man and the Snake," a story to be found in the volume, "The Eyes of the Panther." Blending realism and fantasy with a happy sense of proportion, he suggests rather than portrays morbidity.

On the other hand he is a master of the extensive type of story, replete with a variety of characters, cunning in plot, with but simple psychology. Here by skilful plot development he produces an unforgettable story, alive with incident, straightforwardness and surprise. The climax of his stories are the cumulative effect of every sentence written, forming a harmonious and satisfying whole.

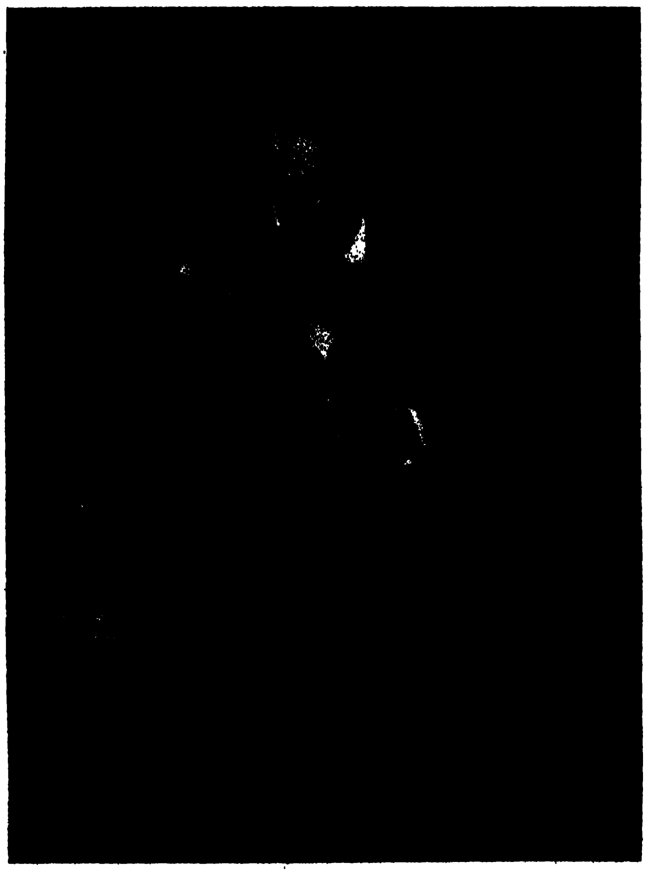
Bierce was a humorist too and, at his best, a most delightful one. His humour is typically American, consisting of under and over statement. The type of humour which treats the commonplace with portentous seriousness, and refers to barbarity and catastrophe with levity. His humour, although possessing richness, piquancy and stimulation, is in a lower category than his serious work, but illustrates admirably the catholicity of Bierce's talent. Even in humour Bierce's genius for the macabre is manifest, for he excels in the grinning skull type of wit. Five of his humorous stories are to be found in "The Eyes of the Panther."

Ambrose Bierce made a very definite and decidedly individual contribution to the art of the short story.

EDWARD JOHN TRELAWNY.*

By S. M. Ellis.

ONE of the most remarkable of the band of men and women who have obtained enduring remembrance by means of their intimacy with the great, and so passed into the realms of fame by hanging on to the skirts of the Immortals, was the Bombastes Furioso of the nineteenth century, Edward John Trelawny. This burly Cornishman was born in 1792, and in the course of a long life of romantic adventure—much elaborated and embroidered in the records he wrote of it—had experiences as a sailor and a privateer in the Indian Ocean, fought in Greece, swam Niagara, and married four wives, two of whom were wild, far-eastern maidens (though even thus he fell short of the aspiration of the youth in "The Lay of the Lovelorn," "I will wed some savage woman—nay, I'll wed at least a dozen"). Finally he died in the year 1881, and had his mortal dust deposited beside that of the immortal Shelley in Rome, no mean achievement. Thus he had in the course of nearly ninety years lived from the spacious days of the eighteenth century, through the period of the Romantics and the Regency, into what his biographer, Mr. Massingham, would call the most otiose and porcine decade of the Victorian era. For though Mr. Massingham is commendably free from the airy persiflage so common to the younger biographers, he has no respect for the period which he terms "The Great Frost," "a bear-garden for cruelty," "an enbalming paste," and all manner of other unpleasant things. But in his biographer's phrase, "Trelawny was the only one of the Great Victorians who was not a Victorian": his enduring fame is not to seek in that era, but in the few months of the year 1821 which he passed in the society of Shelley in Italy, consummated by the part he played in the appalling drama or ritual of the burning of the poet's mutilated body on the sea-shore.



E. J. Trelawny.

From a photograph in the possession of Mrs. Call.
From "The Friend of Shelley," by H. J. Massingham (Cobden-Sanderson).

The career of Trelawny was thus remarkably eventful, even though the accounts of his early exploits and adventures as recorded in his well-known autobiographical romance, "The Adventures of a Younger Son," need to be condimented with more than one grain of salt. This being so, Trelawny's life would seem to provide an excellent opportunity for a

* "The Friend of Shelley." A Memoir of Edward John Trelawny. By H. J. Massingham. 21s. (Cobden-Sanderson.)

straightforward narrative biography, compact of picturesque description, particularly as hitherto no extended memoir of the man has been written. But for reasons he does not explain, Mr. Massingham says Trelawny's life is quite unsuited to that method, that is, "the usual course of an historical biography." I should have thought the opposite to be the case when the pen was handled by such a clever and cultured writer as Mr. Massingham, for though this is said to be his first essay in the art of biography, he shows that he possesses many of the primary gifts of the biographer—sympathy, intuition, an acute sense of psychology and, in the stock phrase, a gift for analysis of motive and character. What he lacks is an appreciation of illustrative detail and coherent incident so essential for building up the complete portrait of a man. His story does not progress or paint pictures: it lingers and speculates.

So it is, his book is mainly an examination of Trelawny's relations with Shelley, Byron, and Mary Shelley, and how these associates reacted on him, and he again on them. I think he has taken too grandiose a view of Trelawny's personality and attributed more importance to his influence on Shelley and Byron than can be substantiated by the facts. His theory that Byron's delight in guying the absurdities and gasconading boasts of the Cornish giant—a very Caliban at the withering blast of the poet's sarcasm—degenerated into a sadistic pleasure is a wild one. It amused Byron to air and exercise his persiflage on the writhing Bombastes; but that this wit had a deteriorating effect upon Byron's character, or that Trelawny thereby developed, in modern jargon, an "inferiority complex" (a "superiority complex" was ever his trouble) are postulates not easy to prove. As for Shelley, it is hard to find that he regarded Trelawny as anything more than what he called "a wild but kind-hearted seaman." He was without doubt a devoted and faithful friend to Shelley, who appreciated the fact; but one cannot take Trelawny's own statements, in his published "Recollections," of his relations with Shelley and Byron as altogether correct, for he was a congenital rodomontado, a veritable Baron Munchausen, one who exaggerated his performances and experiences perhaps unconsciously, for he would transmute even ascertainable facts, as when he said, "I built Byron a yacht," whereas he had merely been engaged to skipper the vessel. His egoism was as clamant as that of his namesake, the Trelawny whose fellow Cornishmen would know the reason why if he demised.

But his very exaggerations and exorbitances make him a remarkable figure, and as such he attracted the pens of Landor and Meredith and the brush of Millais. And he has been even more fortunate in attracting such a talented biographer at long last, for Mr. Massingham's volume is full of clever phrases and passages which compel thought, sometimes to agreement and at other times to controversy. This is a skilful exercise in dialectics, and my only doubt is if the subject is worthy of the thesis.

HARTLEY COLERIDGE.*

Professor Griggs has done a real service to literature in laying emphasis on the figure of Hartley Coleridge. His book was a successful thesis for a London doctorate in philosophy; but it is none the less a very readable contribution to the art of biography. It is the sympathetic presentation, carefully based on documents of which some of the most interesting are new, of a remarkable man, whose faults, if he had any, were far outweighed by his misfortunes.

Hartley's initial misfortune of course was to have been born the son of Samuel Taylor Coleridge. It might be argued with equal plausibility that that was his initial good luck. Had he not been Samuel's son, and brought up beneath the benevolent shadows of Wordsworth and Southey, occasionally illuminated by the firefly brightness of Lamb, it is possible that he would never have felt any call to literary expression.

On the other hand it is obvious that the circumstances of his childhood were impossibly exacting. His heritage was a highly nervous organisation. The power of his imagination was the wonder of a circle of elders which included the most imaginative men of that generation; and his infantile ratiocination was the amazement even of his father, who was accustomed to take such capacities for granted.

So far so good. Hartley was obviously nurtured in the very hotbed of genius. But there is another side of the picture. With Coleridge and Wordsworth writing poems to him, and exclaiming over his astonishing sagacity, his delicate organisation was unhealthily stimulated. He early came to recognise himself as something rather wonderful, which every recorded utterance of his childhood—and surprisingly many have been recorded—proves him to have been. At the same time he was equally early made aware that his father was a person of such outstanding capacity that he could never hope to emulate him: and that is another indubitable proposition, for if Samuel Taylor Coleridge's achievement had been in proportion to his potentialities, he would certainly have been, as both poet and philosopher, one of the world figures. The result was that Hartley grew up with an uncomfortable mixture of vanity and a sense of inferiority. It was wounded vanity which, when he failed to achieve the confidently expected Newdigate, threw him into the despair which he assuaged in alcohol. And it was his "inferiority complex" which was to tie his hands to the end of his days. He died—an old man in early middle age—an "ineffectual angel"; not, in the accepted sense of the word, beautiful; but, as mortals go, as good an angel as most.

Nor was he so ineffectual as he believed himself to be or as it has been too readily taken for granted that he was. Hartley Coleridge was a poet, and a poet is to be judged by his poetry. And to examine Hartley's poetry disinterestedly, forgetting that he was the son of a great man, a drunkard and an admitted failure in life, is to be astonished at its quality. He was incapable of sustained effort, and happiest in fetters. Therefore he wrote sonnets, preferring the strict Petrarchian convention. The best of his sonnets are among the finest in English. They are at once exact and easy. With whatever Hartley wished to say he could fill, to the brim but without overflow, his measure of fourteen lines. For the most part a meditative and introspective poet, he was a true romantic of his generation who, if he looked inward upon himself, also looked outward upon the world of natural phenomena. And he had a gift of pictorial expression which the very much greater but very much untidier Wordsworth might well have envied. At his best Hartley Coleridge wrote with the precision of Tennyson and the passionate simplicity of Christina Rossetti.

FRANCIS BICKLEY.

* "Hartley Coleridge: His Life and Work." By Earl Leslie Griggs. 6s. (University of London Press.)

THE BOOKMAN'S DIARY.

NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor of THE BOOKMAN, ST. PAUL'S HOUSE, WARWICK SQUARE, LONDON, E.C.4.

A preliminary letter of inquiry should be sent to the Editor before any manuscript is submitted for his consideration.

In connection with the death of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, spiritualists and others are discussing the possibility of checking his communications from the other side by means of finger prints. It is indicative of his vitality and quick interest to the end that he was deeply interested in this matter just before his death. Certain it is that he has left his mark on his own times as writer and man. Best known as the creator of Sherlock Holmes, he himself had long passed beyond that stage in his development and preferred to be known as the author of "The White Company," as historian, and as a scientific investigator and firm believer in the life after death and in the communication between the embodied and the disembodied. Death had no place in his beliefs nor in his estimate of life. Perhaps our finest tribute to him was our instinctive belief in his absolute sincerity even when we strongly disagreed with what he regarded as scientific proofs of communication. He lived a full life and fought a good fight and never stained a page. His last book, "The Edge of the Unknown," just issued by John Murray, has all the marks of his versatility and courage—do you recall E. H. Lacon Watson's article in the August BOOKMAN, 1929, on Conan Doyle as Poet?



Sir Arthur Conan Doyle.

I was glad to have a letter from Alfred Tresidder Sheppard a few days ago. He is spending a few weeks in Belgium, it may be a few months, but as you will see from this issue, his works do follow him. I expect he finds Belgium as quiet as Saffron Walden and has chosen it for that reason. Amid such quietness I hope his mind is deeply embroiled in the rich life of other days which in due time will result in another of his historical novels, for he always gives us reliable history and a fine story. Many of his readers, however, do not know his power as a short story writer and should read "Tuck o' Drum" just published by Hodder & Stoughton.

I see that H. G. Wells recalls history and continues prophecy in his new novel, "The Autocracy of Mr. Parham," with which we shall deal at length in our next issue. He has this at least in common with Cromwell that he knows how to say: "Take away that bauble," and has his own clear ideas of the baubles he would have taken away Heinemanns published the book late in July and Low contributes some characteristic cartoons.

It is proposed to publish a Memoir and selection of letters of the late Romer Wilson. Letters from her correspondents would be welcomed and returned by Edward J. O'Brien, Villa Pauliska, Muralto - Locarno, Switzerland.

In an appreciative letter Mr. Wilfred Partington thinks Dr. W. S. Crockett however gave too much credit to Scott, in his review of "The Private Letter Books of Sir Walter Scott," edited by Wilfred Partington. All that Sir Walter did was to write on the backs of a good many of the letters the names of the writers, sometimes the dates, and very occasionally a comment. The real editing, "overhauling, assorting, annotating," etc., cost Mr. Partington six years hard labour. And the book was worth it.

Almost, if not absolutely, the last words written by St. John Adcock for publication were: "Somebody has been asking, What would you do if you were left a million? Take it." Hetty Green certainly would and would have grumbled that it was not two!—"Hetty Green," by Boyden Sparkes

and Samuel Taylor Moore (Heinemann). I found it difficult to read as a biography, the facts awkwardly presented at times, the chronology doubling and twisting about and the writing poor. But it should not be approached as a biography; it is a study in disease. Its interest is pathological not biographical. She had the Midas touch in the double sense, all things turned to gold and all her gold was dust. She was the richest woman in America and the poorest woman in the world. The book might be condensed with advantage and issued as a Tract for the Times—how to succeed in missing life. Such a tract ought to be distributed free, both to the Haves and the Have Nots. It would be a valuable contribution which would do something to modify the bitterness of class warfare, the root of which is the root of all evil.



Mr. E. O. Hoppé.

Reproduced from Sydney Press Cutting.

Talking about money, we are all watching with keen interest the opening round of the book price fight in America. A few American publishers are listing new novels at one dollar instead of the customary two dollars and a half. With the complications of publishers' economics we cannot deal at this time—amount and cost of distribution, advertising, overheads, etc. What I am concerned about is that I still catch myself noticing when I pay 7s. 6d. for a book and at the same time taking as a matter of course the cost of other things like a business lunch, a seat at the theatre and the necessary trimmings, clothes—I have just visited my tailor! I remember a year when I felt I had been especially reckless in book-buying—and found I had spent less than £20. The running of my cycle and side-car that year had cost me nearer £100 than £80. The question as to whether books are too dear or not is for many of us more a question of psychology than of economics, a question affecting our scale of values rather than the state of our finance.



Portrait by Elliott & Fry.

Mr. H. Hamilton Fyfe.

Mr. E. O. Hoppé has reached Australia in his world tour with his camera. A friend has sent me an enthusiastic letter with a press cutting, giving an account of the exhibition in Sydney of Mr. Hoppé's work. I know he will appreciate the title they have given him, "Photographer of Nothing." "He shoots his camera at four empty casks and a few empty bottles, and you see the dried soul in the shard of prohibition." Whatever this may mean, it sounds terrible. Mr. Hoppé has gone on to Central Australia and the Great Barrier Reef. Many of us are looking forward to seeing the world through the lens of a camera in the hands of this incomparable artist.

The time of the singing of birds has come, and almost gone. I think I am one of many for whom flowers and birds mean more as the years go by. Emphatically however I shall never sit down to study all about the habits of birds, their eggs, food, etc. And yet I want to be able to identify the birds that live in my garden and those I meet in my travels about England. I have found just the book I want which teaches me by pictures—"British Birds," by F. B. Kirkman and F. C. R. Jourdain (21s. net; Jacks). Each right hand page gives a beautifully coloured picture of the bird or birds in their natural colours and environment, whilst the left hand tells me all I am anxious to know about them. Such a book adds riches to the seasons.

Divorce, like the poor, is always and increasingly with us. Mr. Noel Douglas is to publish a book, "Divorce," in the early autumn expressing the views of H. G. Wells, Rebecca West, André Maurois, Warwick Deeping, Theodore Dreiser, Bertrand Russell and others. This will be at least interesting, if not final and conclusive.



Portrait by the Central Studios.

Miss Gillian Olivier,

Author of "The Broomwood Cellar" (Heinemann).

I saw a young man yesterday swaying in the Underground train all unaware that he was not in an easy

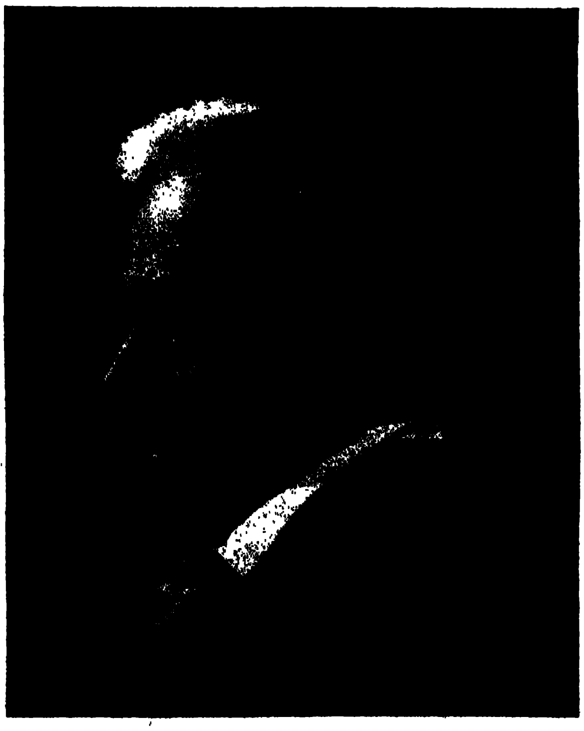


Arbib-Hauser,
Joint author of "The Man Without a Necktie" (Stanley Paul).

chair. He was reading "Good Companions." It is one of the altogether good signs of our times that this book has attained such success and continues to win ardent admirers. It has been so much with us however that one was almost taken by surprise to learn that Heinemanns are to publish Mr. J. B. Preistley's new novel this month: "Angel Pavement." I like his title, which is indicative, for Mr. Priestley can always see the ladder in Charing Cross and help others to climb it.

Mr. John van Druten, the author of "Young Woodley," has certainly been on the way whilst writing his new novel, "A Woman on Her Way," which Putnams are to publish in September. The writing has been done in places as far apart as the Isle of Skye and the Riviera, solitude and society at least. The same firm announces for the autumn, an English edition of Michael Scholokov's post-revolutionary Russian novel, "The Silent Don," which Knopfs are issuing simultaneously in America. If we are to understand the Russians, ancient or modern, we shall have to turn to their literature rather than to their politics or economics. And understand them we must.

James Douglas once published a book, "The Man in the Pulpit." I have never read that book, but I know James Douglas as the parson of Fleet Street and the father confessor to thousands in every part of the world. Only a moiety of his writing is published, despite his magnificent contribution to current journalism. The greater part is in the form of letters to those who seek his guidance. There is no man in England who knows more of the sorrows of men and women than James Douglas and he has the wisdom and the courage to give of his best in those letters which never see the light, yet never fail to give light to those who receive them. He is strong enough to let his heart beat in his writing, a beat you can feel as you read "Down Shoe Lane," a volume of his collected articles just published by Herbert Joseph.



Portrait by Howard Coster, Photographer of Men.

Mr. James Douglas.



Arbib-Hauser,
Joint author of "The Man Without a Necktie" (Stanley Paul).

By the way, many will add to their special collector's shelf, "Celeste and other Sketches," by Stephen Hudson (18s.; Blackamore Press). Were it not a signed and limited edition it would still hold its place for the poignant beauty of the writing and for the joy of turning again and again to the exquisite wood engravings by John Nash. A few weeks ago in Germany, I wandered round my host's library after lunch, wandered hungrily. You see, he was an eminent bookbinder and his cases were full of choice books bound to match their inherent worth. Recently a friend of mine returned from Scandinavia deeply impressed with the book production he had seen, paper, type, imposition, printing and binding. It is all true, and equally true that we are still producing fine work in the British Isles.

I always fall for a book on Reading and suppose I always shall. Certainly I shall if written by John Livingston Lowes, whose four essays "Of Reading Books" (5s. net; Constable) brought this predilection to mind. They have also just issued a new and revised edition of "Convention and Revolt in Poetry," by the same author, to read which is a stimulating adventure and to re-read is a delight. To a degree that is seldom true, to read these two books constitutes a very liberal literary education. When he touches words they become luminous and incandescent, so that when he discusses Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress," or the Bible, or when he compares Hardy's and Meredith's "Reading of

Earth" much else is given by way of spiritual enlightenment.

Selma Lagerlöf has come to her own on our side of the North Sea and Elkin Mathews & Marrot are offering in the autumn a fine edition of her "Christ Legends," illustrated in black-and-white by Horace J. Knowles. This is their first appearance in an English edition. Collectors will naturally have their eye on two limited and signed editions coming from the same house: "Chelsea Way," by André Maurois, and "Two Stories," by Richard Aldington.

East has met with West and Black is mixing with White. A vivid insight into what this means is given in "Lobagola," an African savage's own story, issued by Knopf (10s. 6d.). Read as an adventure and as a human document it is thrilling. It does not leave the mind when the book is out of hand. You are doing a puzzling little sum of debit and credit. What is quite clear however is that the road for all of us is forward and not back.

A book that will interest Grecians is promised by the Oxford University Press for September—"Tradition and Design in the Iliad," by C. M. Bowra (10s. 6d. net). Mr. Bowra wrote the Introduction to the Oxford Book of Greek Verse, and is one of the younger Oxford dons. Another book from the same publishers will appeal to students of European history—"The Political Life and Letters of Cavour," by A. J. Whyte (17s. 6d. net), whose "Early Life and Letters of Cavour" is well known to students. The new book is promised for September.

Sir Ian Malcolm's "Lord Balfour" (7s. 6d. net; Macmillan), though slight has at least the merit of being close observations by one who knew Lord Balfour and worked with him for many years. It is a real loss that Lord Balfour did not live to complete his autobiography. In due course we shall have the story to where he had to lay the pen down, and later the completed story from other hands.

BOOKMAN.



Selma Lagerlöf.

NOTES ON RECENT BOOKS.

Mr. Clive Holland knows Belgium well, and a perusal of his friendly little book, **THINGS SEEN IN BELGIUM** (3s. 6d.; Seeley, Service), should help considerably to give the reader, if he has not already acquired it, a keen interest in that ill-fated little country, so rich in treasures of art and architecture. Only a few miles from our own coast it lies, and yet to visit some parts of it is like taking a step into the past. Brussels is there with all her up-to-date charm as well as her intricate history and priceless treasures, but Bruges with her legacies of Memling, the Van Eycks and many another continues to cast the elusive spell of her mediæval atmosphere as if in open defiance of modern progress. Its story down the ages is no less fascinating than the enchantment it lays upon the visitor of to-day, who probes its secluded nooks and corners in a spirit of perpetual wonder and delight.

In **RAMBLES IN DEVON** (7s. 6d.; Methuen), the completion of his West Country trilogy (having written previously of Somerset and Cornwall), Mr. J. H. Wade pays tribute to the playground of his youth and the land of his later adoption. He definitely aims at "the less showy but more serviceable task of providing the tourist with a catalogue of the chief things which he may expect to see," and in its accomplishment draws on the vast amount of miscellaneous information he has accumulated whilst tramping the "glorious" shire on foot from end to end and from shore to shore. Devonshire being the third largest county in England, the area is a large one, and Mr. Wade is to be congratulated on the variety of interests he has covered and the attention he has given to each.

THE NEW "PRUNELLA."

What happened to Prunella, after the night when she ran off with Pierrot from her "prim garden of the rectangular virtues" to taste a mummer's life? Her tale is already a classic—certainly the tenderest, daintiest, saddest little allegory that our stage has produced. Hitherto the details of that marriage—Innocence mated with the Romantic Temperament—have been left to our imagination; but this month, for the revival of the Barker-Housman fantasy at the Everyman Theatre,* the authors give us an additional act showing how the lovers fared.

This new part is as exquisite as the rest; one need say no more. And its inclusion should alone draw Prunella-lovers to Hampstead, even without the lure of an exceptionally fine cast (Ernest Milton, just back from starring in America, plays Pierrot; and Joan Harben, Wallace

* Revival on July 31st.

Evennet and Dorothy Green are also in the company). It shows a wayside resting-place of the mummer troupe. But their caravan has broken down; it has but one wheel; and presently, when the troupe comes back from its foraging with new wheels, these are all different sizes. "We each chose the one we liked best," they say. "How else?" How else indeed! The touch is characteristic. Little Prunella would not mind if the van stayed as it was; for she wants, of all unreasonable things—a home. Pierrot, dismayed, evades the issue by "imagining" one; it is unreal, fantastic, soulless, like everything else about him. Prunella begins to cry. To distract her they extemporise a play in which, though she knows nothing of it but the lines she is given, she is induced to take part.

Now follows brilliantly the play which Scaramel has devised—a sort of blasphemous parody of the innocence of Act I, wherein Prunella is made to travesty her old self. It is laid in a garden, as before. Instead of Love appears a statue of Riches. The Aunts, now travestied by the jaded girls of the troupe, arrange to sell their niece to a rich lover. He arrives—Pierrot, clad in gold—preceded by his love-letter which is seen to be a cheque, and followed by Scaramel as his Purse. Even Prunella's lesson on the Moon is not spared; she repeats it, in cynical distortion: "The Honeymoon is often much shorter than the uninstructed would suppose. . . ." The statue, kicked round, turns into a painted effigy of Prunella, "unreal and bewitching." "But what becomes of *me*?" cries the real Prunella at last. "You stand aside and out of the way," mocks Scaramel. "If he loves me——?" "He doesn't know the meaning of the word!" She breaks away in horror, demanding "reality." Scaramel throws her in contempt her own clothes, which have turned to rags. And Prunella, deserted and disillusioned, snatches at them gladly as the troupe passes her by.

I have no space to do more than suggest the delicate, bitter satire with which this scene is worked out. It is grotesque, fantastic, oddly horrible; yet of such beauty as no lover of the original play can afford to miss.

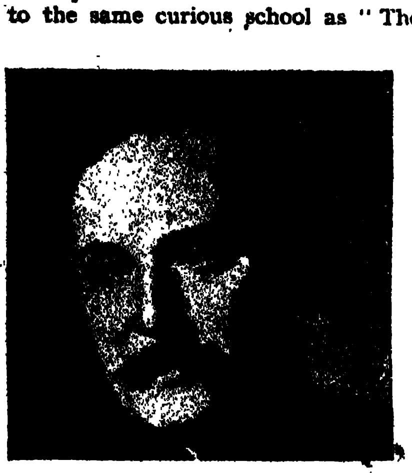
GRAHAM SUTTON.

The Bookshelf.

CORONETS AND HEARTS.*

I wonder occasionally why novelists, including of course myself, write historical fiction when the formula among certain eminent critics runs very much as follows: 1. I do not like historical novels. 2. Very few people like them. 3. All historical novels are almost equally bad, except (*a*) those by novices who can translate the past into terms of cocktails and night-clubs, (*b*) the latest foreign novel which ignores the reticences former novelists held decent, and sees in the past only brutality, squalor and lust. I do not know what the reading public would say to a musical critic who began his criticism by saying that he cannot stand music nor can most other people; but the latest jazz-tune is better than Purcell, Handel, Beethoven, Chopin and Brahms.

You will avoid these four novels if you want the sordid, the erotic, or the brutal; though the authors of the three serious historical novels on my list do not shirk unpleasant facts, and the fourth book is quite innocuous. "My Lord Lucifer," in spite of the publishers' statement, is not strictly an historical romance or novel at all; it belongs to the same curious school as "The Castle of Otranto," "The Mysteries of Udolpho" and "The Monk." An old manuscript found in a secret room shifts the tale from modern times to the days of Charles II, and Miss Selous has reproduced the language of Pepys's day very carefully. The West Country was then as remote from London as America is to-day, and strange things happened; but nothing, surely, quite so strange as in this book, with its *couvade*, abduction, sorceries and horrors. Coincidence—a word one of the characters calls "co-co-co-what-d'ye-call-'em"—plays a part. But there are some dramatic scenes, and "My Lord Lucifer" will probably interest readers who do not worry too much about probability.



Manuel Komroff,
author of "Coronet" (Harrap).

Mr. Baring's book is historical fiction nearly, but not quite, at its best. "Robert Peckham" tells his own story in the epitaph written by himself for his tomb in San Gregario in Rome (but his heart is to go to Denham, in Buckinghamshire):

> "Here lies Robert Peckham, Englishman and Catholic, who after England's break with the Church, left England because he could not live in his country without the Faith, and, having come to Rome, died there because he could not live apart from his country."

Here is a great and original idea for a novel which carries us from the reign of Henry VIII to that of Elizabeth; I wish more had been made of it. The rare virtue of compression has become a fault. But, except for a few careless sentences, like "I knew from that moment not only that I loved Joan, not only as I had loved her before, but more than I had ever known," the book is written in splendid though simple prose—and verse; the historical portraits, which include Ronsard, are good; and a gentle melancholy, like that of some quiet country church where hatchments and effigies catch the softened beams of evening sun, pervades the story, so that it lingers in the memory.

Mr. Wallace B. Nichols takes his curious but apt title from Bacon's comment on Henry VII: "one of the best of wonders; a wonder for wise men." The author—again a poet, and the majority of our best historical novels are the work of poets—touches lightly and without committal on the crimes with which, by different schools, both Richard III and Henry VII have been saddled; he is concerned chiefly with the folly and brutality of war in all ages, and with Henry as a king wise enough to realise that folly and that brutality. The period has been most carefully studied even in detail; the characters are alive; and the writing throughout is at a very high level. I am not certain that the episodes, vividly as they are described, in the revolt of Lambert Simnel are quite so convincing as the rest of the book, and I am a little doubtful whether Mr. Nichols is correct when he refers to the sporran of the Scottish Guard of Charles VIII of France. Did not the Guard wear the French King's own uniform, of white silk (or soyon) with gold, and the blue cassock? But, whether I am right or Mr. Nichols, he has written a fine, stirring, human book on which he may be warmly congratulated.

And now am I in danger of falling into the formula of certain critics I have criticised? My prejudices bristle like the quills of the porcupine which Louis XII—Henry's contemporary, and a king with certain strange affinities to our first Tudor monarch—wore as his badge. The

* "My Lord Lucifer." By Bertha Selous. 7s. 6d. (Heinemann.)—"Robert Peckham." By Maurice Baring. 7s. 6d. net. (Heinemann.)—"A Wonder for Wise Men." By Wallace B. Nichols. 7s. 6d. net. (Ward, Lock.)—"Coronet." By Manuel Komroff. 8s. 6d. net. (Harrap.)

author of "Coronet," Manuel Komroff, was born in New York, and a good historical novel from America is not an everyday event He worked as a journalist in Russia during the Revolution, in the States he saw and criticised twenty films a week—which one would imagine might incapacitate anyone from writing historical fiction of any value Indeed the brief sentences written below the heading of the books into which his novel is divided smack of the film-caption, for instance, under Book I—Renaissance 1700' (a puzzling Renaissance date, by the way), we read, "Evil springs from the dark core of the world and brings with it life And things without flesh and blood, things void and dead, begin to stir" Then the American Literary Guild has chosen it as the book of the month, and for many reasons, chiefly because certain books are given a fictitious value, and because in my view the proper salesman for books is the bookseller, I have no great love for these societies which spoon-feed a section of the public And finally (one may as well be frank) the publishers note urging reviewers not to dispose of the book, at all events within a certain period, seems to me unwise, provocative, and more likely to defeat than achieve its own ends

But Coronet" sweeps prejudice aside, it is not a book with which anyone will be anxious to part A collection of scenes or long short stories, beginning in Florence over three hundred years ago, going on to the Napoleonic era, and carrying one through the nineteenth century to the year after the conclusion of the Great War, is linked by the adventures of a golden coronet and a silver whip —symbols of power or glory, and of arrogant brutality and force The book has faults Frequently Mr Baring's blue pencil might have been borrowed with advantage Coincidence is freely used But many of the scenes are unforgettable, especially those in Paris, in Russia, and in the little town of Senlis, and whether one agrees with the author or not, his study of the aristocracies of descent art military rule intellect, and finally money as typified in the Chicago pork king is worked out with amazing skill Everyone should read the scenes in which Mademoiselle Georges, Napoleon and Octave David figure, and the brilliant account of the Moscow disaster It is without doubt a most remarkable and original book written by a writer to whom without hesitation, I apply that dangerous and perhaps indefinable word genius

ALFRED TRESIDDER SHEPPARD

THE POETRY OF EDITH SITWELL *

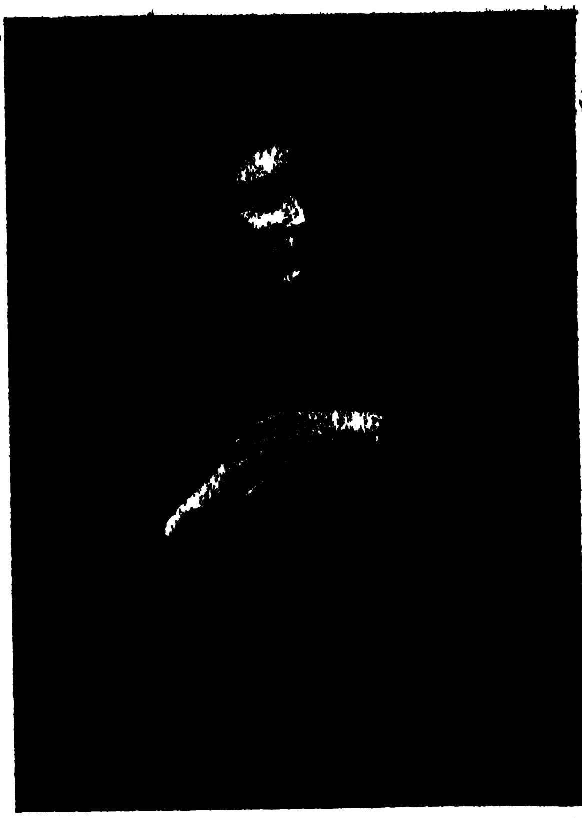
"Time wrote Cardinal Newman, 'hath a taming hand" No writer within the last ten or fifteen years has experienced a greater change in the public estimate of his or her work than Edith Sitwell, whose collected poems in one volume of two hundred and seventy pages have just been published

One does not need to be very old to recall the uproar which greeted a poem by Miss Sitwell when it first appeared in the periodical, *Wheels* With Bucolic Comedies' (1923) and The Sleeping Beauty' (1924) the uproar continued, though less noisily, for it was gradually coming to be recognised that her innovations in rhyme pattern and imagery were not to be dismissed as mere nonsense, but had a quality and purpose of their own An adjective for instance like "creaking," applied to the dawn, in the much discussed poem Aubade," suggested something harsh and unwilling about the cold light of early morning which had not been said so finally before

Like most poets, Edith Sitwell sets out to create her own world and by her own methods And like more than one contemporary writer (Walter de la Mare is the chief example), she finds this world through a reaching back to the memories of childhood "The Sleeping Beauty' and "Troy Park" are full of recollections—of the tinkling notes of a music-box, of gaily coloured flower-beds,

> 'Gold freckled calceolarias,
> Marigolds, cinerarias,
> African marigolds, coarse-frilled,"

* "The Collected Poems of Edith Sitwell" 8s 6d (Duckworth).



Portrait by Elliott & Fry **Miss Edith Sitwell.**

of the clown's booth or the roundabout at a country fair, of

> Maternal cows with a white horn
> As hard and dry as rustling corn

A child sees objects very clearly and very distinctly, and they remain for him, for the most part, unrelated objects—that is absolute in themselves One of the chief impressions which Miss Sitwell's poetry leaves is of a succession of images possessing just this quality that they are absolute in themselves

Her manner and methods are individual Indeed it was the parrot cry of her first critics that such a way of using the English language was arbitrary and unintelligible, and because unintelligible therefore monstrous The main discussion centred round the faculty of comparison, which is an integral part of the equipment of the poet. The poet's mind, working at pressure casts around for some image which will make clear and enlarge his meaning He may find it in a deviation from the normal way of saying things which by the shock of mild surprise it gives, effects his purpose Blake's

> Tyger tyger burning bright
> In the forests of the night,'

is the example which rises most immediately to the mind. In Edith Sitwell this faculty is given supreme play She employs the romantic method as by a natural process, describing the audible in terms of the visible, the dynamic in terms of the static The impressions received through the senses are applied the one to the other, indiscriminately. Dew is bird-breasted, flowers are wooden and begin to cluck, fruits are wind-smooth, the fire is furry Often it would seem that Miss Sitwell's imagery is twice removed from the normal, the mind and the imagination have to go through two stages Dew falls softly, we say. Or the breast of a bird is soft Dew is bird-breasted, says Miss Sitwell When she speaks of "wooden flowers that 'gin to cluck,' the picture is of those hard, stiff flowers in a garden that dip and bend beneath the rain until they look (and seem as if they must sound) like hens clucking

It is a danger inherent in poetry which depends so largely for its effect on comparison that the comparison may miss the mark A thin line divides the inevitable from the arbitrary And Miss Sitwell's verse is not without its bad lapses But at her best she has brought into poetry an

imagery which, by its brilliant flashes, lights up a whole new world of consciousness:

> "like a gold-barred tiger, shade
> Leaps in the darkness";

or

> "pluck boughs of cherries
> That seem the lovely lucent coral bough
> (From streams of starry milk those branches grow)
> That Cassopeia feeds with her faint light,
> Like Ethiopia ever jewelled bright"

It is by passages like these that Miss Sitwell will be remembered, and this volume of collected poems affords proof that such passages stand in no distant isolation.

MARGARET A. SUTHERLAND.

INDIA FROM ALL SIDES.*

Anything which enables the British public to obtain a fuller and more accurate knowledge of our Eastern Empire is to be commended, and Messrs. Constable have done a public service in publishing Mr. Percy H. Dumbell's study of political growth, "Loyal India, A Survey of 70 Years, 1858-1928."

Mr. Dumbell is a senior official in the India Office and was for a time secretary to Lord Morley, for whom he retains an intense and whole-hearted admiration. In this volume he collects the leading documents of State, from Queen Victoria's Royal Charter to Lord Irwin's statement on the appointment of the Simon Commission in 1927. No one can read these chapters without being impressed by the whole-hearted endeavours of the British Government for many years past to seek a peaceful and satisfactory way out of the Indian maze. King George's Proclamation in 1919 revealed this. "I have watched with understanding and sympathy the growing desire of my Indian people for representative institutions. . . . It is my earnest desire at this time that so far as possible, any trace of bitterness between my people and those who are responsible for my Government should be obliterated." The Duke of Connaught, in his well known speech at Delhi in 1921, voiced the same appeal. "Cannot we bury along with the dead past all the mistakes and misunderstandings of the past?"

And yet, in the words of Lord Curzon, India, after two hundred years, "still stands like some beautiful stranger before her captors, so defenceless, so forlorn, so little understood, so little known." Why is this?

I hoped when I began to read Colonel Osburn's book, "Must England Lose India?" that I should find here a reasonable and convincing statement of the views of the extreme Indian reformers. Colonel Osburn is a soldier with a fine record. He fought in the ranks in the Imperial Yeomanry in the South African War, and served later for many years as a doctor in the Army Medical Corps, being mentioned five times in dispatches and receiving his D.S.O. during the Great War. This alone entitles him to a respectful hearing. Unfortunately he weakens his case and repels sympathy by the violence of his language and the unfairness of his methods of controversy, and at times reveals an imperfect acquaintance with conditions of Indian life.

He bitterly attacks the character of the Englishmen who go out to responsible administrative positions in India, maintaining that their minds have been warped beforehand by the pernicious training of our public schools which encourages a spirit of superciliousness, bullying and tyranny! Their temper is ruined by the Indian climate, causing them to show amazing irritability and lack of consideration in dealing with the native people.

If I were to base my views on Colonel Osburn's book, I should conclude that the British official in India largely spends his time in riding down harmless natives who obstruct him in the street and in flogging unhappy underlings who dare not retaliate, while his wife is engaged in whipping her servants. A favourite sport of British soldiers in India seems to be again judging from this volume kicking careless punka-wallahs to death!

Colonel Osburn gives a number of unplaced, undated and unsupported anecdotes to support his case. He admits that none of his anecdotes is new and none refers to recent events, but maintains that while the British rulers may not behave quite in the same fashion now, they would if they could!

Against the sadistically minded and ferocious Briton we have the misunderstood, maligned and innocent Indian, whose ways have been so sadly misinterpreted to us. *Suttee*, for example—the burning of widows on the funeral pyres of their husbands, which the blundering British prohibited—was a sacrifice often enough made by choice by well-to-do Hindu girls. Colonel Osburn boldly defends child marriages and condemns our interference with them. He excuses the prohibition of remarriage to widows in any circumstances. Were widows allowed to remarry in a land where girls are married to elderly men, the Indian woman could get rid of



Captain J. E. Ellam.

From "Swaraj," by Captain J. E. Ellam (Hutchinson).

* "Loyal India: A Survey of Seventy Years, 1858-1928." By Percy H. Dumbell. 2s. (Constable.)—"Must England Lose India?" By Lieut.-Colonel A. Osburn, D.S.O. 7s. 6d. (Knopf.)—"Swaraj, The Problem of India." By Captain J. E. Ellam. 1s. 6d. (Hutchinson.)—"Nāvayāna, Buddhism and Modern Thought." By Captain J. E. Ellam. 3s. 6d. (Rider.)

The Bookman

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WARWICK SQUARE, E.C.4

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PRINCIPAL ILLUSTRATIONS

her husband by poisoning him and then marry a younger man of her choice and live with him in comfort, or remain a widow to have, perhaps, love affairs with her confessor.

Colonel Osburn retains however some Anglo-Indian prejudices. While on one page severely condemning young officers who turn rich Indians out of first class railway carriages which they have attempted to share with them, he declares elsewhere that efforts to increase personal contact in social matters between the average Hindu and the average Englishman in India are misguided and should not be persisted in, for such social contact at present is more likely to produce mutual irritation and contempt than respect. " To be shut up in the same railway carriage on a long journey with human beings whose habits are so different from ours is simply purgatory—it is only stupid sentimentalism to pretend that it is pleasant or even endurable. . . . The table manners of a wealthy middle class Hindu who has not been educated in Europe are to-day about as peculiar and as distressing as those of his late Majesty, King George II, of which we have such lurid and disgusting accounts."

In " Swaraj, the Problem of India," Captain J. E. Ellam gives us what the publisher describes as " plain ungarnished facts." He traces the development of India, pictures the internal strife before the advent of the English and describes what British rule has done, how it brought peace, conquered India's most terrible enemy, famine, developed industry and established justice.

Captain Ellam has no good word to say of the leaders of " Swaraj." According to him they are liars, cowards and men whose dominating purpose is to establish Brahmin rule over India. They represent only a very small section of the people and the unrest " is not a spontaneous popular movement, but an agitation engineered by a few unscrupulous and ambitious men to seek to replace the British for their own personal gain and enrichment." Behind it all " there lurks the sinister shadow of the Brahmin priestcraft."

One must make allowance for Captain Ellam's point of view. He has been for many years a Buddhist and was formerly editor of an English Buddhist magazine. He has recently published another volume, a lucid exposition of his creed, " Nāvayāna, Buddhism and Modern Thought."

Captain Ellam's solution of the Indian problem is the maintenance of absolute British rule. He regards Dominion status as impossible. " Our mistake has been in trying to graft upon a social order five hundred years behind our own, a twentieth century constitution." Dominion status would, he maintains, " mean the turning over of the British provinces to a handful of Hindu irreconcilables, who would at once reduce them to a state of chaos." In this conclusion he is supported by Lord Brentford, who writes a foreword in which he pleads that if, as he thinks, we find we have gone too far in our concessions to India, we should " amend our mistakes—say that India has proved herself unfit for democratic self-government, that she must, for some generations, in her own interests, be governed and controlled by Great Britain, and by that wonderful Civil Service which has done so much for India, and of which we are all so proud."

F. A. MACKENZIE.

THE BEST OF ENGLAND.*

It was obviously a good idea to get Mr. Vachell to write this book, which is intended primarily for visitors to our shores, and also for those " who long to do what others do, and don't know how to do it," just because Mr. Vachell is a man of the world, fit to discriminate between differing values, master of an easy and charming style. And also it is clear to see that he has in some measure at least mastered the Art of Life, for he has *enjoyed* England exceedingly, and apparently means to go on enjoying it. For Sport he has a passion. He says: " For more than twenty years I stalked the tall red deer in Scotland; I have hunted fox and stag and fallow buck; the memories of ' days of fresh air in the wind and the sun ' remain enchanting. Let it be inscribed on my tombstone, ' This dog had his day.' "

In the chapter on polo, Mr. Vachell explains that he is the Father of the Game west of the Rocky Mountains, and was captain of the first team of Englishmen who played against California. Obviously his heart is in the delightful and exciting pursuit. Sound advice comes from his pen ever and anon, and novices are sternly warned that it is impossible to get the best of anything cheap. " If you wish to play golf on our finest seaside links—and you don't know what the Royal and Ancient Game is till you do—you must travel to them, pay their green fees, pay your hotel bills, and disburse cold cash which will not have time to get warm in your pocket."

Many will turn to the chapter on " Collecting " as devout admirers of " Quinneys." " I find something that pleases me; I buy it and when it becomes mine, I set perhaps an inordinate value on it. This attachment is sentimental." Good work in wax is worth buying at a moderate price. " Perhaps old silver, unquestionably genuine, is the safest investment for any collector." Mr. Vachell tells us to haunt the antique shops of country towns. There many engaging trifles may yet be picked up cheaply—the lesser *articles de vertu*.

There is a valuable chapter on " Sight-seeing." We are advised to go down the Thames to look at London. " The secret of sight-seeing is to look up. Who makes a pilgrimage from the Gate of Katharine of Braganze to the wonderful Pool of London ? "

The " Best of England " holds the cream of a busy man's experience of the enjoyments of life. Because that man is quick, clever, a novelist, playwright and sportsman, the book is very characteristic, very vivid and enlightening.

MARJORY ROYCE.

* " The Best of England." By Horace Annesley Vachell. 10s. 6d. (Faber & Faber.)

THE TRAIL OF THE CRIMINAL.

While crime in its crude form has not the slightest interest for the healthy mind, crime as a pathological problem is both a fascinating and a profitable study. It is doubtful whether its mysteries will ever be explained, from so many diverse causes do they originate—savagery and weakness, premeditation and impulse, accident and abnormality. Dealing the whole time with realities, not fiction, we have to try to account for them by some human standard. But we have only to examine the records in these seven volumes,* together with police documents and the reports of trials, to find how impossible is the task. Heredity is an important factor in some of the dramas, and then we discover a " born " criminal, perverted and depraved, a case for the physician and not the penalogist. But there is no seeming link to connect this helpless victim of circumstances with the outlaw who deliberately chooses the path of vice, revels in his misdeeds and refuses all chances of reform. Yet who shall say no link exists merely because it eludes us ?

In the volumes of Mr. Morain and Mr. Ashton-Wolfe examples are given of the criminal by choice—men and women who resolved to misuse talents which could easily have been turned to good account, and who preferred the risks of law-breaking to the rewards of honest toil; and Detective Joe Smith, of the Waldorf, gives the history of a notorious woman who frankly told him that a criminal career, with all its desperate hazards, was more to her

* " The Calas Case." By Marc Chassaigne. Translated by Raglan Somerset, with a Foreword by Hilaire Belloc. 18s. (Hutchinson.)—" True Stories of Immortal Crimes." By H. Ashton-Wolfe. 18s. (Hurst & Blackett.)—" The Underworld of Paris." By Alfred Morain. 18s. (Jarrolds.)—" Crooks of the Waldorf." By Detective Joe Smith (transcribed by Horace Smith). 12s. 6d. (John Long.)—" Raffles in Real Life; The Confessions of George Smithson." 12s. 6d. (Hutchinson.)—" Law-Breakers." By Charles Kingston. 12s. 6d. (Bodley Head.)—" The Baffle Book." By Lassiter Wren and Randle McKay. Edited by F. Tennyson Jesse. 2s. 6d. (Heinemann.)

taste than virtue and comfort. Here are baffling problems for the psychologist. They are more difficult to solve than any of the mysteries which engage the wits of the detective force.

Murder, robbery, and swindles are poor and morbid and miserable themes in themselves, but motives and methods are all-important in casting a strong revealing light upon the workings of certain types of mentality. A sudden deed of passion is practically meaningless, but a contrived crime provides endless speculation and displays phases of human nature with its bewildering aberrations and its distorted outlook. Some goaded assassin, driven to fury, may be but the enemy of a single person, his marked-out victim; while the persistent petty thief is an enemy of society. Take Mr. George Smithson's confessions—he labels himself "Raffles in Real Life," and he gives an unvarnished history of many years spent in burglary. He has reformed now, but for a very long period it seemed as if nothing could check him. He never used a gun and he never descended to brutality; he was "Gentleman George" always; yet he would admit he was a greater menace to the multitude at large than a jealous wife who attacked her husband or a panic-stricken man who shot a blackmailer. And this brings us at once to the question of punishment. The person guilty of an isolated offence, perchance committed in a mad moment, is liable to be exterminated by the hangman; the person who commits fifty deliberate offences may simply become a prison pet. Something seems wrong somewhere, but who shall decide what it is?

Man is a complex creature and the perpetration of crime is one of his eccentricities, a departure from the normal, an infraction of the common code. And the crimes of fact, irrespective of sensationalism, are far more amazing than the crimes of fiction. Any story-writer may construct an artificial case which is ingenious, but it will fall to pieces like a house of cards; it is the thing of real life that is truly enigmatical and leaves us gasping. We have only to turn to Mr. Morain's "Underworld of Paris" for proof of that assertion. No fiction-monger dare tell us of such infamies as those of the Apaches, or of such abominations as those of Landru, and expect us to believe the extravagances. They had to happen to be credited and accepted. And has any romancer ever had imagination so wild and strong as to concoct devilries like those narrated by Mr. Ashton-Wolfe in his "True Stories of Immortal Crimes"? He tells us once more of the dainty Marquise de Brinvilliers and her wholesale poisonings; of the "female Bluebeard," Lady Guilfort, and her beheaded lovers; and—more thrillingly than ever Carlyle with his discursiveness and apostrophes could manage it—of the tensely dramatic history of the Diamond Necklace. Mr. Ashton-Wolfe is more of an ornate artist and less of a mere chronicler than the other authors in this list. He is so picturesque in expression, so romantic in style, and so very literary in his handling of his subjects, that were it not for his continual assurance that he was depending upon official documents we should sometimes be disposed to doubt his narrations.

A very interesting comparison might be made between his glamorous chapters on Vidocq, master criminal and master detective, and Mr. Morain's matter-of-fact biography of the same person. Yet in both cases we are brought face to face with surely the most wonderful figure in the history of crime. His feats need no embellishment; his story demands no embroidery; his adventures are marvels without adventitious aid. Mr. Ashton Wolfe devotes the last six chapters to episodes in Vidocq's career which surpass anything of the bizarre fashioned by Dumas and anything of the *macabre* dreamed by Poe. They leave us palpitating, and we ask ourselves: "Were such things possible?"

Two chapters of more solid importance in Mr. Ashton-Wolfe's volume will be eagerly read by students: one, his explanation of the miscarriage of justice in the case of the Lyons Mail, and the other his solution of the mystery of the identity of the Man in the (so-called) Iron Mask. Many have been the guesses at the prisoner in the Bastille; Mr. Ashton-Wolfe definitely declares who the hapless captive was, and weaves a romance of the handsome Duke of Buckingham and the pining Anne of Austria about the long and obscure tragedy.

After such lurid revelations, the colourless chronicles of Mr. Charles Kingston in "Law-Breakers," and the rather monotonous monologues of Mr. Joe Smith (transcribed by Mr. Horace Smith) in "Crooks of the Waldorf" possess scant attraction; the best to be said of them is that they have some use and purpose as records. But Mr. Marc Chassaigne's study of "The Calas Case" stands in a class of its own; it surprises if it does not convince; and it leaves us questioning if for a century and more the world has been deluded on a subject from which it hoped the last doubt had been expelled. Voltaire lashed himself into indignation over the unmerited and pathetic fate of Calas, executed for a "murder" which was really suicide. But was Voltaire acting a part? was he animated by a pure motive? was he the apostle of justice? was he really concerned in the vindication of an innocent man? Or was he only a subtle intriguer, seizing upon an opportunity to bring the Church into disrepute, and carrying on his warfare against the priesthood by sinister contrivances? These are the questions which now arise. The noble triumph of Voltaire as a champion of right is aspersed. Let it be candidly said that M. Chassaigne does not challenge the accepted verdict without reason. He has searched deeply, he has burrowed in dark archives, and he gives to argument a cumulative power. In the end he leaves the issue still undecided, but he shakes faith though he cannot shatter it. The misfortune is that political prejudice and religious fanaticism are dragged into the controversy. It must suffice to say that the Calas case, long assumed to be closed, has now been reopened in such a way that it can no more be complacently regarded as a solved problem where the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth is known. Even the authors of "The Baffle Book," who have invented a new parlour game by supplying plots and providing clues by means of which the veriest amateur can become the triumphant detective, would not be able to forecast a settlement of the Calas mystery.

Three reflections are suggested by these volumes on crime and criminals. The first is that crime, however glittering, romantic, and audacious, is a sorry business, almost always unremunerative, almost inevitably a costly failure. "Gentleman George" and Chief Detective Morain are alike agreed on that point. The second is that the punishment of crime is often illogical and ineffective; it neither prevents a recurrence nor reforms the perpetrators. The third is (and here "Gentleman George" with his personal experience, and Mr. Joe Smith with his personal knowledge, are in complete accord), that our Borstal systems, reformatories, and prisons tend to promote crime rather than repress it. That is appalling, and by no means the least of the mysteries to which a study of criminology brings us.

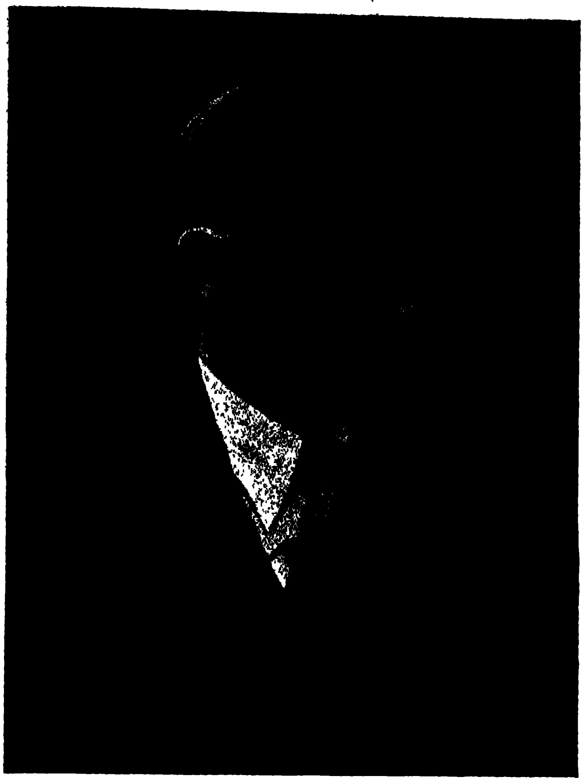
J. CUMING WALTERS.

SINGERS AND SEERS.*

As poets, Dr. Edward Thompson and Mr. W P. Ryan, despite wide differences upon the surface, have fundamental affinities. Both of them, while using conventional verse forms with a free and individual idiom, are in the great tradition; both of them are single-minded and scorn all showy aids to popularity; both of them are idealists and mystics.

Dr. Thompson, it is true, is a "realist" as well. Some of his War poems, reflecting the campaign in Mesopotamia, are among the most objectively graphic, as well as the most humanly poignant that have been written. As readers of his novels are aware, Dr. Thompson is also familiar with India; while in his later poems he returns to his early love for the English country-side, which he sometimes views

* "The Collected Poems of Edward Thompson. 10s. 6d. (Ernest Benn.)—"Poets in Paradise." By W. P. Ryan. 2s. 6d. (Dublin: Colm O'Loughlin.)



Portrait by E. O. Hoppé. **Dr. Edward Thompson.**

directly and sometimes through an aura of classical mythology. The large volume of his "Collected Poems" covers indeed a great variety of scenes, impressions and moods, and through its pages we are brought more vitally into touch with English and Eastern rural life than would be possible through reading a host of "nature" or travel books. Dr. Thompson is a fine interpreter of the *genus loci*, though it is difficult at first to see how he succeeds. He is always quiet and restrained; he is never "picturesque" or lavish with colour; and his verse, studied in detail, is often rugged and intangible. Yet the cumulative effect is one of singular clarity.

It is of course a question of atmosphere. Dr. Thompson's objectivity is conveyed spiritually. His own vision is so intensely receptive and absorbed that it is transmuted, not photographically, but through some subtler alchemy of art. For Dr. Thompson is first and last a spiritual poet; and though into some of his work he introduces reflections and certain technical devices of the Indian mystics, he is essentially a poet of Christianity. His love for the figure of Christ—"The Eternal Comrade"—finds repeated expression in his verse, and nowhere more powerfully or sympathetically than in the long blank verse dialogue in which the spirit of the Master is represented as visiting John the Baptist in prison. It is the background of Christian idealism as well as his passion for nature that render, by force of contrast, this poet's war scenes so moving; and it is in the same dual light of nature and of Christianity that he sees the common majesty of humanity:

> "There is a spot, dim-seen behind our trees,
> Where for a space, ere sunny hours are told,
> Whoever goes goes garmented with gold;
> And I, to take my ease,
> Ofttimes, my book flung idly on my knees,
> That transitory company behold,
> Yea, much have mused and marvelled as they went
> In sun-brave pilgrimage magnificent.
> By largesse of that generous ample air
> Enwrapped with light beyond an angel's dream,
> The beggar moves; nor king, if king were there,
> More glorious than his meanest hind would gleam.
> No eyes but mine behold this daily show,
> The folk, the clinging glow,
> The ruddy stems of that majestic road.
> I watch my fellows go,
> Priest, labourer, child, the coolie with his load,
> All, man or woman, playing lad or maid,
> In one obliterating pomp arrayed."

The unity of life and of man, in the light of a pure Christianity that will ultimately absorb and blend all the apparently warring mythologies, systems and sciences of the past and present, is the theme which Mr. Ryan also pursues in the little poetic play and the few lyrics which make up his new book. Mr. Ryan's mysticism, though presented through a variety of imaginative and original settings, finds more explicit expression than Dr. Thompson's. In especial he is concerned with the current divorce between religion and art, and while he claims the function of the poet at his best to be almost god-like, he holds that all true art must be inspired, not by egotism, but by self-forgetfulness and service. He dreams of

> "Art returning to the primal fount
> Of vision—but of vision man-achieved
> By trained and Christ-filled soul, to take the place
> Of what the Gods in old clairvoyance gave.
> At last the Poet may to manhood come,
> A manhood kin to Godhood if he will,
> Himself a new Olympus in the world.
> With Art the Gods again will walk the earth,
> And we shall guide us by her Gleam and theirs.
> Yea, man, far-faring soul, has reached the stage
> Where understanding of the world divine,
> Seen by the primal races as in dream
> (Still childlike, tended by the Cosmic Guides),
> He must himself acquire, and enter in—
> Thought-labourer, his ego Christ-attuned—
> With all his force as Knower, ripe for Deed:
> Then e'en in Time he tills his Paradise."

It is not easy, either by commentary or quotation, to suggest the range and quality of these two poets. They both deserve the close study of readers who hold, with the writers themselves, that art is a dedication and not a mere diversion.

GILBERT THOMAS.

JOHN AND ME AND THE DICKERY DOG.*

Mrs. St. John Webb, whose recent death lends a special and pathetic interest to this, her latest book of verse, had a quite extraordinary understanding of the child mind. That is one of the main reasons for the enormous popularity of her poems. She knew so well what it feels like to be a little lonely when there is no real reason for feeling lonely at all, to be a little frightened when there is nothing tangible to be frightened of, to be very sad or very joyful over matters which, to the less sensitive mind, might appear mere commonplaces of ordinary everyday existence.

She had too that feeling for the universal experience as manifested in the individual consciousness which is so important a part of the writer's equipment. So that grown-up people, reading these poems, are apt to remember many things which they had forgotten.

"Why, yes," they say, "it *was* like that. I remember so well feeling like that."

But the children take these things for granted. They don't even have to think to themselves. "Yes, it *is* like that." It seems quite obviously self-evident to them. These children, these dogs, these "mummies," these exciting and entrancing sights and sounds, these swift and vivid fears and joys are part of the texture of daily life to them, and it is great fun to find someone writing about it all in a printed book.

And that is how it has come about that "The Littlest One" is now in its fiftieth thousand and that, together with its successors, it has an honoured place upon the bookshelves of nurseries (and not only of nurseries) in English-speaking homes all over the world.

This last book, which has a most attractive cover, and is altogether a very pleasant piece of bookmaking, with its delicate and sympathetic illustrations in line by Miss A. H. Watson, is mainly concerned with the fortunes of "John and Me" ("Me" being John's twin sister Ann) and "a funny little dog" called Dickery. A thoroughly engaging person this last, with just that sort of whimsical

* "John and Me and the Dickery Dog." By Mrs. St. John Webb.

individuality about him that makes " Scotties " so lovable. There are many other people in the book. Miss Kilcame, the teacher, whose mother calls her " my dear child " so unexpectedly; Paul Montague Wellington Weeks, who " only came down for the day " (and even that was felt to be too long); also aunts of both kinds, the very nice, as exemplified in Aunt Carol, and the very nasty (but I think Miss Watson has really been a little too unkind to Aunt Jessie).

There is a very lovable " Old Nanny," too, who—

" Was our Mummy's Nanny too
Before she was our own."

Nanny's rather matter-of-fact, common-sensible, yet essentially motherly and tender personality pervades the book as in real life it assuredly pervades the household of which she forms a part, for Nanny is, beyond all doubt, a character drawn from life.

There are other interesting folk, such as the sweep, the French polisher, Miss Pringle, the friend of cook and Jane, who " has a lot of teeth " (a look one knows so well), a Mr. Cassidy who mends the clocks, Miss Foggerty who makes tarts and pies and, of course, SMUGGLERS.

Most of the poems are written from the point of view of Ann, who is of the imaginative, romantic type, but occasionally John takes a hand, and then we get a robuster atmosphere.

John is a very schoolboyish schoolboy and talks amusingly of the other boys: Jeremy Beal (Mrs. Webb had a real gift for nomenclature) who is " fat and slow " and the freckled boy who is " clever at sums."

Dickery doesn't actually appear as a contributor, but we hear a lot about his friends and activities. His well-meant efforts at fairy-finding form the subject of one of the most attractive poems in the book.

No mother, I feel, could read unmoved the last poem of all, " The Three of Them," in which the mother herself speaks to the sleeping children and Dickery.

Of John—

" Such brave adventures, gallant words
And deeds, he dreams about.
If only *I* were in his dreams—
Oh, John, don't shut me out! "

And again—this time it is Ann—

" The fairies seem to gather round
Wherever Ann may be.
Inside your dreaming Fairyland
Oh, Ann, find room for me! "

All the tenderness, all the pathos of motherhood find expression in the last simple lines of those two verses.

Rose Fyleman.

A NATIONAL THEATRE.*

The death of the theatre has frequently been prophesied. The cinema was at one time regarded as the predestined assassin; but the theatre refused to die. Then came the " talkies," and again the theatre shuddered and awaited its end. The shuddering continues, but those of us who have an ineffaceable belief in the necessity of the theatre are not uneasy. Some of us, hedging, may claim that the " talkies " are in effect the theatre; but the theatre's true believers resent and reject this claim as heresy. The theatre, to them, is a place in which the gamut of human emotion is expressed afresh every time the curtain rises on a performance. The producer of a " talky " may get from his actors the thrill which belongs to the theatre, but all he can give to his public is a thrill once removed —a *re*production, not a production; a reflection, not the thing itself. The æsthetics of the " talkies " will in course of time be discovered, as the æsthetics of the silent film were discovered by a handful of producers; and they will be found to be quite other than the æsthetics of the theatre.

The theatre is immortal and separate. Commercially, it may pass through a bad time owing to the cinema's rivalry, and the establishment of a national theatre, not dependent upon catchpenny successes, is the more fervently to be advocated. Mr. Granville-Barker's book, so quietly, tactfully and unexcitedly written, so wise in its prevision, so imperturbable in its facing of difficult facts, must convince anybody who grants the right of the theatre to exist. His scheme takes on a form so concrete that when I turned the last page of his book I had the illusion of having witnessed a task accomplished and was about to recite the *Nunc dimittis* when I came to my senses. But it may surely be assumed that Great Britain will not much longer lag behind the rest of Europe.

The arguments against a national theatre have all been met by Mr. Granville-Barker or by the experience of the existing national theatres. The fear that a State theatre is necessarily unventuresome is unfounded. The policy of a State theatre is the policy of its director, who must, of course, be a man of vision. I have seen plays of the most startling character in the national theatres of Germany, and productions which revealed a venturesomeness unknown to commercial managements. In some of the smaller Central European countries the only theatres engaged in the production of advanced work are the State theatres. Indeed one of the functions of the National Theatre will surely be the encouragement of experimental work. A commercial theatre cannot, as a business concern, afford to be experimental; it must play for safety and go no farther in experiment than a paying public allows. A State theatre, on the other hand, with a permanent staff of actors and an ever growing repertory of productions, can take experimental work in its stride, adopting or shedding at will.

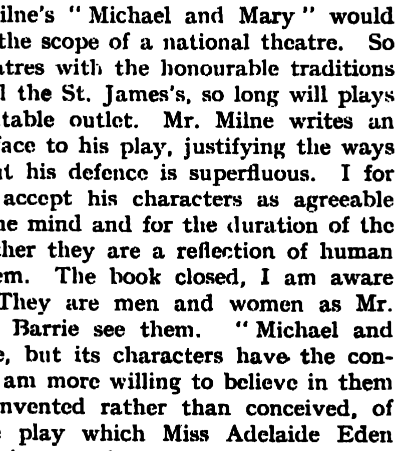
A play like Mr. Milne's " Michael and Mary " would scarcely come within the scope of a national theatre. So long as there are theatres with the honourable traditions of the Haymarket and the St. James's, so long will plays like this find a profitable outlet. Mr. Milne writes an almost apologetic preface to his play, justifying the ways of his characters; but his defence is superfluous. I for one am prepared to accept his characters as agreeable projections of the Milne mind and for the duration of the play do not ask whether they are a reflection of human beings as I know them. The book closed, I am aware that they are not. They are men and women as Mr. Milne and Sir James Barrie see them. " Michael and Mary " is a fairy tale, but its characters have the consistency of reality. I am more willing to believe in them than in the yokels, invented rather than conceived, of " Yellow Sands," the play which Miss Adelaide Eden Phillpotts has turned into a pleasant novel for holiday reading.

Hermon Ould.

* " A National Theatre." By Harley Granville-Barker. 5s. net. (Sidgwick.) — " Michael and Mary." By A. A. Milne. 5s. net. (Chatto.) " Yellow Sands." By Adelaide Eden Phillpotts. 7s. 6d. net. (Chapman & Hall.)

ROMANCE OF TO-DAY AND YESTERDAY.

It is the fashion for an author to be critical toward his principal characters rather than sentimental, and this has its advantages, for it enables you to take an intimate but quite impartial view of a human



Mr. T. J. Morrison.
Author of " Tony Potter " (John Murray).

[1] " Arm's Length." By John Metcalfe. 7s. 6d. (Constable.)—[2] " Tony Potter." By T. J. Morrison. 7s. 6d. (John Murray.)—[3] " Printer's Devil." By Clemence Dane and Helen Simpson. 7s. 6d. (Hodder & Stoughton.)—[4] " Fishers of Men." By Carlton Dawe. 7s. 6d. (Ward, Lock.)—[5] " The Magic Seas." By Richard Le Gallienne. 7s. 6d. (Humphrey Toulmin.)—[6] " Frolic Lady." By S. P. B. Mais. 7s. 6d. (Cassell.)

creature such as you can take of nobody in life except yourself; and with yourself you are not often impartial and always disposed to be more sentimental than critical. Mr. John Metcalfe, in his new novel, "Arm's Length,"[1] which has been selected by the Book Guild as the Book of the Month, regards Gerald Imray with a detachment that shatters illusion and gives us a shrewd, relentless portrait of a man who is afraid of life. Imray endeavours to hold life at arm's length just as, when he first meets her, he endeavours to hold Sisley Pound at arm's length. But Sisley and her vulgar, frivolous, harassed family overpower him, as life overpowers him, sweeping down upon him, bringing him in contact with reality. The story has strength, is finely conceived, finely written and the characters are drawn with skill and humour.

The humour of "Tony Potter"[2] possesses a more robust quality. Mr. Morrison's "The Truce Breaker" was a first novel of uncommon ability, and his second is in no wise disappointing. Tony is a young man suppressed in boyhood by a bullying father; he runs away to London and, after many ups and downs, succeeds in making his name and a comfortable income as a short-story writer. Although he marries, he reaps the harvest of a self-centred life—loneliness; and indulges his weak nature with the practice of petty tyrannies, as his father did before him. Mr. Morrison is no more lenient with Tony than Mr. Metcalfe is with Gerald Imray, but though the theme suggests tragedy, the book as a matter of fact is sparkling with comedy, and its characters are joyously alive.

Tragedy and comedy mingle also in the thrilling murder story by Miss Clemence Dane and Miss Helen Simpson.[3] The tale is told briskly and wittily, but in the heart of it is the mysterious death of Horrie Pedler, a woman publisher, cheery, hard-working, sane, practical—such a vital personality, that when she is found dead at the foot of the fire-escape leading up to her flat, one feels like protesting that only the undesirables should be killed off in murder stories. But this is no ordinary murder story, as you may imagine, and at all events Horrie Pedler's death does not deprive us of the highbrow Gilda and her lover, Koko Fry, the publicity man, nor of Marmion Poole, the literary celebrity, whose memoirs, which would have torn so many reputations to shreds, are themselves discovered torn up and burnt in the dead woman's grate. Many people had cause to shrink from the publication of Marmion's memoirs. Could any of these be responsible for Horrie Pedler's end? You must read for yourself and find out, and you will enjoy the luxury of a murder story convincingly probable, highly sensational and richly humorous.

The murder in Mr. Carlton Dawe's novel, "Fishers of Men,"[4] is kept in the background. Richard Marton, out of work, is surprisingly offered a job by a man who describes himself as a dealer in antiques. Marton scents mystery, but poverty, as well as the attractions of his employer's niece, encourage him to continue with the work, and it is only when he is surrounded by danger that he learns he has been used as a catspaw and the antique dealer is a receiver of stolen goods, involved in a case of murder and robbery. The story is full of incident and has a dramatic and unexpected conclusion.

In "The Magic Seas"[5] Mr. Richard Le Gallienne has followed the recipe for genuine romance. He does not apply any methods of stern criticism to his hero, Henry Dionysus Mountjoy Norreys Lancaster, a dashing young Cavalier of the days of Charles II, blessed with good looks, charm, courage, recklessness, unfailing chivalry and unfailing honour. Like many of the young bloods of his time, Dionysus turned highwayman when he could not pay his debts; girls fell in love with him at first sight—Gaya, the gipsy, and a beautiful Puritan maiden whom he befriended on the London road. Then he goes sailing in quest of Spanish treasure with Captain Thunder, whose roaring laughter sets everybody laughing; and Gaya, unknown to Dionysus, disguises herself as a sailor to accompany him on his adventures. Later chance places him in the position of guardian to the beautiful Puritan, and they all—he and the two women who loved him, and the captain and crew of the *Happy Return*—are taken captive by the Moors. The story is told in a poetical vein and contains some exquisite descriptive passages, and is itself, as you have no doubt gathered, of the stuff of poetry rather than of life.

Very unlike a heroine of bygone days is Barbara Lynam in Mr. S. P. B. Mais's spirited novel, "Frolic Lady."[6] Barbara is a self-possessed, outspoken, exceedingly modern young woman, and relieves poor, shy, blundering Hugh Bellingham of all the difficulties of courtship, though the first remark she addresses to him is "You little devil," and the second "Clumsy coot." These however serve well enough to add fuel to his infatuation, and she likes him sufficiently to defy her eccentric father and marry him, despite the fact that by doing so she forfeits her share of her father's wealth. Which goes to prove that after all people are just as romantic as they used to be.

ALMEY ST. JOHN ADCOCK.

"AS ENGLISH AS WESTMINSTER ABBEY."*

Albert Kinross, author of "The Torch" and "God and Tony Hewitt." I had the privilege of meeting him on several occasions before he died several years ago, and the first of them, appropriately in view of the fact that this review is being written for THE BOOKMAN, took place in my old friend's editorial office in Warwick Square. I did not then know that Kinross was interested in cricket, but as we strolled along Fleet Street and the Strand, back to our club, his delightfully reminiscent talk revealed him as all that England's captain, Mr. A. P. F. Chapman, says he is—"an enthusiastic cricketer, and a more enthusiastic cricketer and lover of the game it would be impossible to meet."

Mr. Chapman's tribute appears in the charming, all too brief introduction he has contributed to "An Unconventional Cricketer," Kinross's last book. A very welcome book; for although the other two books I am writing about are welcome too, their appeal is to the craftsman of cricket rather than to the cricket-lover who does not feel inclined to pursue a study of the intricate technique of the game. "An Unconventional Cricketer" is a plain, straight story of a life's playtime, first on the London fields, and then on the many famous county grounds of Kent.

This however is not to suggest that Albert Kinross took no heed of cricket's art and workmanship. On the contrary he had excellent discernment. He writes of the method and style of great players like an expert when he so desires. Of the immortal "W. G." and his position at the crease, for example, he declares in explanation of his success that "W. G. Grace had a reply to every ball bowled to him, and depended less on 'footwork' than on his great reach." Incidentally this explains the doughty deeds of Mr. A. P. F. Chapman himself during the present summer—as Clarence Grimmett, who has written the second book in my list, would gladly—I mean sadly—testify.

It is interesting to read Kinross's book at this particular time of day, because in late years there has been a remarkable change in the quality of the critical writing on cricket. To-day such writing is recognised as having a definite relation to literature, and one or two cricket-scribes have a tremendous vogue independently of the chance that it is on cricket they are writing. I feel that Kinross would have been included among them had he taken up this kind of work seriously ten years ago. Here for instance is a taste of his quality. He makes the proposition that "the life of a batsman is a symbol that frequently contains all normal life," and goes on to develop it in a way that will surely have pleased Mr. Neville Cardus. Indeed Mr. Cardus himself has written something of the same kind.

* "An Unconventional Cricketer." By Albert Kinross. 7s. 6d. net. (Harold Shaylor.)—"Getting Wickets." By C. V. Grimmett. 2s. 6d. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)—"The Game of Cricket." By A. P. F. Chapman and others. 15s. net. (Seeley, Service.)

For Kinross suggests that Sir Edward Elgar should compose a Cricket Symphony, and in it he ventures to suggest that Tom Hayward, the old Surrey batsman with whom Jack Hobbs used to go in first, would be "revered in a dignified movement reminiscent of Beethoven." He goes on to develop the association of ideas in the happiest way, and a way that proves his wide knowledge, as when he writes that "a souvenir of Grieg would accompany the easy diabolism of Wilfrid Rhodes."

"An Unconventional Cricketer" is more than a cricket book; it is an autobiography. There are some fascinating pages in which Kinross tells how he became an author. He had a gift for foreign languages, and was able to secure employment in Switzerland and elsewhere on the Continent. Undoubtedly this helped to give him the wide experience which stood him so well when he came to write novels, but he did not stay at this kind of wage-earning for long, and he stepped right into journalism as free-lance, and then as associate editor of famous old journals like the *Outlook*. Somebody called Mr. Kinross "as English as Westminster Abbey," and his breezy way of describing his work as well as his play shows the epithet to be a really happy one, and as fitting as five words can ever be in an attempt to comprehend a whole man.

By real cricket the author of "An Unconventional Cricketer" means "the game as it is played away from the big cities, on real turf, in real sunshine, in real air and, last and most important of all, by real players." It is not surprising that he despises Test Match cricket, and he recalls that he has not often "endured the discomforts of a Test Match," nor paid "half a guinea for the dullest day's cricket I have ever seen." Many of us would be inclined to agree with him—before the present summer. But Mr. Clarence Grimmett and his colleagues from Australia have appeared on the scene, and from Mr. Grimmett's little book we may gather why it is that Test cricket has been transformed. It has become much more than the old battle of wits; it has become a combination



Photo: Krischock Studios, Adelaide. C. V. Grimmett.

From "Getting Wickets," by C. V. Grimmett (Hodder & Stoughton)

of wit and enthusiasm and boyish determination to win or lose—to win of course if possible. I need not say that Grimmett's share in this later kind of game—or rather seriously intensified kind of game—has been memorable. And in his chapter on "Spin, Break and Swerve, and How to Obtain Them" we discover the truth about his devastating success against the English batsmen.

"The bowler should try to force the batsman to play a game he does not like. . . . It is not advisable to use more than one break, except as a means of introducing variety. In the first place, there is a strong chance that the bowler who does so will lose his length. That is the reason why the googlie bowler, unless he is a champion, bowls erratically on occasions. It is very hard to control more than one set of muscles at a time." The man who has written these things down—and I choose them haphazard from a multiple of riches—is plainly a thinker and a student of his fellow-man. Perhaps I might characterise the book as a revelation of what cricket can mean when it is a whole-time job. How it came to be Clarence Grimmett's whole-time job is admirably explained in a very human prefatory chapter entitled "A Long and Varied Cricket Career." All cricket-lovers hope that this career, already full of honours, will be very much longer.

"The Game of Cricket" is a further revelation. Eleven experts have combined to write it, and each of them, under the admirable supervision of Mr. Eric Parker, specialises on a particular phase of the game. Mr. Chapman for example writes about fielding, Mr. P. G. H. Fender about captaincy, Mr. D. R. Jardine about batsmanship and coaching, Mr. Leveson-Gower about umpiring, and the old Surrey "pro.," Herbert Strudwick, about scoring, the job in which, after his honourable career at the wicket, he is now just as honourably engaged. It is not without significance by the way that the editor, Mr. Parker, reveals himself in a foreword as "unconventional" as Kinross in that he sighs for the cricket that is not played as a business or as county or Test cricket. And he seems happy to think that "village cricket has not changed," and that "we can still watch the carpenter set about the blacksmith's bowling, and listen to the publican cracking jokes with the policeman as he sets his barrel in the pavilion; and there still blows about the green an air of mown grass and tobacco smoke, which is the true smell of English cricket grounds." How thoroughly English these people who have achieved something in cricket are—all of them, whether they be writers or players, even our Australian guests: "as English as Westminster Abbey."

THOMAS MOULT.

A PARCEL OF PLEASURE.*

Among modern writers of fiction there are probably few better suited by their works to please a wide range of readers, and also to suit the varying moods of that wide range of readers, than the author of "Elizabeth and her German Garden." The immediate popularity of that book itself, when it appeared, proved how wide was its appeal. Shallow readers and serious ones too would lift the volume, open at the first page, read "I love my garden," and, if free from interruption, would go on to the end, interested, titillated, amused and conscious that they had been shown a bit of inside Germany by a lively and charming lady. It was a comparatively small book, a new style, an intimate, revealing (it seemed) diary, piquant, occasionally a little caustic, and entirely attractive. The readers enjoyed it all, felt impelled to talk about it, remembered "Elizabeth," and looked out for another book written by her. Some of the more conventional readers were rather puzzled by "Elizabeth's" references to and descriptions of her husband, "The Man of Wrath," but when, before so very long, "The Solitary Summer" made its welcome appearance, with its dedication "To the Man of Wrath with some apologies and much love," even the most puzzled were

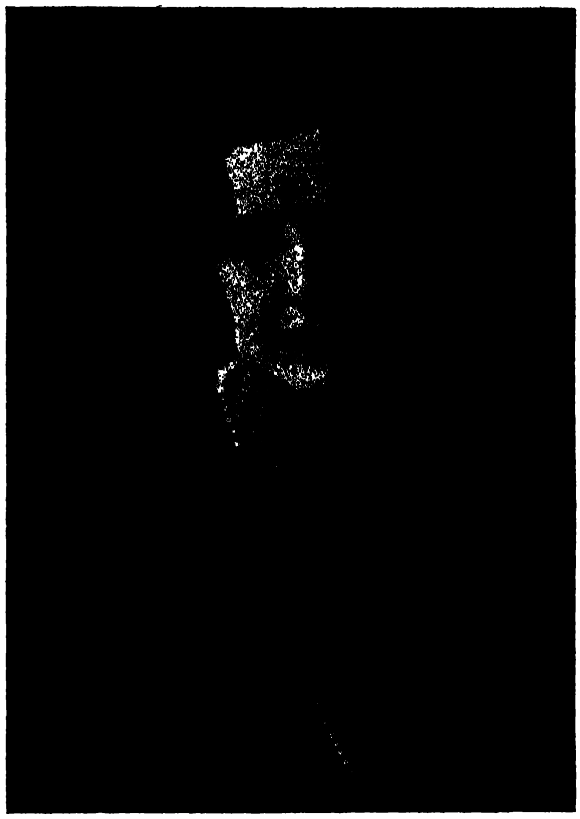
* The Author of "Elizabeth and Her German Garden." 14 vols. Pocket Edition. 3s. 6d. each. Leather, 5s. 6d. each. (Macmillan.)

comforted, and delighted anew. "May 22nd," it begins. "Last night after dinner, when we were in the garden, I said, 'I want to be alone for a whole summer and get to the very dregs of life. I want to be as idle as I can, so that my soul may have time to grow.'" The Man of Wrath said many things, as if with superior knowledge, and finally remarked, "You will be dull." But Elizabeth risked dullness, and assuredly her book shows no sign of it. It is almost a continuation of the first one, vivid, amusing—picturing with a deft pen life and habits, nature and customs, persons and flowers, books and joys and annoyances, in the German house in the German garden. When May had drifted beautifully away into June, and on and on, the Man of Wrath said in October, "If I remember rightly, your chief reason for wishing to be solitary was that your soul might have time to grow. May I ask if it did?" "Not a bit," answered Elizabeth. The Man of Wrath laughed. But perhaps the reader knew better than did Elizabeth herself. "Elizabeth's" talents were maturing, there came larger schemes, more ambitious undertakings, deeper notes were sounded, though the light and lively touch remained. In "The Benefactress," also an early book, there is more than promise of this. It is a full-grown novel, and with many of "Elizabeth's" readers it still remains the favourite. In it there is, together with the initial charm, a gentler touch, a broader humanity, which were less obvious in the "German Garden." From the beginning the author was observing with quick, retentive senses not only the exquisiteness of the world round about her, but the subtleties of men and women, good and bad, selfish and oppressed, wounder and wounded, their faces, their clothes and also their souls.

Who, having read "The Caravaners," has not gladly returned to read it again? The husband and wife, Otto and Edelgard, who came over from Storchwerder to enjoy a caravan expedition in England with English friends, are both Germans, and perhaps it might be said that naturally we rather enjoyed reading the diary of the contemptible Otto. But Edelgard, remember, was a German also, and we loved Edelgard almost at once. The trials of the Teuton form a bitingly amusing record, and again the window is opened through which we may look into the German mind and mode of life.

But when we come to "Fräulein Schmidt and Mr. Anstruther" we come to something infinitely deeper. It is in its restraint and in its subtle self-revelation one of the most poignant books of its generation, a *tour de force*, an achievement, and among all the books of this writer it demands to stand alone. It is a series of letters from a German girl to the young Englishman who has been boarding in Jena with her family—her father and stepmother. He kisses her, loves her, and goes home to England. Within a month his love has cooled, he is first silent, then writes that it is urged upon him to marry another girl. Rose-Marie in Jena is stricken. She has loved so truly, so joyously. Before long a correspondence begins between them again. Although no word of his is included, we see him weak, discontented, always wanting what he cannot have. Rose-Marie becomes friendly, but she never recovers from the first blow. And when at last he pleads and pleads that she will see him, will marry him, in a series of five messages she finishes the intercourse. "It would be useless." "I *would* not see you." "I *do* not love you." "I *will* never marry you." "I shall not write again." The book holds much of the wit and lightness without which we should not recognise an "Elizabeth" book, but it is, as we say, poignant.

One of the great charms of these volumes is the gaiety of impulse which is to be found in so many of them—the impulse that made "Princess Priscilla" run away from her palace home; the impulse that made the bishop's daughter, Ingeberg, after having a tooth out in Harley Street, and her eye caught by a poster—"A Week in Lovely Lucerne. Seven Days for Seven Guineas"—buy a ticket and go for that week in lovely Lucerne; the impulse in perhaps the most joyous volume of all, "The Enchanted April," that made two ordinary women on a wet day, after reading



Portrait by Bertram Park. **Countess Russell.**

a *Times* advertisement as the paper lay on the club table, decide to rent an Italian castle and escape to sunshine and wistaria.

Fourteen enticing volumes lie before us, slim blue books with a golden "E" on the covers. The type is admirable, the page and setting are very attractive; light, handy, well bound, nothing could be better for a pocket edition; and the cost is most moderate. Wit, glamour, joyousness, truth (sometimes ugly), incisive satire, laughter, beauty, common sense—all are to be found within these "delutherin" little books, something indeed to fit every mood.

LILIAN LOBBAN.

FIRE IN FABLE.*

Was there ever a time when fire was unknown to man? The question is one of those fugitive thoughts which come and go, and with which one seldom troubles to play. Knowing something however of the trend of that mind which gave us "The Golden Bough" and "The Worship of Nature," it was only natural that such a thought, coming to Sir James Frazer, should stay and develop, and not be permitted to depart until it had become a most fascinating volume, modestly described as an essay, in which are gathered together scores of myths of the origin of fire. From Tasmania and Ancient Greece, from Orient and Occident, from wellnigh every quarter of the globe have been garnered these tales of fire found and fire made, of fire used and fire kindled. There is a similarity about many of them which is surprising when one considers the seas and continents that separate the tellers.

Despite the many stories of the days when man knew not fire, Sir James declares it is very unlikely that these narratives embody any real recollection of the events which they profess to record; more probably they are mere guesses "invented by men in the infancy of thought to solve a problem which would naturally obtrude itself on their attention as soon as they began to reflect on the origin of human life and society." Even so, these myths contain possible explanations of the ways in which men first learned to use and also to produce fire.

* "Myths of the Origin of Fire." By Sir James George Frazer, O.M. 12s. 6d. (Macmillan.)

As showing how the same ideas may be found continents apart, the author reminds us that Lucretius suggested that man may have obtained his first fire from a conflagration kindled by lightning, and that he may have learned how to make fire by observing the ignition of branches rubbing against each other in the wind. He compares this with the tradition of the Bushongo, a nation in the valley of the Congo, to the effect that their ancestors obtained fire from conflagrations kindled by lightning, but did not know how to make it for themselves; to that of the natives of Nukufetau in the Pacific, which says that men discovered fire by seeing smoke rising from the friction of two crossed branches which rubbed against each other in the wind; and to the tale told by the Kiau Dusuns of Borneo of how two growing bamboos, rubbing against each other in the wind, caught fire and how a dog, passing by, seized one of the burning pieces and carried it home to its master's house, which soon blazed up, with the result that the fire not only roasted some cobs of maize which were in the house, but also boiled some potatoes which had been left to soak. Thus, at a single stroke, the Dusuns learned both how to make a fire and how to cook their food.

A number of myths relate how man obtained the first fire from bird or beast. These vary from codfish to adders, from the jaguar to the woodpecker. The Manri of the Malay Peninsula for example will never kill a woodpecker for this reason, while the Buriats of Siberia explain the forked tail of the swallow by saying that it stole fire from Tengri (which is the Sky) and brought it to men, and that Tengri shot at the thief and his arrow cleft its tail. But there is no end to the things one is tempted to quote. The ethnologist will revel in the records, and the Boy Scout delight in the descriptions of fire-saw, fire-drill and other primitive methods of producing fire.

Sir James describes his book as a preliminary survey. We prefer to say he has blazed a wide trail for any who may follow. Doubtless there will be others, for such a task goes far towards explaining some phase in the intellectual evolution of our species. The book may be but a first vintage; it has a bouquet that lingers.

W. R. CALVERT.

MORE MYSTERY.

"Capital Punishment"[1] puts up a capital fight against the chief hardship of mystery-writers: namely, the difficulty of producing any fresh rabbits from the original hat. Its author takes us to a session of the Clue Club, where (after the other members have been doped to sleep) Judge-President and Waiter-Crook sit down to a debate on the ethics of hanging. The theme is carefully worked out, with a neat touch of satire at the end: for the anti-killing waiter murders the pro-killing judge by way of clinching his arguments. It is presented as a novel: but is not so, being (*a*) a series of Socratic dialogues on capital punishment, which tails off and degenerates into (*b*) a series of police-news stories. The latter did not always seem to me to have proved their contentions; but the former has certainly a topical interest just now. On the whole, the doped members seemed to have the best of the evening.

Two others of this batch are not novels either. The first and more striking is "The Case Books of X37,"[2] whose author tells us he is merely editing the records of a detective. It is the more convincing for its restraint, its quiet humour, and its avoidance of the sensational; in short, a little treasure-house of real-life studies, more worth a place on crowded shelves than most crime fiction.

[1] "Capital Punishment." By Stuart Martin. 7s. 6d. (Hutchinson.)—[2] "The Case Books of X37." By A. J. Dawson. 7s. 6d. (Richards.)—[3] "The Mysterious Mr. Quin." By Agatha Christie. 7s. 6d. (Collins.)—[4] "Murder from Beyond." By R. Francis Foster. 7s. 6d. (Nash & Grayson.)—[5] "The Low Road." By Hugo Morrison. 3s. 6d. (Methuen.)—[6] "The Man of a Hundred Masks." By Gaston Leroux. 7s. 6d. (Cassell.)—[7] "The Crystal Beads Murder." By Annie Haynes. 7s. 6d. (Bodley Head.)—[8] "The Noose." By Philip Macdonald. 7s. 6d. (Collins.)

"The Mysterious Mr. Quin"[3]—fiction this time, though not crime-fiction exclusively—is also chiefly notable for its shrewd touches of character. The actual incidents of these short stories are a little mechanical and "arranged"; the authoress's strength lies in her delicate insight into her folks' minds. A pleasant touch of fantasy, in the conception of Mr. Quin, links the stories together.

The supernatural element of "Mr. Quin" is pure fantasy, and can be frankly taken so, even by the most sceptical. Of the remaining books—the *bona fide* novels—two of the better ones are somewhat marred, I think, by the fact that their mystery turns on supernatural agency. An author hits below the intellectual belt who has his murders done by hypnotised or possessed persons. To say that such things are not impossible and are based on hard facts is no answer (a boxer's blow below the belt is a hard fact, and gets more possible daily); they are artistically unsatisfactory because, whether true or not, they take too much believing. A probable impossibility, said Aristotle, is better playwriting than an improbable possibility; and so here. This apart, both "Murder from Beyond"[4] and "The Low Road"[5] are pretty good stories. The latter could have dispensed with quite a number of small episodes that lead nowhere, and even with two or three characters. The former moves more rapidly, and is the more interesting; and if its ultimate unravelment leaves the reader somewhat prostrate, it is too late by then for his prostration to matter.

The point that episodes *per se* are not the whole duty of the sensation writer, is illustrated in "The Man of a Hundred Masks."[6] This is the sort of mystery story that is all mystery and no story; there is action unlimited, but too little development; a long conundrum in which one loses heart, and ever begins to wonder presently what it is all about. And the last scene—a Highland castle with ghost-prisoners in dungeons—seems oddly out of key with the Arsene-Lupinesque atmosphere of the rest. "The Crystal Beads Murder"[7] holds the attention better, being more a novel and less a procession of episodes. It has a racing interest too; and racing interest in a mystery tale is one of those devices which never seem quite worn out. But the long arm of coincidence is painfully stretched when the detective, dropping by chance into a strange dentist's, finds . . . But I will not give away secrets. At all events this writer tells her tale without frills, supernatural or other; and dentists are frightfully probable.

"The Noose,"[8] which is concluding serially in an evening paper as I write, comes with the recommendation of the Crime Club. I do not know what rivals "The Noose" had for that distinction, but I do know that it is far and away the best of this batch. Its folk are real—they think, act and talk convincingly, though with some irritating abbreviations in the transcription of their dialogue. There are some brilliant strokes in the construction—notably the inclusion of the half-wit eyewitness, who re-enacts in faithful detail what he has seen, though without understanding its significance. And the love interest—that dreadful incubus of detective-tales—is supplied neatly by the beautifully-suggested relationship between the hero and his wife. Moreover the author has been equal to the prime difficulty of construction referred to above—the task of finding, in these latter days, a central situation which is not hopelessly stale; his hero has to tackle the unravelling of a murder, committed six months ago, for which the innocent scapegoat is to hang in five days. There are two tiny flaws in this fine story—two unexplained improbabilities which the reader may set his wits to detect. I shall not betray them. I did not notice them myself till twenty-four hours after finishing the book. The fact that one should be thinking of a murder story at all, twenty-four hours after finishing it, is sufficient proof of its excellence.

I notice an unusual number of misprints in "The Noose." Is this a criticism of the novel? It is not, though it will doubtless be recorded in several reviews. This question of misprints seems to me to need a little criticism all to itself. Authors, as you are probably aware, receive the

galley proofs of books for revision; and this revision—trimming and polishing—is an exacting job, especially if the author has by now put the book out of mind, and has his head full of the next. It is made worse, if he must simultaneously look out for every place where "and" had been printed "aud." He should not be expected to. (Printers are not expected to improve authors' stories, though I have known some to try.) But he is expected to. And if some carping fellow later on complains of misprints, the onus falls on him. It is both unfair and ridiculous.

GRAHAM SUTTON.

FIGHTERS ALL!*

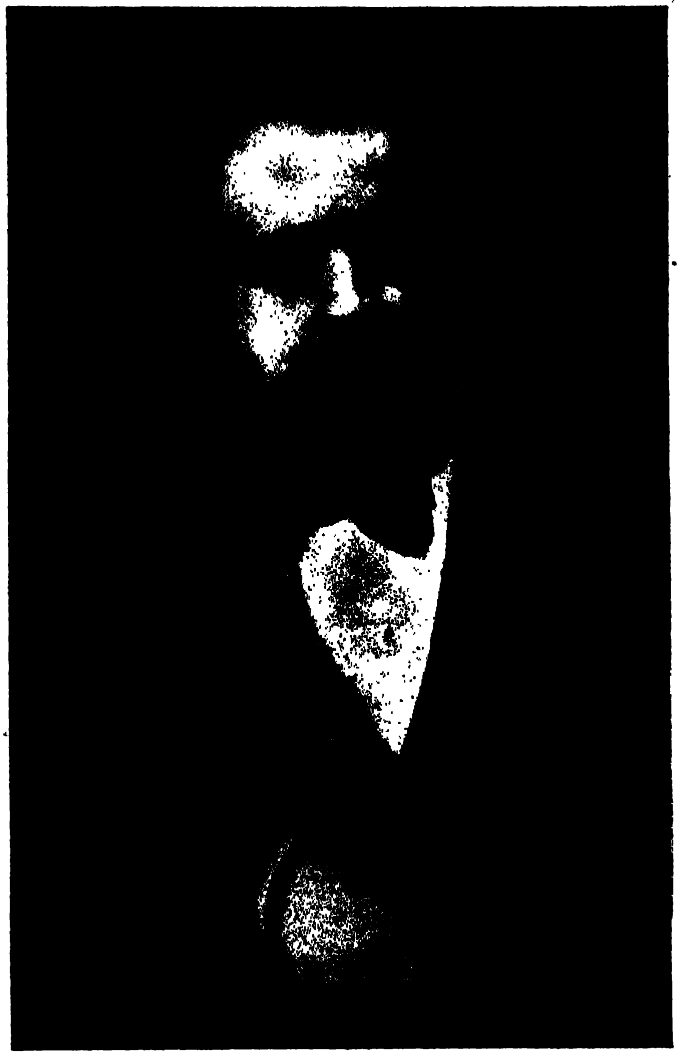
Twelve years out of a lifetime of over ninety—a short space of time in which to build up a life history. Yet these twelve years contain the very essence of the tragic history of the Empress Eugénie. Through them, like a black dividing line, runs the year 1870, separating the brightness of Empire from the darkness of exile. The contrast between the brilliant scenes of the Empress's journey to the Suez Canal in 1869, and the hurried ignominy of her flight to England only a few months later, is startling and painful. Nor were her misfortunes ended when she lost place and power. These were but the prelude to more crushing blows, the death of her husband, worn out by illness and disappointment, and of her son, destroyed by a mischance of war.

The Comtesse des Garets, faithful maid of honour in the days of the Empress's prosperity, and intimate friend through the years of her exile, has drawn a moving picture of the ill-fated family.

The Emperor Napoleon III is, from the beginning of the narrative, a rather sombre figure, overshadowed by the threatening cloud of political discord, but, though worried and taciturn, seeming to "carry the whole world on his bent shoulders," he had always a pleasant and kindly word for those around him. For the Prince Imperial the Comtesse evidently had a sincere affection and admiration, and he appears to have had a remarkable personality. His untimely end at the hands of a band of Zulus was indeed a tragedy, not only for the Empress, but for those faithful adherents who had built high hopes on his strength of mind and firmness of purpose.

The Empress herself remains a somewhat perplexing character, which even her biographer's genuine admiration cannot make entirely lovable or sympathetic. Full of energy, determination, and uprightness of purpose, she yet seems to have lacked something which would have brought her a measure of happiness in spite of misfortune. She certainly showed great forbearance and sympathy in the incident of the unhappy Captain Carey, whom the Comtesse des Garets holds personally responsible for the massacre of the Prince Imperial. Yet the letters of Captain Carey to his wife, reproduced in all their pitiful abandonment, must surely have aroused pity even in those who suffered most from his fatal blunder. "An end to recrimination," wrote the Empress with clear-sighted justice, on the eve of his court-martial, "—my beloved child died a soldier's death. . . . May no one suffer on his account either in reputation or interests."

Another story of royal misfortune, but of a very different character, is that of Leopold Wolfling, one-time Archduke of Tuscany. His descent in the social scale has been meteoric. He might almost be called the Job of modern times, for never was man so oppressed by injustice and misfortune. Nephew of the Emperor Francis Joseph of Austria, he incurred early in life the displeasure of his august relative, who carried his enmity so far as not only to blight the Archduke's military career, but to have him incarcerated in a lunatic asylum, from which he escaped with difficulty. Certainly the Archduke has crowded into



Emperor Napoleon III.

From "The Tragic Empress," Comtesse Des Garets (Skeffington).

one lifetime adventures which few can boast. His two marriages turned out unfortunately, but it could scarcely have been otherwise, seeing that both were the result of chance encounters with women with whom he could have had nothing in common. His description of his henpecked existence at the hands of his first wife is not without humour. The spectacle of the Archduke, overwhelmed by the loquacity of this woman, shut out of her interminable conclaves with her equally talkative sisters, and dragged at her heels to the Back-to-Nature Camp at Ascona, is laughable, but at the same time rather pitiable.

The Ascona episode is one of the most remarkable of his extraordinary career. Having actually lived for a week among the fanatics who insist that clothes are responsible for all evils, the Archduke is in a position to give his opinion of this community and its workings, and he does so with a refreshing candour.

The vicissitudes of his later years would make painful reading, if it were not for the fact that their ultimate effect has not been to leave him crushed and embittered. His gratitude for the help and friendship of Claire, the little working girl, only slightly less down-and-out than himself, proves that misfortune has shown him not only the bad but the good that lives in the lowest strata of society. It is good to know that though sausage hawking and grocery proved impossible undertakings for this denizen of a Royal house, he has been able to find his niche among the people whom he has chosen to call his own.

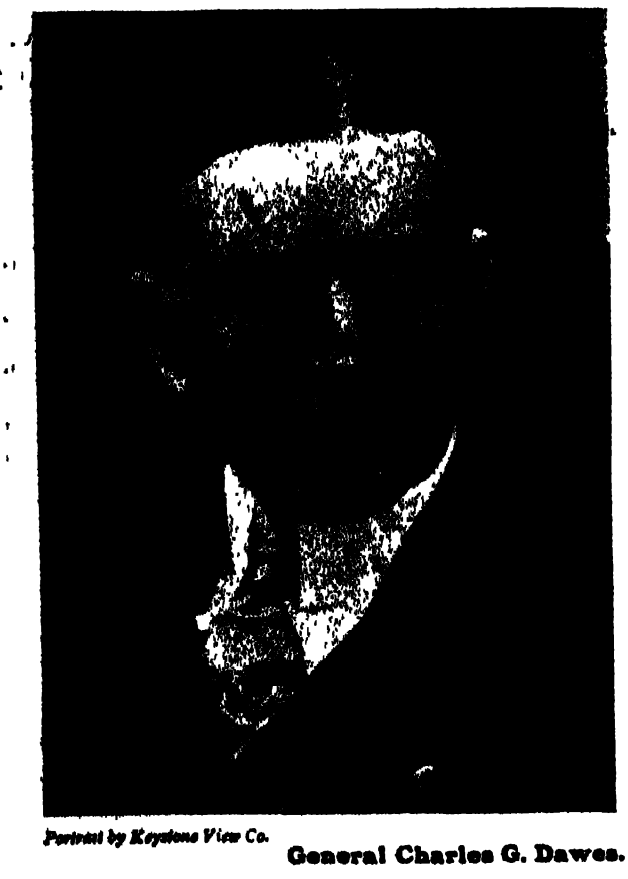
"A fine spirit, clothed by the flesh." Such is the author's own interpretation of the strange character of Maurice de Saxe, and a perusal of his history serves to strengthen the impression.

* "The Tragic Empress." By Comtesse Des Garets. 21s. (Skeffington.)—"My Life Story: From Archduke to Grocer." By Leopold Wolfling. 21s. (Hutchinson.)—"The Prodigious Marshal." By Edmund B. d'Auvergne. 18s. (Selwyn & Blount.)

It must be admitted that there are many moments in his stormy existence when the spirit seems to have been in imminent danger of complete suffocation, but this soldier of fortune was very much the product of his generation. Born of a father whose prowess among women had stirred Europe to wonder, and of a mother to whose once illustrious family his birth was yet one more cause for discredit, it was necessary for him to be able to fend for himself if he were to overcome the difficulties of his entrance into life.

His youth was a hard apprenticeship to the profession which seems to have been the only possible one for him. Swashbuckling, roystering adventurer as he was, with the instinct for soldiering born in him, it was no wonder that the bastard son of Augustus the Strong should become Marshal of France and conqueror of the British. This latter fact does not appear to have received due recognition until Mr. d'Auvergne's researches into the events of Fontenoy, Laufeld, and Raucoix placed it beyond doubt. "The position" (at Fontenoy) "had been chosen by Maurice de Saxe and to him undoubtedly belongs the distinction of having inflicted defeat upon a British army." His prowess in the field of battle was scarcely greater than his achievements in the courts of love, but he treated his women with less consideration than his soldiers. Even one who loved him deeply, as did Adrienne Lecouvreur, the great tragedienne, learned to expect neither faithfulness nor tenderness from him, while poor little Justine Favart, who could not bring herself to love him better than her actor-manager pastrycook's son, received neither mercy nor justice at his hands. A revealing light is shed upon the complicated tangle of the politics of the period. The prodigious marshal, with his sledge-hammer methods and his eccentric spelling, could not pit himself against the skilful diplomacy of Europe's greatest statesmen, but in some respects his standards of warfare were far in advance of his time. It was his unusual humanity towards his own soldiers and his justice to the conquered which made him recognised as a commander of the first rank. Not a great man, but a hero to his contemporaries, he said on his death-bed that his life had been "a beautiful dream." It makes at any rate a romantic and entertaining, if not altogether edifying, story.

Ethel Browning.



Portrait by Keystone View Co.

General Charles G. Dawes.

A JOURNAL OF THE GREAT WAR.*

The publishers of this volume have weighted it with several handicaps. It has no index—an inexcusable omission in a book dealing with a highly technical subject. It has no maps, and without maps much of the value of the material is lost. It has not even a table of contents, and comment on this drawback is superfluous.

Charles G. Dawes was an Engineer officer in the American Expeditionary Force during the Great War, and his book is written round "the first of many great generalisations," namely that there was a stupendous and unnecessary loss of life and waste of wealth, man-power and material due to the selfish resistance among the Allies to an earlier central control of military and supply operations. About two weeks after the agreement for the Foch command on March 27th, 1918, Dawes proposed a plan to General Pershing for coupling up the rear of the three Allied armies in France as they were coupled up at their front. Pershing adopted the plan in principle, and appointed Dawes as his representative to endeavour to secure its adoption by the Allies. Foch at this time, though technically generalissimo, had no power over any lines of communication except those of his own army. So acutely did he feel this handicap that in August, 1918, he asked that supreme control over the Allied rear should be given to General Payot, of his staff, and this was in effect exactly the same proposition which Dawes had made to the Allies in the inter-Allied conferences in the preceding April.

It is perhaps not quite correct to say that the book is "written round" its subject; rather it "grew" round it, for it is of the nature of a journal or diary beginning with August 21st, 1917, and closing with an entry dated "U.S.S. *Leviathan*, At Sea, August 2nd, 1919." In the preface we are told that a monograph on "The Principles of Army Supply and Purchase" will be found in the pages, but the absence of an index and the inefficiency of the running captions are likely to discourage the reader from an exhaustive search. We believe however that the memorandum on pages 84–90 is the document alluded to. It is dated April 13th, 1918, and the burden of it is that the organisation of the rear must be military; there must be a man instead of Boards. "The point I make is that it is impossible, with this great multiplicity of civil boards, criss-cross authority between the Allies, and lack of co-ordination in supply effort to properly determine the matter or properly act after its determination." It is of interest to note that under an organisation based upon the principle suggested, there were gathered for the American army (from a Europe supposedly stripped of supplies) over ten million tons of material as against seven million shipped to it from the United States. Apart from the technical question of the rationalisation of supply and transport, General Dawes's journal has much of interest. The "appreciation" on pages 58–60 of date November 30th, 1917, is shrewd and sound.

F. E. Whitton
(Lieut.-Colonel).

ART IN ENGLAND.†

For too many years England has been absurdly and irrationally humble with respect to her achievements in art. Contrary to all the evidence of the past we have allowed ourselves and others to assume that we are an inartistic nation and have bowed down to foreign art with a zeal that approaches obsequiousness. Whenever a

* "A Journal of the Great War." By Brigadier-General Charles G. Dawes, United States Army. 21s. (New York: Houghton Mifflin; and Allen & Unwin.)

† [1] "The Interrelation of the Fine Arts in England in the Early Middle Ages." By M. Dickens Whinney. 10s. 6d. (Ernest Benn.)—[2] "English Mediæval Enamels." By M. Chamot. 10s. 6d. (Ernest Benn.)—[3] "Art in England, 1821–1837." By W. T. Whitley. 25s. (Cambridge Press.)—[4] "Mural Painting of the Bombay School." By W. E. Gladstone Solomon. (Bombay: *Times of India* Press.)—[5] "The New Woodcut." By M. C. Salaman. 10s. 6d. (*Studio*.)

mediæval art treasure has been rediscovered in England, our own scholars and experts have usually strained every effort to prove that it must have been the work of a foreigner. England is never given the benefit of any doubt that exists.

Our national art authorities have been the first to "crab" on every occasion any prestige that might accrue to early English art. Though the "Wilton Diptych" has been pronounced by many high authorities to be most probably English work, no sooner was it acquired from the Earl of Pembroke for the National Gallery than it was labelled officially as a work of the "French School." Patriotism and scholarship might at least have induced the trustees to hedge and describe it as a work of the "English Channel School." But no, if any art treasure can be taken from England and attributed to a foreign source, our art experts are quick to do it. It was a shock to many who wanted them to be French or Flemish work when it was proved by still existing records that the wall-paintings in Eton College Chapel were the work of one William Baker—certainly no foreign name—and it is almost miraculous that no xenophil has yet dared to pretend that the exquisite roundel of the "Madonna and Child" in the Bishop's Palace at Chichester is anything but British work, *circa* 1300.

Apart from the disputed "Wilton Diptych," our National Gallery—so rich in the primitives of other nations—has no English mediæval painting. Scandinavia is far more appreciative of our past achievements in art, and there are several examples of early English paintings in the museums of Oslo, Bergen, Copenhagen, etc. So, strangely enough it is very largely due to the efforts of a scholar who came here from Finland, namely Dr. Tancred Borenius, that research is being made and new light thrown upon the various art activities of England in the early Middle Ages. Under his able leadership a band of young scholars are engaged in studying and writing monographs about various aspects of English mediæval art, and it is a crowning irony that the publication of at least one of these volumes has been rendered possible by the generous help of Mr. Ossian Donner, late Finnish Minister to the Court of St. James.

These monographs are particularly welcome at the present time, because throughout this month and September there will be open at the Victoria and Albert Museum the most superb exhibition of English mediæval art that has yet been got together. Being merely a British affair it has naturally had very little publicity, not a hundredth part as much as the preceding Italian Exhibition at Burlington House. But it is a collection which, as Mr. Fred Roe, R.I., has said, "can stand up for all that is finest in the art of our forefathers, and bear comparison with the best unscathed." His review of this exhibition in *The Connoisseur* for July may be commended to the notice of all unable to visit the exhibition itself at South Kensington.

A brief but highly efficient indication of the richness and variety of our early mediæval art is given by Miss M. Dickens Whinney in her fascinating monograph on "The Interrelation of the Fine Arts in England in the Early Middle Ages."[1] Surveying a wide field of art endeavour during the twelfth century, she is able to show the direct translation of the motives of one craft into another as one of the most curious phenomena of the period. Selecting such relics as the Gloucester Candlestick, the Winchester Bible, the ivory tau-heads in the British and Victoria and Albert Museums, the Kennet Ciborium, the sculpture at Malmesbury, and the wall-paintings at Canterbury, she rightly contends that these masterpieces "could only have been produced by a people whose artistic life was of a very high standard."

In another volume of this series of University College (London) Monographs, Miss M. Chamot gives us a brilliant and scholarly study of "English Mediæval Enamels."[2] In a preface she traces the development of this fascinating craft from the time of Philostratus to the end of the fourteenth century, and in the narrow compass of seventy pages she presents an exhaustive bibliography of her subject, a series of concise but most illuminating notes, and reproductions of most of the finest known examples of English enamel work.

What Dr. Borenius and his circle are doing for English mediæval art, Mr. W. T. Whitley is doing for our nineteenth century painting. In his second volume, which deals with "Art in England, 1821–1837,"[3] Mr. Whitley shows that while taste was at a lamentably low ebb in England between the death of George IV and the accession of Queen Victoria, it was nevertheless a period of great artistic splendour; Turner was just getting into his stride, and Constable was producing masterpiece after masterpiece. Their work was not appreciated at the time, neither



The Horse Fair.
(By Kenneth Holmes.)

From "The New Woodcut," by M. C. Salaman (*Studio*).

by the public nor by their fellow artists. Indeed Mr. Whitley brings forward irrefutable evidence that Turner himself failed to appreciate Constable; he voted against him when he was a candidate for election to the Royal Academy, and spoke contemptuously of the "whitewash-splashing" by which Constable so magically suggested the high lights on dewy grass. Not only does Mr. Whitley give much new and interesting information about Constable, Lawrence and other artists of this period, he also takes into his survey the inner history of the Royal Academy, the National Gallery, and other institutions, and records forgotten events of great interest at Christie's and other sale-rooms. His book is a valuable contribution to the literature of our early nineteenth century art.

Just as England too long lost sight of her own early native artists and was tempted to imitate the art of other lands, so modern India formerly attempted to build up a new art based on Western practices instead of continuing the splendid native tradition of Mogul and other true Indian art. More recently however, led by the sympathetic direction of Mr. Havell at Calcutta, a new India art based on the old Indian traditions has arisen. It is gratifying to learn from Mr. W. E. Gladstone Solomon's book[4] that the Bombay students selected to decorate buildings at New Delhi have carried out work on the wall which is essentially Indian in treatment. The colour reproductions show the results obtained, while Mr. Solomon's text explains the circumstances and methods which preceded these achievements.

An interesting feature of art activity since the Armistice has been the remarkable revival of the woodcut. For this a partial explanation may be found in economic causes. Wood is cheaper than copper for an artist to work upon, and eight or nine years ago publishers in France and England suddenly discovered that a richly illustrated book could be produced far more cheaply by using wood-blocks obtained direct from an artist, than by translating his drawings into illustrations by means of line or half-tone process blocks. The amazing revival of this form of graphic art all over the world, in Japan and in the United States, as well as in all European countries, is revealed in Mr. M. C. Salaman's profusely illustrated volume on "The New Woodcut."[5] According to this eminent authority our contemporary original wood-engravers could almost be "counted on one's fingers" twenty years ago. "Nowadays the name of the wood-engraver is legion in all the countries that have a graphic art tradition." Of the varieties of effect obtained by this legion, the illustrations afford admirable evidence, while Mr. Salaman's scholarly and illuminating text explains the methods by which these various results are obtained and, incidentally, aids the reader materially to appreciate those technical triumphs and subtleties which can be appreciated by all once they have been pointed out by a sympathetic and understanding expert.

Frank Rutter.

Novel Notes.

CASTLE GAY. By John Buchan. 7s. 6d. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

During the rough-and-tumble of a Rectorial election the students of Glasgow kidnapped the wrong man, and the victim was no other than Mr. Thomas Carlyle Craw, the greatest newspaper magnate of his time. By a happy chance he encountered in his misfortunes two most capable and energetic young men, Jaikie Galt, the famous Rugby international, and his friend, Dougal Crombie, who was an obscure and very critical member of Craw's editorial staff. A story with such a setting and with Mr. John Buchan to write it will, it is needless to say, excite and fulfil the highest expectations. It is an admirable comedy, packed full of dramatic and surprising episodes, and readers will be glad to recognise among the persons of the drama certain old friends from "Huntingtower." In addition to lively comedy and pungent satire, Mr. Buchan tells with his accustomed deftness the love-story of Jaikie and the Honourable Alison Westwater. "Castle Gay" must find a place in the holiday portmanteau.

NOT MENTIONED. By Andrew Soutar. 7s. 6d. (Hutchinson.)

As the title at once suggests that this novel is a "war book," it is imperative to say at once that it is entirely free from those faults of sensationalism and exaggeration that have brought the entire genus into disrepute. And it is only in a special sense a war book, since most of its pages are concerned with the old Sussex homestead whence the sons went forth to fight and where the father and daughter gallantly "carried on." John Browne is a typical yeoman of the old school, who stands four square to all the winds of misfortune and bereavement, only to die when the last tension is relaxed. Mr. Soutar is a most accomplished story-teller and quickly captures our interest in the fortunes of all the Browne family. The family annals during the eventful four years are fraught with tragedy and pathos, but Mr. Soutar does not forget the humorous aspects of war-time village life. It is an engrossing narrative very true to life, admirable in its perspective and refreshing by virtue of its sanity and shrewd insight.

THE ISLAND. By Naomi Royde-Smith. 7s. 6d. (Constable.)

Pitiful though it be, the theme of Miss Royde-Smith's new book is one that will prove unpleasant to the taste of many of her readers. "The Island" tells the miserable story of Myfanwy Hughes, known as Goosey, whose repressed passions drive her into a morbid and bitter misogamy and a yet more morbid attachment for Flossie Priestman, a vulgar and sensual egotist. The story thereafter is but the record, very cleverly and convincingly written, of Goosey's progressive deterioration and of her enslavement to her horrible friend. This way madness lies, and Miss Royde-Smith does not shirk the implications of her theme. While we regret to see so much ability spent in turning pathology into fiction, we must testify to the author's very evident sincerity of purpose. The book has some slight connections with two of the writer's earlier works, but they scarcely seem worth the making. The sub-title, "a love story," should have been omitted. Unwary readers might be misled by the ghastly irony.

CORDUROY. By Adrian Bell. 7s. 6d. (Cobden-Sanderson.)

The publisher speaks no more than the truth in saying that this is a book alive "for the agriculturist and the Arcadian." Warned by his father against "wasting time" in desultory writing in Chelsea, the young author allowed himself to be apprenticed to a Suffolk farmer, with the happy result that in his first book he has something definite and vital to write about. As a description of the actual work on a farm from day to day, Mr. Bell's pages are uncommonly lucid and interesting. He reveals the gulf which separates the novice's view of nature from that of the initiate, and shows that even Thomas Hardy is proved by his poems to have been but a rural onlooker. At the same time, Mr. Bell demonstrates that an intimate knowledge of the land need not destroy a poetical delight in nature. The homely charm and bracing breadth of the East Anglian landscape are vividly reflected in his narrative, and he has an eye—at once humorous and kindly—for the characters of the country-side. Rural life has found in Mr. Bell a very competent and pleasant interpreter.

THE COMPLETE HUMAN BOY. By Eden Phillpotts. 7s. 6d. (Hutchinson.)

This well printed but too loosely bound volume of nearly eight hundred pages represents "The Complete Human Boy" in a double sense. It is an "omnibus" containing

the five hitherto separate books in Mr. Phillpotts's " Human Boy " series; and between them those five books—now become one—certainly leave no aspect of boy life unstudied. In these delightfully light yet penetrative stories, the human—very human—boy is here revealed in all his mingled glory and shame. He is presented sympathetically and with fine understanding, but without sentimentality. In an interesting preface written for the present edition, Mr. Phillpotts, pleasantly reminiscent, takes us back to the days when *The Idler*, under Robert Barr and Jerome, was famous for its band of humorous writers. It was to this magazine that Mr. Phillpotts, a very young man, offered his first " Human Boy " story, which produced from Jerome the request for many more tales of the kind. It was under this encouragement that Mr. Phillpotts returned in memory to his own schooldays; and, " looking back upon them from a man's standpoint," saw " the rich field that realistic treatment of the Human Boy might offer." How fully and admirably Mr. Phillpotts has tilled that field! As the interpreter of the real, flesh-and-blood boy he has had many imitators, but no supplanters.

THE STREET PAVED WITH WATER. By Almey St. John Adcock. 7s. 6d. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

Lot Tudway, the proud owner of the barge *Welcome*, dreamed of seeing " the name of Tudway & Son blazoned on barges up and down the country." But when the son grew up, he preferred the gentility of a haberdasher's shop, and Lot found his ideal partner in his once-despised daughter, Welcome. This, then, is a novel of barge life, and Welcome is its splendid and unusual heroine. When the brutal Lot is killed in a brawl, Welcome, thrusting her broken romance behind her, develops into a remarkable business woman and becomes a person of importance. But her sex and her success create many enemies, and when she determines to move with the times and substitute steam for horses, all the ugly passions of the " boaties " are aroused, and her life is menaced. When the menace nears realisation, her old lover is there to share it, and poor Welcome's dreams come true in detail. This is a very fine and powerful work, marking the rapid advance of a true novelist. Miss Adcock has given us a haunting book, tender and tragic, and of notable artistry.

THE SMALL DARK MAN. By Maurice Walsh. 3s. 6d. (Chambers.)

If Mr. Walsh's reputation as a novelist of distinction had not been already definitely established by " The Key About the Door " and " While Rivers Run," this, his third and latest novel, would have been completely successful in doing so. We are glad to see it issued already at a popular price. Like its forerunners the story has for its setting the Scottish Highlands and no reader will deny that the author's descriptions of the passionate beauty of the hills would be difficult to better. The whole book is impregnated with the lure of the mountains, the fragrance of the heather and the music of the wind in the pines. His characters, too, particularly his hero, Hugh Forbes and his friend Charles Grant and Frances Mary, sister of Charles and beloved of Hugh, are all fully and delightfully alive, while a fine philosophy and a quiet humour place us further in the author's debt. We are grateful to Mr. Walsh for a story as refreshing and invigorating as a holiday in his native hills.

The Bookman's Table.

DOMINATION: SOME NAPOLEONIC EPISODES. By Marjorie Johnston. 12s. (Murray.)

Miss Marjorie Johnston, the younger sister of Miss Myrtle Johnston, who at the same age made a sensation a few years ago with her novel, " Hanging Johnny," is only eighteen years old. In this volume she has essayed to demonstrate the dominating influence of Napoleon's



Josephine.
(From the design by Isabey.)
From " Domination," by Marjorie Johnston (Murray).

character through a series of episodes in his career or in that of someone closely connected with him. There is an episode for each year in his life, from the time when in 1795 he emerged into the limelight as a young artillery officer, to 1840, when, having been dead nineteen years, he was given his final funeral in Paris. Considering the vast bulk of Napoleonic literature, Miss Johnston has shown originality in treating an old theme from a new angle. It would be too much to pretend that she has achieved the dramatic unity and effect which such a treatment might have attained in maturer hands. But she has thoroughly digested her data, and writes with a restrained picturesqueness that augurs well for her literary future.

FAMOUS SHIPWRECKS. By Captain Frank H. Shaw. 12s. 6d. (Elkin Mathews & Marrot.)

As a sea-writer, Captain Shaw needs no introduction; as a practical authority on his subject he is incontrovertible. Before he was twenty-two he had been four times round the world on board a windjammer, and had won an extra-master's ticket; then he took to the Atlantic Ferry and to writing. All his skill in graphic narrative, in clear elucidation, in illuminating comment is shown in his latest book. From the sinking of the *Royal George* in 1782 to the Rye life-boat disaster at the end of 1928, he traces many shipwrecks—by fire, by sea, by torpedo—ships piling themselves on the rocks or foundering in mid-ocean—ships valiantly fighting a losing battle, or quickly engulfed by the waves. But thrilling as are his accounts of the heroism displayed in countless crises, more splendid still is his history of the life-boat and its work of heroic mercy. The matter is apt to be greater than the manner. Nevertheless it is a thousand times worth reading.

PASCAL. By Jacques Chevalier. 15s. (Sheed & Ward.)

Pascal was among the most versatile and remarkable men who ever lived. " At twelve years of age, with a few strokes and circles, he had discovered mathematics; at sixteen he had written the most learned treatise on conic

sections since classical times; at nineteen, reduced to machinery a science existing wholly in the intellect; at twenty-three he had demolished one of the greatest errors in the physics of the ancients. At an age when other men are scarcely conscious of themselves, he had completed the circuit of the human sciences, perceived their vacuity and turned his thoughts to religious matters." So wrote Chateaubriand, and M. Chevalier, one of the most distinguished of living French philosophers, takes those now famous words as the text for a new study of Pascal, in which he sees him not merely as the reconciler of the scientific, religious and inter-religious-and-scientific problems of his own age, but as a unique model of intellectual and spiritual wisdom. M. Chevalier writes with authority on Pascal both as scientist and as saint, and his book breathes a fine enthusiasm which at times becomes perhaps a weakness. To many readers, especially non-Catholic readers, it will seem that the writer makes too light of certain difficulties in the interpretation of Pascal. But if it must be read with caution, this is an intensely vital and interesting study, combining intellectual and "human" qualities in a very rare and charming manner.

ADJECTIVES AND OTHER WORDS. By Ernest Weekley. 5s. (John Murray.)

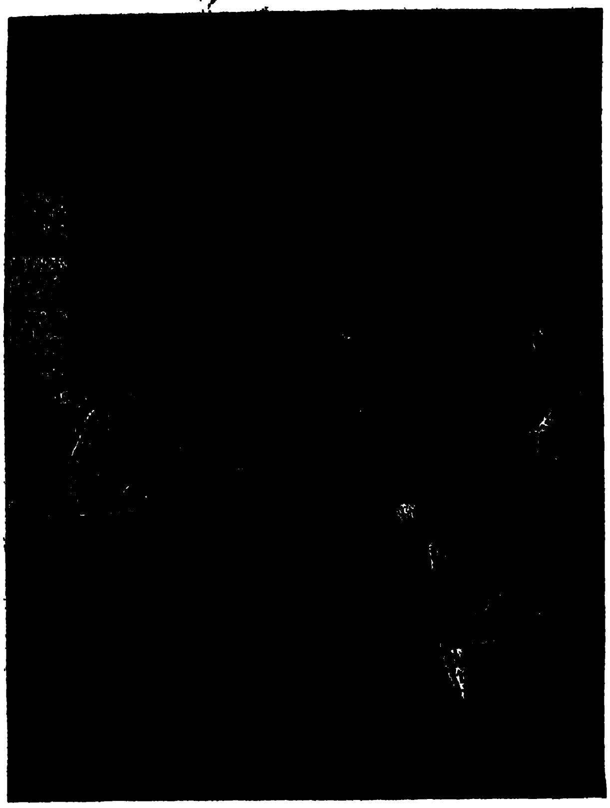
As one would expect from its distinguished author, this is one of the most thrilling of books—to one reader at any rate much more so than any detective story. The pursuit of a word, its tracking down, and then as it were the spectacle of Professor Weekley carrying home his spoil in triumph—all this is a most satisfactory affair. Fortunate the country that possesses two such gay professors as Saintsbury and our author. It is difficult to select any one of the fascinating chapters of this book, for every one of them cries aloud for quotation. Lightly, as if it were a feather, does Weekley bear his erudition. Nothing human is alien to Weekley, and he can even find cracks in the armour, which on the whole he very much respects, of the monumental Oxford Dictionary. "Someone," he says, "should write a book on the debt of our language to Scott, an author who, according to a contemporary manufacturer of shockers, is 'unreadable.'" It is extraordinarily interesting to learn that a number of familiar words are found for the first time in Shakespeare: aerial, bump, countless, dwindle, eventful, fitful, gnarled, hurry, ill-starred, lonely, monumental and so forth. On the other side of the picture stands Theodore Roosevelt. "I stand," he said, "by the Ten Commandments. They are bully."

CIVILISATION AND THE CRIPPLE. By Frederick Watson. 10s. 6d. (Bale, Sons & Danielsson.)

Mr. Watson, who for six years has edited *The Cripple*, an international quarterly, here gives us the first book that has ever been devoted in any country to a survey of "social orthopædics." He discusses the whole problem of the relation of the cripple to society and of society to the cripple. While his main appeal is to the student, his volume will interest the general reader. The historical chapters, in particular, are very fascinating and are written with considerable literary allusiveness and charm. From ancient times, with a few humaner intervals, the cripple, until comparatively recent days, was regarded either as an object of scorn or of ridicule, and unhappily the industrial revolution undid much of the good work started by eighteenth century humanitarianism. The Great War, with its advances in surgery, proved indirectly a blessing to cripples, and the new sunlight treatment is radiant with possibilities. The later chapters, dealing with the modern problem in all its aspects, physical and social, are more technical, but are always commendably lucid.

SO YOU'RE GOING TO GERMANY AND AUSTRIA! By Clara E. Laughlin. 10s. 6d. (Methuen.)

The author of this very attractive guide-book (one of a series that is likely to win great popularity) has had a very definite scheme in view and has carried it out with notable success. Although it is a well-packed volume of more



Albrecht Dürer visits Hans Sachs.
(By Richard Gross.)
From "So You're Going to Germany and Austria!" by Clara E. Laughlin (Methuen).

than five hundred pages, the author knows that even that allowance is too meagre for completeness and detail. The book is meant for the holiday tourist whose time is limited, and accordingly includes "only those places to which a majority of travellers go, and a few others to which they may like to go when they know what the attractions of those less-frequented places are." Miss Laughlin is better than her word, and her range will be found to be both wide and discreet. She reveals a genuine talent for this kind of work, and her book is compact, readable, interesting and informative. The format is very handy and attractive and the book has a couple of dozen illustrations, end-paper maps and plans, and an excellent index.

Books of the Month.

From June 15th to July 15th.

(Books reviewed in this Number are not included in list.)

To take up **FAIR PERTHSHIRE**, by Hamish Miles (15s.; Bodley Head), at one's leisure after unforgettable sojourns in the exquisite country depicted, is sheer delight. It is to see again with the mind's eye countless glimpses by the way that enchanted in passing, but were submerged in the wealth that steadily unfolded itself. Mr. Miles has captured, to a remarkable extent, the glamour that belongs not only to the beauty and charm of the present, but to the tradition and history in which it is steeped. A good deal of the ground covered is well known, but there are many adventures into the unfrequented glens and villages, as well as in the company of past and present worthies. Who can forget the magic of the Dochart as it rushes under the bridge at Killin, the commanding grandeur of Schiehallion, or the serene peacefulness of Strathyre? Yet these are few of the many spells cast by this witching shire. We can imagine this book appealing equally to those for whom it is a happy reminder and those for whom it holds such rich promise. Mr. John McGhie has been an excellent collaborator with his eight delightful illustrations in colour and seventy-six in black-and-white.

There is no need to recommend a new P. G. Wodehouse, especially when it is concerned with *Jeeves*. That cream of gentlemen's gentlemen has made his own niche among the laughter-makers, and a very secure one it is. In **VERY GOOD, JEEVES** (7s. 6d.; Herbert Jenkins) he carries the reader with his unfailing verve and resourcefulness into, and out of, some of the most amazing predicaments. An ideal holiday book of the vim and sparkle variety.

We have not forgotten the delightfully unconventional tone of Mr. Roy Elston's previous book on Southern France. Now he has turned his attention to **TRAVELS IN NORMANDY** (7s. 6d.; Bell), and in the same free and easy manner quickly establishes the reader on intimate terms with the country's romantic pageant of history, with its glories of architecture, and with its people at work and at play. Surely Caudebec, where more than ever "one feels the need of roots," will grip the reader as it gripped Mr. Elston, but, strong though the temptation is, it is impossible to particularise amid such profusion. The beauties of town and country-side come in for their full share of appreciation, while ample attention is given to the more material matters of hotels, fares and many other useful hints.

Guide-books of to-day, more than ever, assume elastic proportions, and each holiday season brings its due crop of the light and chatty variety, which serve not only to elucidate one's immediate problems, but to turn a mere visit into a vastly entertaining and profitable adventure. In this connection Messrs. Harrap's Kitbag Series have been remarkably successful. In each instance the books are from the pens of the recognised authorities on their subject, and the two before us at the moment—**LONDON TOWN**, by Sidney Dark, and **THE ENGLISH LAKES**, by W. T. Palmer (7s. 6d. each) are no exception. A man who can wrest romance out of an insurance office can be safely trusted with a magic subject like London. Such a man is Sidney Dark, and though he writes primarily for the visitor from a distance, he relates much that will agreeably surprise and interest the Londoner himself, who is notoriously obtuse to his surroundings. Mention must be made of the very choice drawings by Joseph Pike. Mr. Palmer's book is, in his own words, "the result of a lifetime's scrambling, rambling and reading." Both by text and illustrations he has happily conveyed the grandeur of the mountain scenes and solitudes and added to this a wealth of helpful advice on planning walking tours, rock-climbing, etc.

Another excellent series is Bell's Pocket Guides, in which **KENT**, by S. E. Winbolt (6s.), is just to hand. Brim-full of varied information, the interests of to-day are dexterously blended with those of dim and distant yesterdays. As in previous volumes Miss Winifred Ward has been responsible for the numerous photographs and these play no small part in depicting the quaint villages with their old-world cottages, the inland waterways and coastal beauties, as well as the ageless interest that attaches to Canterbury and many another spot.

Only by virtue of its title can **SEEING SUSSEX**, by Mabel S. Rudkin (3s. 6d.; Elliot Stock), be linked with the foregoing. In breezy, humorous vein Mrs. Rudkin describes the privileges of entertaining the divers and sundry relatives and friends who descended on their rectory with the idea of "Seeing Sussex." The diversities of viewpoint and the artless subterfuges often indulged give excellent scope for her light-hearted and refreshing chronicles.

ART

Studio.—The Spirit of America: Currier and Ives Prints. 5s.—Master Draughtsmen: Number 1. Michel-Angelo. 5s.

Warne.—Correggio. Corrado Ricci. 31s. 6d.

CRITICISM AND BELLES-LETTRES

Constable.—Novels and Novelists. Katherine Mansfield 7s. 6d.

Mitre Press.—Art and Sex. M. J. Nicolson. 5s.

UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO PRESS.—Above Pompeii. Ernest H. Wilkins. 6s.

EDUCATIONAL

UNIVERSITY OF LONDON PRESS.—Fundamental English. P. B. Ballard. Junior Series. Book Four. 1s. 4d.—Teacher's Book Four. 2s. 3d.

WATTS.—Great Sons of Greece. F. J. Gould.—Temple Bells. E. Royston Pike.—The Origin of the World. R. McMillan. 1s. 6d. each.

FICTION

(*Price 7s. 6d. each, except where otherwise indicated.*)

ANGLO-AMERICAN PUBLICATIONS (London).—Kondora. Percy Pigott.

GEOFFREY BLES.—Behind the Lines. W. F. Morris.

BODLEY HEAD.—The Price of Victory. J. D. Strange.

JONATHAN CAPE.—Lyndesay. John Connell.

CASSELL.—The Golden Cat. Douglas Newton.

CHAPMAN & HALL.—The Prince From Overseas. Sir Basil Thomson.

COLLINS.—The Shop Window Murders. Vernon Loder.—The Person Called "Z." J. Jefferson Farjeon.—The Story of Leonora. Lady Troubridge.—The Link. Philip Macdonald.—Water Into Wine. Catherine Cotton.

CONSTABLE.—Show Me Death. W. Redvers Dent.

JOHN HAMILTON.—Murder Off Broadway. Leonard Falkner.

HARRAP.—Camouflage. Laurence W. Meynell.—Madder Music. Mildred Cram.

HEINEMANN.—The Wooden Woman. Alexander Townsend.—The Beacon Hill Murders. Roger Scarlett.—Look Homeward, Angel. Thomas Wolfe. 10s. 6d.—When the Melody is Finished. Norman Towar.

HODDER & STOUGHTON.—Trial by Water. Hulbert Footner.—Jane Steps Out. May Christie.—The Vantire Diamonds. Seamark.—Slane's Long Shots. E. Phillips Oppenheim. 3s. 6d.—Giving Him Up. Ruby M. Ayres. 3s. 6d.—Starveacres. Nora Kent.—McLean at the Golden Owl. George Goodchild. 3s. 6d.—Mystery Valley. Max Brand.—White Face. Edgar Wallace.—Fishes All Alive. Madge S. Smith.—Gone North. Charles Alden Seltzer.—Murder at High Tide. Charles G. Booth.—Tremendous Gain. Paddy Sylvanus.—Red. A. M. Chisholm.

HURST & BLACKETT.—When the Tide Runs Out. Edgar Winch.

HUTCHINSON.—Voodoo. John Esteven. The Penance of Brother Alaric. Bruce Græme.—The Woman Ayisha. Talbot Mundy. 6s.—The Spider's Debt. Johnston McCulley.—Italian Adventure. Isabel C. Clarke.—Martin Make-Believe. Gilbert Frankau.—To What Green Altar? W. B. Maxwell.—Chances. A. Hamilton Gibbs.

HERBERT JENKINS.—The House in Tuesday Market. J. S. Fletcher.

HERBERT JOSEPH.—Please Meet Alphonse. Jesse Collings. 2s. 6d.

KNOPF.—The Kramer Girls. Ruth Suckow.

JOHN LANE.—Penny Rose. F. E. Mills Young.

LIPPINCOTT.—Beggar-man. Jane Abbott.—Bubbles. Maximilian Foster.

METHUEN.—Doctor Cockaigne. N. E. Davies. 3s. 6d.—A Double Quest. Douglas Timins.—Garstons. H. C. Bailey.—The Witch of Chelsea. Olga Hartley.

JOHN MURRAY.—Down to the Sea. Alexis Macandrew.—Breakers. N. Brysson Morrison.

NASH & GRAYSON.—Open Till Sunset. D. M. Locke.

PUTNAMS.—When Beggars Ride. George Agnew Chamberlain. $2.00.

SELWYN & BLOUNT.—Aviva. Richard Fisher.

STOCKWELL.—Our Dead Selves. A. Mabel Barker.

WARD, LOCK.—Delicate Fiend. E. Charles Vivian.—The Valiant Jester. Maribel Edwin.—The Vanished Guest. Ottwell Binns.

FOREIGN BOOKS AND TRANSLATIONS

BODLEY HEAD.—Personalities and Powers. Knut Hagberg. 12s. 6d.
DENT.—Martin Luther: A Destiny. Lucien Febore. 10s. 6d.
HARRAP.—Wagner In Exile. Woldemar Lippert. 10s. 6d.
JOHN MURRAY.—The Cloud Messenger. Translated from the original Sanskrit of Kalidasa, by Charles King. 2s. 6d.
RICHARDS PRESS.—The Demon. Michael Lermontov. 1 guinea.
SCHOLARTIS PRESS.—The Country Waif.—The Castle of Pictordu. George Sand. 8s. 6d.
SHEED & WARD.—For Joan of Arc. Marshal Foch and Others. 7s. 6d.

HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY AND TRAVEL

BATSFORD.—Little Known England. Harold D. Eberlein. 12s. 6d.—Touring London. W. Teignmouth Shore. 4s.
BRAITHWAITE & MILLER.—Oscar Wilde. Patrick Braybrooke. 7s. 6d.
CONSTABLE.—The Conflict. E. E. Kellett. 12s.—Exmoor and Other Days. Arthur O. Fisher. 10s. 6d.—Family Origins and Other Studies. J. Horace Round. 25s.
DENT.—Suffolk and Norfolk. M. R. Jones. 5s.
FOYLES WELSH PRESS.—Snowdonia, Its Scenes, Shrines and Stories. J. Cuming Walters.
HARRAP.—Sudan Sand. Stella Court-Treatt. 15s.—Burgundy. Stephen Gwynn. 7s. 6d.—The Atlantic. Stanley Rogers. 7s. 6d.—Blue Rhine, Black Forest. Louis Untermeyer. 7s. 6d.
HOMELAND ASSOCIATION.—Dear Old Cornwall. Various contributors. 1s.
HUTCHINSON.—Stampede. Stella Court-Treatt. 7s. 6d.
HERBERT JOSEPH.—Love and Sunshine In the East. Janet Aldis. 12s. 6d.
WERNER LAURIE.—Celebrated Musicians, Past and Present. Hubert Whelbourn. 8s. 6d.
METHUEN.—Etruria Past and Present. M. A. Johnstone. 7s. 6d.—Paris. Raymond Escholier. 10s. 6d.
NEWNES.—Afoot in Italy. John Gibbons. 7s. 6d.
ROBERTSON & MULLEN (Melbourne).—Along the Track. Robert H. Croll. 4s.

JUVENILE

UNIVERSITY OF LONDON PRESS.—From David Copperfield to David Blaize. 10 authors. 2s.

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EDWARD ARNOLD.—The Discovery of Poetry. P. H. B. Lyon. 2s. 6d.
BODLEY HEAD.—H.M.I.'s Notebook. E. M. Sneyd-Kynnersley. 7s. 6d.
PETER DAVIES.—Early Keyboard Instruments. Philip James. 30s.
EFFICIENCY MAGAZINE.—Shaping Your Career. W. J. Caton Norris. 3s. 6d.
HARRAP.—The Ochrana. A. T. Vassilyev. 15s.
JARROLDS.—On the Track of Murder. Arthur Carey. 18s.
KNOPF.—Gardens of This Word. Henry B. Fuller. 7s. 6d.—The Old Book: A Mediæval Anthology. Dorothy Hartley. 32s. 6d.
LIPPINCOTT.—An Hour With the Movies and the Talkies. Gilbert Seldes. 4s. 6d.—The American Novel. Grant Overton. 4s. 6d.—An Hour of American History Samuel Eliot Morison. 4s. 6d.
MITRE PRESS.—A Subaltern in Macedonia and Judea, 1916-17. Rev. R. Skilbeck Smith. 5s.
MORLEY & KENNERLEY.—Behind Both Lines. Hugh Kingsmill. 6s. 6d.
JOHN MURRAY.—The Road Home. Gertrude Ramsay. 6s.
NASH & GRAYSON.—The Wipers Times. 8s. 6d.
NEWNES.—The Conclusions of Modern Science. Walter Grierson. 2s. 6d.
OLIVER & BOYD (Edinburgh).—The Shetland Sketch Book. W. Fordyce Clark. 3s. 6d.
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CECIL PALMER.—Untold Tales of War-Time London. Mrs. Eustace Miles. 3s. 6d.
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SHEED & WARD.—No Popery. Herbert Thurston. 7s. 6d.
SIMPKINS.—Empire Stock-Taking. L. St. Clare Grondona. 10s. 6d.
STOCKWELL.—The Art of Remembering. Rev. B. J. Wicks. 1s.
TUTTLE (Vermont, U.S.A.).—My Travels in the Spirit World. Caroline D. Larsen.
VALENTINE (Dundee).—Tommy Lorne's Book of Scottish Humour. 1s. 6d.
WILLIAMS & NORGATE.—Poland, Germany and the Corridor. Casimir Smogorzewski. 6s.—Authors' Annual, 1930. 5s.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA

SIDGWICK & JACKSON.—The Story of Tobit. Doris Pailthorpe, Zoë Procter and Dorothea Rock. 2s. 6d.

POETRY

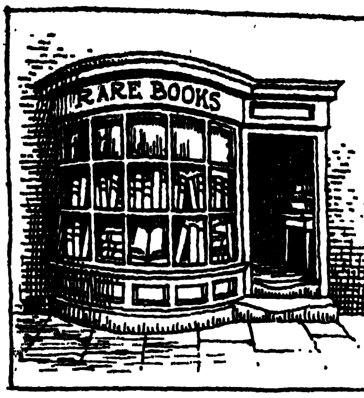
AQUILA PRESS.—Poems (Two) 1925. Nancy Cunard. 10s. 6d.
CONSTABLE.—Pass, Stranger. Mrs. Peyton Mackeson. 5s.
PRIVATELY PRINTED BY AUTHOR.—The Passion of Joan of Arc. L. C. Headly.
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NEW ZEALAND PUBLISHING CO. (Wellington, N.Z.).—Verses and Essays. Philip S. E. Hereford. 3s. 6d.
UNIVERSITY OF BIRMINGHAM MEDICAL SCHOOL.—Student Verse, 1921–1930. 2s. 6d.
YALE UNIVERSITY PRESS.—Virtuosa. Louise Owen. 6s. 6d.

RELIGION AND PHILOSOPHY

CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY PRESS.—The Knowledge of Reality. Wincenty Lutoslowski. 7s. 6d.
CAREY PRESS.—The Epistle to the Romans. Henry Cook. 2s. 6d.—The Acts of the Apostles. F. Townley Lord. 2s. 6d.
DENT.—A Free Church Psalter. Edited by Pauline Taylor. 1s. 6d.
ELKIN MATHEWS & MARROT.—Psychology and Religion. E. S. Waterhouse. 5s.
PICKERING & INGLIS.—The Inspiration and Accuracy of the Holy Scriptures. John Urquhart. 5s.—The Gospel of the Bible. W. E. Vine. 2s. 6d.—Twenty-one Difficult Texts in the Bible. 1s.—The Believers' Blue Book. Hy. Pickering. 2s.—In Christ. A. J. Gordon. 2s. 6d.—Praying Hyde. E. G. Carré. 2s. 6d.
PURE THOUGHT PRESS (Watford).—A Lamp to the Feet. Frederick H. Haines. 6s.

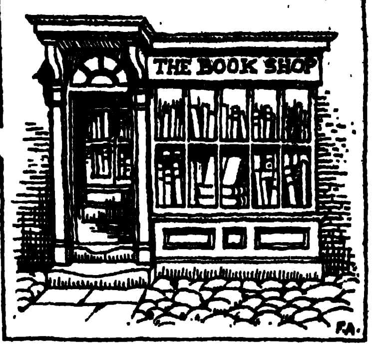
REPRINTS AND NEW EDITIONS

BLACKWOOD.—Saracinesca. F. Marion Crawford. 3s. 6d.
COBDEN-SANDERSON.—Undertones of War. Edmund Blunden. 5s.
CONSTABLE.—Robert E. Lee. Major-General Sir F. Maurice. 7s. 6d.—Many Cities. Hilaire Belloc. 10s. 6d.
HEINEMANN.—Flying Corps Headquarters. 1914–1918. Maurice Baring. 8s. 6d.
ILIFFE.—Speed. J. E. G. Harwood. 2s. 6d.
JORDAN.—How to Form a Company. Herbert W. Jordan. 2s. 6d.
MACMILLAN.—The Optimist. E. M. Delafield. 3s. 6d.
NASH & GRAYSON.—The West Indies. George Manington. 7s. 6d.
RICHARDS.—Lyrists of the Restoration. John and Constance Masefield. 2s. 6d.—Essays, Moral and Polite. John and Constance Masefield. 2s. 6d.
SCHOLARTIS PRESS.—Lady Julia Mandeville. Frances Brooke. 8s. 6d.



The Collector

"Let not the collector, therefore, ever, unless in some urgent and necessary circumstances, part with any of his treasures."—BURTON



MANUSCRIPT COLLECTING.

THERE is an increasing interest in the collecting of manuscripts, as many readers must realise when they look through the catalogues that are issued by the various antiquarian booksellers. Almost every list that is printed contains some important manuscripts offered for sale to the public, and more than a few are both costly and rare. It is the same in the auction-rooms. With nearly every sale of books, there is usually put up for auction a manuscript or two of varying importance, which are sold for sums that range from a few pounds to many hundreds.

Time was when an author, even a notable author, took no interest in the manuscript that he had written. Now every writer, of any importance whatsoever, realises that his original manuscript may be worth a considerable amount, and like a wise man, he carefully preserves it against the time when someone suggests that he may be ready to dispose of it. I don't think that anyone can cavil at such an attitude, because, after all, a manuscript is like any other piece of property. It has a market value, and the author is in no wise to be criticised for selling what is his own, and what he knows is bound to appeal to the collector who is interested, and who has enough money to make the purchase. Of course it is not every author who can look at his manuscript and say that the chances are he may, in due season, sell it for so much. But many can indeed do this, as we have seen from catalogues and auction sales.

Not so many years since, a number of Conrad manuscripts were sold in New York for some thirty-odd thousand pounds. I don't suppose for one moment, that when Conrad wrote those fine stories of his, that he ever thought they would, after his death, be sold for so large a sum. But the remarkable thing is that the original manuscripts of comparatively recent books bring their owners amounts that run into a hundred or more pounds. It takes many years, and many virtues, of course, for a manuscript to realise the £15,000 odd that was paid for the famous "Alice in Wonderland" manuscript.



Photo by Will Cadby. **Joseph Conrad.**

As in the case of first editions, the intelligent collector of manuscripts, unless he be a rich man, and can afford to buy those rare and valuable ones at prices which do not make his pocket too light, goes after the manuscripts of those authors whose fame is not yet great, or who has only just begun to push his way forward in the race for success. Now this class of manuscript is not easy to come by; for, as a rule, such an author does not trouble much about such things. Although, here and there, you will find him holding on to them against a possible demand—a demand that he hopes will become an actuality.

But one can get hold of some manuscripts by the more promising of younger writers, for a pound or so. Not so long since an author gave the original manuscript of a three thousand word story to a friend, which he kept; and all honour to him. That friend had a great belief in the future of the author, although at that time I don't suppose anyone would have given a guinea for it. A similar length of manuscript, written by the same writer, was sold recently for £40. Nowadays he is a considerable power in modern literature. So you see how the values of manuscripts are advancing, as in the case of many first editions.

I have in front of me at the moment of writing,

several lists of manuscripts which contain many dozens of originals offered for sale. I am confident that, before many years have passed, a number of these will be worth very much larger sums than they are priced to-day. First edition collecting, the making of association books, the collecting of manuscripts, belong to each other. Each is an entity in itself, but combined you have a richness in collecting that is hardly surpassed in any other pursuit.

I saw marked at £30, somewhere the other day, a collection of twelve original typescripts of James Stephens. They were poems, containing many corrections by the author. It is my guess that this collection will be worth far more than this in the years to come. Not to-morrow, so to speak, but before many years have gone by. Once on a time, if one could have got hold of them, I suppose Hardy's manuscripts might have been bought for very modest sums. Now they are worth many hundreds of pounds. One could fill many columns with instances of the high prices that are paid for original manuscripts of famous books, which at one time could have been bought at a reasonable figure.



Homesteads.

Item 80. From Harold Hill's "Books, Tracts, Engraved Views and Other Old Prints relative to America."

If anyone is thinking of venturing to enter this domain of collecting, you may be sure that it is not without its troubles and pitfalls. There is need for care in the matter of "faking," concerning which one of these days we shall have something to say. The collecting of manuscripts can be begun in a modest way, and out of that modesty there may come a richness of possession that will have made all the trouble more than worth while. It will need a special sense, and knowledge and understanding will come only by way of experience, spread over, perhaps, a long period. The successful collector of manuscripts will be he, or she, who has something of that inner sense of literary judgment, about which we have so often written. No collecting in the three sections that are mentioned above, can be successful if there is a lack of this understanding. At least, even though we make no remarkable finds, and never have the luck to buy a manuscript at a small price, and sell it for a fabulous sum within a short period, there is a fascination in it; and if we collect carefully and in no stupid unrestrained spirit, the collector will not find a balance on the wrong side of his account.

Since writing the above we have come across two MSS. of C. E. Montague's—"The Morning's War" and "Rough Justice," containing 1,900 sheets —for £350. Montague was a great writer of modern times, and when he died a year or two since, we lost an author and a thinker of eminence.

THE MARKET.

Since our last notes appeared, but a few limited editions have been announced, although not much information finds its way into print concerning such works. There has been issued, between the moment of our writing and the publication of this issue of The Bookman, a new book by A. A. Milne, entitled "When I Was Very Young," of which there is a limited signed edition, the whole of which was subscribed for before publication. Another limited signed edition, issued last month, was a new play by George Moore, entitled "The Passing of the Essenes." This is a play based upon an incident from Mr. Moore's famous book, "The Brook Kerith." We should like to call attention to "Sienese Painting of the Trecento," by Curt H. Weigelt, assistant director of the Instituto di Storia dell' Arte in Florence, and "Venetian Painting of the Seicento and Settecento," by Guiseppe Fiocco, Professor of the History of Art in the University of Florence. Both of these latter books are published by the Pegasus Press of Paris.

Those most entertaining and delightful books which Mr. A. Edward Newton, the famous American book-collector, writes, are all beginning to command fine prices, and we dare say that as the years go by they will appreciate very much indeed. That very attractive book, "The Amenities of Book Collecting," in its first printing is not easy to find now at $50–$80, and before the year is out it ought to reach $100.00. The English first edition of this work has little value. It was the American edition, with an English title page and a different binding. It is the American first edition that is scarce and going up in value. Probably Mr. Newton has as fine a collection of Johnsonian material as any private collector in U.S.A., and it is being added to every year. We see that a privately printed little item, "A Johnson Book-plate," which is illustrated by an impression of Mr. Newton's Johnsonian book-plate, engraved by Sidney L. Smith, costs about $40–$50, when a copy turns up.

We have added two things to our shelf devoted to H. M. Tomlinson's writings. One is "Between the Lines," which is something of a confession of literary faith. This was the subject of a lecture given at the Harvard Union. The limited edition is very difficult to come across. The other is a wonderful volume of "Great Stories of the Sea"—the best collection and the cheapest ever published—to which Mr. Tomlinson has

contributed an introduction. Mr. Tomlinson is, we understand, at work upon another novel, as well as a volume of essays. Be sure to go on collecting all of this author's books. He is in the way of becoming our greatest living writer, and his earlier books and limited editions will fetch very large sums one of these days. That first book of his, "Sea and the Jungle"—very scarce, anyhow in a first-class condition—is enhancing in price. Not so long since you could buy it for £1, now you would probably have to pay £50 to £60 for a really mint copy.

In spite of the alleged slump in first editions, and books in general, the buying and selling of old and rare and modern books continues, and although there has been, perhaps, somewhat less business during the past few months, the interest is almost as great as ever, as our postbag shows. Before long we shall be back to normal again, and prices will go up to their true values. So now is the time to buy and to hold. This is our advice to those who are commercially disposed. Even so, it is the right time for those who buy for pure literary values, and for permanent possession.

DIVERS CATALOGUES.

Not a great number of catalogues appear at this time of the year, although I am a little surprised that I have so many to write about this month. At the time these notes appear, hardly any catalogues will be issued, although they will begin to appear again very soon. As a matter of actual fact there are no seasons for antiquarian bookselling as in publishing; but naturally August is not the best kind of month in which to bring out a list, as most of us are holiday making. Even so, wherever we are, there is always the same pleasure to be gathered from looking through a catalogue, whether it is in the summer or winter.

Soon after I wrote my notes last month, many lists came tumbling in and as usual they are full of interest. When I see my pile mounting high, I realise the large amount of business that is done in the selling of old books and first editions, both here and in America. A number in the collection before me has come across the Atlantic, and are very interesting.

Again I want to call attention to a fine catalogue issued by Maggs Bros. It is an extremely valuable publication, dealing with "The Art of Writing," covering the period from 2800 B.C. to A.D. 1930. The entries are in chronological order, which is particularly helpful for reference. This catalogue—No. 542—comprises a wonderful collection of original documents written on vellum, paper, papyrus, silk, linen, bamboo, or inscribed in clay, marble, steatite, jasper, hæmatite, matrix of emerald, and chalcedony. The items exhibit no less than forty styles of scripts in the languages of Europe, Asia and Africa. There are two indices: one of the materials on which the transcripts are written, and the other of the languages. Some of the manuscripts are extraordinarily precious, and are priced at several hundred pounds. There is a fifteenth century illuminated Book of Hours for English use, written by an English scribe on 144 leaves of vellum in Gothic letters. In this MS. there are twenty-four finely painted full-page miniatures, done in gold and colours, and initial letters painted in red, blue and white on a gold ground. The price of this rare item is £550. This catalogue is full of the most interesting illustrations, and it is a most important list.

The Foyles' latest list did not reach me in time to mention it last month. There is a large number of attractive books and MSS. in it, notably a special American limited edition of Colonel Lawrence's "Seven Pillars of Wisdom," sixty guineas; a collection of original manuscripts of James Stephens, and many others, £30; quite a number of association books, besides books of all other departments of literature. A very well produced catalogue.

Readers of THE BOOKMAN may like to know that Messrs. Sotheran have issued a catalogue (No. 818) which they call "Arabistan." It is a list of the various editions of "The Arabian Nights," as well as works on the countries and peoples of the nights. The catalogue has been out some time, but a copy has only just found its way into my hands. I have so often spoken of the wisdom of keeping many of the fine catalogues that are made by the antiquarian booksellers, and this and the Maggs one, referred to above, are indeed worth adding to our shelves.

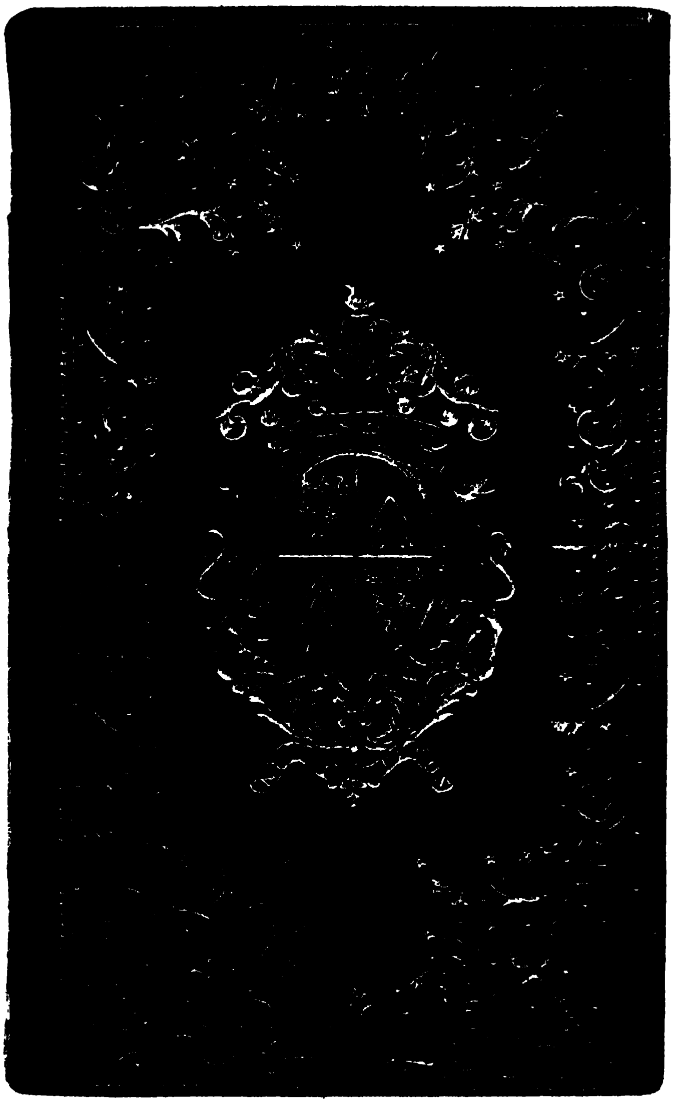
I always find myself looking forward to an hour of pleasure when a catalogue comes to me from Francis Edwards, and I was not disappointed when I turned over the pages of their "Early English Literature" of the fifteenth to the seventeenth centuries. There are nearly seven hundred books in this. They range in prices that will suit the rich collector, as well as the man of modest means. And some of the lower priced books are not the least important. It is illustrated with a number of full-page plates. I see one of the items is a Fourth Folio Shakespeare, price £1,200. It is a fine tall copy, with original end-papers and blanks. Another Edwards list, No. 524, that came along at the same time, is devoted to library sets of standard works in English literature, history, etc. A good list indeed, and one, I should think, in which many book-lovers will find just that set of books, by a standard author, which they want.

A very good catalogue comes from Frank Hollings' Bookshop; or rather a part of the catalogue. The part covers A-L, and contains a number of worthy items. In going through this I found myself marking no end of the books; for it is a most comprehensive catalogue, covering association volumes, chiefly from the Gosse, Shorter and Colvin libraries; a greater number of modern first editions, modern fine printing, eighteenth century plays, Thomas Hardy, juvenile literature, etc. This first part includes no less than 1,284 items, and when it is completed it will make a very comprehensive catalogue.

There are two lists to be noted from Cambridge. One is issued by that notable house of Bowes & Bowes. Something over 700 entries are to be found in the list, arranged under private presses and special editions, first editions, literature in general, with a selection of

books about books—always a desirable section—as well as a number of old prints and maps. The second list is from Galloway & Porter—they send out frequent interim catalogues—covering a miscellany of works in all branches of literature. I was attracted by a complete set of the "Story of the Nations" series, priced at £6 10s.; sixty-five volumes in all.

If there were enough space available it would be so easy to meander happily among the catalogues, taking more time over them, and writing at greater length about the many delectable books mentioned in the pages. For instance, it irks us not to be able to give a more lengthy consideration to the excellent catalogue (No. 175) which was posted to me the other day by Dulau & Company. It is crowded with interesting books and autographs, and there are so many alluring first editions of the works of modern authors. There is a Dover Bible for £180; and some of Ronald Firbank's books. There is Lionel Johnson's Poems for £10 and George Moore's "Avowals" for £2 5s. (there are thirty-nine Moore items). Also a number of Arthur Machen's books—but you had better write for the list. The prices are very moderate.



A Derome Binding.
French Red Morocco, with an elaborate border of floral sprays, stars and dots surrounding the arms of Baron Arundell of Trerice, all richly gold tooled by Derome Le Jeune.
From Messrs. Ellis's Catalogue of Old, Rare and Choice Books, No. 272.

Mr. Bertram Rota's No. 16 catalogue is as good reading as his earlier ones, containing close upon a thousand items of first editions, association copies and autograph letters of modern authors. I note several books illustrated by Hugh Thomson. People are collecting books illustrated by this artist nowadays. Included also in the list is a good collection of D. H. Lawrence's books, as well as, among others, many of John Galsworthy's works. I see that among the autograph letters and MSS. are two or three letters from Edmund Blunden costing £2 2s. to £3 3s.

I have received a capital catalogue from Mr. E. Hartley, one that is devoted to first editions of modern authors, including some unique items and presentation copies; two lists from Reginald Atkinson, Nos. 84 and 85 of a general character; a most interesting catalogue of "A Collection of Novels of the Eighteenth and Nineteenth Century," recently issued by Mr. Greville Worthington; and Basil Hyman's "Scarce Books" of the seventeenth and twentieth century. The latter is a short but excellent catalogue. I see that Mr. Worthington is offering those fine books by Henry Williamson—"Tarka the Otter," £1 2s. 6d; "The Old Stag," £1 15s.; and "The Pathway" for 15s. All of these will surely go up in price. Mr. J. D. Miller's 41st catalogue comprises a variety of old modern books, many of which are first and scarce editions. In this latter list are a number of broadsides.

There is a second edition, 1866, of "Alice in Wonderland," original cloth, £85; some original editions of Barrie's writings; "The Vicar of Wakefield," with twenty-four aquatints by Rowlandson, £35; and many books by Conrad, Coppard, Kipling, etc., in an intriguing list that I received a few days since from Mrs. K. M. Lyall.

I should like to call attention to the following lists from Low's Bookstalls—a miscellaneous catalogue containing a variety of old and modern works; Herbert Tremayne—modern first edition: many by Abercrombie, Bennett, De la Mare, Robert Graves and so forth; Gilbert Jamieson—a short one of modern and nineteenth century authors; Andrew Baxendine & Sons—miscellaneous modern books; Chas. E. H. Carrington—all modern first editions, including some authors whom many people will want to collect before long: Martin Armstrong, H. E. Bates, Helen Beauclerk, T. F. Powys; Martin A. McGoff, E. Guntrip; The Sign of the Huntsman—these last three lists make good reading. Mr. McGoff sends us two lists, 20 and 21. Seven hundred first editions, and the other of a varied character, while the short, but none the less valuable list of Mr. Hunt's, includes a number of rare and valuable collectors' items of the sixteenth to the twentieth century.

Some other catalogues worth the most careful examination have arrived from Messrs. Maggs—No. 543—

of moderns and other books; a Caxton Head catalogue of works on economics, political science, etc, and a shorter list of old and rare books from Messrs Ellis This contains many precious association books of a most unusual kind For instance there is an association copy of Walker's "The Virtuous Woman Found," which has a long sub-title, and which was Horace Walpole's own copy with his book-plate and press mark inside the front cover It is a catalogue worth procuring The Dublin Book Agency sends out two lists books from the library of Maria Edgeworth, and a further selection from her library Interesting lists these I must also note here a catalogue that has only just come to hand It is a catalogue of interesting and important books in two parts—General Literature and Antiquarian and British Topography, from Murrays Limited an old established house

American catalogues have reached us from Gotham Book Mart, Dauber & Pine Bookshop, Scultes Book Store, Gryphon Book Service Goodspeed's Book Shop, John Howell, and E S White Rare Book Co I am glad to receive these lists, for it proves that The Collector's" notes about current antiquarian catalogues are being appreciated in America

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THE ART OF EXTRA ILLUSTRATING

I have had considerable experience in the art of Extra Illustrating books and up to the present time have used upon innumerable volumes the total of 160 000 plates I suppose this is a record for one person

I remember an old bookseller once refused to sell me a copy of the Vicar of Wakefield when he discovered that I was going to take out the illustrations he told me it was a sin to destroy such a book Many people look upon the extra illustrator as a great vandal for they think of the books destroyed to obtain the plates But they seem to forget the books made of greater interest and preserved from destruction by the fact of being of greater commercial value when so treated

With regard to the books I have worked upon Boswell's Johnson heads the list Of this famous classic I have extra illustrated 118 sets of various editions, ranging from ten volumes to two volumes The next most popular book is Walton and Cotton's Angler, of which I have done scores of copies It is a book which, I think although extra illustrated, should be kept a handy size, for old Walton is always entertaining To me it seems a mistake to extra illustrate Walton into thirty volumes folio, for example It then becomes only a picture-book I remember having seen a copy of this gigantic size once offered for sale by a bookseller Was it not Lamb who said that Walton almost made the fishes themselves talk ?

The 'Pickwick Papers' makes another favourite I once made a copy with 1,000 plates including 100 water colour drawings of various 'pubs, etc, patronised by the famous Pickwick I doubt whether there was ever another character in fiction who has fixed his indentity upon so many localities as Mr Pickwick

Books upon Napoleon have a ready sale, but those on the Duke of Wellington are on the slow side and I have done very few of them It is a curious fact that our enemy at Waterloo should be the favourite, while the victor is just the reverse I wonder if the future will make President Kruger more popular than Lord Roberts ?

Disraeli's "Curiosities of Literature" is a most interesting, though sadly neglected, book, and many hundreds of plates can be put into it I have done many sets of this book.

Of books of American interest those upon General

Washington head the list. Then come the works of Washington Irving and O. W. Holmes.

For Londoners, J. T. Smith's " Book for a Rainy Day " never fails to find a customer, being full of anecdotes of famous Londoners and London of a past age. The famous Pepys' " Diary " lends itself to extensive treatment; I have sold dozens of sets of this perfect picture of London life from 1660 to 1669. What a pity Pepys did not keep the record for a longer period.

Goldsmith's " Vicar of Wakefield " comes first in popularity in the fiction class. There must be, I think, more illustrated copies of this novel than of any other work of fiction, exceeding even " Robinson Crusoe." I once did the edition illustrated by Hugh Thomson (on large paper) and when finished it formed a perfect history of book illustration for above a hundred years, including as it did examples of copper-plate work of the eighteenth century right down to the modern three-colour process illustration. There were thirty-five various editions used upon it, and it goes without saying that it is now in a fine library in the United States of America.

The Letters of Walpole, and the Diaries of Evelyn, Greville, Crabb Robinson, etc., are all good sellers. Books on Nelson and Lady Hamilton come under similar heading. The " Essays " of Elia provide big scope for plates: there are many people who like to see pictures in the " Essays," and it seems to me most interesting to be able to look, for example, at a portrait of Miss Kelly, the actress, when one reads " Barbara S——" again. I say " again," for there can be but few people who have not already read it once. But alas, of some of the most famous characters in the " Essays," there are no portraits known. How I should like to see a portrait of the very much travelled and confidential gent upon the *Margate Hoy* who had sailed through the legs of the Colossus at Rhodes, and, when cornered, had to admit " the figure was indeed a little damaged." Yes, you can get a print of the Colossus, but not of the gent!



Photo by Roe MacMahon.

Mr. James Stephens.

Now we come to another sadly neglected book, the Howell " Familiar Letters." They are most entertaining and instructive, and what does it matter if Professor Dryasdust of —— University condemns them as not being reliable history? With this book we can travel England, Scotland, Ireland and Western Europe, and be entertained for hours together. Howell presents life as it was before the days of Pepys and Evelyn. With him we go to Spain with Charles I, when Prince of Wales, in search of a lady to make him a suitable wife, and on many another similar episode. Howell was a personal friend of Ben Jonson, but it is curious that he never mentions Jonson's greater contemporary, Shakespeare. This book when extra illustrated makes a most entertaining work. Just one final hint—get the Howell " Letters " edited by J. Jacobs if possible, but if not, any of the old editions will equally repay the buyer. This book was Thackeray's bedside companion.

Arthur W. Waters.

BOOK-PRICES CURRENT.*

In many ways this is a remarkable publication, and there are a great number of people who would hardly know what to do if, for any reason, they were unable to refer to it in the course of their work. It not only has considerable value for those whose business it is to read books, but it is of inestimable value to the editor and to the layman. Especially for those book-collectors for whom " The Collector " of The Bookman now so admirably caters. " Book Prices Current " is an important complement to the advice which " The Collector " gives us every month. We hear so much nowadays about the price that is paid for this and that book, and there are so many books sold at auction each year, as well as in a hundred other ways, that it is impossible for anyone, be he expert or amateur, to carry the prices in his head. Even if he tried to record them in some way, he would find his time completely taken up by the work involved. " Book Prices Current " is a reliable record of the prices at which books have been sold at auction from October, 1928 to August, 1929. Naturally a work of this kind, if it *is* to be reliable, takes a long time to compile, and the new volume has only recently appeared. One of the merits of " Book Prices Current " is that the thousands of entries are arranged in one alphabet. It can be seen quite well how important this is. But this is a virtue of compilation that must take time to carry out. There must be many readers of " The Collector " section of The Bookman who are mindful of the suggestion that is given us from time to time—that the collector of old and rare and modern books should make for himself a shelf of handbooks to which he can refer when he is in need of information. Here is one volume at least that should find a place on that shelf, and if the buyer is one who seeks for profit out of his collecting, he may even reimburse himself with the initial outlay for " Book Prices Current " before many weeks are passed. The editor, to whom the collector owes much gratitude for his painstaking task of putting the volume together, contributes a very interesting introduction. He draws attention to certain distinguished happenings in the auction sales of last year, and in the section that immediately follows we have a consecutive list of those dates. Of course no reader must think that a list of this kind, however valuable—as this surely is—records the price of *every* book! That is impossible. There are thousands of other books, the current value of which can be determined only by the expert. But for most people " Book Prices Current " is a reliable and sufficient reference book. It is invaluable to the present reviewer, and he does not know what he would do without it.

* Volume XLIII. 1929. £1 12s. 6d. (Elliot Stock.)

GARCILASO DE LA VEGA.*

Garcilaso de la Vega, the Spanish poet whose brief career coincided with the first third of the sixteenth century, was a typical figure of the Renaissance, touching life at many points and crowding much experience into a few years. There is indeed a striking resemblance between his story and that of our own Sir Philip Sidney. Like Sidney, he was soldier and diplomatist, courtier and romantic lover, and died young on the field of battle; and as a poet he came much under the influence of the Italians. No more than the Englishman's however are his odes and sonnets mere literary exercises: they too have the intensely personal note which sounds through the elegant formality of " Astrophel and Stella." " His feeling," as Mr. Cleugh says, " is always intensely and unconsciously passionate and subtle, his insight penetrating." And again:

> " When he speaks of persons, of rivers, of trees, of meadows or of mountains, these objects live in his verse with that vitality of art, which seems so much more real than that of Nature herself and utterly different from the unconvincing imitation of

* " The Odes and Sonnets of Garcilaso de la Vega: An English verse rendering by James Cleugh. £3 3s. (Aquila Press.)

it in the stock abstractions of much of what still passes for literature."

The strength and sincerity of the poet's feeling might be equally well illustrated by almost any of the five odes or the thirty-eight sonnets; but the following may be given as earnest of the quality of the rest:

> "Thinking my road lay clear and straight—O blind !—
> Halted I was by such calamity
> I cannot dream, though mad the dream should be,
> Of aught that may awhile content my mind.
> The broadest field too narrow I do find,
> The starriest night but dark appears to me,
> Bitter and hard the sweetest company,
> Hard as the field of war my couch once kind.
>
> "Of sleep, if sleep doth come, but that strange part
> That is the image of Death's self alone,
> My soul embraceth, wearied by this care.
> The sum of all is that fate sets my heart
> Hourly to judge less dread the hour just gone,
> Though seen my grief therein, than this I bear."

Garcilaso's poems were translated more than a hundred years ago by Jeremiah Holmes Wiffen, translator of Tasso and obsequious historian of the house of Russell, in the sun of whose patronage he basked. But Mr. Cleugh's skilful renderings, in this handsome edition of two hundred and fifty copies, are greatly to be preferred.

FRANCIS BICKLEY.

THE DEVONSHIRE GIPSY.

I have often reproached Swift for the cruel realism of that scene in Brobdingnag where Gulliver recounts a visit to the metropolis of the giants. No one hesitates to believe that Swift is describing the lepers and crawling vermin which swarmed the slums of Dublin as he knew it.

Begging is indeed a disenchanting theme when stripped of its variety and adventure, and Swift lived only at the beginning of an age which witnessed the high watermark of mendicancy and all its allied professions. In the first half of the eighteenth century mayors and sheriffs were at their wits' ends to terrorise and penalise the "mumping cadger." One contemporary writes of "the trade of begging" that "every street, every alley, presents some miserable object covered with loathsome sores, blind, mutilated, or exposed almost naked to the keen wintry blast." This hideous stock-in-trade was the gauge of merit among the begging community. Alexander Grose writes in his curious "Olio": "A man who has lost one leg yields the *pas* to him that wants both; and he, who has neither legs nor arms, is nearly at the head of his profession, very extraordinary deficiencies excepted."

However the life of the begging community had a livelier side than that. Gay found ready material for the happiest of plays; and later on Burns scarcely over-tinted the frolic of his cronies.

Monsieur Archenholz gives us the sober truth. Writing about 1780, he says, "The beggars have their club in the parish of St. Giles's, where they meet to carouse, read the gazettes, and talk about politics. No one dares to attend their assemblies unless he is a beggar himself or introduced by one."

The fact that such a state of things did really exist is also vindicated by the life and adventures of Bampfylde-Moore Carew, who lived in the time of Swift, and who was so pre-eminent in his profession that his fame was bruited through England and Wales and many parts of Europe and America. He is not known now though his epic career was recounted for fifty years after his death. Sometimes, if you search through a bookseller's lists of *curiosa* you will see his book—"The Life and Adventures of Bampfylde-Moore Carew, the noted Devonshire stroller and Dog-Stealer." And for a shilling or two you will secure some of the raciest reading and rollicking entertainment that time, unfortunately, has hidden except for the searcher in odd literary corners. I must have seen a dozen different versions of Carew's story. The 1745 edition is the one to get, or failing that, the edition by Thomas Price in 1768.

Carew endowed begging with the spirit of high adventure. He was in fact, by right and title, the king of beggars. And as becomes a king his birth was gentle. He was a true heir of the Devon Carews who sailed and fought with the Drakes and Fortescues and Howards. Perhaps that explains the rover in him. For while still a boy he left his home, his friends and his school and joined a company of gipsies.

Carew never seriously looked back, though from time to time the lords and ladies who were his friends and relations pleaded and offered their "kind intervention." He was sealed of the "vagabond and useless tribe," as Cowper calls the gipsies, and he lived and died in their calling. The life was hard, but its codes were based on fidelity; uncertain, but rotating with adventure; and profitable withal. Numbers of persons came to the gipsies to know their destiny, and paid well in return.

After several years Carew determined to carve his own fortune and we find him moving from place to place in England and Wales, generally the southern counties, cheating his old friends, imposing on the gullible, outwitting the suspicious, but never regretting the lot he had cast His narrative is packed with episodes from page to page, picaresque and gay, and often daring He was known well all over the south of England, he made a voyage to Newfoundland, another to Europe, and was twice shipped to the slave states of America, but succeeded in escaping each time He moved rapidly from place to place. His method was almost invariable He would search the papers for news of a wreck or fire, or other local disaster, mug up the facts of the case, and then pass himself off as one of its unfortunate victims He was often a soldier for a day—deserting with the enlistment money.

When not begging or exercising his plausible tale, he picked up a living by rat-catching, vetting sick dogs and cows, and dog-stealing. On the outside of his coat, we are told, he always wore a large buff girdle, stuck thick with the largest and most terrible rats he destroyed, which served as a badge of his profession He had a strange fascination over dogs and could lure the most surly mastiff from its master's doorstep—as indeed he often did.

While on a flying visit to Newcastle he fell in love with the daughter of an apothecary, who was nothing loath to settle his daughter on the *mate of a respectable trading vessel*. Only when the bride was got to sea was this masquerading mate unmasked. But the good girl admired her roving lover no less, and dwelt at Bath while Carew pursued his profitable itineraries For many years he led this roving life, till his name became a household word. He was the happiest of adventurers By day, it is related, he wore a mask of poverty and distress; but by night throwing off that disguise he gave himself wholly up to riot, mirth and jollity, frequently calling upon his fat landlord or landlady for the other pint. Here is a typical instance of his irresponsible life, which illustrates his extraordinary self-assurance and his ability to get away with the most awkward situations. He had been impersonating a certain Aaron Cock of St John's, Newfoundland, who he pretended had arrived in England after a disastrous sea voyage and was travelling now from place to place, supported by charity. At last he arrives at Bridgwater. The narrative runs:

"The inhabitants of *Bridgewater* were very kind to him, and this poor Foreigner pass'd unmolested from Door to Door, everyone compassionating his deplorable Circumstances; at last rushes forth a Barber from his Shop and Work, a huge two-handed Fellow, and an irreconcilable Enemy to Vagabonds, who calling poor Mr. *Cock* many scurrilous and abusive Names, as Vagabond, Rogue, Rascal, &c and Mr. *Cock* like a Man of Honour and Spirit, highly resenting the Affront and Injury, to it they go forthwith in the publick Street like two furious and enraged Bulldogs, sometimes upon their Legs, sometimes in the Kennel rolling over and over, and most heartily belabouring one another; this tough Battle soon attracted a great Mob about the miry Combatants, who all took Part with the poor *Newfoundland*-Man, for the Barber thro' the whole Town had the Character of a very ill-natur'd litigious Fellow, and Mr. *Aaron* plying his Fists very smartly, and obtaining some Advantage over the quarrelsome Tonsor, the universal Outcry was, *Well done Mr.* Cock, *well said Mr.* Cock, *pay him, bang him heartily*, and other such Expressions, which tended to the encouragement of Mr. *Cock* and the Confusion of his Antagonist: in the End up comes Capt. *Morris*, who, with his Cane, most heartily belaboured the Barber over his Head and Back, who finding the whole Town against him, and Mr *Aaron* rather too hard for him too, sneaked into his shop, and washing his Cloaths settled himself to his Work again."

Carew was apprehended as a "vagrom man" several times, but one no more conceives of him as a common mendicant, than of W. H. Davies as anything but a super-tramp. In later years he was elected as the king of the gipsies when Clause Patch, their old leader, died. His new tasks involved the interpretation of gipsy law and recording the annals of their community. But all this must be gathered from his narrative, where also much other entertainment waits the curious reader. You will learn, for instance, how he swam three miles across the Delaware river on horseback, how he lived a fugitive life for many days in the tree-tops, coming down at night to milk the cows in the scattered farms; how he upset a supercilious quack doctor; his marvellous escape from a military guard-house, his evasions from the press-gang, sheriffs, and customs officers, his many devices for turning a dishonest penny, his captures, trials and escapes, in America and Europe.

Tradition records that he reached a benignant old age; though I have seen a statement that "this vagabond died in July, 1759, in the fiftieth year of his travels."

But if Carew's livelihood was despicable his life was far from being so. He was roguish but no rogue; and, as his epic concludes—"he only stole dogs, and did no harm to man."

PHILIP PARKER.

The following is another reply to Mr. Kirby's article in our June issue. Mr. Kirby will reply in our September issue.

We send catalogues to anyone interested; if we definitely know that they are interested, we continue to send them whether they order or not. If people about whom we know nothing do not order for four or five years, we remove their names. JAMES THIN (Edinburgh).

The Bookman

"I am a Bookman."—*James Russell Lowell.*

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WILLIAM HAZLITT.

By Gilbert Thomas.

I.

It will be a hundred years on September 18th since Hazlitt, the most vigorous and eloquent of English essayists, died in a Soho lodging-house. He was born at Maidstone on April 10th, 1778. It has been suggested that his family was of Dutch origin, but his genealogy cannot actually be traced farther back than to his grandparents, who lie buried in a lonely Tipperary churchyard. His father was a Unitarian minister, whose studious gifts and fine character deeply impressed themselves upon him. Hazlitt was to become one of the greatest of Londoners. But his early years were spent itinerantly in England, Ireland and America, where his father held various charges before settling, in 1787, at Wem, in Shropshire. The New World, though he lived in it during several of the most plastic years of childhood, seems to have made no impression upon Hazlitt, the whole bias of whose mind was temperamentally in favour of the Old. After years of youthful browsing in his father's library and of explorations through the Shropshire country-side, he left Wem, in 1793, for London, where he became a student at Hackney Theological College. His life there fostered his inherited passion for metaphysics. But philosophy attracted him more than theology, and within a year he had decided against the ministry as a career.



William Hazlitt (Age 30).
From the miniature by his brother John.

It is surprising that Hazlitt did not immediately turn to art; for, during his residence at Hackney, he had often visited his brother John's studio in London, and painting was already a rival to philosophy in his ambition. At any rate, he returned to Wem, and spent most of the next eight years there in "doing nothing," as the world dubs that desultory walking, reading and meditation which are an indispensable part of an essayist's education. It was during this period that he met Coleridge and Wordsworth, in circumstances immortally described in his essay, "On My First Acquaintance with Poets." Coleridge and Wordsworth were still aglow with revolutionary fervour, and Coleridge in particular seemed to Hazlitt like a god. It was one of the disappointments that helped to sour him that he lived to see not merely the dissipation of Coleridge's fine powers but the "betrayal" by both collaboraters in the "Lyrical Ballads" of their early political faith. Hazlitt tells us that he "started life with the French Revolution," and, unlike most of his contemporaries, he never outgrew it. The aftermath of the Revolution left him unmoved, and the restoration of the Bourbons goaded him to a frenzied anger with "the hag, Legitimacy" which obtrudes itself—a veritable King Charles's head—through all his work. The fact is that Hazlitt was a sentimentalist at heart. If his Republicanism has been founded in genuine humanitarianism, his own ideas of the Revolution would doubtless have undergone change. But he remained till the end a theorist, who hated kings more than he loved peoples.

In 1802 Hazlitt decided to become an artist. He served apprenticeship under his brother, and later at Paris, on returning from which city he became for a time an itinerant portrait painter. His "Charles Lamb" is familiar to visitors to the National Portrait Gallery. Being dissatisfied with his progress in art, though no less a person than Northcote encouraged him to continue, Hazlitt, now married and the father of a son, settled in London in 1812 with the laudable aim of making an adequate living for himself. He had already published his first book, which had vexed his thought for some years. In later life he still owned his "Essay on the Principles of Human Action" to be his favourite child. But the public remained unimpressed by this attempt "to remove a stumbling block in the metaphysical doctrine of the innate and necessary selfishness of man." The book had no readers, and a similar fate befell his two subsequent attempts to build himself a literary monument after his own heart. In "Characteristics," which appeared in 1823, he sought to epitomise his philosophy in a series of maxims. The

volume contains some admirably pithy writing, but it lapses too often into didacticism, while the writer's love of Bonaparte and hatred of Pitt too flagrantly assert themselves. The Life of Napoleon in four volumes which he published three years later is held by some critics to be a sounder and more readable work than Scott's. But material for an adequate biography was lacking in 1826; nor, in any case, would Hazlitt's hero-worship of Bonaparte have been acceptable to British readers. Hazlitt is among those authors whose best work, as they conceived it, is forgotten. He lives to-day by virtue of his journalistic writings, which he himself regarded with much less affection. The failure of the public to take him at his own valuation added to his bitterness of temper.



William Hazlitt.

From a bust by Joseph Durham.

II.

Hazlitt, as we have seen, settled in London in 1812, at the age of thirty-four. The rest of his life was a period of intensive journalistic activity. He began as Parliamentary reporter for the *Morning Chronicle*, and soon became its art and dramatic critic. Before long he was ranging over the whole field of "miscellaneous" writing. He was associated with Leigh Hunt's *Examiner*, and became one of the most regular and brilliant of *Edinburgh* contributors before Macaulay. Considerable interludes were spent at Winterslow, the Wiltshire village to which he continued to resort long after the divorce from his first wife who had introduced him to it. That Hazlitt was equally at home in town and country is but one reflection of the balance and variety of interest which, along with other qualities, make him among the two or three best "miscellaneous" writers in our tongue. No essayist has surpassed him in range of theme. His passion for metaphysics gave his work a philosophical background, and, if he never reached sublimity, he attained very often an inspired, or spiritualised, common sense, as in his noble chapter on "The Fear of Death." His equally keen objectivity, however, kept the philosopher in him from being dull.

Hazlitt may have had no profound love for humanity in the flesh; but he was intensely interested in his fellow men, and insatiably curious about the little as well as the big things of life. He possessed, moreover, an inexhaustible fund of animal spirits, and his exuberant gusto makes such essays as the famous "On Going a Journey" the jolliest things of their kind in the language. His vitality was unquenchable and all embracing. He was equally absorbed in reading Chaucer or in playing fives, in speculating on some abtruse question in metaphysics or discussing some problem of actual conduct, in looking at a picture or witnessing a play, in browsing in a field or watching "the noblest sight in the metropolis"—the mail-coaches setting out from Piccadilly. His style was as vigorous as his spirit; it was always simple, natural and forthright. When really moved, he rose to heights of eloquence untouched by any other English essayist. But he never strove after effect. A writer with his virility had no need to do so. "Style," in his case, could afford to look after itself; so much so, indeed, that journalism in his hands turned spontaneously to literature. His most familiar books—"Sketches and Essays," "Table Talk," "Winterslow," and the rest—were all compiled from his hasty journeyman's work. Many people say that an author cannot write his best for money. Some authors certainly cannot. But Hazlitt is one of a noble company, including Shakespeare, Johnson and Dickens, who demonstrate the folly of generalisation.

III.

As a critic Hazlitt has been variously assessed. He was, in this capacity, an inspired amateur. He was no academician; there were large gaps in his reading; and he cared little about æsthetic niceties. His credentials have, in consequence, been disputed by many of the more professional and conventional among his fellow critics, even by some who have subconsciously appropriated his opinions. Hazlitt's lack of scholarship and his impatience with technicalities imposed certain limitations upon him. But more than ample compensation lay in his verve, his native shrewdness, and his sturdy independence. He had the first quality of every good critic—the power of rousing enthusiasm. No other critic is better calculated to awaken the interest of ordinary readers in art or poetry, and his taste—as evidenced, for example, by his studies of "The English Comic Writers"—was admirably catholic without being shallow. He was least successful, perhaps, as a dramatic critic. He was more interested in dramatic literature than in the actual drama, and certain defects in his book on the "Characters of Shakespeare's Plays" are traceable to the fact that whole passages of that work consist of his theatrical criticism "lifted" bodily from old newspaper files. Here Hazlitt fell, as it were, between two stools. As an actual dramatic critic, he was too literary; but, as literary criticism, the "Characters" smacks too much of the theatre.

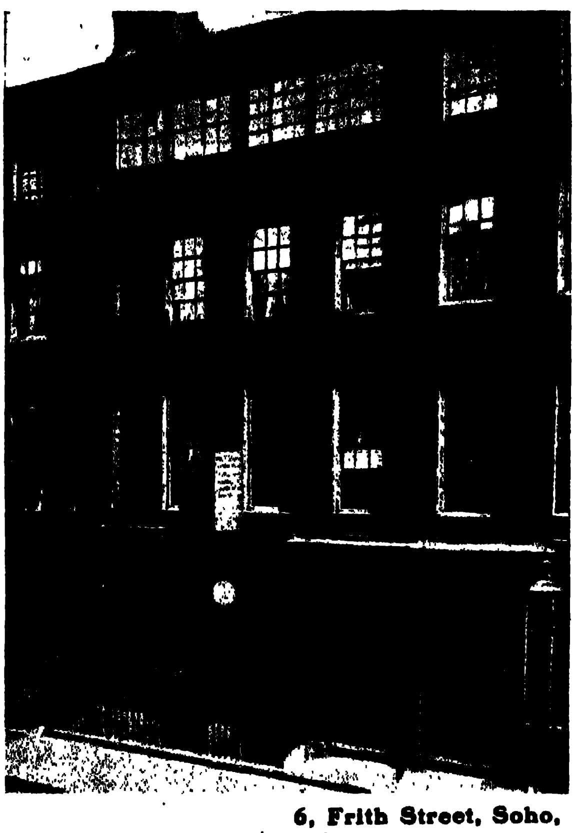
When dealing with poetry, as with everything else, Hazlitt sometimes allowed his pet prejudices to dominate him. Though he was soaked in their poetry and at least paid it the tribute of intimate knowledge, he was savagely unfair, now and then, to Coleridge and Wordsworth, whose changed attitude to the French Revolution bitterly riled him. But, when he held prejudice in

check, his judgments were usually as sound as they were bold and individual. The verdicts contained in his "Lectures on the English Poets" have unconsciously been absorbed by succeeding generations of commentators, and those verdicts now seem impugnable. It should however be remembered that Hazlitt was a pioneer. It needed vision and courage in 1818 to prefer Chaucer and Spenser to Dryden and Pope, and to rate Cowper and Burns above Darwin and Hayley.

On the whole, Hazlitt was the sounder critic of poetry for being what might be called an "outsider." He never pretended that poetry was his sole or main concern. "Poetry," he says in his essay on "People with One Idea," "is a very fine thing, but there are other fine things beside." There was no pontifical nonsense in him. He saw that poetry existed for life, and not life for poetry. As a judge of men, Hazlitt—when, again, prejudice was kept at bay—was seldom at fault, and he wrote nothing better than "The Spirit of the Age," which, reflecting the mellowed and kindlier outlook of his later years, is a fascinating and indispensable portrait gallery of nis period.

IV.

"What a companion," says Mr. Augustine Birrell, "Hazlitt would have made on a mail-coach!" The phrase may serve to suggest Hazlitt's merits and limitations. The people who make the best travelling companions are not, very often, the people with whom we should most care to live. We welcome vigour and variety of talk in a chance acquaintance, and if it be spiced with bold independence and a touch of malice, so much the better. But of the friends of our hearth and bosoms we crave unity of spirit and repose. Hazlitt lacked unity of spirit. He was at odds with himself and with the world. His nature, as we have seen, was torn by conflicting impulses, by disappointments that sometimes turned him (a sentimentalist at heart) into a cynic, and by his inability to expel certain obsessions from his mind. That is why, in spite of the fact that few writers have ever been more self-analytical or franker in confessing their own faults and foibles, we do not feel that we really know Hazlitt. We forget him when we are not actually reading him; he has no permanent abode in our hearts; we do not love him as we love Charles Lamb or even Leigh Hunt. Lamb is the intimate friend with whom we can be silent, and whom we still possess when he is absent. We never establish real intimacy with Hazlitt. He is the engaging stranger, whose conversation beguiles for us the hours of a journey. But what conversation it is! How wide in range, how vital, how stimulating! We are certainly the better for having met him.



6, Frith Street, Soho,
where Hazlitt died in 1830.

Hazlitt, like many people who make good chance companions, was lonely at heart. He lived mostly in lodging-houses; he had many acquaintances, distinguished and otherwise, but few friends—and with those few he quarrelled. His two marriages were miserable failures, and the best that can be said for them is that at least they were not due to mercenary motives, from which no writer was ever more exempt. By his first wife, it is true, he had a son, who, it is good to know, reciprocated his affection. For Hazlitt was affectionate at bottom, and pathetically failed to understand why people did not like him. There were, of course, too many monstrous bees in his bonnet.

There were, unfortunately, some darker corners in Hazlitt's life. What are we to make of the man who could publish in the same year his "Characteristics" and his "Liber Amoris," that record of a squalid Edinburgh episode which is said to have cost him a biography by Stevenson? Hazlitt must remain for us an enigma, but certain substantial items can at least be placed to his credit. He was not, as we have said, mercenary. He had the strength of will to forswear alcohol when it threatened to ruin him, and to become, with one brief lapse, a total abstainer. And if, as he himself argued, "sincerity has to do with the connection between our words and our thoughts, and not between our beliefs and actions," then, at any rate, Hazlitt was sincere.

Finally, there must have been solid worth in one who could win so moving a tribute from Lamb, and who "closed his earthly pilgrimage with an utterance of sublime faith in the Blessings he had never enjoyed, the Meaning he had never discovered." For when, after fifty-two years of strife and loneliness, he "lay ghastly, shrunk, and helpless on the bed from which he never afterwards arose," he could yet say: "Well, I've had a happy life." It is his own immortal epitaph. "Somewhere," as Mr. Brimley Johnson remarks, "in visions he never found language to utter, William Hazlitt had seen God and knew that He was good."

HENRY WILLIAMSON.*

By C. Henry Warren.

THANKS be, that Mr. Henry Williamson has so completely avoided the pitfalls of success! It does not need a cynic to say that many a writer, quite as good, has been ruined by such a reception as was given to "The Pathway" when it appeared. But then Mr. Williamson has a country heart; and what can keep a man sane and balanced like a good country heart? There was perhaps little need, therefore, to have feared the effect of the success that blazed down on him: his heart was too certainly made of the right stuff. All the same, it is with real relief that one is able to say of his latest book, "See, he goes from good to better!" I am not implying that "The Village Book" will have anything like the success of his famous novel: I am implying, however, that it may quite possibly live longer. "The Pathway" appeared (to use the jargon of the day) at the right psychological moment. It was not, as every great novel must in some way be, a study of Everyman; but it was a study, vivid and sympathetic, of a type common in the aftermath of the War. As such it created a vast impression. But will the readers of a couple of generations hence get as much from it?



Portrait by E. O. Hoppé. **Mr. Henry Williamson.**

"The Village Book," on the other hand, seems to me likely to give to future generations an even greater joy than it can give to us. Sophistication (and by sophistication I here mean artificiality) is pushing its tentacles into the last of the rural fastnesses of England. The day is coming when no place will remain intact from the ravages of so-called Progress; and when that day comes, whatever its considerable compensations, that sweet but unaccountable sanity which is the fruit of a country heart will be found no more. Only from certain books of earlier days will they be able to gather that precious harvest. And of those books "The Village Book" will certainly be one. For any writer, therefore, who can give us to-day a rural view that is neither cynical nor sentimental let us be glad: such writers are indeed few; yet it is to them alone that the honour will fall of handing on our particular gift to the ages yet unborn.

It is Mr. Williamson's special qualification for the right to be included among this honoured few that he possesses the power always to remain in some degree detached, however ardently he feels about it, from the thing which he is describing. In that of course he shows himself as a true artist. Up to a point he has always possessed this power (therein finely differing from the many who, to-day, "take an interest in Nature") but never has it been so splendidly in evidence as in "The Village Book." At the very beginning of the volume there is a sketch admirably indicative of this power. For a modern writer, with all his inherited sensitivenesses, few themes could be more difficult to handle without revealing a fierce partisanship than that of the drama of a badger dig. Here is a moment in rural life when tendencies of an almost mediæval brutality flare up in the countryman; yet Mr. Williamson, in describing this Devonian badger dig, neither extenuates anything nor sets down aught in malice. The result, needless to say, is a piece of dramatic writing so vivid, intense, and poignant, that no propaganda could ever hope to achieve one hundredth part of the sympathy here evoked for a betrayed and beautiful beast. Seldom has Mr. Williamson written anything to match this terrible sketch. It is, indeed, exactly his ability to understand men so clearly that gives him his passport to that country where even Hudson and Jefferies are sometimes viewed askance: he knows his countrymen so well that, even in their most degrading moments, he can hardly find it in him to condemn them. For the same reason, a sentimental view of those countrymen would seem to him equally sacrilegious. Therefore he can and does describe scenes which in any lesser hands would make the wise reader cringe.

Who else for instance could have dared, and succeeded, in the description of the village funeral that makes "The Ackymals" so gravely beautiful? Who could have kept the sob out of his voice, as he does, in telling of the pathetic sale of sticks of furniture up at "the old Cob cottage"? And who knows better how to convey the unmatchable atmosphere of an English village inn as conveyed here in the chapters descriptive of the "Higher" and the "Lower" houses at Ham? But perhaps the best of all the tests of Mr. Williamson's sureness is the avoidance of sentimentality in his handling of the characterisation of dogs. The dogs that companion Maddison in "The Pathway" are amongst the realest creations in that book; and here, in "The

* "The Village Book." By Henry Williamson. 7s. 6d. (Jonathan Cape.)—"Dandelion Days." By Henry Williamson. 7s. 6d. (Faber & Faber.)

Village Book," there is a brief but inimitable chapter devoted to a certain lousy mongrel

"The Village Book," so its author says, has been nine years a-making: it covers the writing period 1921-30 Some of it was written immediately after the incidents of which it tells, some long after other portions, again, are mere jottings set down exactly as they were made at the time—on the backs of envelopes, on match-boxes, on odd bits of paper To them all a unity has been given by setting the incidents in the fictitious Devonian village of Ham They tell, however, not so much of Ham or any particular village, as of all those strongholds of rural England that are so rapidly disappearing They are a lasting and most valuable monument to a dead or dying England

And while this monument has been in the process of making, other works from Mr Williamson's pen have appeared Of these, one that came out earlier in the year must here be noticed "Dandelion Days" "Dandelion Days" is the second of four novels which altogether make up "The Flax of Dream" Of them "The Beautiful Years," which appeared last year, is the first, the last being the widely read and deservedly popular "The Pathway" It is a revised edition—"only seventeen sentences remaining of the first published version", and it tells of young Maddison's schoolboy days That when it was first published it should, apparently, have received little else than abuse (one reviewer begged the author to 'bury Maddison and forget him the sooner the better') is astonishing, for "Dandelion Days" in its simple pathos, its amazingly convincing picture of school life, its humour and its finely descriptive writing, would seem to be calculated to win the reader's pleasure straight away I confess I turned it to with misgiving. There seemed something crass and unnecessary in raking up the earlier life of one whose character I had already deeply probed in a book dealing with his later days But I had not got far when any objection faded completely away It was not so much, perhaps, that I felt I was learning to know Maddison even better it was simply that "Dandelion Days" satisfied me of itself, giving me, as it did, a most touching characterisation of adolescence

Here again Mr Williamson's sure hand has enabled him to do the impossible The study of sensitive adolescence is all very well when it is a prelude to further adventure, but it is likely to prove nauseating when it is made a theme in itself "Dandelion Days," however, is a good book it rings true on every page, and whether you have read "The Pathway" or not, you should get it The same lovely writing that made "Tarka the Otter" a collector's book directly it came out is to be found here, illuminating the simple narrative as hedges of white hawthorn will illuminate a country walk in March If there is more than a hint of caricature in the drawing of the various schoolmasters (including old Mr Rore, with his vague moralisings and constant denunciation of 'pauper souls') that, anyway, is how boys do see their masters, and if the sensitiveness of young Maddison seems sometimes in danger of becoming enervating, it is soon offset by the impudent waggery of Effish, type of the fool that inhabits every '5b' in every school And throughout the book there is constantly occurring some acute observation of nature that startles the reader into awareness Nor, since I have already mentioned Mr Williamson's genius in the characterisation of dogs, must I forget the tousled mongrel pet of poor Bill Nye whose brief story is one of the fine moments of the book

A PERSONAL TRIBUTE TO THE LATE PERCIVAL GIBBON AND EDWARD THOMAS.

By Mrs Joseph Conrad

EVER since the death of Percival Gibbon some few years ago I have had it in my mind to write these few words of affectionate remembrance and appreciation I met him for the first time, twenty years ago, when he came to our house "The Someries" with his wife for lunch. My husband had made his acquaintance some little time before and I recall his remark made to me with quiet conviction "I am sure you will like him Jess, but be careful. He is well known for his repartee, he will give you as good as you send every time"

Thus I was in a measure prepared, although not quite, for the man whose quick mentality and brilliant wit called forth all my powers and exerted at the first moment all my intelligence He was the kind of man whose presence made itself felt the moment he entered the room, and I owe many hours of intense pleasure to the mere listening while he and Joseph Conrad exchanged yarns The intense virility and albeit unconscious brutality of the man made him the most fascinating personality I have seen him tender as the most soft-hearted woman, and again within the shortest space of the fighting male, asking and giving no quarter



Photo by Ward Muir **Percival Gibbon.**

Here was a man who died at the early age of forty seven, who has left behind him quite a considerable amount of work, enough to keep a firm place in the world's literature As a very young man he must have had many queer experiences in Africa during the Boer War, where he was held prisoner—his thrilling escape provided him with enough material for much that stands recorded to his name Few men ran greater risks as war

correspondent than he, during the Turkish War and the ghastly four years of the World War.

There was so much in the spoken word and I have listened enthralled to his forceful voice detailing to my husband the plot and the final twist to a new short story. He would always produce the complete creation with every incident in detail before he would begin to write it. There was also much enjoyment and many thrills for those privileged to hear him recount his own hairbreadth escapes and complicated adventures. He had the power to bring to his listeners a mental picture, complete in even the smallest circumstance. I was never tired of watching the play of his sensitive mouth and admiring his wonderful head of blue-black hair. To see him with his children was a real delight. One remark passed by his elder daughter caused him much amusement. The child caught him up quickly with an indignant protest when he said one day, " out of the mouths of babes and sucklings." " Daddy, we're not little pigs ! "

His sense of fun and fund of anecdote, which he had the rare power of presenting in such simple language (when he chose, a small child could easily understand him) made him excellent company. I have also seen people quite apprehensive of some rather malicious attack, which they evidently doubted their power of defending themselves against. He used to tell one tale with a show of grim appreciation as against himself. It appeared that one Sunday morning, his father, the Rev. Morgan Gibbon, had justly or unjustly placed the boy under restraint. He stood for some time watching his father pace the length of the garden perfecting himself in his sermon, and dressed immaculately for the purpose of conducting the service. An obscure impulse prompted Percival Gibbon to run quickly into the garden and turn the hose full upon his revered parent. Retribution was apparently swift and sure.



Photo by E. O. Hoppé.

Edward Thomas.

Edward Thomas, in contrast to his fellow-countryman, appeared to me always as the quintessence of gentleness. Without a doubt the fact that I met the two together, and that most of the times I met Edward Thomas, Percival Gibbon was present, served to impress E. T.'s most characteristic peculiarity upon me. In his wife's admirable little book, published some time ago, " As it Was," that very trait stands forth. He stands portrayed in the most convincing manner because the most simple words are used. The second time I met him he was paying us a visit while his third child arrived in the world. Although preceded by a son and daughter the advent of this third little stranger appeared to E. T. to lose none of the wonder and tender awe that his wife describes as attending the birth of his first-born. He spoke to me in gentle, anxious tones and needed much to reassure him from time to time. All that afternoon he sat quietly with our two boys, fishing in the moat that still remained on one side of the house. I can see him now with his fair head uncovered and his pinkish-red tie fluttering in the breeze. From time to time he would turn his mildly anxious gaze in my direction. " Had a telegram arrived, and what did it contain in the way of news ? " He seemed to take comfort from my maternal manner and sat contentedly with the boys till such time as I was able to assure him that his anxiety was over and another little daughter awaited his return.

The next time I saw him his great distress was that this daughter was nearly blind. He appeared the next time faultlessly attired in khaki, only a few days before his death. There was something in his quiet resignation to his fate, that fate which seemed to both Conrad and myself to be sealed in some strange fashion, that impressed us all. Three of the men who sat that night in my husband's study have crossed over, but not one of them seemed at the time to have that tragic air of fate and finality, as the man whose very gentleness seemed the strongest protest against the senseless taking of life. One felt his uncomplaining acceptance of the inevitable, and yet by mutual consent no word of the War was uttered, even although our own boy was on the French front. I recall the sinister fact that no one spoke of the future, of an end to those years of nightmare.

It was only a few days later that Joseph Conrad made one of his rare and brief visits to town. He had secured one corner seat, two old friends quite by chance occupied two other corners, and just as the train pulled out of the station, the door flew open and the fourth man sprang into the carriage. My husband turned his head to see E. T. sink into the seat opposite. " We meet, then, my dear Conrad, *once more.*" The words struck upon the ears of the three men like a knell and a shudder ran down my husband's back. He told me on his return his impression then was that it was indeed the last "*once again.*"

H. G. WELLS: OLD AND NEW.*

By W. R. Titterton.

It is possible that even some of those who believe in Spiritualism will admit that the late Sir Arthur Conan Doyle was not at his best as a writer on that misty science. And it is probable that many who rejoice in Mr. Wells's powerful advocacy of universal peace will yet lament that he is not nowadays pure story-teller.

Far be it from me to suggest that a great writer of fiction should not wage his genius to the service of a great idea. "Art for Art's sake" is a foul heresy. But it seems to me that, while Mr. Wells is incomparably our best story-teller, he is by no means as effective as a propagandist. And his story-telling does not blend well with his advocacy.

At the beginning of "The Autocracy of Mr. Parham" I thought that this latest book of his would force me to a new conclusion. This was a great social satire, and the protagonists of the argument—Mr. Parham and Sir Bussy Woodcock—were drawn to a marvel.



Portrait by Russell. **Mr. H. G. Wells.**

But alas! Mr. Wells's mission overcomes him, and much of the book is sheer pamphleteering against war, which for certain reasons I do not find convincing. But in any case I should be annoyed to have a most excellent satire so completely lose its temper and its *tempo*.

Mr. Wells is one of the most likeable of writers—not merely as a man, I mean, but as a writer. If you meet him you know how keenly, joyously, comradely, he is interested in human beings—in you, and the man who drives his car, and the persons of his household, and his neighbours, and everybody. Of course he can say nasty things about people he doesn't like—with ordinary sinners like you and me and Wells, living in a small community, love and hate are equal and opposite. And, though intellectually Wells is a cosmopolitan, humanly speaking he lives in a small community. And don't we all? I say: *live.*

In that small community he lives with a rare intensity; the man is terrifically alive. These are not paste-board figures in his story-books, but people you can put your hands on, and shake hands with, or fists at. Mr. Polly, and the Uncle, and Kipps, and Chitterlow, and Ponderevo. Tremendous fellows.

There was always the other side of him. Or is it another side? Wells is a great playfellow, a great boy. And he once wrote what are entered in the catalogue of his works as: "Two little books about Children's Play, called: 'Floor Games'; 'Little Wars.'"

I think that really he took up science in that spirit. He liked to see the wheels go round, and he liked to make them go round in funny ways. And he had more than any man, more than Jules Verne, the power to use these funny ways, which he and other people were discovering, imaginatively—as the paraphernalia of fairy tales. A unique quality and breadth of imagination—he had to have that. But what made his visions so vivid was that you saw them through the eyes of a keenly realised and everyday contemporary. Usually it was somebody that Wells had made you like very much.

I except that apocalyptic thing, "The Invisible Man," which compels your pity, your compassion, for a quite unlikeable man. There Wells's usual (though perhaps unconscious) moral—that there is a narrow line of sanity and ordinariness in life, and on either side of it horror, is developed through the invasion by a superman of an ordinary neighbourhood.

A typical example of his other and more usual method is Smallways in "The War in the Air."

Well, there is no Smallways in "The Autocracy of Mr. Parham." Though Mr. Parham is as foolish as the most lovable of Wells's heroes, the insistence is now almost altogether on the folly. Mr. Parham is a traditionalist, but a quite modern—in fact, Victorian, Church-of-England traditionalist, to whom patriotism and culture are sublimated respectability. There is little in Mr Parham more ancient than the Prince Consort.

But in the earlier part of the book Mr. Wells does use him with great skill to poke fun at those of us whose somewhat finicking sensibilities are outraged by the American vulgarities of to-day. And how delicious is the impressment of Mr. Parham as Sir Bussy's Cook's courier through the Art Galleries, Mr. Parham's dip into Sir Bussy's champagne receptions of the gayer rich, and—most exquisite of all—Mr. Parham's one-night's romance with Gaby Greuze. No man alive could write a better social satire than is boxed up in Book I. And the pity of it is that afterwards the satire evaporates.

Mr. Parham has met, or rather collided with this

* "The Autocracy of Mr. Parham." By H. G. Wells. 7s. 6d. (Heinemann.)

typical vulgarian: Sir Bussy Woodcock—very rich, and more vulgar. I think you are not told how Sir Bussy had made his money; anyhow that is not insisted on. He has power—the power of token wealth, and the power of an insistent, explosive, voracious temperament. But no culture and apparently no aim! If Mr. Parham had Sir Bussy's power, what might he not do with it!

The story of the book is of Mr. Parham's ineffectual attempt to harness that power, and of his dream that he is in fact Lord Paramount, with Sir Bussy as a rebel.

He never captures Sir Bussy, and in the end Sir Bussy and science defeat him.

Now Wells convinces me quite soon that a Mr. Parham, or a Lord Brentford, in absolute command of England would be a catastrophe, and would soon land us in another and far more lamentable world-war. But he does not in the least convince me that Sir Bussy is or is likely to be on the right side.

It is not true that the typical self-made man is in himself powerful. He has his pockets full of dynamite. But that is different. And it is not true that such of the millionaires as are powerful may be depended upon to love their fellowmen and to desire freedom in the pursuit of happiness for them all.

Then there is Camelford, the chemist, who controls the essential ingredients for the most devastating of poison gases. I think Wells is unwise to trust Camelford. I think that a combination of Internationalists like Sir Bussy and Camelford might be a more dreadful danger to the liberty and happiness of simple folk than the nationalism of Mr. Parham and Mussolini and the Internationalism of the Reds put together.

I think so. Mr. Wells thinks otherwise. His book proves nothing—except that an old weakness of his—a weakness for mere bigness, which threatened at one time to turn him into a common or garden imperialist—has taken him in a new way.

In fact he seems to have deserted Mr. Smallways altogether. Although superficially there was a shadow of contempt for Kipps-Polly-Smallway's ignorance, deep down you felt that the young fellow was the true hero. If he could not kill the giant, he would at least die—bewildered, but grumbling and fighting.

But now the Food of the Gods has got into Mr. Wells's veins. And the big fellows, the fellows with *power*, are to be the saviours of the world.

Even if Wells were justified in his Giantism, it would be wrong to intrude it into this book. The Sir Bussy of Book 1 is a real person, so is Mr. P., so is Gaby Greuze, and so are a dozen persons more lightly sketched. The introduction of the spiritualist theme need not have shattered the structure of the satire. But the adoration at the shrine of Big Business has spoiled a masterpiece.

EMILY DICKINSON.*

By Gilbert Thomas.

It is a hundred years since Emily Dickinson, the American poetess, was born at Amherst, Mass., New England. She has always been something of an enigma to her own countrymen, and a still greater one to readers on this side of the Atlantic. Even during her own lifetime—her "fifty-six years of sweet fastidious nothingness"—legends grew up around this secluded and "eccentric" spinster; and when, after her death in 1886, it was discovered that she had written about two thousand poems, only four of which had been printed, the mystery was intensified. The "Poems," published in 1890, made a sensation, and the biographers have since been busy—not, however, in elucidating the "legend," but rather, by their contradictions, in adding to it. Now Miss Genevieve Taggard, herself a poet, has produced a new and very full Life, in which she claims to present the probable, if not the proven, truth. Some readers may feel that certain episodes in Emily Dickinson's career are hardly worth the exhaustive investigation to which they are here subjected: her poetry itself is, after all, the main matter of importance. At all events, if it is over elaborated and disputatious at times, Miss Taggard's book offers a very lively and, on the whole, a very convincing portrait of the American Brontë, as well as a vivid, if not always flattering, picture of nineteenth century social life in New England.



An early portrait. **Emily Dickinson, 1830-1886.**

We have called Emily Dickinson the American Brontë. The comparison must not be pressed too far. Emily Dickinson, the daughter of the lawyer and leading citizen of Amherst, never knew the poverty and physical discomfort that the daughters at Haworth Parsonage had to face. But she had an intellectual and spiritual intensity akin to that of the Brontë sisters, and it is traceable to the same prime cause of physical and emotional repression. In Emily Dickinson's case, her father was responsible for her "complex." Edward

* "The Life and Mind of Emily Dickinson." By Genevieve Taggard. 15s. (Knopf.)

Dickinson was a man of substance, dignity and strict integrity. Of solid East Anglian ancestry, he was a squire—such was his nickname—upon New England soil. Alike by reason of his qualities and his manner, he dominated the society of Amherst, as he dominated his wife and three children. Of her mother, though she outlived her husband for eight years, during seven of which she was an invalid nursed by the poetess herself, Emily was never known to say more than that she was "oppressively tidy." Her father, both for good and evil, ruled the home. He had, unhappily, the defects of his Puritan virtues. His simplicity and austerity masked an underlying thirst for power and a jealousy that would brook no rival to himself. He frowned not merely upon gaiety and innocent amusement, but he scowled upon Emily's lovers, when they arrived, and metaphorically, if not literally—even Miss Taggard cannot discover the truth on this point—drove them from his door.

That Emily had a disappointment in love, and that it was due to her father's jealousy, seems, at all events, beyond dispute. Two young men appear to have entered vitally into her life, and Miss Taggard is at great pains to show that, while Leonard Humphrey, the brilliant scholar who died at the age of twenty-six, and whom she first met as her master at school, greatly influenced her mind, Emily's real lover was George Gould, who lived to become an eminent Puritan divine. Be that as it may, it was inhibited love that made Emily a poet. She renounced the outward world, only to live more intensely an inward life of the imagination. To her Amherst contemporaries she appeared snobbish and a little mad, as, dressed always in white, she cultivated the flowers in her father's garden. Her fellow-townspeople could not see the inner life she was leading, and Emily at first tried to keep it secret even from herself: for father did not approve of poetry. It was the Civil War that at once stimulated her powers and gave her confidence in their exercise.

Thus Emily, withdrawn into herself, probed with imaginative sensibility the mysteries of time, death, and eternity. Upon the two last she meditated especially, for, robbed of earthly joy, she could not but wonder whether death might redress the balance of this world:

> "My life closed twice before its close;
> It yet remains to see
> If immortality unveil
> A third event to me,
>
> "So huge, so hopeless to conceive,
> As these that twice befel.
> Parting is all we know of heaven
> And all we need of hell."

Emily never attained the fine abandon and assurance of the mystic: she had, perhaps, enough lawyer blood to give her caution:

> "Faith is a fine invention
> For gentlemen who see:
> But microscopes are prudent
> In an emergency!"

She was, moreover, too honest to proclaim possibilities as certitudes. She realised, as Mr. E. M. Forster puts it, that "daily life, whatever it may be really, is practically composed of two lives—the life in time, and life by values," and that, consequently, "our own conduct reveals a double allegiance." At the end of a subtle and searching analysis of her poetry, Miss Taggard says: "Emily's life in time kept her other life poised. One life was theme, the other counterpoint. Emily borrowed intensity from one life to pay back the other. Often they seemed to run parallel; but more often one was what the other was not. They might not be severed, at the peril of double death. Emily kept them both going." And so her poetry, with its "edge as shining sharp as a scythe," ranged over the whole field of human experience and speculation. But ever at the back of her mind was the conviction that death would take the two parted threads of existence and unite them through the eye of a single needle. She herself passed on at last, not knowing that she was leaving fame behind her.

THE BOOKMAN PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

SEPTEMBER, 1930.

Answers to these Competitions (each on a separate sheet bearing name and address of sender) must be received by the Editor not later than the 12th of each month. A Competitor may enter for all the seven Competitions, but must cut out coupon below and send this with each answer or group of answers, and address envelope:

"The Prize Page," THE BOOKMAN, St. Paul's House, Warwick Square, London, E.C.4.

That they may be available also to Overseas Competitors, Competitions I, II, VI and VII will be the same each month until further notice, but the subjects for all the other Competitions may each month be changed.

Competitors must please keep copies of their MSS.; the Editor cannot undertake to return them.

IMPORTANT.—Please note change of date.

THE PRIZES OFFERED THIS MONTH ARE:

I.—ONE GUINEA for the best *original* lyric.

II.—HALF A GUINEA for the best quotation from English verse applicable to any review or the name of any author or book appearing in this Number.

III.—THREE NEW BOOKS for the best short description from prose, of the sounds of Nature, rain, wind, and sea, giving sources.

IV.—HALF A GUINEA for the best note, in not more than one hundred words, of any curious or interesting fact discovered by the writer in the course of his or her holiday wanderings.

V.—HALF A GUINEA for a short passage from any well-known novel showing the author's insight into the psychology of a child, giving source.

VI.—HALF A GUINEA for the best review, in not more than one hundred words, of any recent book. Competitors should give names of Book, Author and Publisher at head of each review.



Old Square, Lincoln's Inn.
Drawn by Roland W. Paul, F.S.A.
From "Touring London," by W. Teignmouth Shore (Batsford).
See page 364.

VII.—THE BOOKMAN will be sent post free for twelve months to the sender of the best suggestion for a Competition.

RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS FOR AUGUST.

I.—THE PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA for the best original lyric is awarded to L. C. Lesley House, Christchurch, N.Z., for the following:

DOLES.

The loveliest things on the earth are free,
A tulip abloom or a bursting tree,
The grass on the hill-tops at set of sun
Like a Turkish carpet with the patterns run.
The grace of the willows bending to look
For the pale face of Narcissus hid in the brook.
The dance of the poppies in the wind at noon
With faces a-scarlet for the joy of the tune.
A bird's mottled breast as it swoops to the earth
And the flight of its song in its crazy mirth.
The dragonflies' whirr, like the music of strings,
And the cool touch of water from forest-deep springs.
And fleet-footed things in the hush of some wood
In the joy of moss beds and its leafy hood.
The jewel in the dark from the lightning's lap,
And the fugue of the thunder in its clap upon clap.
O, God, do You know when You gave beauty free
You put a strange cry in the heart of me,
And may I be dead at the newling of Spring
If I fail to respond to each beauteous thing.

We also select for printing:

STORM IN THE WEALD.

First wind, then distant thunder,
Threaten the sleeping plain,
Stilled with a dreadful wonder,
And black with coming rain;
No longer blue and quiet
Like dawn on Easter Day,—
Soon breaks the crash and riot,
And the fierce storm holds sway.

O Weald, that was so holy,
Where is lost Beauty laid?
In some grey church and lowly,
Which godly men have made?
Is she at peace, and praying,
While you to Anger bow?
What is lost Beauty saying,
Where is she hiding now?

Is she in house or garden
Among the sheltered flowers,
Until the storm shall pardon
Summer's too idle hours?
Perhaps she lingers sleeping
In a green forest's joy,
Only to come forth weeping
For all that storms destroy?

But my soul answers proudly—
Though mortal eyes are blind,
Though storm on storm breaks loudly
Through hours that were too kind.
Beauty is not in hiding;
No coward soul has she:
Full on the strong storm riding,
So shall she come to me!

(Vera I. Arlett, Beechwood, Poulter's Lane, Worthing.)

We also commend the lyrics by George S. Astins (Hove), Ierne Ormsby (Addiscombe), Olive F. Crowe (Hanwell), May Herschel Clarke (Woolwich), Alice E. Collinge (Bolton), B. J. Goldsmith Jones (Shrewsbury), Melfin W. Jones (Cardiff), Norah M. Butterfield (Westward Ho!), Mrs. Dulcie Hodgson (Bishop Auckland), Doris Major (Hendon), I. Petch (Kirbymoorside), E. F. Christie (Hampstead), Madge Ellis (Scarborough), Harry Broadberry Scaman (Bayswater), G. M. Starkey (Folkestone), Jeanne Harrison (Canterbury), A. Howarth (Parkstone), Freda Isobel Noble (Long Melford), M. Whitehouse (Birmingham), G. Pitt (London, N.) Ella Rivers Noble (Long Melford), Eleanor Pinnington (Norwich), Edith M. Walker (Bournemouth), Enid D. Woollright (Basingstoke), H. M. Boydell (Lancashire), Geo. G. Tutt (Wombwell), Margarita Yates (Haute Savoie), Emily Davis (Ranelagh), Archer Russell (New South Wales), John E. Woods (Earlsdon), Margaret F. Woodzell (Mannamead), Edith M. Glaister (Hampstead), L. I. Seaton (Leatherhead), A. E. Empson (South Chingford), F. C. Bell (Ipswich), J. A. Jenkins (Liverpool), Margaret Fountain (Upton), Jehangir R. P. Mody (Bombay), Janet Reid (South Croydon), Mrs. Elwyn James (Cardiff), M. T. Heyes (Widnes), E. Lewis (Mansfield), Rosalie Wilson (New South Wales), S. G. August (New Zealand), Doreen Levy (South Africa), J. E. A. Gedge (Bagborough), Mrs. E. E. Weston (Bangalore), N. M. Bowman (South Australia), Phyllis Kerr (Banbridge), John A. Bellchambers (London, N.).

II.—THE PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best quotation is awarded to A. Eleanor Pinnington, 70, Pitt Street, Norwich, for the following:

THE MAN WITHOUT A NECKTIE. BY ARBIB-LAUSER. (Stanley Paul.)

"Artistry's haunting curse, the Incomplete."
BROWNING, *The Ring and the Book.*

We also select for printing:

GOOD COMPANIONS. BY J. B. PRIESTLEY.

"Wherever I am there's always Pooh,
There's always Pooh and me."
A. A. MILNE, "*Now we are Six.*"

(William B. Davey, 5, Oakwood Street, Sunderland, Co. Durham.)

THE CONFLICT. BY E. E. KELLETT. (Constable.)

"So they fought and they spit,
And they scratched and they bit,
Till instead of two cats there warn't any!" ANON.

(Teresa B. Noble, Bridge House, Lyston, Long Melford, Suffolk.)

THE PRICE OF VICTORY. By J. D. STRANGE. (Bodley Head.)

" He went to bed and plastered his head
With vinegar and brown paper."

Nursery Rhyme.

(A. M. L. Parker, Gladstone House, Mitcham.)

THE GOLDEN CAT. By DOUGLAS NEWTON. (Cassell.)

" The enemy is loud ; you hear him all night."

SHAKESPEARE, *Henry V, Act IV, Sc.* 1.

(Mary T. Forth, 10, Belle Vue Terrace, Whitby, Yorks.)

III.—THE PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS for the best description of the literary associations of any place visited during the holiday season is awarded to Sir Duncan Grey, Windgarth, Weston-super-Mare, Somerset, for the following :

Yesterday I halted at Nether-Stowey, that little old village picturesquely perched astride a slope of the Quantocks, in a country of warm red soil and kindly steadfast folk—a land of honey-scented and bravely tinted hills, scored deeply by swift streams and riven by wooded coombes, a haunt which lured Southey, Wordsworth and Coleridge, already familiar with the beauty of Lakeland, and inspired interpreters of Nature's moods and mysteries, peace and splendour.

The smoke of Southey's birthplace—Bristol—where he and Coleridge married two sisters, can be faintly descried from the Quantock heights. Clevedon, too, where Coleridge once sojourned, and Arthur Hallam was to die untimely, and Thackeray's Castlewood nestles embowered in trees, is also visible. At Bridgwater, eight miles off, our poets met de Quincey, but it was at Nether-Stowey, an enchanted parish, where Coleridge– thrall to pain, and, alas ! to drugs—pitched another of his moving tents, that our immortal three forgathered.

We also select for printing :

LILLEHAMMER : THE HOME OF SIGRID UNDSET.

Lillehammer, a little town in Norway, where I spent my holidays, lies above Lake Myosen, in Gudbrandsdalen.

Sigrid Undset's house faces the lake and her windows look up Gudbrandsdalen. On a clear day you can see far up the valley towards Dovrefjeld, the home of trolls and pixies. It is a large, simply-built two-storied wooden house, with an unspoilt garden full of flowers stretching down to the dusty road.

The authoress of " Christine Lavransdatter " has known poverty ; she worked ten years in a city office before her first book was published. She does not care for society, but is much loved by the poor. There is a saying in Lillehammer : " If you are poor or in trouble, go to Sigrid Undset," and that is true of that great woman.

(Miss Grace Raine, 5, Regent Square, London, W.C.1.)

THE BROADSTAIRS OF DICKENS.

The little town of Broadstairs is rich in literary association, for here are both Bleak House and Miss Betsy Trotwood's cottage. Bleak House, originally known as " Fort House," stands boldly on the headland overlooking the tiny jetty. Here may be seen Dickens's dining-room, library, and bedroom, but the house has been considerably added to since the great novelist lived and worked there. The cottage on the front, once the home of old Miss Strong, the real " Betsy Trotwood," is well worth a visit. In the window of the quaint little parlour still stands the green fan which David Copperfield noticed on his arrival. The cupboard whence Miss Betsy produced the salad oil and vinegar, which in her excitement she administered to David in mistake for restoratives, is still in a corner. Upstairs are four bedrooms still known as " Miss Trotwood's," " Mr. Dick's," " Janet's," and " David's."

(Margaret Owen, Cherryvale, Whitstable.)

We also select for special commendation the replies by Edith M. Birch (Luton), E. M. Glaister (London, N.W.), J. A. Jenkins (Liverpool), John E. Woods (Coventry), E. Sweatman (Reading), Mrs. Rhoda Gowers Hellyar (Croydon), Olive F. Crowe (Hanwell), Rev. J. A. Hamilton (Dalkeith), Fred W. Flear (Harpenden), G. E. Buckingham (Burton-on-Trent), Norah M. Butterfield (Westward Ho !), A. Eleanor Pinnington (Norwich).

IV.—THE PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best commentary in not more than one hundred and fifty words, of Gœthe's remark : " The dear good people don't know how long it takes to learn to read. I've been at it eighty years, and can't say yet that I've reached the goal," is awarded to L. F. Goldsmid, 30, Crockerton Road, S.W.17, for the following :

Because the dear good people whom Goethe was entitled to patronise, but we others recognise as ourselves, are accustomed to read passively. As surfaces that absorb all light are black, so minds that absorb all reading matter remain blank. Colour can come only by reflection. It has been well said that, so far from being a passive impression, reading is a creative process of collaboration with the writer, calling for a supple, alert and imaginative response to the stimulus of the written word. Reading is an exercise in increasing our stores of experience, and in drawing on those stores to discover the relationship between the life within us and the life without, by attempting constructively and critically to translate the written message into the terms of our own experience and imagination.

We also select for printing :

We may read for information, instruction or amusement ; for our own benefit, or with the view to impart knowledge so acquired ; we may read as a relief from worry or the boredom of external affairs ; but, to read imaginatively, comprehensively—to feel that we have extracted the maximum of truth, the quintessence of delight, from our reading—to know at once the completeness and harmony of the written *whole*—this is to have established for ourselves at last kinship with another soul, to have drawn ourselves nearer—if ever so imperceptibly to the inner heart of humanity. Goethe knew how hard



Parham Old Hall, Suffolk.
Drawn by Sydney R. Jones.

From " Little Known England," by Harold D. Eberlein (Batsford).

Reviewed on page 364.

of realisation such true reading ever must be. Just as the multifarious aspects of existence handicap the finite mind in its search after Ultimate Reality, so is it difficult in our vital reading to arrive at full knowledge, there being so many "diverse component" qualities which demand *comprehensive* assimilation.

(A. Davidson, c/o Mrs. Smith, 49, Lilybank Gardens, Glasgow, W.2.)

We print the following interesting quotation from Goethe embodied in Mrs. Belben's entry:

I read recently that: "Culture . . . is not something that stays in the head, it is something that lives in the life; it is not an accumulation of learning, but an application of experience and education . . . enhancing the sensitivity, deepening the significance . . . it is the growth of knowledge and understanding . . ."

(Mrs. May Belben, Forest Hill Lodge, Wimborne.)

We also highly commend the replies from B. M. Beard (Bexleyheath), Emily Davis (Ranelagh), S. Barrington McClean (Newlands), H. Gordon French (Godalming), John E. Woods (Earlsdon), N. Ray (Belfast), Iris Ottaway (Bungay), J. A. Jenkins (Liverpool), Captain Wm. Jaggard (Stratford-on-Avon), Norah M. Butterfield (Westward Ho!), W. Mockford (Biggleswade), M. Luckham (Poole), Mabel Rourke (Manchester), Aileen P. G. Hone (Mitcham), M. E. Arthy (Esher), Sybil G. Gillett (London, S.W.), C. S. Stamper (Grimsby), Mrs. Dulcie Hodgson (Bishop Auckland), Edith M. Glaister (Hampstead), B. A. Billings (Withington), M. K. Whitefield (Cirencester), Janet Reid (South Croydon).

V.—THE PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best example of a five-word jewel phrase is awarded to Clifford Bower-Shore, Ramillies, Offerton Lane, Stockport, Cheshire, for the following:

" . . . tiger-moth's deep-damasked wings."
KEATS, *Eve of St. Agnes.*

We also select for printing:

"Shivering seas of blinding blue."
WILFRID WILSON GIBSON, *The Ice-Cart.*

(D. Parsons, Hillsboro', Ware, Herts.)

"Blackthorn petals pearl the breeze."
("Green Rain.")
MARY WEBB, *Poems and The Spring of Joy.*

(Mrs. May Belben, Forest Hill Lodge, Wimborne.)

"Nightshade, ruby grape of Proserpine."
KEATS, *Ode on Melancholy.*

(Mrs. Maude R. Fleeson, 26, Chatham Grove, Withington, Manchester.)

"The swinging spider's silver line."
R. W. EMERSON, *Ode to Beauty.*

(Winifred Simmons, "Sherenden," Parkstone, Dorset.)

We also select for special commendation the replies by J. E. A. Gedge (Bagborough), Gertrude Hancox (New Malden), S. Homfray (Colchester), Ierne Ormsby (Addiscombe), B. M. Beard (Bexleyheath), Dulcie Jaekel (Radlett), E. G. Elton (Norbury), G. Pitt (London, N.), Margaret Owen (Whitstable), Catherine R. Noble (Long Melford), J. A. Jenkins (Liverpool), A. Eleanor Pinnington (Norwich), John A. Bellchambers (London, N.), C. S. Stamper (Grimsby), Margaret Burcham (Winscombe), K. M. Sanders (Bridport), Geo. G. Tutt (Barnsley), L. F. Goldsmid (London, S.W.), Louise Harborne (Ludlow), Janet Reid (South Croydon), Beatrice Thomas (Caerphilly), Iris Ottaway (Bungay), Evelyn Bamber (Wilpshire), K. M. Wright (Hull), A. C. Marshall (Corstorphine).

VI.—THE PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best review, in not more than one hundred words, of any recent book, is awarded to Dulcie Jaekel, The Avenue, Radlett, Herts, for the following:

"SIR, SHE SAID." BY ALEC WAUGH.
(Chapman & Hall.)

Mr. Alec Waugh has given us, in "Sir, She Said," a clever story of 1930 manners and morals. His three heroines—Julia who falls, Jean who slips, and Melanie who retains her balance more by luck than anything else—are interesting characters who afford the author plenty of scope for philosophising over latch-keys, Menjou-like men, and the ways of women with shops. Mr. Waugh knows his world and knows too how to write about it, but one sometimes wishes he would forget that he has a reputation for understanding women to preserve, and give us another "Coloured Countries."

We also select for printing:

ROGUE HERRIES. BY HUGH WALPOLE.
(Heinemann.)

To link up the characters of a story with the "time-sense" of a given period must be one of the most difficult tasks a writer can set himself, but so skilfully does Hugh Walpole interweave period and people that "Rogue Herries" is as unostentatiously historical as one of our national edifices. "Rogue" Herries, Margaret, the passionate Alice Press, whom he sold at the Fair, the son he loved till the end of his life, the unfriendly Herries family—these, against their eighteenth-century background are as vital as the dark hills which shadow the crumbling, beloved house.

(Margaret F. Woodzell, 11, Hill Crest, Mannamead, Plymouth.)

MISS MOLE. BY G. H. YOUNG.
(Jonathan Cape.)

For background we see Bristol as a city of wondrous lights and shadows, of floating mists above the ships at the foot of the hill—and whether at dawn, when pigeons flutter above a dormer window, or at night, when the city lights pierce the gloom, we meet the brave figure of Miss Mole, just an elderly housekeeper with no prospects, who shows us the lights and shadows of life. Strong and tender when helping others, but perhaps more lovable in her own sorrows and weaknesses, in her absurd ulster she lives, the central figure among other interesting personalities.

(Agatha Honnywill, 5, Adelaide Terrace, Portishead, near Bristol.)

BELLS OF THYME. BY CATHERINE I. DODD.
(Jarrolds.)

The picturesque charm of this fascinating book lies in the beauty of forest scenery surrounding a German university town, where the heroine finds healing for life's hurts. Miranda, an Oxford student, in the era before woman's emancipation, gives a ready sympathy to the cosmopolitan gathering around the kindly frau's board. In their joys and sorrows, whimsicalities and failings, she solves her own problems. They radiate a rich atmosphere of humour, which their creator has woven into reality with the touch of a master-hand. The penetrating reader will discern the philosophy and the vivid portraiture of nationalities that the book reveals.

(B. M. Beard, 214, Broadway, Bexleyheath, Kent.)

We also select for special commendation the reviews by Louise Harbourne (Ludlow), M. Wyatt Stayt (Natal), Clifford Bower-Shore (Stockport), Barbara Hughes-Stanton (Kensington), Norah M. Butterfield (Westward Ho!), Phyllis E. Noble (Long Melford), Gertrude Hancox (New Malden), A. M. Count (King's Lynn), A. Howarth (Parkstone), Sybil G. Gillett (S.W.1), Dorothy C. Ensor (Hampstead), C. S. Stamper (Grimsby), E. G. Elton (Norbury).

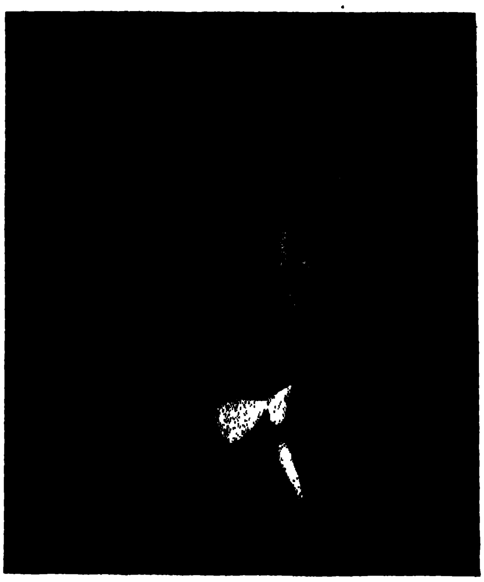
VII.—A PRIZE OF ONE YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION TO THE BOOKMAN is awarded to E. Sweatman, 15, Blenheim Road, Caversham, Reading.

THE BOOKMAN GALLERY.

J. B. PRIESTLEY.

THE publication of a new book by an established writer should focus attention not only upon itself but to a certain extent upon the previous work as well; otherwise the point of view of the critic is in danger of limitation owing to his not perceiving, or not troubling to perceive, the development, or non-development, of that particular writer's tendencies for good or ill. The issue, then, of Mr. J. B. Priestley's new novel, "Angel Pavement,"* is an occasion for a backward, though cursory glance at his other books.

He has to be considered in two aspects: as a critic and as a novelist, and since his qualities as critic to some extent colour his qualities as novelist, I propose to touch briefly upon one aspect of his work as critic before coming to his more creative work. Two of his volumes of criticism are full length studies, others are more in the category of literary essays, where the charm of his English is perhaps more insistent than the originality of his opinions; but the case is different when we turn to his biographies, in "The English Men of Letters" series, of Thomas Love Peacock and George Meredith. These, from the very conditions of their scope and the necessity for authoritativeness in the collection in which they occur, are careful judgments of more serious weight and more reasoned design. They are both admirable volumes; that on Peacock has perhaps the greater charm, but the study of Meredith the greater incisiveness and penetration; and it is because his analysis of Meredith as novelist is so pertinent to his own tendencies as a writer of fiction that I wish to quote from the Meredith volume rather than from any of the others among his critical work, and moreover—limited as I am in the matter of space—to turn at once, and even exclusively, to those passages in which he studies Meredith as an exponent of plot-movement.



Portrait by Vaughan & Freeman. **Mr. J. B. Priestley.**

"The general conduct of the narrative," he says, "is nothing to him; not for him the necessary exposition, the marshalling of significant facts, the shuffling of characters; but he will single out certain moments . . . the whole movement, then, of this fiction must be towards scenes." And again: "He is a faulty narrator because narrative does not interest him. What he wishes to do is not to present us with an arresting and convincing chronicle of events, but to move from one scene to another as quickly and easily as possible." And yet once again: "His manner and style, especially in the later novels, refuse to undertake what might be called the donkey-work of narration."

These extracts—by no means wide of the mark as criticism of Meredith—may be taken, by implication, as giving us Mr. Priestley's theory of the proper conduct of the novel, and it is upon that theory that we do, in fact, find that he has built the structures of his own novels, "The Good Companions" and "Angel Pavement."

His method seems to me the exact opposite to Meredith's, and the key to it is contained in the three passages I have just quoted. He shows himself infinitely concerned with "the donkey-work of narration"; sometimes it seems as if the mere procession of the trivialities that go to make up the exposition of a story interest him more than the getting to grips with the single moments that are the successive peaks in the design of the plot—which is but to say that his sense of values is not a dramatic one. His work has frequently been called Dickensian, but this lack of the dramatic really makes such a comparison curiously inapt.

In "The Good Companions," for instance, I found no fluctuation of climax, no interwoven crescendo and diminuendo, but only a travelling forward on a very level road at a similar pace throughout the route. In "Angel Pavement" however I find the pace varies, and there is a greater sense of the contrivance of a scene; to that extent I think it is a book superior to its predecessor. It is also more human. In "The Good Companions" there is a passage in which Miss Thong, the dressmaker, says, "Give me a bit of life, I say," but I never felt, in that book, that we were given life so much as the simulation of life; the whole thing was seen too rosily, too pleasantly. That may have added to the charm of the book, and to its success, but it detracted from its completeness. Dickens gave even the most humorous of his novels a darker seam, and was that much the nearer truth.

In "Angel Pavement" Mr. Priestley assuredly does give us something of the darker seam, and the fear of Mr. Smeeth, the cashier, that he will lose his job and have to stand in the pitiful queue at some labour exchange—a fear which the climax of the book shows to be only too well founded—comes near to the heart of real tragedy, and is finely done. There is indeed far more real humanity in this book than in "The Good Companions." The study of City office life is not only accurate but full of insight, and a word of special praise must be given to the portrait of the young, pimply, hopelessly ordinary but hopelessly romantic clerk named Turgis. The chapter describing his evening in the West End upon the trail of the impossible She who might dawn upon his sight any minute, or be placed next to him by benevolent Chance in the cinema, but who

* 10s. 6d. (Heinemann.)

never appears at all, mingles comedy with pathos almost in the grand manner.

The book indeed is filled with admirable things; so admirable is it in its details that it comes as a surprise when, upon cooler reflection, it is found not to be entirely admirable as a whole. The fault lies in its inordinate length, for its subject-matter will not of itself carry so many pages. "The donkey-work of narration" has obsessed Mr. Priestley so much—and he has obviously found so much delight in it—that it has come to be an end in itself instead of being only the means to an end. The plot of "Angel Pavement" has little more in it than would go to make a short story; it has the simplicity, almost the unity, of the perfect short story. Yet it is filled out with unnecessary details to the *n*th degree. It is as though he has deliberately reversed Meredith's method and instead of seeking "to move from one scene to another as quickly as possible" has sought to move between scenes as lingeringly as possible. Granted that the lingering is always in itself, from the mere literary standpoint, extremely well done, the plot is too thin to bear so continual an insistence upon the inessential. Only a book with the varied and full-bodied contents of a "Peace and War," or a "Wilhelm Meister," or a "Don Quixote," or a "Tom Jones," or a "Les Misérables," or a "David Copperfield" can ever really afford to be so long, and "Angel Pavement" has nothing in its matter to place it anywhere near their range. There is observation in it, there is humour, there are separate studies of real insight, there is an equable flow of very good writing, but there is no real drama, because no proper concentration, no depth of philosophy, no admixture of human darkness and light that alone would fill such bulk with artistic adequacy.

For all that, I would not leave the impression that "Angel Pavement" is a failure; I have only sought to test it by the severest canons, and even when considered by those it contains passages beyond the reach of most of the contemporary school, certainly of any of the younger novelists dazzled by the wonderfulness and originality of cocktails and adultery. The description of life in the Burpenfield Club for Women, for instance, is extraordinarily well done, and contains more psychology than any pseudo-Freudian novel of them all; and the portraits throughout the whole book, without exception, are alive and directly observed and painted. "Angel Pavement" in fact might be considered as a portrait-gallery, and that the portraits appear to me better in themselves and as separate works of art than in their grouping and cumulative effect is chiefly, I think, because of the book's length and lack of sufficient plot to warrant such intense absorption in side-issues. To build up so vast a façade seems to me only permissible when the interior beyond, in the full terror of verve and power, is positively Balzacian.

WALLACE B. NICHOLS.

THE RELIGION OF JANE AUSTEN.

By ROWLAND GREY.

THE close reserve Jane Austen always maintained concerning her inner life is universally known. It is therefore singular the most brilliant of her biographers, Mademoiselle Villard, should have been led into a double-dyed error, because she either disregarded it or failed to understand it as indicative of Jane Austen's whole character, for it is now notorious that Mademoiselle Villard has levelled the surprising charge of irreligion against her. She grounds her false accusation upon the rarity of her allusions to things spiritual whether in her books or her letters. Mademoiselle Villard has seemingly no knowledge of the national habit of reticence, which as recently as "The End of the House of Alard," made Lady Alard describe Father Luce as "a dreadful man who spoke of God in the drawing-room." Religion apart, Jane Austen owed two precious things to her close connexion with churchmen—her education and it may be her humour—for believers in heredity please themselves with the fancy that this golden gift came to her from her great uncle, the Rev. Theophislis Leigh, for fifty-nine years most autocratic of Masters of Balliol. If his contemporaries spoke spitefully of the neglect of education of the "sons of Belial" as they were then called, he enjoyed the reputation of Charles the Second for never saying a foolish thing.

When we arrive at the question of the education of the genius, we leave a pleasant hypothesis for fact. The Rev. George Austen, Jane's father, aforetime "the handsome proctor" of St. John's College, Oxford, is made the subject of a discerning note of admiration by Signora Emilia Bassi. She points out that Jane was educated by a parent who was much more than a popular university coach—a man wise enough to let his daughter develop into an absolutely natural woman. He understood with rare wisdom the value of a little wholesome neglect. He was a Christian gentleman of the best type, doing his duty to God and his neighbour and winning universal liking as well as respect. His cheering contrast with the heavy fathers who have handicapped too many of our women of letters is pleasing. There were no prunes and prisms at Steventon, and Jane was a joyous outdoor maid who played cricket with her brothers. One of these, James, was her second tutor and he took orders as did also Henry in later life. Those who only think of Jane Austen's father as applauding the famous theatricals in the barn, or as the centre of a happy family party, should remember that one of his sons who rose to eminence in the Navy was described as "the officer who knelt in church." This one anecdote gives certainty that religion was the basis of the education of the Austens. It needed courage for a young captain to make himself thus conspicuous in the navy of a godless time. Nor did his devoutness prevent him from being a general favourite, which says something for his comrades.

It was a privilege to discuss this matter of Jane's religion with her relation, the bright, intelligent Mrs. Austen-Leigh, scarcely a week before her sudden death. She sat in her sunny drawing-room holding the tiny time-yellowed baby's cap embroidered with Jane's own famous satin stitch, and spoke earnestly of the plentiful evidence that the first of women novelists was not merely a genius but a Christian. That she was a communicant, the recent sale of a small "Altar Book" with her

signature for over a hundred pounds is proof positive. Mr. Brimley Johnson, in his able foreword to an abridged translation from Mademoiselle Villard, was quite of the opinion of Mrs. Austen-Leigh, whose connection with the Perrots linked her doubly with the family, for he says:

"To her important critical estimate, Mademoiselle Villard added (in her thesis when standing for her doctorial degree) a record of Jane Austen's life which nearly doubled the length of her work. The late Mr. Austen-Leigh was 'gravely dissatisfied with several misjudgments in the life, though pleased with its minute analysis.' The erroneous charge of irreligion has been omitted in the translations as being too dogmatically and sweepingly expressed."

Mr. Brimley Johnson need not have been afraid to have stood sponsor for a complete translation. For if a champion of her own sex is needed for Jane Austen, Signora Emilia Bassi is at hand armed at all points, and deserves attention when she writes:

"The profoundly moral character of the Austen novels is plain on every page. In them we find no pedantry, no intentions of posing as a preacher in petticoats, but we breathe an atmosphere of wholesome piety and common sense. She represents the sense of duty as the guiding principle of life and all her heroines are more or less influenced by it. . . . In all Miss Austen's novels the effect of strictly Biblical religion is felt. There are neither disquisitions nor ascetic inspirations and they are entirely devoid of the narrowness and bitterness which disfigure the work of some Protestant sectarians."



Jane Austen.

It has been pointed out elsewhere* as a curious coincidence, that two Lives of Jane Austen that count should have come from our allies, France and Italy, in momentous 1914. "Giovanna," continues Signora Bassi, "was no superwoman. . . . Her life was a joy to herself and a joy to others. She understood the true philosophy of life and her happiness consisted in loving and making happy all who were around her, and was never dissatisfied with the restricted society in which she was forced to live, *never clamorous for wider horizons or unrealisable ideals.*"

The constantly misunderstood letters show the truth of these words. Leslie Stephen in his rather tepid notice in the dictionary of National Biography sneers at them as trivial. Surely Jane is not trivial when she says sweetly and gravely, "I hope I shall never ridicule what is wise and good." Was she not a world's wonder as being at once a genius and contented? and was not Christianity the bedrock of this contentment? It would account for the gracious serenity of temperament shining out in possibly the last letter she ever wrote from Chawton, recently published in *The Times* and addressed to her "dearest Anne," a Miss Sharp. She had suffered greatly for months and was just leaving for further treatment in Winchester. Believing herself recovering she utters this thanksgiving. "The Providence of God has restored me and may I be more fit to appear before Him when I am summoned." The summons was near at hand. In those final weeks she was all patience and gratitude to those tending her with comprehensible devotion. "I pray God to bless them more and more." Do the faithless pray thus when their bodies are wracked with pain?

Her own nephew tells us, if a little stiltedly, "Two of her brothers who were clergymen lived near enough to Winchester to be in frequent attendance, and to administer the consolations suitable for a Christian deathbed. She was fully aware of her danger but not appalled. . . . She had always sought as it were by instinct to promote the happiness of those who came within her influence, and doubtless she had her reward in the peace of mind granted to her. Her sweetness of temper never failed."

Mademoiselle Villard taunts her with ignoring the Evangelical Movement in its ardent dawn, yet she wrote to her favourite niece, Fanny Knight, in doubt as to the acceptance of a lover, "I am by no means certain we ought not all to be Evangelicals. *Don't be frightened by his acting up more strictly to the purpose of the New Testament narrative.*"

Dame Ethel Smyth in her candid Autobiography, gives us unexpectedly information proving that Jane Austen could feel, and feel strongly, upon a religious question, for she says "My father used to tell an odd little story about Jane Austen and his uncle who were close friends. It appears that the authoress wishing to get his real opinion about one of her novels put on a friend to pump him, concealing herself meanwhile behind a curtain. The verdict was luckily all that could be desired till the professor remarked that he was not quite sure of her orthodoxy, having detected a slightly unitarian (!) leaning in her later work, upon which Jane Austen burst forth from her hiding place indignantly crying "That's not true."

We should all like to know where in sparkling "Emma" or fragrant "Persuasion" unitarianism was to be discovered. Was it when Emma found church "impossible" one Christmas Day, or was it James who would not consent to bring out his horses upon roads slippery with half-thawed snow? It really does seem the lonely scrap of excuse for this extraordinary accusation.

Mademoiselle Villard insists that in society according to Jane Austen, Puritan morality still existed with the

* "Jane Austen Abroad." By Rowland Grey. "Nineteenth century and after," November, 1925.

flame of Puritan faith burnt to ashes. She paints a sarcastic picture of Jane's own performance of her duties in her father's parish. "*Elle se rend dans les chaumières, porte du bouillon aux malades, parle gentiment aux paysannes écoute patiemment leurs doléances, mais sans oublier un instant que Miss Jane Austen appartient à une autre race.*" All this is based on what many a girl who was not a genius has felt about visiting the poor as part of a routine. Jane was bound to be at her ease in writing to Cassandra when absent that "The people cry out for t'other Miss Austen."

Mary Mitford, who was most unjust to Jane and hopelessly inaccurate as when she reported her a "pretty husband-hunting butterfly" at a date when she was hardly six years old, concedes that "there was none of the hardness and selfishness of Miss Edgeworth in her." She clearly knew nothing of either, for Maria Edgeworth was as kindly and generous a soul as ever breathed—the one plain woman of whom Byron spoke cordially.

Jane Austen's brother Henry in his brief, touching preface to "Northanger Abbey" and "Persuasion"—published as all know after her merry brown eyes had closed in death—forgot family reserve for a welcome moment, and concludes "One trait only remains to be touched upon. It makes all the others unimportant. She was thoroughly religious and devout, fearful of giving offence to God, incapable of feeling it towards any fellow creature." Madame de Ferrière, one of her enthusiastically admiring translators, describes Jane Austen's life as "*remplie par la religion et la littérature,*" a misquotation from Henry's "Memoirs," where he gives his sister the third attribute "usefulness," which quite alters the impression, for Jane was no dweller in the clouds—rather that delicious thing a home-maker.

If there be any to-day so out of the mode as to dare to admit they are not Austenites, they may be more concerned with this matter of her religion on the evidence of her works—or her critics. Her first "Quarterly Reviewer," long preposterously supposed to be Sir Walter Scott, was silent on the subject. It took this dull fellow five turgid pages to find excuses for reviewing such flimsy nothings as novels. He should have asked pardon instead, for daring it thus wretchedly. After attempting to damn Emma with faint praise he condescendingly remarks that "with Miss Austen we do not miss excitation," and proves himself unable even to write English. The rest of his space is devoted to showing his complete inability to comprehend her humour far less her irony. She was speedily avenged, for in 1821 a worthy knight combatant, Whateley, the future Archbishop, went to the root of the matter and swept away worn-out conventions with a high hand.

"'The time is past," he says, "when an apology is requisite from a reviewer for condescending to notice a novel. . . . We have lived to hear the merits of the best of this class of writing earnestly discussed by some of the ablest scholars of the day. We are inclined to attribute this change not so much to an alteration in public taste, as to the character of the productions in question. Novels may not display more genius than formerly but they display more sense."

He had no use for "Algerian banditti landing on the coast of England," though he would assuredly have welcomed "The Pirates of Penzance." Yet like Mr. Pollock he was grateful to Mrs. Radcliffe, because without her there could have been no "Northanger Abbey." Sickly sentimentality was his abhorrence; he wants a novel that "makes good its pretensions to be a perfectly correct picture of common life." He too compares Jane Austen with Maria Edgeworth, contrasting "Ennui" with "Mansfield Park," greatly to Jane's advantage. Either the Archbishop or the printer contrive to misspell Austen throughout the article—it is a venial error for one who first made the illuminating discovery that she was a *Christian* genius. Dismissing Miss Edgeworth cavalierly as a "mere moralist," he continues:

"Miss Austen has the merit in our opinion of being evidently a Christian writer, a merit which is much enhanced both on the score of good taste and practicability by her religion not being at all obtrusive. . . . She has not been forgetful of the important maxim long ago illustrated by Homer and afterwards by Aristotle, of saying as little as possible in her own person."

He awards pride of place to "Mansfield Park" as containing Jane Austen's "best humour and best moral lesson." He sees that a false system of so-called education has been the ruin of the Miss Bertrams—early versed in "the Roman emperors as low as Severus, besides a good deal of heathen mythology and all the metals, semi-metals, planets, etc" This sound critic condemns them rightly as "entirely deficient in the less common acquirements of self-knowledge, generosity and humility." The existence of the novelist with a purpose is handsomely justified if we agree with the Archbishop in ranking "Pride and Prejudice" and those other dear companions among them. This ideal reviewer was only uncertain whether most to admire the "undercurrent of serious meaning," usually unperceived, or the sparkle of the wit glittering on the surface of the work he delighted to honour. "Let other pens dwell on guilt and misery," exclaims Jane Austen, and the very fact that she regards them as synonymous is eloquent. She has been accused of dealing lightly with Lydia's disgraceful elopement. Riper judgment made her mete out severe punishment to Maria Bertram if she indulges us with no details of her fall. Searchlights upon the Seventh Commandment were not Jane Austen's idea of fiction. Edmund's love for Mary Crawford is struck dead when he realises her still fashionable morals. Misery in some form was to Jane Austen at her apogee of literary perfection, the inevitable ally of guilt. She saw sin ugly as it is.

The verdict as to Jane Austen's supremacy in her art given by Archbishop Whateley was endorsed in 1843 in Macaulay's panegyric, for this is the only term for the brief tribute taking the place of the intended essay he never wrote. His fervent note of admiration for the characterisation of her young clergy revealing intimate knowledge of their duties, does not speak of her personal religion except indirectly, and thus almost the last word is with the Archbishop, who says "she partook largely in all the best gifts of the comic Muse," that "her fables were nearly faultless," and "above all that she was a Christian writer."

Almost the last word, for has not Mr. Kipling recently enrolled himself in the army of "Janeites." His charming verses show his belief that his liege lady was good as she was witty, for it is in Paradise he saw her looking for her lover, and finding Captain Wentworth reading "Persuasion."

THE BOOKMAN'S DIARY.

NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor of THE BOOKMAN, ST. PAUL'S HOUSE, WARWICK SQUARE, LONDON, E.C.4.

A preliminary letter of inquiry should be sent to the Editor before any manuscript is submitted for his consideration.

One of the "literary events" of the moment is that the Collected Edition of the works of G. Bernard Shaw is in process of publication, and that the Preface to the first volume, his hitherto unpublished first novel, "Immaturity," is another instalment of autobiography. I once asked Bernard Shaw to write his autobiography and he gave me to understand that he was always doing it—in his Plays and Prefaces. One Free Church leader has fallen foul of G. B. S. for the latter's references to his father in this Preface, but I think the honours and the humour lie with Shaw. If the fathers eat sour grapes the children's teeth will be set on edge and they will probably have something to say about it—as is most certainly their right. It is more a question of facts and their consequences, which cannot be hidden in this world, than of ethics. I think you will be interested in the article which R. Ellis Roberts has written for our October issue. "The Inhibitions of G. Bernard Shaw." He has a few and they have important effects.

Incidentally, in the recent *Observer* interview, Shaw considerably relieved the minds of "collectors" by announcing that "everything published in the collected edition will be published separately afterwards." Presumably, also, uniform in production with his other works. All the same, these will not rank as "first editions" in the strict sense, only as first editions in that format.

We have just received from Mr. Cale Young Rice, the American poet, these lines in farewell to his old friend, St. John Adcock.

A. ST. JOHN ADCOCK.

The seaweed that has lain long
On the rocks stands up in the tide.
More than a moon and a half ago,
They tell me, you died.
I did not know ; I did not hear
The spade in earth.
I, too, since, have lain long
On the rocks, in dearth.

Twenty years are a brief while
To have a friend,
For need, longing and loneliness in us
Never end.
If there are any words better
To say now
Than that I loved you, take them with you
Somehow.



Mr. Cale Young Rice.

I gave away my first edition of "Memoirs of a Fox-hunting Man," bought a second and a third copy and gave them away. So you may judge my enthusiasm for the book and that I share the eager anticipation of my friends for the "Memoirs of an Infantry Officer," by Siegfried Sassoon, which will be ready when this note appears. This book will have to stand the test of being a sequel to a popular book and the added test of being "yet another war book." I believe it will successfully withstand both tests. The public is only tired of a certain kind of war book, the book which is lazy and lurid photography and neither art nor life. Given a Sherston as central character and the descriptive and interpretative power of Siegfried Sassoon, and we shall read war books for the duration. In our October issue we shall deal with both author and book at greater length.

Two other books from the same publishers, Faber & Faber, will be waited for by their different publics. Walter De la Mare has gathered together a volume of his stories under the title, " On the Edge." Is the title meant to suggest that the stories are " on the edge " of the credible and the bearable ? for I understand they deal with those borderland experiences of horror and oddity which nevertheless may wait for any of us round the next corner.

The other book is George Blake's new novel, " The Seas Between." Walter De la Mare had found himself long before he " arrived " with the public, in that he knew what manner of man he was as a writer and what he wanted to do. I have the feeling that George Blake is sailing under sealed orders, that he is keeping to the immediate course but is not sure of his port. Partly this is due to his youth and partly to a clash of power and interest within. You have only to see his face or read a page to know he has drive and varied power.

By the way, Miss Stoddart shows the other side of the shield in her new book which Hodder & Stoughton's are publishing on September 11th. In " Great Lives Divinely Planned " she traces the influence of parents, the home-life, friends, etc., on the making of men.



Miss Henry Handel Richardson.

From a drawing by H. A. Perry.

Miss Marjorie Bowen made a good suggestion for holiday reading in the *Morning Post* recently. " To many the ideal holiday reading will be that most different from their usual choice. No doubt there are some who prefer the ' busman's holiday '—a continuation of indulgence in their own peculiar taste, but probably the real recreation lies in a complete change of mental, as well as of material, country." There is a good deal to be said for such drastic surgery on our prejudices, not the least that many discoveries would be made both amongst books and in ourselves. We should find that our reach was very much beyond our grasp and would decide to extend our range of reading. Even where our reading confirmed our previous pre-judgment it would be an altogether healthful exercise and diversion. The insight and judgment of one who has to school himself to read and to discipline his instinctive reactions is often more valuable than that of the devotee. Supposing we compromise—half our holiday reading shall be among books and authors we do not like, half shall be spent in reading the books we have been waiting for time to read. You have plenty of choice.

Omnibus volumes certainly solve the question for those who want a " busman's holiday," for they can take a library of their favourite author within the covers of one book and the compass of two And there is a very wide choice, too, for in addition to Omnibus volumes already published, including the Pullman " Ethel Dell " (Benn), there are many new volumes promised—" The Fortunes of Richard Mahony," by Henry Handel Richardson, particularly interesting for many of us, and from the same House (Heinemann Ltd.) we are promised the Second Omnibus which will carry J. B. Priestley, Somerset Maugham, Maurice Baring, Robert Graves, and others. This mixed company will serve for the other kind of holiday reading suggested by Miss Marjorie Bowen.

Two publishers have lately made interesting public confessions of the faith that is in them. Horace Liveright of New York sends out with his autumn list a foreword which seeks to answer the question : " Why more Books ? " But surely his test is too narrow—that no book should be published which serves no purpose of artistry or enlightenment unless you pack a varied meaning into both terms. In a word to the general reader which introduces the general catalogue of Ernest Benn Ltd., they indicate four " marks " of Benn books with which they think all their readers will agree. The first is, " Whether you like it or not, whether it interests you or not, you will agree that it *ought* to be published." At any rate, this is a fine tribute to the intelligence of readers and the sturdy faith of at least one publisher. Al-

publishers try to find the public taste with some of their books and to educate it through others. On the big, simple issues, the public generally knows what it wants, if only after it has found it. Every long-established publishing firm has on its list one or more books which sell steadily through a generation or more. As an article in the American *Publishers' Weekly* of July 19th reminds us, "if people want a book neither its price nor the financial depression of the country seems to affect its sale." This applies both to old and new books. "Longfellow is still the largest seller in America and Tennyson comes next in point of popularity." Among poets, that is.



Mr. W. B. Maxwell,
Author of "To What Green Altar" (Hutchinson).

A book that provides a strong contrast to "The Resurrection of Rome" will also be published by Hodder & Stoughton in September—"Christian Ethics and Modern Problems," by Dean Inge. Almost violently contrasted though they seem to be, it is amazing how many things Dean Inge and G. K. C. have in common after all—their sincerity, courage, versatility, wide knowledge—and yet they differ on almost every major issue of life. Interesting!

Looking through the new books promised from Longmans Green for October, I am reminded of Dean Inge's article of early August in the *Evening Standard*, on "History without Tears." He there most strongly recommended Professor G. M. Trevelyan's well-known books on Italian history and the History of England for holiday reading, and "for reading aloud, which is the test of good literature." It is interesting good news indeed that on September 18th, Longmans will issue Professor Trevelyan's "Blenheim: England under Queen Anne," and on the same day they will publish "William III and the Defence of Holland, 1672–4," by Caroline Trevelyan, daughter of Professor Trevelyan, and a great-grand-niece of Lord Macaulay. On September 11th they hope to publish E. F. Benson's reminiscences under the title, "As We Were."



Portrait by Elliott & Fry. **Dean Inge.**

The Clarendon Press hope to have ready during the autumn the third volume of the official history of the Royal Air Force—"The War in the Air," by H. A. Jones. It will range from the campaigns of German East and South-West Africa to the air raids in Great Britain and the fighting on the Western Front.

I was speaking on the telephone yesterday with G. K. Chesterton and he was as merry and as energetic as a schoolboy—on holiday. We have long accepted the miracle of G. K. C. and ceased to ask how he does it. This is what he is doing or has done, for already he is full of new projects and in September he is off to America for a three months' lecture tour. Cassell's issued in late August a new novel, "Four Faultless Felons," in which G. K. C. introduces "the club of men misunderstood," four of whose members committed murder, fraud, theft, and the Unpardonable Sin—and yet were guiltless. Arrowsmith's announce for September a new Chester-Belloc, "The Man Who Made Gold," by Hilaire Belloc, with drawings by G. K. Chesterton. Hodder & Stoughton's will also have ready his new book, "The Resurrection of Rome," an amazing seven-league-boot stride through European history since the birth of the Christian Church. Chesterton tells me that by the time he has passed his proofs he has forgotten the book—not because he has a bad memory but because his mind is already full of new work.

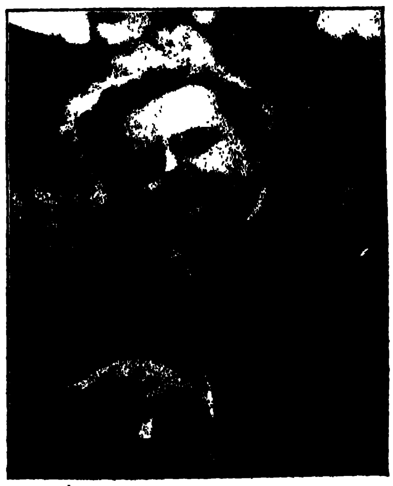


Photo by Central News. **Mr. G. K. Chesterton.**

On the first of September, Putnams are publishing "Sorrowstones," by W. R. Calvert, of the *Daily Dispatch*. Seeing that publishers are now confessing, their reason for issuing this book is their frank belief that it is a jolly good story, well told, which lives up to its unextravagant and honest aim. A good reason, too.

John Murray is publishing immediately "Imperial Air Routes," by Major A. E. W. Salt, a timely and valuable book. In October they hope to publish volume I of the third and final series of "The Letters of Queen Victoria," edited by George Earle Buckle. This book will bring to a glow the embers of many an old camp-fire. There are three other very different books indeed from this firm that I am waiting for: "The Philosophy of the Good Life," the Gifford Lectures, by Bishop Gore; "Wanderer's End," by Dennis Cleugh—because of his colourful life and because he was the husband of Sophia Cleugh; and "Mysterious Waye," the new novel by P. C. Wren, which is explanation enough.



Photo by Debenham & Gould, Bournemouth.

Major P. C. Wren.

Humour, like the spirit, bloweth where it listeth. Only the purblind could mistake "Ol' Man Adam an' His Chillun," by Roark Bradford (Heinemann) for blasphemy. At the worst it is only a poor joke. For me there was a lack of spontaneity and depth—I felt the author's eye was on the surface humour and not on the spiritual depth and simple sincerity which alone could justify this "translation" of Biblical truth.

In this issue we review Professor Stephen Leacock's book on "Economic Prosperity in the British Empire," reviewed by a trained economist, too, as was meet. Late in August, the Bodley Head issued "The Leacock Book"—the best passages selected from all his works by Ben Travers, who also contributes a delightful introduction in just the right key.

I remember that thirty years ago I picked up a book by Frank Harris. I could not make much of it at the time but I remember I went about for a month at least with a feeling that a lot of mistakes had been made about Shakespeare, and it was a good thing for me that I had not been born more than fifteen or so years before, as now I had the chance to learn the truth. I never dreamt that the man who could write with such conviction about the Shakespeare hidden in his plays had started life as a cowboy, and knew Buffalo Bill and Wild Bill Hickok. Life's great fun, not the least of which is coming across a book like "On the Trail," being the reminiscences as a cowboy of Frank Harris (Bodley Head).

By the end of August, Gollancz Ltd. hoped to publish "War Letters of Fallen Englishmen," edited by Laurence Housman, a book that will provoke both thought and tears; and a new novel, "Trio," by Phyllis Bentley, author of "Spinner of the Years;" and one of their new omnibus volumes, "Famous Novels of To-day," which breaks away from a collection of novels by the same author, and comprises "Red Wagon," by Lady Eleanor Smith, "Dewar Rides," by L. A. G. Strong, "Frolic Wind," by Richard Oke, and "St. Christopher's Day," by Martin Armstrong. A very good idea indeed which deserves encouragement.

BOOKMAN.

NOTES ON RECENT BOOKS.

In striking contrast to the crowded canvas of "Fulfilling," Mr. George Stevenson's new book, **THE SWIFT YEARS** (7s. 6d.; Bodley Head), tells the almost placid story of a boy from the day of his birth until the comfortable age when he can quietly review the passing of the years in a spirit of calm detachment. That humble little home, at the end of a court, the father a self-centred, dreamy poet, the mother pretty, docile, delicate, affectionate, an aunt, proud of her poet brother and happily blest with independent means, all these come vividly to life at the call of memory, interwoven with the miscellany of neighbours and relations. Simple and quiet as it is, there is a sensitiveness and understanding underlying it all which captures and holds our interest, in fact in these two rare qualities lie its undoubted charm, we are held irresistibly by its delicate realism.

In **OUTPOST OF ARDEN**, by Diana Patrick (7s. 6d.; Hutchinson), you have the story of how Sir Philip Checyl, a dominating man, who, preventing his son's marriage to a housemaid, lived to repent of his folly and to try to bring about a marriage between the child of that tragic romance and her cousin—his legitimate grandson. But Fate, which allowed him to spoil the happiness of two young people, does not allow him to make amends to the younger generation, and Sir Philip learns that as you cannot kill love, neither can you force it. Miss Patrick's book has a deep sentimental interest.

The Bookshelf.

THE OTHER STEPHEN LEACOCK.*

To the man in the street economics is always the dismal science. He may not be quite sure what this means, but he regards it as a warning and avoids economics like the plague. On occasion however he can be tricked into reading a book on economics. Stephen Leacock—and who would suspect *him* ?—has made an ingenious attempt to capture his attention with his latest book, " Economic Prosperity in the British Empire."

Of his thousands of admirers very few are aware that Stephen Leacock is an economist, yet the man in the street may take heart, for the Leacock he knows as the author of " Nonsense Novels," " Frenzied Fiction," etc., is little different in the " Economic Prosperity of the British Empire."

In no case is the man and his style very far apart, and in Stephen Leacock they are essentially and unmistakably one. He may write on economics or on any subject under the sun, but he can no more conceal himself than the ostrich that buries its head in the sand. As a result, few books discussing an economic problem make easier reading than Stephen Leacock's, for here is swift narrative, felicitous phrase and characteristic humour. In short, he has a story and knows how to tell it.



Mr. Stephen Leacock.
From a drawing by Kathleen Shackleton.

The subject matter of the book is best indicated by the title first chosen for it—" The Economic Integration of the British Empire." Thus the book is of some topical interest, for even if politics be excluded, no observer of contemporary affairs can fail to be impressed by the thought which is being given to the economic future of the Empire. Incidentally it is no new-found enthusiasm for Stephen Leacock, for as long ago as 1907–8 he toured the Empire and lectured on Imperial Organisation. By the economic integration of the Empire he means " the establishment of a system of mutual co-operation for the development of the vast potential wealth of the Empire and for the expansion of its present limited population." He believes that " as towards the outside world a uniformity of economic policy may still be achieved ; and the now separated parts of the Empire may co-operate with one another in the use of capital, the movement of population and the development of national resources, with results as yet scarcely imagined." He favours a general tariff protecting the markets of the Empire, though he admits that much can be done without it ; he also advocates the creation of a Consolidated Empire Debt.

It is a bold scheme boldly conceived. At the same time, one wonders sometimes whether the man of letters, with his lively imagination, has not got the better of the economist. Indeed as a practical contribution to economics, it would have been more valuable had the author paid more regard to those half-tones which a famous economist has said are the realities of economic life. In regard to raising the capital for his vast project, for instance, he writes with an unqualified optimism which would not, one imagines, be shared by such competent judges as Sir Josiah Stamp and Sir Walter Layton. None the less, the book will doubtless serve as a stimulant.

HAROLD BELLMAN.

* " Economic Prosperity in the British Empire." By Stephen Leacock. 7s. 6d. (Constable.)

TWO WORLDS AT A TIME.*

Mr. Hereward Carrington treats exhaustively a subject which for many years has been steadily claiming increasing attention from intelligent minds.

The book is written with a detachment and a critical analysis of the evidence available that can hardly fail to impress any impartial reader. The range of his investigation covers every form of psychic phenomenon, both from the scientific and the historical point of view. He presents the facts, claiming no more than that they *are* facts, established by unimpeachable evidence, leaving his reader to draw his own conclusions.

Not so long ago the critics would have sprung to arms at the word *science* used in connection with so nebulous a line of investigation as psychic phenomena. But every form of physical science has been evolved gradually from what in the first instance was mere guesswork, and developed through what scientists call an inductive methodology into a certain stabilisation of phenomena. From the vast range of facts now at the command of the psychic investigator an inductive methodology has likewise gradually emerged, and what may be claimed as a " true " science dealing with the supernormal is becoming established. The psychic researcher may still be groping in the dark, but can so very much more be said of the physical scientist, at all events when concerned with the constitution of matter ?

In dealing with the historical side of experimental investigation the writer starts from the inauguration of the Society for Psychical Research as far back as 1882. This was the first attempt of serious minds to bring something like law and order into the chaotic array of facts and rumours prevalent in all parts of the globe. Three years later a society of a similar nature was founded in America, and rising from a medley of " ghost-stories " psychical research became a subject worthy of investigation by some of the finest intellects in England and elsewhere.

Every type of phenomenon, physical and mental, has a place in Mr. Carrington's book, from water-divination to ectoplasmic experiment under the first heading ; from automatic writing to clairvoyance under the other. He describes in detail séances with such celebrated mediums as Eusapia Palladino and Daniel Home, when the manifestations took place under circumstances that excluded all possibility of fraud ; at the same time making no claim that such phenomena, although undoubtedly having taken place, necessarily furnish proofs of survival. In nine cases out of ten these physical experiments merely prove an intelligence lying behind the operation of supernormal laws. There are exceptions, as in the case of the

* " The Story of Psychic Science." 24s. (Rider.)

well-known "Margery" sittings whose control professes to be her brother once in earth life, and who has justified that claim to any open mind. The "direct-voice" phenomenon, although strictly speaking included in the physical, depends for proof of identity not on the nature of the manifestation but on the subject-matter of the messages received.

The book is a fine addition to the literature of psychic science, although here and there opinions may be expressed with which every student of the subject might not entirely agree. To read it is to realise the immense advance made during the last twenty to thirty years. No one, however sceptical he may be on the question of survival, can fail to be impressed by the manner and matter of Mr. Carrington's work; no one, however frivolously he may be inclined to regard the subject of psychic research, can refuse to take this book seriously. The meticulous care and patience shown with regard to the records of séances, and the knowledge displayed acquired by long study and experiment may well open the eyes of the self-constituted critics who without either study or experiment consider themselves capable of expressing opinions on this difficult and abstruse line of research.

ROSE CH. DE CRESPIGNY.

A HUMAN HARMONY.*

My fingers have pianistically marched to the "Grand March in the Romance of Blue Beard," and I have sought a crepuscular melancholy in "When Pensive I thought of my love." The march, humdrum as a retired soldier's "constitutional," the song, gentle and "refined," are among the numerous compositions of Michael Kelly whose fame is again audible, thanks to Mr. Ellis's lovable industry.

It is hardly rash to assert that Kelly was of the tribe of musicians whose works in bulk promise nothing but ennui to posterity. Their artistic luck depends on catchiness.

* "The Life of Michael Kelly." By S. M. Ellis. 25s. net. (Gollancz.)



Michael Kelly, at the age of sixty-two.
From the portrait by A. Wivell.

From "The Life of Michael Kelly," by S. M. Ellis (Gollancz). Reproduced by permission of the author.

Though Mozart composed variations on one of Kelly's airs and though Kelly is still eligible for a song-album, he merely serves as a fill-up. Thanks to catchiness the life in art of even Haynes Bayly is far less intermittent than Kelly's, while, as for Mrs. Jordan, alleged composer of "The Blue Bells of Scotland," Kelly might have all the prestige of the FitzClarences and still leave her richer than he in musical fame owing to that one air.

Fortunately for Kelly he left a volume of reminiscences, edited to Kelly's dissatisfaction by Theodore Hook, and he has found in Mr. Ellis a biographer peculiarly fitted to reanimate the past in which he lived. For Mr. Ellis has not only great knowledge of, but affinity with, the social and artistic life of England from the time of the Prince Regent till the time when the shadow of over-population chilled the flowers that grow on the primrose path. His well-illustrated Life of Kelly is, in addition to its titular achievement (complete in itself), an instalment of a survey which should people our imaginations with Kelly's contemporaries.

Kelly makes an admirable centre for a circular survey. Vocally educated on the Continent, he knew Mozart, Gluck and Paisiello, was applauded by the Emperor Joseph II, saw the first Napoleon. As Sheridan's chief musical coadjutor and an intimate friend of that procrastinating genius, he contacted with talents innumerable. As the lover of the singer, Mrs. Crouch (an ex-mistress of George IV), he innocently evokes a procession of lovely venal creatures who seem to tell us that Charles II was born again in the House of Hanover.

Kelly, with his loyalty in friendship and love, his smooth efficiency, his wide-awake appreciativeness, is a human harmony, wrought apparently by nature for he does not reveal any throes or scars of self-conquest. A rascal brought him to financial grief, and Gout—that imp of the bottle—crippled him; but Gout, which was cruel to at least two Victorian prime ministers, at any rate did not incapacitate him from "lifting the rummer" to his lips. When he was a youth, "wearing a Sicilian capote over which flowed his long fair hair," the singer, Nancy Storace, pointed him out as a "girl dressed in boy's clothes," whereupon Kelly corrected her thus: "You are mistaken, miss; I am a very proper *he* animal, and quite at your service." 'Tis thus that a budding rake might have answered, but Kelly gave his one mistress a devotion worthy of marriage, and in the year of his death added "a large funereal urn" to the tomb of Mrs. Crouch who predeceased him in 1805.

It was probably Kelly's good fortune to enjoy spectacle and atmosphere without experiencing that longing to possess and explore which is fatal to many reputations. He must have been charming, for the fourth Lord Guilford offered to build him a cottage-home, saying "We will be neighbours, Mic; my wife shall sing with you, my chaplain shall drink with you, and I will talk to you." But the cosmopolitan was not tempted to such a retreat. *The Sunday Times* for October 15th, 1826, informs us that Michael Kelly's death "will be severely felt in theatrical circles, for his house in Tavistock Row was a rendezvous for managers, poets, authors and composers." One does not fancy him rusticated, chewing the cud; but it is easy to imagine the pleasure of hearing him anecdotalise. He was not great, but he was uncommonly quick and clever. He actually persuaded Mozart to allow him to alter a vocal effect in "Le Nozze di Figaro." His swift intelligence in musical direction must have been a godsend to Sheridan. If his musical labours created nothing immortally exquisite or inspiring, his life was nevertheless a far-reaching success since it offers us who read Mr. Ellis's excellent book a feast of companionship with people whose *métier* was to charm.

W. H. CHESSON.

EARLY VICTORIAN READERS.*

In a former book Mrs. Amy Cruse told the story of English literature, from the reader's rather than the

* "The Englishman and His Books in the Early Nineteenth Century." By Amy Cruse. 7s. 6d. (Harrap.)

writer's point of view, up to the close of the eighteenth century. Her latest volume takes up the tale and carries it on to the accession of Victoria. The earlier work covered a period of thirteen hundred years; the present one, starting with the year 1790, surveys only half a century. But what a half-century it was! Not only did it see the rise of many brilliant new literary stars, but it witnessed a great expansion in the ranks of the reading public and a vast revolution—or evolution—in the methods of book publishing and distribution.

It is difficult in a brief notice to pay adequate tribute to Mrs. Cruse's very uncommon and very delightful work. It represents an immense amount of research among the by-ways as well as the highways of the literature of her period, and shows an ingenuity in the dovetailing of evidence that is the more remarkable for being apparently so effortless. So lightly indeed does Mrs. Cruse carry her learning, and so sensitively does her own imagination give vitality to the facts, that her book will be enjoyed as much by the intelligent sixth-form schoolboy or schoolgirl as by the mature literary student. It is a volume, again, equally adapted for consecutive reading and for "browsing." It is a book at once for the public library, the private study, and the bedside shelf.



Clapham Common in 1802.
(J. M. W. Turner.)
From "The Englishman and His Books," by Amy Cruse (Harrap).

Mrs. Cruse's method may be indicated by a glance at one or two of her chapters. After an introduction admirably surveying the main features of her period, she opens with an essay on Miss Burney's "Camilla"—a "best-seller" of the closing years of the eighteenth century. To what type of reader did "Camilla" appeal? The question is answered by an examination of the original subscription list of that novel. The names of various patrons provide Mrs. Cruse with pegs for biographical references or for extracts from contemporary diaries and letters, as well as with matter for her own commentary and reflection. Thus, by a fact here, a quotation there, and throughout by the linking and unifying agency of her own fancy, Mrs. Cruse gives us a charming and convincing picture of the social world in which "Camilla," now hopelessly "old-fashioned," was avidly read as a sensational and daring innovation.

Turning next to the "Lyrical Ballads" of Wordsworth and Coleridge, she shows us how the first edition of 1798, if it fell flat so far as the wider public was concerned, at least found a few scattered readers of such future influence that the ultimate success of the poems was actually, though not visibly, assured from the start. And thus Mrs. Cruse wanders at large and at leisure over the whole field of early nineteenth century literary and social history, throwing innumerable fresh sidelights upon it, and bringing back the very atmosphere of bygone days.

G. T.

MARTIN LUTHER.*

A fresh study of Luther is welcome, especially when it is made by a Frenchman and a professor at Strasburg. Not that Gallican sympathies bias the historian's survey; its impartiality befits the science of history. M. Febure does not attempt a biography or give an estimate of Luther, but rather his aim is "to plot the curve of a destiny which was simple but tragic" (p. vii. 171). With psychological penetration the varying complex moods of Luther are analysed during the three stages of his career; his training in isolation as a monk till his flowering period at the outbreak over the sale of indulgences in 1517, and the recoil in the last twenty years of his life. Attention is chiefly centred on the "young Luther" during the period 1517–1525, when he burst forth as a "prophet" than on the failure, so M. Febure thinks, of his later years.

* "Martin Luther: A Destiny." By Lucien Febure. Translated by Roberts Tapley. 10s. 6d. (Dent.)

The focus of interest is Luther the man rather than the theologian, though the meaning of justification by faith, and the significance of indulgences, are presented with French lucidity and precision. We see Luther at the period of *sturm und drang* in the monastic cell, full of daring at Worms, moody in the Wartburg, preaching against the Peasants' Rising and Anabaptists at Wittenberg, marrying a nun, free and easy at his table, resisting Erasmus, uniting Germany—a very human figure indeed. All the immense literature, from both friends and foes, is at the author's command, and use is made of the discoveries within this century by the Roman Catholic, Grisar, and others, which throw light on the inner conflicts and growth of the Reformer's ideas prior to 1517. "Destiny" is left somewhat vague: the psychological method of the author gives no standard by which to appraise Luther. "Let us not judge Luther," says M. Febure: "for which Luther is it to be? Or by what code—his or ours?" (p. 313). The style is vigorous, but the translation somewhat annoys by its Americanisms and the proof-reading, especially of Latin quotations, has been slovenly done. The bibliography is confined to German and French works. Now, in English, we have a book every book-lover will read and read again.

R. B. H.

SIX POETS.*

It is one of the functions of poetry to awaken the mind's attention from what Coleridge would have called "the lethargy of custom" and to direct it to the loveliness and the wonders of the world around. Differing widely in style and method, each of the six poets whose work is before us would be willing to admit some such definition of his aim and purpose.

The most considerable of the six is Mr. F. L. Lucas. Mr. Lucas defeats the lethargy of custom by the extreme clarity of his writing. His thoughts and feelings are expressed with the perfection of clearness. He has the gift, seen very markedly in his skill with epigrams, of a fine preciseness. Take this two-line epigram:

> "Here lies—and yet what matters now my name,
> When all my life's forgot? 'Tis all the same."

* "Marionettes." By F. L. Lucas. 5s. (Cambridge University Press.)—"First Poems." By Philip Henderson. 3s. 6d. (Dent.)—"Collected Songs and Lyrics." By the Hon. Stephen Coleridge. 5s. (Bodley Head.)—"Collected Poems." By Millicent Wedmore. 7s. 6d. (Ingpen & Grant.)—"Eve and Other Poems." By Teresa Hooley. 3s. 6d. (Jonathan Cape.)—"Light in Six Moods." By George Rostrevor Hamilton. 3s. 6d. (Heinemann.)

or these lines from " Pygmalion and Galatea " :

" Sleep on ; the lifeless face is loveliest,
Whose blind eyes show no soul, bid no heart ache.
. . . There are harder loves than stone.
It is insentient loveliness alone
That leaves no pang."

In one of his verses Mr. Lucas bemoans the lack of clearness that is found in poetry to-day. Our age, he says :

" Thinks all verse beautiful that is not plain ;
Building, like Daedalus, labyrinths to contain
Each an abortion and a Minotaur."

In his tilt against the Modernists and Vers Libre, would Mr. Lucas include Mr. Philip Henderson ? These " First Poems "—mostly in *vers libre*—are unusually interesting. Verses like " Wind " and " Rhapsody on a Windy Night " contain in themselves the proof that the method is part of the effect. Were the thought set into rhyme or bound up in a patterned rhythm, the inner unity of the poem would have gone. Already in " First Poems " Mr. Henderson has his material in good control. His future work may take him far.

Miss Millicent Wedmore and the Hon. Stephen Coleridge are much more content to keep to the beaten pathway. Mr. Coleridge, indeed, in his songs to Gloria and the fair Desideria, is conventional to the point of weariness. The phrasing runs smoothly and the lines have a singing note, yet nothing very vital comes through. Miss Wedmore has a sense of style that gives distinction to her verse. She is best in her rendering of the old tales and legends of Provence, a land which she knows well. " Jarjaille of Arles " and the sonnet in praise of the poet Frédéric Mistral are typical of her work in this field. To other verses she gives a Cornish setting, and she has a good deal of facility in the type of verse known to the eighteenth century as " occasional."

Teresa Hooley is a true lover of nature, but the lethargy of the customary phrase at times envelops her. She sings of birds and flowers and twilight, of—

" A cottage grey
On a misty mountain-side,"

and—

" A little shell upon the sand
Too beautiful to understand."

The verses are sincere and simple and musical, but had the emotion undergone a little hardening, the effect would have been heightened.

It is, on the other hand, our complaint against Mr. Hamilton that his verse is too intellectualised. He is by nature a philosophic poet: his approach to beauty is through thought. In part-consequence of this, he is attracted to occasional archaisms of language, words and phrases like " flame-light " and " helmed with courage." His writing, notably in such poems as " Psalmist " and " The Log," contains the material rather than the final essence of poetry.

M. A. S.

THE SOLDIER'S MIRROR—HIS SONGS AND HIS HUMOUR.*

If a writer, a born writer, found himself in a lonely cottage on Dartmoor, having with him for literature only a Bradshaw and no friend within fifty miles, in a week, even if the writer made no conscious effort, that cottage would have books on every shelf and window-seat. The same apparent miracle took place in the middle of the hardest fought war in history. What more unlikely place than the Front could have been imagined in which to find a printing-press, compositors, copy, authors, artists, block-makers !

The longing for news, for reading matter, and the desire for expression in a way natural to the race has resulted in newspapers becoming part of our daily life ; but the pro-



Portrait by Raphael.

Miss Millicent Wedmore, daughter of Sir Fredk. Wedmore.

duction of this bit of rag-time was due to more and other than what gave us the ordinary newspaper. The *Wipers Times* was an outlet. Those who were happy enough to be employed on it escaped for the moment from the grim realities by which they were surrounded—and the same with those who read.

As a paper the *Wipers Times* cannot be judged by the usual standards, any more than can the *Feathered World* or the *Tailor and Cutter*. It is a paper by experts for experts and much is lost on those who were not playing the game of War. Such gems as the short stories :

" It was Xmas morning in the trenches !
M-m-m-m-m-"

and :

" There was once a teetotal Q.M. . . ."

or the limericks :

" There was once a young man of Avesnes
Took a stroll down a long shady lesnes,
He trod on a dud,
Half buried in mud . . . !
He never will do it agesnes."

or :

" quick rise for a smart young man,"

reach us all ; but most of the *Wipers Times* is for those who, being in the neighbourhood at that time, could recognise the allusions. To the ordinary reader the War paper suffers from two drawbacks. It is written too much on one note and it is a solid and well-bound book. If one number, grubby and dog-eared, had been fished out of the twopenny tray of a bookstall—what a glorious find !—but this is too much of a good thing.

The paper is interesting as a specimen of British humour, a humour very different from that of the French. They must have turned the pages of the *Wipers Times* with a sardonic wonder as to whether our cheerfulness would have been so marked if the War had started in Norfolk or Kent. It is difficult for a Frenchman to grasp the British point of view. An English regiment adopted Lissauer's " Hymn of Hate " as a marching song and as they swung along sang " Gott strafe England " with tremendous effect but somewhat to the bewilderment of their allies.

Other songs of soldiers and regiments have been

* *The Wipers Times.* Published by Nash & Grayson. 8s. 6d.—" Songs and Slang of the British Soldier." (Eric Partridge.)

collected by John Brophy and Eric Partridge, but only about seventy pages out of two hundred are given to the verse, the rest being used for essays on it and a glossary.* The soldier does not appear to have a sense of the beauty of words. Hardly a line in the collection is poetry. Occasionally there is an unexpected twist, as in:

> "Old soldiers never die,
> Never die,
> Never die,
> Old soldiers never die—
> Young ones wish they would."

Many of these marching ditties are of course legacies from the past. They have been adapted from the songs of the men who fought under Wellington, Marlborough and farther back. Undoubtedly "Madame, have you . . . ?" was once "Inky Dinky Derby Ram."

In these two books we have mirrored for us the mind of the officer and the soldier—simple men doing a hard job with cheerfulness and good will and an indomitable courage.

C. A. DAWSON SCOTT.

MEMOIRS OF MARIE CORELLI.†

That Marie Corelli was a product of her own time, even if many of her ideas were ahead of it, is clearly shown in Miss Vyver's very ably written story of the novelist's life. For this reason, apart from any other consideration, one doubts whether her books will be read very much in future, despite their immense popularity during her life. Nobody has stepped into her place; the fashion in fiction has so changed that nobody could do so; it changed before her last books were published, and her reputation lives on those earlier works, "The Romance of Two Worlds," "The Sorrows of Satan," "The Mighty Atom," "The Master Christian," and others that in their day were torn to shreds by the critics and enthusiastically applauded by a very large section of the reading public.

Even her enemies would have been willing to admit that she won success entirely on her own merit and in defiance of a hostile press such success as brought her homage from many celebrities, including royalty. To the end she looked upon reviewers as her deadliest foes, and after the attacks made on her earlier publications, refused to allow any review copies of her books to be sent out. Her childhood was spent under the shadow of Box Hill, in a house long since burnt to the ground, close to the ivy-covered house where Meredith used to live. She was a happy though a lonely child, and, even after she and her father and Miss Vyver had moved to London, intended to devote her life to music. Later, however, she turned to writing, and with her first book, "The Romance of Two Worlds," created something of a sensation. Her own life, in its sudden fame and leap from comparative poverty to riches earned by her own pen, was itself not unlike the story of a novel. Not until after her father's death did she and Miss Vyver remove to Stratford-on-Avon, where she remained, rendering services to the town for Shakespeare's sake, so long as she lived.

Miss Vyver is an excellent biographer, sympathetic, unobtrusive, animated by a love for her friend which, though not put into words, reveals itself on every page and is a magnificent tribute to Marie Corelli's character. "With the heart of a child," she says, "she also possessed unconquerable spirit and determination." But the summing up is shrewd: "Also it may be that, though a sense of fun she had in plenty, she was somewhat deficient in a sense of humour." Perhaps in this deficiency lay Marie Corelli's strength; it enabled her to say in her youth, "I'll be as unlike anybody else as I can!" and to try to live up to that maxim throughout her life. Without it her books might never have attained such enormous popularity. For the art of making other people take you seriously, is to take yourself seriously first.

A. A.

* A revised and enlarged edition will shortly appear.

† "Memoirs of Marie Corelli." By Bertha Vyver. 21s. net. (Alston Rivers.)



The Music Room, Manor Croft.
Painted by W. W. Quatremaine.
From "The Memoirs of Marie Corelli," by Bertha Vyver (Alston Rivers).

FROM ACROSS THE SEA.*

To read a translation is always a mental adventure. The stranger does not look at life from our angle, and consequently may open for us fresh avenues of thought. We know to weariness what our folk believe with regard to history, but does the European accept our point of view? Probably not. Well, then, let us hear what he has to say.

Here are three books, books from Spain, Denmark and Russia, and two are historical novels. Ivan Lukash takes us from 1790 to 1825, while Karen Bramson occupies herself with wars later than the Napoleonic—indeed with that which is known to us as the Great War. We can learn from them what Russia thought of the man her flames and her winter broke, and how a Danish mind regards the later outbreak of mass hatred. The third book can be dismissed in a few words, for it is a well written but not particularly interesting account of a woman's life from childhood to age. Esclava is the daughter of a sailor who for insufficient reasons quarrels with his wife and drives her from his house. The child eventually marries, without her father's consent, a young officer. The couple have their ups and downs, the man being incompetent and the woman rather spineless. Children are born to them and it becomes increasingly difficult to make both ends meet. In the end the woman's relatives make her a small allowance, and with that and a granddaughter she returns

* "The Handmaid of the Lord." By R. M. Tenreiro. 7s. 6d. (Peter Davies.)—"Men." By Karen Bramson. 7s. 6d. (Chapman & Hall.)—"The Flames of Moscow." By Ivan Lukash. Translated by N. Duddington. 7s. 6d. (Martin Secker.)

to the house in which she was born, and settles down to write the simple story of her life.

Karen Bramson, the author of "Men," is better known in England as a dramatist than by her novels. "Tiger Cats," with its force, its violence, could not fail to arrest attention, but owing to its hysterical unreality it did not command success. Behind the work was a mind filled explosively with ideas, and people were willing to consider these. The crudity with which they were developed, however, prevented anyone from taking them seriously. Such a writer stimulates but does not convince.

"Men" is interesting as a Scandinavian view of the European upheaval of 1914. Though written in the form of a novel, the story is slight. Karen Bramson has used her hero as a peg on which to hang her views. She takes him travelling and gives her opinions of the countries through which he passes. The War comes and she—this time without the help of her hero, reveals to us the mind of Kaiser William and the reactions of his people. When she attempts to draw English life she does it so badly that the book becomes farcical. The hero, who is a Dane, is naturalised and becomes a Member of Parliament—all in what his friend Lord Stanleigh rightly terms "a dizzy jump." His maiden speech is so laughably absurd that the reader begins to wonder whether anything in such a carelessly written book can be of value.

But if "Men" is disappointing, "The Flames of Moscow" makes up by its reality for the shortcomings of the other. The translator has been kind enough to give on the first page a useful historical note. From this we turn to a story so intently felt and observed that it is difficult to believe that Ivan Lukash was not present at the scenes he has described. The main character in the book is Napoleon. The main incidents are the march on Moscow after Borodino, the strange lingering in that city of the Corsican, and his disastrous retreat. Why did Napoleon linger in Moscow after its burning? He had arrived on September 2nd, 1812. Certainly he obtained a truce from Alexander, but that led nowhere. What was he doing between his arrival and that edge of winter on which he left?

Ivan Lukash has the gift of vivid writing. He begins his book with an unforgettable picture of the last days of the Tsar Paul. He ends it with as fine and convincing an account of the abortive revolution of 1825. It is to be hoped more of Mr. Ivan Lukash's Russian historical novels will be translated, that he will take us with him across the century that has intervened since Constantine abdicated to make way for Nicholas. "The Flames of Moscow" is a proof that not only is a fine literature growing up under the Soviets, but that the exiled sons of Russia have also in them "the root of the matter."

C. A. D. S.

SIX FOREIGN NOVELS.*

The charge of insularity can no longer be legitimately made against us, if the proportion of foreign books published in England bears any relation to our interest in the literature of other nations and is not merely an indication of publishers' enterprise. Here before me are six novels, representing six languages—French, German, Danish, Spanish, Norwegian and Russian. Three of these books are the work of well-known writers, and it would not be unreasonable to expect a certain measure of success to attend their publication. André Gide, for instance, whose influence on his own generation was scarcely as great as it is on the young writers who are only on the threshold of modern French literature, is a writer who, since the publication in English of "The Counterfeiters," may look to an English public. Sigrid Undset too, since the Nobel Prize was conferred upon her and her long novel, "Kristin Lavransdatter," was proclaimed to be one of the greatest novels of our time, has established her claim to our suffrage.

Hugo Wast, the Argentine writer, less well known in England, has already achieved success in North and South America, and his works have circulated to the tune of three million copies all over the world. The perusal of "The Strength of Lovers" makes the reason for this popularity evident. The author is a born story-teller; his narrative, dealing with the love of the Indian King Mangoré for the Spanish Lucia Miranda, moves surely; it is exciting, full of colour, passion, and what is called "the human note." A good story, told without subtlety, but unsentimental.

In the cases given, then, publishing was no more than an average business risk. But in the case of the other three books, hazard played a greater part. Who is Gustav Frenssen that Messrs. Harrap should venture to bring out a closely printed book of nearly 600 pages by him? An author esteemed in Germany among the older generation for a couple of books which find honourable mention in literary histories—"Jörn Uhl" and "Hilligenlei"; an excellent teller of stories, with a breadth of style and power to evoke interest in the apparently trivial which recalls Dickens. "Otto Babendiek" is written in the leisurely manner common to autobiographical novels, but it is in no sense tedious. It is a book for long, mind-free winter nights. The translator, Mr. Huntley Paterson, has done his work well, if his version is as faithful as it is fluent.

The ideal translation has three predominant qualities: it is faithful, it is fluent, it preserves the characteristics of the original. I have no hesitation in dismissing the first of these as the least important, important though it be. Fluency seems to me essential; the reader ought not to be reminded every now and then that he is reading a translation. The preservation of the style of the original is scarcely less important and much more difficult to achieve, demanding from the translator not only a keen sense of the original author's style, but the power to transmute it into another language. André Gide's style, clarity itself, smooth, subtle and ingratiating, is not easily conveyed by an English version; but Dorothy Bussy, who translated his deliciously ironical "L'Ecole des Femmes," has caught a good deal of its flavour. One or two details puzzle me. Why has the name of Eveline's friend Rosita been changed to Ariella? Why were the Italian primitives in the Spanish Chapel turned into Pre-Raphaelites, and why has the date (page 12), April 7th, 1908, been substituted for April 9th, 1894, thus making the second part, which ought to be "twenty years after," a bare six?

The translation of J. Anker Larsen's "A Stranger in Paradise" is not so satisfactory. No doubt it was a difficult task to render this strange, poetical, rather cloudy work into convincing English, but there is a certain slovenliness in the formation of the sentences which reveals the unpractised hand, e.g. 'It is very difficult to define between friendship and love" and "The sunchild smiled, and there were two cherries—that was good then he would give them both away." But those who derive pleasure from a fanciful story in which more is suggested than is revealed will enjoy this account of the life and death of Hans Larsen, a mystic whose charm and power are not inadequately portrayed. I see that Messrs. Knopf, in this and other books, have adopted the suggestion made by the P.E.N. Club that the original title should be given as well as the title of the English version—a procedure which obviates misunderstandings. Wilde's "The Importance of Being Earnest" is rechristened "Bunbury" in Germany, and Shaw's "Arms and the Man," "Helden" (Heroes), while we call Sudermann's "Heimat" (Home) "Magda" and in many other cases use titles for foreign works which give no clue to the originals.

"The Fiery Angel" is the work of Valeri Briussov, a Russian author who died in 1924. He is the "accepted head of the symbolist school of Russian poetry," we are told, and therefore, we may assume, not much in favour with the present young Russians to whom the couple of

* "The School For Wives." By André Gide. 6s. (Knopf.)—"Jenny." By Sigrid Undset. 3s. 6d. (Knopf.)—"The Strength of Lovers." By Hugo Wast. 7s. 6d. (Longmans.)—"Otto Babendiek." By Gustav Frenssen. 10s. (Harrap.)—"A Stranger in Paradise." By J. Anker Larsen. 7s. 6d. (Knopf.)—"The Fiery Angel." By Valeri Briussov. 7s. 6d. (Humphrey Toulmin.)

decades which preceded the War are anathema. In truth, "The Fiery Angel" rather falls between two stools. If it is a work of profound philosophical import, its significance is so veiled by unintelligible symbolism that it misses fire; whereas, taken as a story of mediæval Germany dealing with demon possession, witchcraft and devilry of all kinds, it is curiously unexciting. Dreadful deeds and amazing happenings are described in detail, but with so much verbiage and apparently with so little point that a certain sense of tedium comes over the reader. And yet the book is well written and the translation smooth; the author is patently sincere and convinced of his message. It is the message which fails to get through.

HERMON OULD.

CORREGGIO AND THE TATE GALLERY.*

Correggio, one of the Italian masters of the late Renaissance who was most admired by our forefathers, is to-day in danger of being classed with Guido Reni and Carlo Dolci as a painter too unspeakably sentimental to be genuinely admired by any self-respecting art-student. His great wall-painting in the Dome of Parma Cathedral, praised by Mengs in the eighteenth century as "more beautiful than all the cupolas that have been painted before or since," is now looked upon coldly by the sophisticated spectator, who regards its technical feats of foreshortening, perspective and the like as a clever but rather superficial piece of trickery worthier of an "illusionist" or conjurer than of a great artist.

The tourist, obedient to the directions of his guide, may be impressed by the spectacle of legs seeming to dangle out of the roof of a sacred edifice, but the art-scholar turns away in something nearly approaching disgust and escapes from Correggio's Cathedral into the adjoining Baptistery, where he can admire a wonderful series of Byzantine paintings, missed by ninety-nine out of every hundred visitors to Parma.

If Correggio is to be admired at all to-day, it is for reasons very different to those which made him the darling of our great-grandfathers. As in the case of the Eclectics who succeeded him, Correggio's sentimentality is something we have to put up with as best we can; but, again like the Eclectics, we can often find something that gives us real joy if we disregard his figures and concentrate on his landscape backgrounds. In his famous "Noli Me Tangere" we must admire the tremendously expert pose and placing of the two figures, which form so soundly constructed and ingenious a pyramidical design; but having paid tribute to the engineering skill shown in the structure, our eyes gladly wander away from the figures to dwell on the delightfully wooded hill and river scene which the artist has painted so tenderly in the background. It is the same with many of his other religious pictures and generally speaking it may be said that his smaller paintings are those most enjoyable to modern tastes.

If anybody could revive interest in Correggio it would be that able and accomplished Italian critic, Signor Corrado Ricci, whose exhaustive book on the life and work of the master has now been translated into English. Accompanied by 296 reproductions in collotype, this gives the fullest revelation of Correggio's art that any student could desire. The only thing it cannot do is to reveal Correggio's colour to those who do not know his originals; but Signor Ricci explains his methods and technique so well that an intelligent reader can pretty well follow the master's brushwork.

There was a time not so many years ago when the Tate Gallery as a whole was also considered to be far too full of sentimental pictures of small æsthetic appeal. All that is changed now, and in the Tate Gallery of to-day we have a collection which not only displays representative examples of all that is best in British contemporary art, but also includes an important section of works by the most distinguished modern painters of France and other countries.

Mr. James B. Manson, the new Director of the Tate Gallery, has recently written a very admirable volume about the gallery over which he now presides. His text gives an authoritative account of the formation of the gallery and the development of the collection. His review of its contents begins with Hogarth and the Early British School and ends with an illuminating chapter on "Gauguin and Van Gogh." Among the intervening chapters two of very special interest and value are those about the New English Art Club and "The Modern Spirit," both of which will be very helpful to all who wish to gain a more intimate understanding of the art of such admirable painters as Sickert, Steer, Lucien Pissarro, Stanley Spencer, etc. Many readers will wish that more of the Victorian pictures had been left out and more paintings by modern artists like Harold Gilman and Spencer Gore had been included—for unquestionably the latter are far more worthy of colour reproduction than the former. An unfortunate omission is the lack of an index to the illustrations in monochrome, which are often more important and more interesting than



Punch, or May Day! (Haydon).

From "The Tate Gallery," by J. B. Manson (Edinburgh: Jack).

* "Correggio." By Corrado Ricci. 31s. 6d. (Warne.)—"The Tate Gallery." By J. B. Manson. 42s. (Jack.)

the colour plates. Mr. Manson sets so high a standard in his scholarly yet most readable text that one cannot help feeling he deserved more and better illustrations.

FRANK RUTTER.

THE ART OF FLYING.*

Lieutenant-Colonel Henderson, the pilot of the passenger-carrying Junker's monoplane that crashed at Meopham on its way from Le Touquet, was acknowledged to be one of the most cautious and skilled pilots in the world. He learned to fly at Hendon in 1915 and served afterwards with distinction in the Royal Flying Corps and Royal Air Force. He relinquished his commission in 1919 and joined the Daimler Airways. He was a supreme individualist, of tenacious loyalties, and when the Imperial Airways was formed he refused to transfer his services to the new company. Instead, he broke away and set up his own flying school at Brooklands.

When he wrote this book, not long before he died, he had behind him over five thousand hours of flying experience. He has produced a complete course for aviators, concisely written, packed with knowledge, and rich in wisdom. He quickly gains the confidence of his readers, as he did of his pupils. His manner is quiet, patient and instinct with sympathy. Instruction, he held, should be slow, but sure. "The pupil," he says, "who wishes to loop, roll and spin on his first solo, may, as far as I am concerned, look elsewhere for his training." He was not one of those pilots whom long experience afflicts with over-confidence. He never failed to remember that a moment of carelessness in the air may bring disaster, and that, in flying, "once is enough for most people."

He took a keen interest in each of his pupils, not from curiosity, but because he judged that the more he knew about their peculiarities, the better he could shape his methods of instruction. To everyone who aspires to pilot an aeroplane, or who wishes to take an intelligent interest in an activity of increasing importance, this book can be recommended with complete confidence.

H. A. JONES.

THE GAME OF GAMES.†

Sooner or later in their careers tennis stars write their reminiscences or become the authors of handbooks on "How to Improve your Game." For the tennis enthusiast these volumes—by Mlle. Lenglen, Señorita de Alvarez, W. T. Tilden—cannot be too numerous. At their best they contain useful hints that may be turned to practical account, and at their lowest they provide attractive photographs of the player in play. H. W. Austin's book is unusually interesting—partly for its photographs (he himself is good material for any camera) but, more lastingly, for its easy, vivacious style. Austin was already coming into prominence as a player when he went up to Cambridge in the autumn of 1925. His first "Wimbledon" was in 1926. From that time he has steadily advanced into the front rank and has raised hopes that, if he can stay the pace of a five set match, he may retrieve from France or America the world-titles which they have taken from England and divided between themselves during the past few years. As a member of the Cambridge team Austin has visited Holland and Germany, and in the Davis Cup team he has played in France, Poland, Hungary and America. Interesting anecdotes from these travels and from a world tour which took him to Australia and New Zealand are to be found in this book.

Mr. Wallis Myers is the founder of the International Lawn Tennis Club of Great Britain, and in this handsome volume which he has written for the Lonsdale Library he emphasises the international vogue of the game. "'Hands across the net' has come to mean 'hands across the ocean.'" A good part of the book is devoted to the theory and practice of stroke production. There are chapters on footwork, the service, volleying and lobbing, and a useful section discusses tactics in doubles. Some seventy photographs of the leading players in play complete the volume.

M. A. S.



An Icelandic lady in national dress.
From "Across Iceland," by Olive Chapman (Bodley Head).

FROM THE NORTH.*

There is not much gaiety about this—the first of Falkberget's books to be translated into English. It is an elemental story of Norwegian life, wherein some of the characters long to live among the mountains, while others prefer the plains. Unfortunately Lisbeth of the mountains has, in order to do the dramatic thing and thus work upon Sivert the pastor, with whom she is in love, married a valley man, one Björn. And throughout the book we follow the struggle between mountain and valley, which are represented by various persons who act in a somewhat uncompromising, not to say brutal fashion. We become almost as accustomed to blows as they must have been; the pages have little that is light or cheerful. Indeed if this is a true picture of Norwegian life, then we have very little desire to learn more about it. There are books whose characters become our friends, so that we grieve when we turn the last page, but this cannot be said of Falkberget's gloomy novel.

One is more attracted by "Peace," another novel translated from the Norwegian. So much fame has been won in his own country by Arne Garborg, the author, that he was awarded a subscription prize surpassing the Nobel Prize. When one remembers the value of a Nobel Prize and the smallness of the population of Norway, we cannot but admire the enthusiasm that takes such a practical form and that devotes itself to such a lofty object. In fact the rarefied atmosphere that plays over a great part of this particular novel may be too lofty for a good many of us. Garborg makes no concessions. Like Meredith, who put in front of his "Egoist" a first chapter as impenetrable as the Woods of Westermain, a chapter which has proved too great an obstacle to many—so does Garborg fill a considerable portion of the first half of this novel with intensive searchings for heaven and hell. The religious scruples of Enok, his central figure, may not move us as

* "A Complete Course of Practical Flying." By Lieutenant-Colonel G. L. P. Henderson. 7s. 6d. (John Hamilton.)

† "Lawn Tennis: Bits and Pieces." By H. W. Austin. 5s. net. (Sampson Low.)—"Lawn Tennis: Its Principles and Practice." By A. Wallis Myers. 12s. 6d. net. (Seeley, Service.)

* "Lisbeth of Jarnfjeld." By Johan Falkberget. 7s. 6d. (Allen & Unwin.)—"Peace." By Arne Garborg. 7s. 6d. (Allen & Unwin.)—"Across Iceland." By Olive Murray Chapman. 15s. (Bodley Head.)

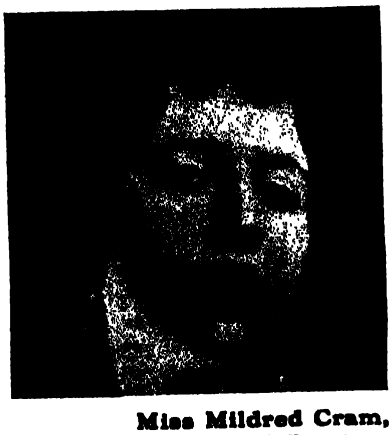
they are intended to do; but if we persevere we shall be rewarded. Gradually the narrow mountain stream widens as it travels towards the plains; tributary streams fall into it, other characters appear and we become more and more absorbed. Enok even becomes so human that he speculates as to murdering his wife, the worthy Anna. It is a coincidence that this rather unusual theme should have been dealt with in two novels simultaneously, for we find it—much more thoroughly worked out, it is true—in Alec Brown's "A Time to Kill." And it is very interesting to compare the treatment of Brown, who is so profoundly influenced by the spirit of Russian literature, with Garborg, who stands outside it. There is much in this novel of Garborg's that remains in the memory. The translation has been flawlessly done

A timely book is Miss Chapman's account of her ten weeks in Iceland, during which she experienced much that would have caused a less sturdy traveller to give up the quest. Iceland, the land of fire and ice, as she picturesquely calls it, is now celebrating the thousandth anniversary of her Parliament, and deputations have gone there from Great Britain and other countries. In this age of dictatorships we do well to pay all possible honour to the Grandmother of Parliaments, and it is far easier to pay our devotions by a perusal of Miss Chapman's pages than by taking ship across the tempestuous Northern Atlantic. Miss Chapman's account of the voyage does not, despite the kindliness of her fellow-travellers, make us yearn to follow in her track; and after you have finally landed you do not find yourself in a place where life flows very easily. On the other hand the hardships are mitigated by the general amiability of the Icelanders. In Miss Chapman's pages we do not discover more than a simple kind of humour and a straightforwardness that is not very alluring. The literary graces are not in her. As a compensation of a sort we feel that the dialogues with the natives are truthfully reproduced. She certainly had a good deal to occupy her time, what with the perils and dreariness of the road; and she was also busy with painting Icelandic scenes, some of which are here reproduced. Perhaps the photographs give a better idea of the wonders she saw, the magnificent waterfalls, the precipices and the grandeur of the mountains of eternal snow. This unassuming book is a short contribution to the story of a very estimable people.

HENRY BAERLEIN.

INCIDENT AND CHARACTER.*

The modest little girl, taught that the elephant had a massive trunk but no tail to speak of, rewrote her knowledge thus: "The Elliphant has a tail, but we do not mention it." In which sense, the crook-story has likewise no character-analysis to speak of. It is built on psychology of course; but it will fall in ruin if its foundations are allowed to be seen.



Miss Mildred Cram,
Author of "Madder Music" (Harrap).

I allude to first-rate work. There is a lower type of crook-story writing, much commoner, which solves the problem of psychology by ignoring it; and it is fairly easy to concoct such a puppet-show—a mere objective list of physical incidents: matter without mind, as one might say: shocks *et praeterea nihil.* It is less easy to create real flesh-and-blood characters; and less easy still to embroil these convincingly in some sensational plot—a murder story, say—and thereafter to handle and develop them without impeding such a plot's swift action.

In fact, this always seems to me the touchstone of your crook-story writer. Can he imagine real characters, and then develop them with no machinery of explanation save their own acts and comments? In brief, can he make character implicit in incident? Two murder-stories of the present batch pass this test, built as they are on credible and normal-seeming folk of the English country-side. "Camouflage" is the more ingenious; it opens brightly with rape, death and arrest, and yet contrives to maintain this high level of thrill without descent into crudity. "The Link" is more rich in clue and detail, more involved in its plot; it is no better than "Camouflage" however, for both are first-rate. Readers who recently enjoyed "The Noose" may amuse themselves tracing a resemblance between that and "The Link." Thus, A is to be murdered: B (again a publican, as in "The Noose") knows too much: so it is engineered that B shall appear A's killer: and I suppose the critics will tell Mr. Macdonald that he has repeated himself. It does not strike me like that. The scope of "real" murder-tales, as defined above, is remarkably limited; and if an author can extract two such from one plausible situation, he has achieved more (surely?) than the thrill-botcher who yarks up a dozen fresh situations, without enough plausibility in the lot to serve one.

The two remaining crook-tales are of a lower type, and are also much more uneven in quality. "The Beacon Hill Murders" makes thin reading, because the author never gets his characters beyond the sketching-in stage; one feels he knows what they are like, but has missed imparting his knowledge. In "Garstons," contrariwise, the narrative is somewhat choked by an attempt to make it carry more characters than it needs, by over-elaboration of these characters, and by the curious fact that they are nearly all (including hero and heroine) so unlikeable; in the end "Garstons" turns into a pretty good yarn; but its first seven-eighths want rewriting.

The next two of this most various batch are character-studies—pure and simple, one might say, were not the cliché so particularly and severally erroneous. "Madder Music" deals with American stage-life: centring in Elena Bateman, a popular star, and in her adopted daughter Nancy, who has no artistic ambition, and who in Elena's temperamental circle feels like a fish in the wrong tank. Within its narrow scope the book is cleverly written, the fiasco of Nancy's debut being particularly well done. "Look Homeward, Angel" has a wider sweep, and is altogether more ambitious. It aims at covering a full generation of that kind of small-town family which Sinclair Lewis has revealed to us; and like Lewis, its author is appalled, shocked, wounded by the debility and spiritual impotence of his folk. But he lacks Lewis's equipment, in humour particularly. His discontent is peevish and querulous, where Lewis's is bitter-keen as a sword. He attacks less amusingly, and at far too great length. The book needs drastic cutting; it is a riot of words—especially of adjectives, which march three-deep through its pages; and it shows none of that selection of ideas which is the beginning of craftsmanship; it hardly can so much as mention a smell, without going on to catalogue all the smells in America. It is too preoccupied with dull lechery. . . . After which, let me say bluntly that if Mr. Wolfe fails through inexperience to make the most of his theme, he has at least made of it something which outweighs many shelves-full of slick, competent mediocrity. At his rare best he is magnificent: and is worth reading—all the mass of him—for that best's sake. When he has learned self-discipline, he should produce three or four fine books at least, from the material and observation which he squanders in this.

* "Camouflage." By Laurence W. Meynell. 7s. 6d. (Harrap.)—"The Link." By Philip Macdonald. 7s. 6d. (Collins.)—"The Beacon Hill Murders." By Roger Scarlett. 7s. 6d. (Heinemann.)—"Garstons." By H. C. Bailey. 7s. 6d. (Methuen.)—"Madder Music." By Mildred Cram. 7s. 6d. (Harrap.)—"Look Homeward, Angel." By Thomas Wolfe. 10s. 6d. (Heinemann.)—"Iron Man." By W. R. Burnett. 7s. 6d. (Heinemann.)

I end with " Iron Man "—the greatest possible contrast. At first this inside story of a professional " pug " seems mere crudity : curt, snappy speech, set in a minimum of curt, jerky narrative : a record, a transcript merely, from which the author's personality seems never to emerge : with no description nor analysis of either appearance or character. Then gradually, as one settles to the book, its stark reality gets hold of one and justifies the author's design. For one perceives that everything—not merely dialogue and specified thoughts, but the whole " feel " of the story—is given as his people *think* it : and they think as he writes of them ; curtly, crudely, directly. Call his world tiny if you like, it is a microcosm none the less, and he takes you right to the heart of it ; so that within the limits he has set himself, he makes " Iron Man " the cleverest and most convincing story of this group.

GRAHAM SUTTON.

A NATION AXED.*

Many of us have very pleasant recollections of the Tyrol in the days before the Great War. It was one of the happiest, most prosperous and most delightful parts of the Austrian Empire. Cities like Meran and Botzen attracted thousands of visitors yearly, because of their sunshine and radiant surroundings. The Tyrolese, still cherishing memories of Andreas Höfer in their peasant plays, were a sturdy, liberty loving, merry folk.

Italy demanded from England, as part of the price of her adhesion to our side in the Great War, that she should be allowed to annexe the southern Tyrol, thus giving her the Alpine ridge as a protection against invasion from the north.

The southern Tyrol was overwhelmingly Teutonic in tradition, institutions, speech and sympathy. Its population numbered, for every one person of Italian descent, thirteen of German stock. During the peace negotiations the Tyrolese strove hard to prevent incorporation with Italy, but they were powerless. When in November, 1918, General Pecori-Giraldi announced the Italian annexation, he declared that Italy put aside all thoughts of force or oppression towards these people of another race and speech ; the German-speaking districts would retain their German schools and German tongue, and there was to be entire freedom of thought and speech for the administrative officers.

The people of the southern Tyrol met the Italians with sullen, passive opposition. When Mussolini established himself, the Tyrolese found themselves face to face with a more ominous prospect. Their land was to be Italianised, its very name swept away, its language as quickly as possible suppressed, and its institutions destroyed. To this task the Fascisti have set themselves with enthusiasm.

Dr. Reut-Nicolussi, who in " Tyrol Under the Axe " describes the process of transformation, is a lawyer who was for long leader of the Peoples' Party in the Tyrol. He carried on his opposition to the Italian domination until in 1927, arrest imminent, he escaped over the mountain frontier. His story is heart-moving. The once free Tyrol is now a land of political servitude, and its inhabitants exposed to a persecution which extends from forbidding priests to hear confessions in German to terroristic dragooning by the police of the common people. I should like to read the Italian defence, for as it stands Dr. Reut-Nicolussi's indictment shows that defence is very much needed, if judgment is not to go by default.

F. A. M.

THE TEACHER'S MANY PARTS.†

" Probably it will prove impossible for me to write as free from academic restraints as I should like," says Professor Adams in the introduction to his latest book. " But having permanently thrown off my gown and trencher . . . I am in hopes of having reached that Aristotelian state which makes a happy compromise between the stiffness of honoured tradition and the looseness that academics are all too apt to call licence."

The author has succeeded perfectly in his ambition. The two outstanding impressions of the book are the enormous range and variety of the writer's knowledge, and the ease with which he carries his learning. He that increaseth knowledge increaseth sorrow—to a point ; but one cannot help realising that a strong man continually develops new strength and bears the weight of erudition in triumph, with jest and song.

Professor Adams's book deals with the teacher from twenty different points of view, e.g. " The Teacher as Psychologist," " The Teacher as Citizen," " The Teacher as Humorist " and so on. Some of it is critical, naturally, but all the criticisms are friendly and disarming. The author never for one moment allows himself to become angry or indignant ; he has a benignant, almost paternal attitude toward human folly, weakness, and professional bellicosity.

He discusses for example the reasons for the schoolmaster's unpopularity outside his school :

> " We are regarded as a sort of feeble people, who confine ourselves to talking, while other people do things. . . . Being the big man among a race of pygmies [within the school], he is said to become pompous and tyrannical, and to carry this attitude to some degree into his dealings with outside people. . . . A third cause of the low esteem in which teachers are held is the popular belief that there is nothing in the profession. The popular belief is that anybody can teach. . . ."

He quotes from Lord Hugh Cecil, Professor Laurie, Dr. Alington, Mr. Hugh Walpole, Mr. S. P. B. Mais, Mr. H. G. Wells and several other writers who have made pertinent criticisms of the profession, and then sums up. Schoolmasters have themselves to blame for the public under-estimation of their craft.

A teacher who has an exaggerated idea of his importance will find the book distinctly sobering, but the teacher who suffers from excessive humility will find it a healthy stimulant. It has " kick " of both kinds.

R. W.

MORE SURTEES.*

I am glad to find after all that " Hillingdon Hall, or the Cockney Squire," is included in Messrs. Eyre & Spottiswoode's splendid edition of the novels of Surtees ; for this is the third volume of the odyssey of the immortal Jorrocks, and is necessary for achieving a complete view of him in his last phase as a country squire, when he had travelled far from his early days in Great Coram Street as a grocer, taking then his sporting pleasure as a humble member of the Surrey Hunt, riding to the meet through the Strand, the while the street boys called out : " Crikey, a hunter ! . . . Vere do you turn out to-day ? Vere's the stag ? Vot a vip the gemman's got "—those v's for w's which have so unaccountably disappeared from the phonetics of Cockney language in the course of less than a century. " Hillingdon Hall," originally published in three volumes, also had a serial appearance during 1843–44 in *The New Sporting Magazine*, where it was illustrated with charming coloured designs by George Tattersall (" Wildrake ") and H. Heath ; the present edition has five additional illustrations in the same style by John Jellicoe. " Hillingdon Hall " has some personal touches, for it airs the author's Protectionist views in the days of the Corn Laws, while the Duke of Donkeyton is said to have been drawn from an all-powerful ducal neighbour in the county of Northumberland.

Next we come to Surtees's greatest work, " Mr. Sponge's Sporting Tour," which, as so often has been the case with literary masterpieces, was not at the outset easily placed with a publisher. It was declined by Ackermann and Longman ; but it was accepted by Harrison Ainsworth for serial issue in *The New Monthly Magazine* (1849–51),

* " Tyrol Under the Axe of Italian Fascism." By Dr. Eduard Reut-Nicolussi. 12s. 6d. (Allen & Unwin.)

† " The Teacher's Many Parts." By Sir John Adams, B.Sc., M.A., LL.D. 6s. (University of London Press.)

* " The Novels of R. S. Surtees." The second 5 volumes, completing the set. £17 10s. (Eyre & Spottiswoode.)

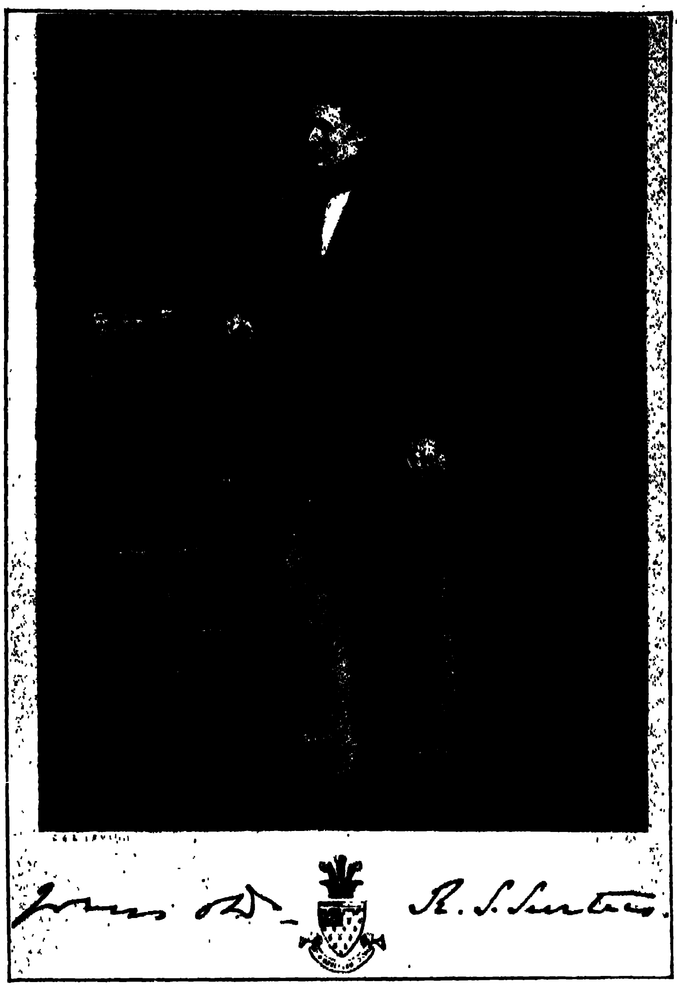
for he, with his usual bookish perspicacity, observed of " Mr. Sponge " : " He is a glorious fellow. . . . I have no doubt whatever of the success of the story when brought out with illustrations. It is unquestionably the best sporting novel ever written, and beats ' Nimrod ' all to sticks." Surtees took the hint to look out for a suitable illustrator, and at first he applied to Thackeray, whose designs for " Vanity Fair " he much liked. But Thackeray modestly replied :

> " I was very much flattered by your proposal to illustrate your tale, but I only draw for my own books, and indeed am not strong enough as an artist to make designs for anybody else's stories. You would find my pictures anything but comical, and I have not the slightest idea how to draw a horse, a dog, or a sporting scene of any sort. My friend Leech, I should think, would by your man—he is of a sporting turn, and to my mind draws a horse excellently."

Thackeray's suggestion to employ John Leech bore fruit, and so it came about that the right artist was found for " Mr. Sponge " and Surtees's subsequent novels, for never before or since have sporting stories allied with supreme humour been adorned with such artistic interpretation. Thus at last " Mr. Sponge's Sporting Tour " achieved success and enduring fame in 1851. In this work Surtees again challenged Thackeray in the field of his " On Some Country Snobs " with his amusing account of Sponge's visit to Jawleyford Court, while Lord Scamperdale was drawn from the same model as Thackeray used for his Sir Pitt Crawley—Sir William Chaytor, of Witton Castle, Co. Durham. As for Sponge himself, Surtees told Lord Elcho that the shifty gentleman's " modesty " was borrowed from " a certain free-and-easy acquaintance of ours." His object in the story was to decry the steeplechase betting system and " to put the rising generation on their guard against specious promiscuous acquaintances " like Sponge, " whose dexterity in getting into people's houses was only equalled by the difficulty of getting him out again."

" Plain or Ringlets " (1860) also shows some suggestions of Thackeray's influence, for it is as much a social satire as a sporting novel, and a satire of the period when Society wore the most bizarre clothes, both male and female, of all the Victorian era. The immense size and rotundity of the crinoline is a recurring symbol in the narrative and in Leech's delightful illustrations. The early part of " Plain or Ringlets " describes life at Brighton at the acme of the town's prosperity in the late fifties. Surtees generally passed the winter here, and it was at Brighton he died, in his lodgings at Mutton's famous confectionery establishment in the King's Road, on March 16th, 1864, at the age of sixty-one. He had written to the end, and his last work, undimmed in merit and power, " Mr. Facey Romford's Hounds," commenced to appear in monthly parts just as his death occurred. In his illustrations for this work Leech also was again at his best, yet he too died in October this same year (1864), which thus witnessed the sad passing of two of the most humorous delineators of life in the mid nineteenth century. " Phiz " ably supplied the remaining illustrations that were necessary for the completion of " Mr. Facey Romford's Hounds," one of the most vivid presentations of the English country-side.

S. M. ELLIS.



Robert Smith Surtees.
From a portrait sent by his daughter, Eleanor Viscountess Gort.

VITAL HISTORY.*

The common gibe against the critic that he is an unsuccessful creator—" he who can write, does ; he who can't, criticises "—certainly does not hold good of Mr. Kellett. During the last few years Mr. Kellett has become recognised as one of the most scholarly of literary commentators, combining remarkable erudition with an always vital sense of human values. In his latest book he has given full scope to his imagination as well as his intellect, and appears before us in the dual rôle of critic and creator.

" The Conflict " is something distinctive in modern literature. It is not a novel, though it is far more fascinating than most novels. Still less it is formal history, though it contains nothing which in the belief of the author is not substantially true. Mr. Kellett himself describes the book as " saga " ; but, even so, it is saga " with a difference," as the modern advertiser says. The author presents history in the form of a vigorous narrative, using dialogue and other fictional devices as occasional aids. He has achieved the simplicity, without lapsing into the baldness, of the old sagas, and his writing is at once strong and beautiful.

The setting is Northumbria in the seventh century. The ancient kingdom is in its hey-day, prior to its decline before the invasion of Picts and Danes. The Court at Bamburgh and the whole life of the common people, with their mingled heathenism and Christianity, are vividly sketched in ; and, against a background strangely compounded of civilisation and superstition, the first struggle in England between king and priest is staged. The combatants are Egfrith, King of Northumbria, and Wilfrid, Bishop of York—the latter a more dominating figure than Becket five centuries later. The conflict indeed is a dual one. There is the outward struggle between Egfrith and Wilfrid, who is ambitious to attain wealth and prestige for the Church and (through the Church) for himself ; and and there is the inner conflict between two different forms of Christianity. Wilfrid's allegiance is to Rome, while the faith of Egfrith—inasmuch as it has displaced the Thor-worship which still struggles in his bosom against the new religion—is derived from the Lindisfarne school. Cuthbert, the last representative of that gentle, simple, holy but too unpractical tradition, is among the host of minor figures who live for us in Mr. Kellett's pages.

Mr. Kellett gives us a vital glimpse of the past. His book is rich in characterisation, in drama, and in unforgettable scenes. But it is also full of significance for to-day. Mr. Kellett realises that, however much externals

* " The Conflict : A Saga of the Seventh Century." By E. E. Kellett. 12s. (Constable.)

may change, human nature remains fundamentally the same. Upon a seventh century stage he presents a problem that is old but perennially new. How are we to evolve a Christianity that is neither too worldly nor too cloistered? The question has yet to be answered. G. T.

GREEKS, ROMANS AND OTHERS.*

In the course of his attractive essays Mr. Sargeaunt more than once finds occasion to mention Walter Pater, but even without such reminders his readers would be likely often to remember the "Renaissance." Not that there is any particular similarity in the styles of the two books. In Mr. Sargeaunt's straightforward and pleasant writing there is none of Pater's brooding elaboration. It is that in looking back towards the times called classical the younger writer, like the older, is always conscious of what lies between then and now, and especially of the Italian Renaissance. Also, like Pater, he is as much interested in the plastic and pictorial arts as in literature; and perhaps in the art of life above all.

Among his subjects therefore, side by side with studies of Plato's "Laws," Cicero's correspondence, and the "substance of Greek tragedy," we find "The Classic Pastoral and Giorgione" and "Classical Myths in the National Gallery." In the first-named, taking Giorgione's *Fête Champêtre*—surely more usually called the *Concert*?—as his starting-point, and quoting Rossetti's sonnet on it, he discusses the nature of pastoral in poetry and painting, as illustrated by Theocritus, Virgil and the Venetian painter. His differentiation between the Sicilian and the Mantuan is an admirable example of the comparative method in criticism:

"The passages in the pastoral life which Theocritus selects are for the most part only true to nature or life in a secondary degree; they interpret, not the country life over which trouble and toil and uncertainty are always imminent, but a certain aspect of the consciousness of the city dweller, not wholly satisfied with his own mode of existence and seeking distraction in the choice moments of a different life, where the emotions are shown as fanciful and novel characters and in musical surroundings. . . .

"The pastoral poetry of Theocritus is not an interpretation of life, not even of pastoral life. . . . His poetry is rather a refuge from life, something that holds the attention and charms the thoughts, without stirring the emotions, realistic in detail without touching the deeper reality of the country and life in it."

On the other hand Virgil's

"relationship to the country is personal, and carries with it a force of emotion that Theocritus never achieves; the more humble and permanent facts of country life, the varied pageantry of cloud and shadow on hill and plain, make the beauty of song in the midst of nature more real and lasting. . . .

"The *Eclogues* of Virgil present, not the pastoral life as a moment of amusement or distraction, but as a certain ideal of civilised life, the passionate enjoyment, with others, in a favoured spot on a summer day, when men, fatigued with the endless series of practical affairs, hope to realise all the possibilities of life, of which they are now conscious, the harmony of inner and outer beauty in the happy union of art and nature."

Giorgione Mr. Sargeaunt finds more akin to Virgil than to Theocritus.

"The pastoral in general lacks what Matthew Arnold called 'high seriousness.' Theocritus never strikes such a note, while it is the presence of this seriousness which makes the pastoral spirit of Giorgione akin to that of Virgil. It is a quality of his colour felt in the whole and in the individual figures and forms of nature, just as it pervades the Virgilian hexameter, passing from these formal or structural elements into the subject represented and endowing it with a deep significance. . . . There is a sense of sadness in the comment which both these artists make upon the beauty to be realised in such a life, coming from the same quality of artistic temperament, worked upon by the same local influences, and warmed by the same racial blood."

I have quoted somewhat at length from a single essay because it seemed that thus might Mr. Sargeaunt's special quality best be illustrated. But it is not suggested that that particular paper is better than its fellows. Equally good for example are "The Greek View of Life," a discussion of the Athenian "Gospel of the Finite" and, what is essentially a kindred piece, "The Eternal Wanderer," a happy vindication of Ulysses against the romantic yearnings imputed to him by Tennyson. One may differ from Mr. Sargeaunt on points of detail—for instance, I do not believe that Poussin's nymphs and satyrs are "joyless"—but he is an extremely stimulating writer.

FRANCIS BICKLEY.

* "Classical Studies." By G. M. Sargeaunt. 7s. 6d. (Chatto & Windus.)

THE JESUITS.*

The great mistake most people have made about the Jesuits is one that many people make about women, or about the inhabitants of foreign countries. Such idle generalisations as "Isn't that like a woman, or an Irishman, or a Jesuit," are by no means redeemed by the fact that occasionally the action animadverted on may, in truth, be very typical of the people so scorned. For the occasional existence of a purely typical woman, Jesuit or Irishman, should warn an intelligent critic to take care to draw no deductions from so rare an example: typical persons are as uncommon as normal people, and much more dangerous for purposes of deduction.

The great merit of Fülop-Miller's rather distracted and desultory volume is that he recognises that two men may be Jesuits and have nothing in common except their membership of that amazing Companionship. Indeed, by and large, two Jesuits are much less likely to be similar than two Freemasons, or two Masters of Foxhounds. It should not be hard for Englishmen to remember this. If Robert Parsons, politician, intriguer, practical, shrewd, diplomatic, was a Jesuit, so was Edmund Campion, saint, poet, hero, and martyr. In very recent days the Order in England has had as its sons men so exceedingly unlike as Gerard Hopkins, Geo ge Tyrrell, Bernard Vaughan, and Fr. Thurston. In fact, the attempt to make all Jesuits of one complexion is scarcely less absurd than the attempt to make all Roman Catholics of the same colour, a task only attempted by those who can see nothing in Rome but the red of wickedness or the purple of pride.

To the student of humanity the Society of Jesus will always be remarkable for two things—the success with which the Jesuits restored obedience to a world that was more and more inclining to think it a slave's virtue, if indeed a virtue at all; and the way in which their missionaries carried to savage peoples the natural virtue of heroic courage. Indeed it will be hard for any Christian, even one most remote from the creed that the children of St. Ignatius prefer, not to hail their missionaries' courage as supernatural. The result is told not only in the blood-stained, tear-watered pages of the Society's own books; but in the books of many writers who have small love for Jesuitry. The most moving sections of Parkman's great history of Canada are concerned with the doings of the Jesuit priests; and no man can write a history of China or Japan, since those countries came into contact with European peoples, without testifying to the amazing beauty of the lives of the Jesuit martyrs. Those men who obeyed perhaps too closely the Dominical injunction to imitate the serpent, were ready to die like maimed doves.



M. René Fülop-Miller.

"Whilst they were hanging on the cross, or, head downwards, were awaiting their end, or were being led to the executioner's block, they continued to preach, up to their last breath, that the Christian faith was the true faith. After all the many

* "The Power and Secret of the Jesuits." By R. Fülop-Miller. 21s. (Putnams.)

victories which they had gained in Japan by their skill and ingenuity, the manner in which they met death for the honour of God would not fail to have lasting effects. Indeed when, many years later, Catholic missionaries were once again permitted to enter Japan, they discovered large communities who secretly confessed Christianity: they were the descendants of those Japanese who had once witnessed the martyrdom of the Jesuits."

Jesuit victories in the field of learning, especially of theology, have also been notable, even if their value has been more questioned. It is unfortunate that comparatively early in the history of the Order, the efforts to regularise and codify moral theology should have led to such excesses in thought that the society was challenged by the devastating wit and Christian common sense of Blaise Pascal. Yet subsequent theologians, Protestant no less than Catholic, would admit that Port Royal was wrong in principle when the Jesuits were right. It is sound Christian doctrine, and in evident accord with our Lord's own teaching as shown in the Gospels, that each sinner must be judged separately: every case, in the forum of the confessional, must be a special case. By fixing this the Jesuits did an inestimable service to the general ethical thought of the modern world; and some of us have watched with no little entertainment the laborious efforts of Dr. Freud and his followers to plod on a weary voyage of pedestrian discovery through a country which has been thoroughly mapped, years ago, by the moral theologian.

R. ELLIS ROBERTS.

A GREAT GENERAL.*

It is undeniable that the biographies of famous soldiers, no less than the histories of famous armies and campaigns, have sometimes made tedious and indigestible reading, even for students and enthusiasts. General Weygand's concise and illuminating record of the life, character and achievements of the famous seventeenth century Marshal of France is, apart from its technical merit and historical value, so genuinely readable that it may well be found to appeal strongly, even to readers not usually interested either in biography or the accomplishments of great military leaders. For the brilliant present-day French soldier has here achieved what should be the objective of all biographers, as it is the end reached by relatively few, of making his subject known to us, not simply as a great figure in history, but as a human being, a real person, a fellow man, albeit one of an age three centuries earlier than our own. This is a notable, even a brilliant achievement, and one for which English readers may feel some gratitude, too, to Mr. George B. Ives, whose translation of the masterly French original is competent and satisfying. We may also be grateful for the fact that, big and many-sided though his subject was, General Weygand has shewn soldierly continence and self-discipline in his handling of it.

It is not necessary to enlarge upon the author's qualifications for his task. The greatest of France's modern military leaders, who was so finely served throughout the Great War by General Weygand, his Chief of Staff, would have been warm in welcome for this illuminating tribute to that other great Marshal of France, of whom Napoleon said (in characteristically Napoleonic vein), "Of all the generals who have gone before me, and perhaps will come after me, the greatest is Turenne." The author clearly cherishes for his subject that touch of almost reverential enthusiasm which is so eminently desirable in the biographer; but nowhere does he permit hero-worship to run away with his pen or to dim the shrewd clearness of his vision. Any reader inclined to doubt this, or to hold him partial, should perpend carefully Chapter II of the present volume, with its coolly informing record of the Fronde, and such passages as that beginning: "In our day, when one must not admit any sort of weakness in the face of the enemy . . . Turenne's action would be a crime for which nothing could atone," and concluding, justifiably and finely, as even the purist will admit: ". . . if Turenne has been more severely reprobated than others, it is because his glory has always been so pure that we cannot bear to see it tarnished."

"Turenne died poor. . . . This is explained by the fact that he had not received pay in proportion to his deserts, and by his very great generosity. 'I have never been able to understand,' he said, 'what pleasure one can take in keeping strong boxes filled with gold and silver. If I had a considerable sum left at the end of the year, it would make me sick at my stomach, as if I had to leave the table after over-eating.' If he took an officer's worn-out mount in exchange for a horse from his own stable, he pretended to think that he was making a good bargain."

In a hundred such flashes, the author makes Turenne visible to us, not simply as the great general, but as the man, the comrade, and be it said, the great gentleman. Space does not permit the quotation of striking examples of such features (which make the narrative absorbing), or inclination would prompt borrowing from every chapter of a fascinating book.

A. J. DAWSON.

* "Turenne: Marshal of France." By General Max Weygand. 10s. 6d. net. (Harrap.)

A MASTER OF DESTINY.*

Dr. Tilney's interesting volume touches on problems of sociology, and of philosophy as well as of biology; but it is essentially a comprehensive collation and lucid exposition of the facts of phylogeny as viewed and interpreted by orthodox evolutionists and, as such a collation and exposition, is full of interest and instruction. Beginning in the ordinary orthodox way, at the tiny colloid blob, the amœba, he proceeds to trace in the ordinary orthodox way the evolution of man, and especially the evolution of his cerebrum.

According to evolutionary theory, as expounded by Dr. Tilney, the brain was presaged by the scattered nerve cells in the tissue of the sea-anemone—the cells in action there to-day. But the nerve-cells in the sea-anemone do not work in co-operative unity; each works independently, at its own sweet will; and the brain, as a co-ordinated system of cells and fibres working together to fulfil common functions, may be said to be first represented by the nerve-cells and fibres which form a sort of necklace round the rim of the ball of the jelly-fish, and by rhythmical co-ordinated impulses initiate and control its movements. In the jelly-fish too, according to the evolutionary view, we find rudimentary eyes in the form of specks of pigment (*ocelli*) sensitive to light, which are placed at the base of the tentacles.

The jelly-fish, then, began the brain; but the flat-worm "went one better": it elongated its body, and concentrated a bunch of nerve-cells at its anterior end, and thus invented the round ball of concentrated cells and fibres known in the higher animals as a "brain." In this invention there were all kinds of potentialities; in the insects and crustaceans the complex increased in complexity, enabling bees, and ants and crabs to enjoy a great variety of functions. Organs of taste and smell also developed, and the spot of pigment grew, in some mysterious way, into an eye. At this point, however, difficulties arose, for the evolutionary process had inadvertently arranged the brain-cells round the gullet, and as the brain grew it pressed on the gullet and obstructed it. Hence, according to Dr. Tilney, the bloodthirsty habits of the mosquito. The miserable creature, burdened with too much brains, finds it difficult to swallow and so chooses the richest, most concentrated food it can find.

The fish however (descended from molluscs) adopted a wiser plan: it kept its superior brain in a special brain-box, and passed the idea on to the amphibians and reptiles, each of whom effected improvements.

According to Dr. Tilney, it took seven or eight hundred million years—we are not surprised—for the nerve-cells in the sea-anemone to evolve into the brain of a fish. Wisely he does not say why or how they evolved, but

* "A Master of Destiny." By Frederick Tilney, M.D. (Heinemann.)

apparently he has no doubt at all about the *fact* of the amazing transformation.

After another three hundred million years of evolution in theriodonts and cynodonts, and ant-eaters and lemurs, and tarsioids and simians, there finally came forth the brain of primal man.

That briefly is the author's biography of the human brain.

The difference between the few scattered nerve-cells in the tissues of a sea-anemone and the millions of co-ordinated cells in the brain of a man, can have been produced only by innumerable permutations and combinations *en route*; and when we consider that the functions of the human brain include the writing of Shakespearean plays and the composition of Wagnerian operas, we are forced to realise that the distance between the two nerve systems is almost infinite. But Dr. Tilney is a fearless orthodox thinker, and in spite of the fact that Darwinism, and Lamarckism and Weismannism have all been subjected to destructive criticism, and that there is less to be said for genetic evolution now than might have been said a hundred years ago—in spite of that fact, he still tells as gospel the plausible and fascinating tale of the evolution of man and man's brain from an amœba *via* jelly-fish and monkey. So true is it that " there is something very dear to the human heart in sticking to venerable traditions."

Personally we do not for a single moment agree that any theory of general genetic evolution has been proven, but it is certainly most interesting to note how various organs and functions are represented at different stages in successive groups of animals, and one cannot but admire the accurate and masterly way in which Dr. Tilney has collected, marshalled and presented his facts, even if one disagrees with his interpretations.

The last chapter makes a powerful plea for the development to their full capacity of the intellectual potentialities of the human brain.

Very rarely can one find fault with the wording of the author's statements; but the statement on page four, that the spirochæte " produces changes which destroy the human brain in consequence of a disease known as paresis," is surely open to criticism. There is no disease " paresis." Paresis is one of the symptoms of syphilis, as of some other diseases.

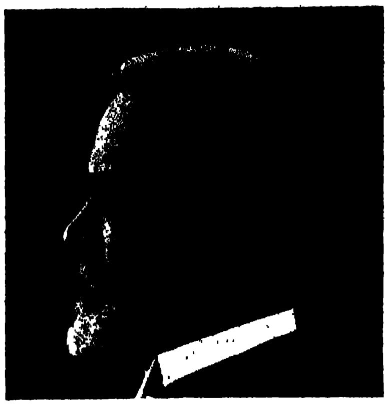
" The Master of Destiny " may be the outcome of the fortuitous transformation of the nerve-cells of a jelly-fish or flat-worm, but the excellent work it has done in the cranium of Dr. Frederick Tilney makes us rather sceptical of the humble origin he claims for it.

RONALD CAMPBELL MACFIE.

WAGNER IN EXILE.*

In May, 1849, Richard Wagner, then Kapellmeister to the Court of Saxony, was involved in a Republican uprising which took place in Dresden and led to many arrests and convictions. Wagner fled, by way of Weimar, to Switzerland, evading arrest and thereby avoiding a trial. The author of this book, Dr. Woldemar Lippert, is the Keeper of the Principal Public Archives of Saxony, and was fortunate enough to discover a number of letters and other documents which had not been published, throwing a good deal of light on Wagner's behaviour in exile. For ten years the most Teutonic composer who ever lived was forbidden to enter his native land. King John of Saxony, " the jurist among kings, the king among jurists," with a consistency which in itself cannot be condemned, refused to listen to the appeals which reached him from time to time, and would not even consider the possibility of allowing Wagner to re-enter Saxony until he had stood his trial. It is not easy to estimate to what extent the composer was a serious politician; his flamboyant disposition found expression in immoderate language which probably overstated his true opinions; but the law is no respecter of persons, and when a citizen writes of Revolution as a " sublime goddess," and rhapsodises about her in words like these:

> " The lightning plays round her majestic brow; in her right hand she holds a sword and in her left a torch . . ."



Dr. Woldemar Lippert.

and so forth, the law can only regard that citizen as a dangerous person and not stop to consider whether he is a musician of genius. Nine years later, when still fretting in exile and almost despairing of an amnesty, he refers to his political agitation as his " foolish escapades," making light of what had once seemed a serious matter to him. To us the wild-worded Wagner is a more attractive figure than the eater of humble pie who wrote letter after letter to persons in high places, beseeching them to concern themselves with his restitution. But the more we know about Wagner the more difficult it is to construct a convincing picture of him. This lucidly written and well translated book was well worth publishing; but it does little honour to Wagner's memory.

H. O.

* " Wagner in Exile." By Woldemar Lippert. 10s. (Harrap.)

DIVERSIONS IN THE DESERT.*

Mr. Owen Tweedy's " By Way of the Sahara " begins doubtfully, makes good early on, and stays very good till the end. The hardened connoisseur of travel books will be a little uncertain about settling down to a narrative which starts—familiar gambit—with a professional journalist cogitating in his club as to which of the world's wide, open spaces he shall write up next, there encountering a " safari " expert of the type familiar in agony column advertisements, and deciding to throw in his lot with this sporting gentleman in a motor trip from the Sudan to Algiers. A chain of circumstances of this character has provided the genesis of more jejune demy octavos than one cares to think about. However the reader need have no fear in this instance. In the company of Mr. Tweedy, Mr. Crofton and Mohamed Boon the gun-bearer, whose cognomen was no misnomer, he will not be bored.

Already, it seems, a regular motor-omnibus service traverses the wastes of the Sahara in " the season " (which means, simply, the time when there are not so many sand storms as at other times). Where Messrs. Tweedy and Crofton showed their originality was in choosing as the vehicle of their transit not that species of land-liner with balloon tyres and immensely powerful engines evolved by the requirements of this mode of travel, but a common or garden 10-cwt. Chevrolet van—" the stock horror of commercial traffic." There was no single constructional feature of this conveyance that was not utterly unsuited to the conditions of the journey, except that the puny engine had " the heart of a lion." Though everything else was wrong, nothing was more wrong than the tyres, and there, in every sense of the word, lay the rub. " *Mais avec des pneus comme ca ! Quelle toupee !* " as the Frenchman said on encountering our travellers in mid-desert, adding for their guidance the golden motto, " *Il ne faut jamais batailler avec le sable. On s'enfonce.*"

This then was the cavalcade that set out from Rejaf on March 13th, 1929 (to the secret dismay of the author, afraid to remind his friend that such a date was not usually considered lucky). They crossed the Nile-Congo watershed, ran north-west 2,000 miles through the

* " By Way of the Sahara." By Owen Tweedy. 12s. 6d. (Duckworth.)—" Sudan Sand." By Stella Court Treatt. 15s. (Harrap.)—" Stampede." By Stella Court Treatt. 7s. 6d. (Hutchinson.)

Belgian Congo and French Equatoria to Lake Chad, turned west for 1,500 miles through British and French Nigeria to Gao, thence striking due north to tackle the 875 miles of the Saharan sector, ending at Reggan, from which the 1,000 miles still to be covered to Algiers made relatively plane sailing. The trip, of 5,533 miles, occupied exactly seven weeks. An "African Odyssey" indeed, during many episodes of which the reader will follow these adventurers with his heart constantly in his mouth, in sympathy with the bumps and buffetings so vividly recorded by Mr. Tweedy. Cast largely in the form of a journal, his book deserves tribute as a record of unfailing gallantry and good humour, maintained throughout a series of unusual adventures, most of them physically uncomfortable and not a few, as one may read between the lines, extremely perilous.

Mrs. Court Treatt's "Sudan Sand" is in a different category. The business that tool· her and her husband to Africa was, as formerly, the very practical one of producing a new film. There was no need in their case to think out some very difficult adventure and then embark upon it merely because it was difficult and nobody had previously accomplished a precisely similar feat. Making a big film in the wilder parts of Africa is always an arduous adventure, terribly expensive, and sometimes dangerous too, as is here demonstrated. The writer's agony of mind, for instance, can be pictured when Major Court Treatt and two of his workers blew themselves up with the magnesium lighting apparatus, and without any skilled assistance Mrs. Court Treatt had to nurse a husband suffering excruciating pain and in danger of permanent blindness, a peril happily avoided through her instinctive adoption of the right treatment.



Burmese Coolie Women.

From "Love and Sunshine in the East," by Janet Aldis (Herbert Joseph).

The production on an ambitious scale of a film depicting the life and environment of a primitive people demands complicated staff work and considerable enterprise and resource. This is especially the case as regards the human factor, and even Bedouin "stars," it seems, are apt to develop temperaments. On these and a host of other matters interesting to a wider public then the noble army of film-fans Mrs. Court Treatt writes lightly and brightly, though sometimes—"we were the absolute and utter cat's pyjamas"—she is just a little too bright. "Sudan Sand," whatever its defects, is a book easy and pleasant to read.

All that need be said of "Stampede" is to record its advent as "the novel of the film." Both volumes are adorned by a sequence of photographs comprising landscape, animal and figure studies illustrative of the Sudan scene. Excellent photographs too, as might be expected.

Ashley Gibson.

CENTRAL EUROPE.*

One of the most fascinating figures in modern European history was Elizabeth, the wife of Francis Joseph of Austria-Hungary. Her tale has often been told, but never more interestingly than in these pages. She had, as is well known, no desire to be popular. "The people do not know," she said resignedly, "what to make of me. I don't suit their idea of an Empress, and they don't like me to upset their notions. So it is better for both sides that we should not meet." Perhaps she might have made a greater effort to fulfil the obligations of her position, especially as she derived from it considerable advantages; had she been born in less affluent circumstances she could, for example, not have acquired that lovely estate on the island of Corfu, which was subsequently to fall into the hands of the last German Emperor, whereupon he immediately threw out the statue which Elizabeth had erected to Heine. We hear of many interesting details. Thus of Ludwig, the mad King of Bavaria (Elizabeth's cousin), we are told that, towards the end, he issued his orders through closed doors, at which the lackeys had to scratch gently in token of their presence; they were not allowed to knock. Those whom he chose to punish had to kneel before him naked or lie upon their bellies. But we need not go to Bavaria for conduct comparable with part of this; there is at this moment an English duke with whom his butler communicates by means of written messages: an answer is scrawled upon them and they are sent back.

On the morning of August 22nd, 1858, a hundred and one guns announced that on the previous evening an heir had been born to the Austrian throne. The delighted father laid the Order of the Golden Fleece in his baby's cradle. But the gravest misunderstandings were to arise between Francis Joseph and Rudolph. Of these and of Rudolph's tragic end the world has already heard a great deal. In this book the Baron von Mitis, a close and lifelong friend, we are told, of the Prince, has certainly given us a human document. Unfortunately it has no index, and thus we are constrained to seek our luck by turning a chance page. Many of those in the Appendix are of great interest; there for example we find the reprehensible King Milan of Serbia writing to Rudolph from Belgrade in

* "The Empress Elizabeth of Austria. By Karl Tschuppik. Translated by Eric Sutton. 12s. (Constable.)—"Crown Prince Rudolph." By Baron von Mitis. 21s. (Skeffington.)—"Fragments of a Political Diary." By Joseph M. Baernreither. 16s. (Macmillan.)—"The Future of the German Empire." By General von Seeckt. 8s. 6d. (Thornton Butterworth.)—"Flood." By Robert Neumann. 7s. 6d. (Putnams.)

1885. Milan, of course, was notoriously pro-Austrian (the Austrian Emperor erected his tombstone, which can to this day be seen in one of the monasteries of the Banat, a district at that time Hungarian and now in Yugoslavia). "Yesterday," says Milan, "I had occasion to see the Russian Minister, who is going to leave. As, on the whole, personal relations with him have always been good . . ." Is it not curious that a king, the King of a Slav country which looked with filial respect at Russia, should be writing in such a strain to the Austrian Heir? In 1879 Prince Rudolph, on the eve of a long journey, made his will, being then twenty-one years of age: "My island Lacroma [now a gem of Yugoslavia] I lay at my father's feet. May he graciously accept it, grant it his protection and allow it to fall into no other hands. . . . I forgive my enemies, all those who, particularly in recent times, have angered me. I have trodden a different path from that of most of my relations. Our age calls for new viewpoints. Everywhere, particularly in Austria, there is reaction, the first step towards downfall. Those who preach reaction are the most dangerous enemies. I warn you against them. . . . A last farewell kiss in spirit to all the beautiful women of Vienna, whom I have so dearly loved!"

The next book on our list is the most absorbing, and it is provided with a most admirable index. Famous names jostle each other in its columns; nor are they included in a vainglorious ambition—of all of them Baernreither has something of interest to tell us. He himself was for many years an Austrian official, a man of exceptional parts. We are taken behind the scenes of Central European affairs. His knowledge of Bosnian affairs was extremely thorough; every year he was accustomed to betake himself not only to Sarajevo and Mostar, but also to Ragusa, Agram (Zagreb) and Spalato, where he came into contact with all sections of the population. When Bosnia and Herzegovina were annexed in 1908 a storm broke out all over Europe. Germany stood by her Austrian ally and the Emperor William, we learn, "displayed great delight over the wrath of his uncle across the channel." It is of the greatest interest in this book to follow the author in his peregrinations; everywhere he meets the leading men, with whom he may or may not agree. In a brief review it is impossible to give anything like an adequate account of these crowded and very important pages. Even for non-experts they are of the utmost interest.

General von Seeckt gives us a rather heavy political essay which is entitled "The Future of the German Empire." We were under the impression that the word "empire" connotes an emperor. Von Seeckt is known as an able person who has served the Republic very well; and his portrait on the jacket, though rather uncompromising and with a monocle in his eye, represents him in mufti. The book is not a very inspired performance, but as a professional disquisition on the machinery of a modern State it has some merit.

The last book on our list is one of the most exciting. It deals with Vienna during the inflation period after the War, when fortunes were easily won and lost, when you reckoned in millions and billions of crowns. It is a very long book—476 pages—but we read on and on; it is as thrilling as the most sensational newspaper. "Birkmeier was arrested for food adulteration and fraud. The sentence specified for two weeks in jail. A labourer named Balaun received four hundred kronen [crowns], reported in Birkmeier's stead and served out the sentence." Throughout this book there are the most flashing vignettes; as in "The Pit" we are placed in possession of all that proceeds in the shadows of big business. Birkmeier in a law court, when the judge and the prosecuting attorney have departed, roars at the eagerly listening spectators. He asserted that he knew where he could get his rights—even in this Jewish Republic [meaning thereby post-war Austria, where as a matter of fact the Jews have less interest than they once had in the Austrian Empire, a more flourishing concern]. All these alien races, he shouted, ought to emigrate to Palestine and a wall should be built around it, patrolled by sharpshooters. "The attendant took him placatingly by the arm. In the rear of the hall De Lettin was eating cheese sandwiches." We obtain an unforgettable picture of Vienna in those distracted years.

HENRY BAERLEIN.

CONTRASTS IN CURRENT POETRY.*

Doubts are being expressed everywhere about the prosperity of current poetry, and they are not wholly unjustified. But none can doubt its vitality. Within recent weeks at least half a dozen new volumes have been issued which are simply teeming with enthusiasm, confidence, enterprise and true poetic feeling. Several of these have been included in the present list, and the fact that their authors have already given us sufficient warranty as poets makes our reading not only delightful but uncommonly interesting, because we are able to observe how different is the outcome of the aforesaid enthusiasm, confidence and enterprise in practitioners working side by side at the same art.

Mr. Edwin Arlington Robinson's and Mr. Richard Aldington's, for example. Those readers who are acquainted with the predecessors of "Cavender's House" in Mr. Robinson's bibliography will know exactly what to anticipate. A long, smoothly flowing narrative in blank verse, full of fine flashes and characterised all through by an absolute lack of anxiety in the poet lest he is accused of writing blank prose; and yet all the while the work is gathering in cumulative effect of high drama and profound emotion which, whenever Mr. Robinson is at his best, establish him anew as one of the finest poets of contemporary America.

The contrast of Mr. Aldington is remarkable. Here is a poet who has also a tale to tell in "A Dream of the Luxembourg." But—

> "Now am I so much moved as I write this
> That my hand shakes with excitement,"

he informs us, and the excitement sweeps him along at a speed which, if we happen to recall "Cavender's House" during our perusal, leaves Mr. Robinson's narrative standing still, so to say. To seek for definitions is to describe "Cavender's House" as the narrative of meditation, and "A Dream in the Luxembourg" as the narrative of impulse. And how sparklingly "A Dream" ripples along! A wideawake dream; a dream of youth and youthful ardour, yet splendidly controlled in both technique and feeling. Mr. Aldington is to be especially congratulated on having overcome the main peril which attends this kind of poetry. He has sublimated what otherwise might have been a very flashy story of fevered passion whose consciousness precludes the innocent springtime raptures; and we speak of this exclusion in spite of a passage that may be quoted as illustrating the author's method, and in which he claims that—

> "Nothing like it has ever happened in the world before—
> That two lovers should meet in a small house in France,
> Alone together between sea and land and sky,
> And the heart of at least one of them
> Pouring out tenderness and devotion and desire
> Like the tall fountain in the Luxembourg,
> Perpetually pouring and never failing . . ."

The "plot" in each of the two poems is of course vastly dissimilar. To "Cavender's House" comes one who, a dozen years earlier, lived there with his wife. He is drawn there in his loneliness by the feeling that she, though dead, will be awaiting him in her chair "in the room as he remembered it." The ironic exchange of thoughts and feelings as, with "twelve years between them," man and ghost talk together, is exquisitely recorded. Mr. Robinson's gravity of style is perfectly suited to his theme. So is Mr. Aldington's pell-mell outpouring suited to *his*. He tells

* "Cavender's House." By Edwin Arlington Robinson. 4s. 6d. (Hogarth Living Poets: Hogarth Press.)—"A Dream in the Luxembourg." By Richard Aldington. 3s. 6d. (Chatto & Windus.)—"Ash Wednesday: Six Poems." By T. S. Eliot. 3s. 6d. (Faber & Faber.)—"Anabasis." By St.-J. Perse. Translated by T. S. Eliot. 10s. 6d. (Faber & Faber.)

of a young man who is called abroad by one who becomes his mistress when he reaches the end of his long journey. But the parting is not long delayed, and—

> "I remember how I loved her and she loved me;
> I remember how so many nights she lay in my arms
> In the mysterious communion of love . . ."

Critics of Mr. Aldington will say that he is indebted to Mr. T. S. Eliot for his manner. He was once, but now no longer. Mr. Eliot has influenced more than one writer of to-day's poetry, but he cannot really be imitated. This we may perceive in two remaining books on our list—a collection of six poems entitled (enigmatically) "Ash Wednesday," and a translation of a poem from the French which he considers "one of the most remarkable poems of this generation." About "Ash Wednesday" we need say little except that those who seek to find plain meanings in it do so at their peril. Mr. Eliot has not published the book for the plain man. It is for those who are willing to follow the drift of a cultured, uncommonly sensitive philosopher's thoughts in poetry. A scientist's thoughts too; for poetry is not so much an art to him as an expression of communal interest in verse:

> "Because these wings are no longer wings to fly,
> But merely vanes to beat the air
> The air which is now thoroughly small and dry,
> Smaller and dryer than the will.
> Teach us to care and not to care—
> Teach us to sit still."

Mr. Eliot has returned from his quest of new discoveries to reflect in his subtly intellectual and spiritual fashion on the need of faith in human existence—and it must be faith dressed in austere colours, as the fourth of his six poems intimates quite plainly.

It is foolish to speculate, but we cannot help feeling that the parched, tropical colouring of "Anabasis" was one of the chief factors in its attraction for Mr. Eliot, and a stimulus to his desire to translate it. No description of St.-J. Perse's oratorical poem would be valid, any more than a description of the "Song of Solomon" has ever been valid. All that may usefully be said is that it reads like an Old Testament book, sublime and arid, lofty and harsh:

> "Men, creatures of dust and folk of divers devices, people of business and of leisure, folk of the frontiers and foreign men, O men of little weight in the memory of these lands; people from the valleys and the uplands and the highest slopes of this world to the shore's end; Seers of signs and seeds, and confessors of the western winds, trackers of beasts and of seasons, breakers of camp in the little dawn wind, seekers of water-courses over the wrinkled rind of the world, O seekers, O finders of seasons to be up and be gone. . . ."

The best way to approach this remarkably well translated piece of "script" (which the publishers took care to have remarkably well produced), is to wipe away in our thought as many centuries as divide civilised man from the rude crude life of limitless and timeless deserts of scalding heats and unspeakable cruelties which have never yet been absorbed and lost in the utilitarian activities of the modern world. Then in a gold-hot flash we know at once what the poet means when he writes: "I have seen the earth, parcelled out in vast spaces, and my thought is not estranged from the navigator." He is at one with Eternity yawning on the sands."

THOMAS MOULT.

HORACE WALPOLE'S ENGLAND.*

Even Macaulay, who so bitterly attacked him, could not but admit in the main the excellence of the letters of Horace Walpole, though it gave him a mighty jar to do so, for, the kindest of men in private life, anything savouring of affectation irked him sorely. He had his own affectations; but that is another matter. Walpole is a man of mystery to the extent that he worked at his correspondence like the galley-slave of old at his oar. Nothing was allowed to interfere with it—and for this we cannot be sufficiently grateful, for there is nothing else that brings back so clearly to the student of to-day the life and times of the eighteenth century. Life, for many, would be more dull were it not that Walpole gave up his leisure for the entertainment of his friends, and, so, for the delight of posterity. And who shall blame him if he had posterity in his mind? And what if he did make clear copies of the letters he wrote? Is it not at least as creditable to be one of the greatest letter-writers that the world has known, even if there was something of vanity behind the composition of them, as an historian who was mighty proud of his history? And there is this in Walpole's favour, that he wrote of his day and of the people that he knew. Macaulay wrote that Walpole was "a Gentleman-Usher at heart"; but he also says: "What then is the charm, the irresistible charm, of Walpole's writings? It consists, we think, in the art of amusing without exciting. . . . No man who has written so much is so seldom tiresome." So, setting out to damn, Macaulay, being an honourable gentleman, remained to praise.

It was an excellent idea of Mr. Mason's to compile "Horace Walpole's England as his letters picture it," for though

* "Horace Walpole's England, as His Letters picture It." Edited by Alfred Bishop Mason. 21s. (Constable.)



The Ladies Elizabeth Laura, Charlotte Maria, and Anne Horatia Waldegrave.

From a mezzotint after Sir Joshua Reynolds.

From "Horace Walpole's England," by Alfred Bishop Mason (Constable).

most who read it will be familiar with the admirable Toynbee edition of the correspondence from which it is



Katherine Mansfield.

drawn, it is pleasant indeed to gaze upon the pictures of eighteenth century England through the eyes of "Horry" Walpole. And how wise Mr. Mason has been not to annotate the letters, for obviously this is a book intended for the cultured reader. Nothing irritates the latter more than to be told who was Madame du Deffand, or George Augustus Selwyn, or Lady Mary Coke, or Sir Horace Mann, or Mrs. Abingdon; and as for the rest, what will the foot-notes benefit them.

And, having written the above, I find: "How happy must she (Lady Coventry) be with Billy and Bully," with appropriate information by the editor. And very essential it is to tell "the gentle reader" that "Billy was 'Billy the Butcher,' the Duke of Cumberland, the hero of Culloden; Bully was young Lord Bolingbroke." The price of an editor so discerning as Mr. Mason is above rubies and foot-notes.

Walpole, as the son of a Prime Minister, knew everyone and went everywhere. He certainly owed much to the situation in which he was born, and he took the fullest advantage of it—to the great delight of posterity. He had his prejudices, of course; but he was rarely malicious—whereby we get back to where we were a little while ago—as was Macaulay. Walpole was not a hater: it is extraordinary how little of spite there is in his correspondence, though he loved not those who hated his father.

The volume opens at page 72, on which is a letter to Horace Mann, and there is a passage which must be quoted:

> "The Mirepoix have brought a cousin of his, a Monsieur de Levi, who has a *tantino* of what I wanted to see. You know they figure themselves much upon their Jewish name, and call cousins with the Virgin Mary. They have a picture in the family, where she is made to say to the founder of the house, 'Couvrez vous, mon cousin?' He replies, 'Non pas, ma très sainté cousine, je sçai, trop bien le respect qui je vous dois.' Could anything be more happy?"

Wherever "Horry" goes—and where did he not go?—he puts down his impressions of places and people—and who ever has done it better? "Horace Walpole's England" is not so much for the shelves as for use as what used to be called a "bed-book." And if this is not a tribute to Horace Walpole and to Mr. Mason, I should like to know what is?

LEWIS MELVILLE.

A FINE CRITIC.*

Only one qualification for the writing of criticism of fiction did Katherine Mansfield lack: she did not really care for stories. She will speak of the entertainment novel as if it were a low form of art, instead of being what it is, the original form of all great fiction. Indeed, the novel which abandons the task of entertainment has, if any novel has, abandoned the specific quality of the novel. It is not that Dostoievsky is less entertaining than Dumas: it is that he entertains us differently. People who believe that the entertainment which they extract from art is different altogether in its nature from the entertainment derived by the vulgar are guilty of one of the cardinal æsthetic sins: they are attaching a mood, a spiritual value to a purely æsthetic emotion. Now, Katherine Mansfield was never a prig, and so when she comes to deal with novelists who are not only "entertaining" in the low sense, but who also entertained her—Rose Macaulay and "Elizabeth" are capital instances—she is as generous with her praise as one can wish. Yet she remains suspicious of this quality, this alas! rarer and rarer quality of entertainment. How else can one explain the shy complaint with which she qualifies her praise of Miss Stella Benson's "Living Alone"?

To read through these pages—reprinted reviews from *The Athenæum*—is enough to make any critic of fiction despair. How exquisitely Katherine Mansfield seized the very life of a book that she liked—how equally exquisitely could she kill, with a sentence, a just analogy, a picture, the books she disliked, or the books to which she was, I think, a little unjust. Here she is, for instance, on the "pastime novel," the novel of entertainment:

> "By far the greater number of them aim at nothing more positive than a kind of mental knitting—the mind of the reader is grown so familiar with the pattern that the least possible effort is demanded of it, and yet this ravel of wool is just enough to keep one from facing those grim uncomfortable creatures who are only too ready to stare one out of countenance. O Life! why is it that so many of thy children are homeless, for ever doomed to have a little time to spare between the stages of the tedious journey? What can they do? They cannot spend the time staring out of windows. Is there nothing to go to see or hear or buy? Are there no books? Up and down the miles and miles of bookstalls range the uneasy travellers. There are so many books that the cities are darkened, the country is buried, the sky is blotted out by them."

By an unfortunate accident some of the more important modern novelists either published nothing during the period of Miss Mansfield's criticism, or she did not have their books. There is nothing of hers here about Mr. Wells, Mr. Bennett, Mr. Charles Marriott, Mr. D. H. Lawrence, H. H. Richardson, or Ford Madox Hueffer. We find here, however, a greeting for the rare genius of Stephen Hudson—on the publication of "Richard Kurt"—and a recognition of the brilliance and truth of Mr. O'Riordan's "Adam of Dublin." There is a beautiful notice of R. O. Prowse's wonderful "A Gift of the Dusk," the novel about life in a Swiss sanatorium for tuberculosis, a book so much better, more delicate, more appropriate than Thomas Mann's vastly overpraised "Magic Mountain." Once at least Katherine Mansfield deals with an author who has done much to make the English language transitional—though transitional to what has never been apparent. She reviewed Miss Gertrude Stein's "Three Lives." She did not have much patience with it, though those stories are clearness itself compared with Miss Stein's later work.

> "Miss Gertrude Stein has discovered a new way of writing stories. It is just to keep on writing them. Do not mind how

* "Novels and Novelists." By Katherine Mansfield. 7s. 6d. (Constable.)

often you go back to the beginning, do not hesitate to say the same thing over and over again—people are always repeating themselves—don't be put off if the words sound funny at times: just keep right on, and by the time you've done writing you'll have produced your effect."

There are some notices in which Katherine Mansfield considers the nature of the novel; but on the whole I got the impression that the technique of story-telling, to which all novels must in the end pay obeisance, did not interest her. She was, we know, preoccupied with questions of religion and the ultimate significance of art and this rather hampered her examination of the most typical instances of English fiction that came her way. I am not sure what would have happened to a novel of Scott's or Thackeray's had it been sent at that time for her appraisement. She is extraordinarily lacking in perception when she writes of "Esther Waters," on which she passes the strictly absurd judgment that "it has not, from first to last, the faintest stirring of the breath of life," a typical confusion between life and the ways in which it can be expressed. Katherine Mansfield disliked the way in which George Moore expressed his version of Esther Waters's life; that she had a right to do, but to call her dead is as stupid as it would be for an Italian or American to call a reserved Irish or English person unemotional. She leans, in fact, as a critic rather too much to the heresy that demonstrativeness is what it professes to be—it is an error which explains, I fancy, much of the tragedy of her life as well as the slighter disasters of her criticism.

R. ELLIS ROBERTS.

BY ORDER OF THE TSAR!*

A complete account of the work of the Ochrana (the Tsarist secret police) would be of great value and interest. No organisation had a greater reputation for subtlety, thoroughness and lack of scruple. Its agents, official and unofficial, ranged from princesses to beggars, and its work has been the subject of romances untold. I can testify that on one occasion, when it specially interested itself in my affairs as a foreign correspondent, I found its agents more difficult to detect and to deflect than any others.

Hence the hopeful expectation with which one opened Mr. A. T. Vassilyev's handsome volume, "The Ochrana." The author is announced on the cover as the last Tsarist Chief of Police—a description liable to create misunderstanding. Vassilyev's position during the closing year of the Tsar's reign more closely resembled that of the Home Office head of the police department of state—admittedly a very high bureaucratic post—than of the active chief of police. The immediate duties were carried out under the direction of the Prefect of Police and General Globatshov, head of the Petrograd Ochrana.

This explains many things in this volume. It excuses what would otherwise be wholly inexcusable—the fact that Vassilyev remained in his private apartment on the day of the revolution, listening to reports by telephone of the murders of police and the burning of stations, in place of fighting with the police. It explains also why the Bolshevists, when they found him under arrest, released him and allowed him to go outside their territory. Vassilyev's description of the secret agents of the Ochrana, of the "black cabinets" and the tricks of espionage, contain little that is new. Time after time one pauses in astonishment to realise how little he really discovered of the revolutionary organisations, and how little he apparently was acquainted with the weapons employed by his own subordinates in fighting them.

Vassilyev pictures the political police as humane and legal in their methods; he dwells on the comforts of the upper floor cells of the terrible redoubt prison in the fortress of Petropalvski, in Tsarist days. He pictures exile in Siberia as a minor evil, and he shows us Rasputin as a much more amiable character than the world has understood.

Unfortunately it is too late for such pleading. Those of us who knew Petropalvski, with its deadly silence, its tomb-like cells and its outlook on the ditch that was also execution ground, find it hard to believe that even the official mind thought it a humane home. The memoirs of many political prisoners and the reports of numerous state trials give too many details of horrors for us to credit the Ochrana with scrupulous exactitude in extracting information. The great value of Mr. Vassilyev's book is that it gives an admirable example of the mind of the obtuse bureaucracy which brought Tsarism to destruction.



Major W. F. Morris,
Author of "Behind The Lines" (Geoffrey Bles).

If another edition is called for, the spelling needs revision. For instance "Loublyanka" should be "Loubyanka," and to write "Tsheka" for the more familiar "Tche-ka" is affectation.

F. A. MACKENZIE.

* "The Ochrana—the Russian Secret Police." By A. T. Vassilyev. 15s. (Harrap.)

AS OTHERS SAW IT.*

"Behind the Lines" is an excellent War novel, original in plot and admirable in style, but handicapped by an unsuitable title. "Behind the Lines" has achieved an almost technical signification, as descriptive of "War from Behind a Typewriter," and the last word in this kind of thing was given in "Wine, Women and War." In the book now under review the words refer to the devastated area yielded up by the Germans in their retreat to the Hindenberg Line; and according to Mr. Morris this territory was inhabited by small bands of British deserters who had escaped from the line—not necessarily on account of cold feet, but for some mischance, such as that the refugee had killed his man, and the man concerned was not a Hun.

Such was the case with Peter Rawley, a young subaltern of gunners who, infuriated by the conduct of a skrimshanking vulgarian who had succeeded to temporary command of the battery, fell upon the rotter and after a fierce fight accidentally killed him. Then followed flight and the meeting with "Alf," who escorted the runaway to his lair. The description of the life which follows is admirable and is on the same high plane as the battle scenes which precede the main incident of the story. For about two-thirds of the narrative the attention of the reviewer was held fast, but then came the "Swiss Family Robinson" period when shaving materials, a field cashier book, and a chaplain's uniform conveniently came to hand. The subsequent adventures of Rawley as a chaplain at a loose end, and undetected, at Amiens are the class of thing which show that fiction can often be much stranger than truth. There is a pretty love story woven into the plot and one finds with relief—in these days of "best-smellers"

* "Behind the Lines." By. W. F. Morris. 7s. 6d. (Geoffrey Bles.)—"Scotland Yet." By H. Drummond Gauld. 7s. 6d. (Hutchinson.)—"Behind Both Lines." By Hugh Kingsmill. 6s. 6d. (Kennerley.)

in War books—that a subaltern of artillery can be an English gentleman and a WAAC can be an English lady. How Rawley and Alf became involved in the Big Push of 1918, and how the former " clicked " into his old battery and " got away with it " is well and plausibly told. This is a book which might have resulted in devastating rubbish, but Mr. Morris has such immense skill that he carries the reader with him on a kind of magic carpet of excitement. It can be, and hereby is, very highly recommended.

To read " Scotland Yet " after the above book is to realise pretty clearly what a " cushy " time gunners had compared with the old P.B.I. This indeed is the *motif* of Mr. Gauld's book. His object is to " tell in simple, straightforward language how the men of the British infantry lived from day to day," and later in the text he asks, " After all, what could match the glorious infantry ? If there was any romance in war surely it clung to them." The book begins with the period immediately following the first Battle of the Somme in 1916. The first four chapters are " Mud "—mud *in profundis*. They are well done, but will somebody please tell these naïve New Army authors that the remnants of the Old Army had *their* share of mud in the awful winter of 1914–15, and that they had to stick it with no trench material and with practically no support from their own artillery owing to the dreadful shortage of shells. " Scotland Yet " has some fine writing in it, but there is a " Dismal Jimmy " air about the book which is also marred by some sour comments upon the slightly lower standard of discomfort achieved by officers as compared with their men.

There must be some lure in the words " Behind the Lines " and Mr. Hugh Kingsmill goes one better with " Behind Both Lines," a title of which Elia would probably have said, " It arrides me not." Mr. Kingsmill was captured during an attack by the Royal Naval Division and spent the remainder of the War in German prison camps. The book is a little thin, rather " superior," and contains some things which the present reviewer strongly resents, e.g. " Staff officers, belonging to the regular army, disliked the temporary officer for using the War as a pretext to get into uniform, thus placing himself technically on a social equality with officers of the regular army." This sentence is typical of the whole book.

F. E. WHITTON
(Lieut.-Colonel).

BIOGRAPHICAL ART.*

Mr. Knut Hagberg, in the form of a most excellent translation by Miss Elizabeth Sprigge and Mr. Claude Napier, has made us wiser and happier by another very clever and wise book of biographical essays. They appear to be character studies written round longer biographies. Whether it is that the foreigner can see more of the game than those of the same nation, or whether Mr. Hagberg is much more thoughtful than most other writers, certain it is that this is quite a distinguished book.

The author never seems to be trying to say something sparkling at the expense of his subject, though he does write many bright thoughts. Delightful though his work is to read, the chief fact that one thinks of is that Mr. Hagberg has something really worth saying. There is no feeling of book-making. One finishes each essay feeling that it has contributed something new and important to the history of the person examined. It is so easy for a writer to say flashy things about such a man as Melbourne or Disraeli, or cynical things about Mr. Gladstone and Parnell ; but to treat them all with a delicate respect is another thing altogether.

The biographer sometimes forgets that even when his subject is dead, he has no right to trespass rudely into the historical house and say what he thinks will make a good joke. There are good manners in the biographical world just as much as at afternoon tea parties or dinner tables.

* " Personalities and Powers." By Knut Hagberg. 12s. 6d. (John Lane.)

It required the best manners, for example, to be tenderly sympathetic with the elderly Melbourne and the aged Disraeli trying to play the youthful gallant—and doing it—certainly in Melbourne's case—with great success.

Mr. Hagberg reveals his deep thinking in little by-sentences which very few would have knowledge enough to write. For example he says : " It was John Morley, a man somewhat overrated, both intellectually and morally, by his contemporaries, who like most atheists made up in pharisaism for his lack of religion, who prevailed on the aged Gladstone to break with Parnell " after the O'Shea scandal. Now that is a just valuation, which would not have occurred to nine out of ten biographers who, on such points, accept the obvious verdict. A crowd of commonplace persons repeated so often that Morley was a great thinker that it has become a commonplace, as is, perhaps, the case of half the men and women who have made a noise on the surface of the world.

G. R. STIRLING TAYLOR.

THAT GREAT CITY.*

New York's greatness cannot be measured. That is not to say it is greater than any other city ; but other cities are comparable to their great peers or their own half-forgotten pasts. They grow, almost as if in imitation of natural growth ; New York bursts into new and irrelevant self-expression so often that its old friends cannot recognise it. The sky-scraper is its challenge to older civilisation, yet the sky-scraper is not peculiar to New York, for the same strange glory is in Chicago, and was there—a Mr. Holabird was the architect—when New York still looked like a polite English provincial town.

Indeed, I suppose New York's greatness, its own particular individual stamp, consists in this : that it manages to make things—especially extravagant things—so much its own that it gets credited with the birth of a wealth it has only borrowed. Everything that other cities have —except quiet—New York has to excess ; everything that other cities abandon New York abandons more ferociously. It is no melting-pot, whatever may be said of the continent whose threshold it is ; for in New York dissonant elements become more dissonant. Nowhere is the Negro so Negro as in Harlem ; nowhere is the policeman such a policeman ; nowhere the theatre so much a theatre, or the glare so killing a glare as in New York. It is the city of extremes, a city whose cry is loud enough to the heavens, but somehow is a cry of little meaning, of less meaning perhaps than the cry of any great city in the history of the world.

Of the extremes in this city Mr. Dreiser writes. He went to it first in 1894 ; but these sketches are mainly of the New York that flourished between 1900 and 1914. It is already dead, his New York, stormed away, trodden under by a more fantastic and extravagant city. He writes of poverty, of crime, of the passion in the foreign quarters—(is there any unforeign quarter of New York now except, perhaps, Mrs. Wharton's house in Paris, France ?)—of the strange, hard lives of the casual workers, of the crowded existence in the tenements and the fierce fighting born of heat and too close quarters. At times, too, Mr. Dreiser wanders into a church in New York ; and there, in contact with the faith he has forsaken, he is perhaps at his most moving :

> " Man is a hopeful animal. He lives by the belief that some good must accrue to him or that his life is not worth the living. It is this faith, then, that in disaster or hours of all but unendurable misery causes him to turn in supplication to a higher power, and unless these prayers are in some measure answered, that faith can and will be destroyed, and life will and does become a shambles indeed. Hence, if one would balance peace against danger and death, it becomes necessary for each to act as though the ideals of the world are in some sense real and that he in person is sponsor for them."

It is the old Victorian agnosticism that trusted in the

* " Colour of a Great City." By Theodore Dreiser. 10s. (Constable.)

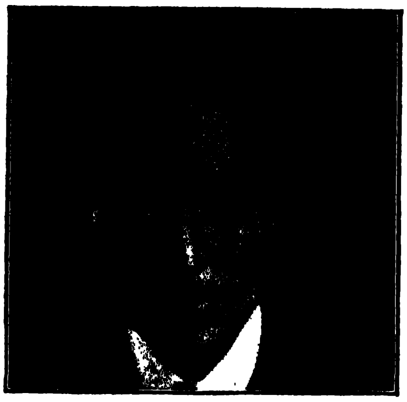
appeal of truth, when it was no longer regarded as true, and of pity and beauty when their sanctions are removed. There perhaps Mr. Dreiser is like New York—is it, too, a power divorced from sanctions, living too quickly and too confidently on the strength of traditions that have really been long ago abandoned ?

R. E. R.

Novel Notes.

THE WINGS OF ADVENTURE AND OTHER STORIES. By Philip Gibbs. 7s. 6d. (Hutchinson.)

In his new book of short stories Sir Philip Gibbs is essentially and unfailingly Sir Philip Gibbs at his best. The stories, though mostly post-war, are steeped in war atmosphere, and war's after effects is the theme of most of them. Nobody is more expert than Sir Philip at presenting modern life as a whole, with its unforgettable background of 1914–18. Those four years are responsible for so much in the world of to-day, more than the younger generation realises. No member of the younger generation could so adeptly have traced to its source the reckless craving for adventure of a young society woman as Sir Philip does in the story that gives its title to the book; nor have described so vividly the mental torture of a conscientious man whose past rises up to wreck his post-war happiness, as in "The Soul of Honour." The last words of "A Prisoner of War" are the key-note, we feel, to the whole book: "I know, because I happened to be there." As a consequence the stories possess strength, vitality and a profound human interest.



Sir Philip Gibbs.

TUCK OF DRUM AND OTHER STORIES. By Alfred Tresidder Sheppard. 7s. 6d. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

Good it is to read these tales on an idle afternoon of early autumn, as they completely fulfil the first aim of the short stories—they beguile the mind! We are just a little sad perhaps at the picture of the gallant old veteran of Austerlitz who supplies the title for the first tale. But what a delightful anxiety we feel in reading of the Devon-born Crump who has to help a selfish son, and who determines to retire to his beloved county somehow or other. He goes there, with his last penny spent, to offer himself to the workhouse. But a happy chance intervenes! There is going after all to be a little cottage and some work for dear old Crump in the Devon air. Happy ending also comes as a burst of radiance at the close of the interesting and cleverly phrased study called "The Tube," in which a wife, suddenly discovering that she is going to have a long-desired child, goes back to her husband in the nick of time. We find tremendous variety of theme in these eighteen attractive tales. They were selected by Mr. St. John Adcock, and he chose admirably.

THE PRINCE FROM OVERSEAS. By Sir Basil Thomson. 7s. 6d. (Chapman & Hall.)

This is a story of the island of Martinique and of life on the high seas during the war between the English and the French in the middle of the eighteenth century. Prince Hercules d'Este, exiled from the French Court, takes ship to Martinique. He lands under a humbler name, but his identity is discovered and royal honours are paid to him. Attempting later to return to France, he is landed, owing to a food shortage on board, at Faro in Portugal and, crossing the frontier into Spain, he is seized and condemned to serve a life sentence in the galleys. His ship however is captured by an African frigate, and the Prince eventually becomes the captain of an Algerian pirate vessel, at war with the France that has treated him so badly. Founded upon fact, Sir Basil Thomson's tale is a careful, conscientious and picturesque essay in historical fiction.

MARTIN MAKE BELIEVE. By Gilbert Frankau. 7s. 6d. (Hutchinson.)

Mr. Gilbert Frankau is always interesting. He is built that way. He can't, as a novelist, help turning out good copy. And his latest book is as good copy as ever he has turned. Interesting people, interesting situations, a novel twist in the structure and the plot. The beginning is better than that. The way he lets the delirium of a wounded man tell you all that has happened to Major Martin Kenterton up to the moment when he lies in hospital is masterly, it is as good as "Tom Fool." Martin has been hit by a shell. The moment before the explosion he was about to kill his best friend. But had he killed him ? (His best friend had been his wife's lover.) When he came back home there was the problem : would he tell his wife ? He found he could not. And, what is unusual in such a case, he found he could still cohabit with her. Well, all that, and the weakening to breaking point of the link between them is well told. And very charmingly a new character—that of a young girl, Sylvia, who falls in love with Martin, is brought into the story. It is a pleasure to meet in a modern novel a real clean young woman and a man who declines to take advantage of her. Martin's wife—Jill—goes after other men, and in the end, when for some years she and Martin have ceased to cohabit, she asks him to let her divorce him. He consents. And comes home to find himself landed in a predicament similar to that of one of the men who figured in a recent famous trial. This is good, brisk, dramatic stuff. But the real interest of the book, apart from that great opening, is in the well-drawn characters of Martin, Jill and Sylvia, and their mutual reaction.

THE WIRELESS CALL. By Mrs. Coulson Kernahan. 2s. (Epworth Press.)

An old priory, inhabited by the widowed Lady Mountmarris, her companion, Jane Robotham, and her household staff, is the scene of what may be called "a simple story." But this simple story contains all the ingredients for real romance. It has secret chambers, nightly visitants; servants with secrets, good and bad; a rich and generous châtelaine; a penniless stepson; a heroine with a sad love story; a rifled safe, stolen papers; and, ultimately, good streaks to be found even in the worst characters. Mrs. Kernahan has given us here many thrills, not a few misunderstandings, and false clues, but she does not allow us to be without hope at any time. A wireless S.O.S. leads to an explanation of the final mystery, and the story ends with happy hearts, peace and prosperity. The volume is a marvel of cheapness, and the working out of the love story of Jane Robotham in the midst of her capable managing of difficult situations is very satisfactory.

SOLDIERS' PAY. By William Faulkner. 7s. 6d. (Chatto & Windus.)

The blurb begins by telling us that William Faulkner is young. We have no difficulty in believing this. And if Mr. Faulkner is wise he will not believe anything else so rapturously told about him in either preface or flap. He has his trade yet to learn. He has talent and cleverness, but if Whistler was able to "get away with it" after flinging a pot of paint in the face of the public that was because Whistler had genius; and it takes something

more than mere talent (especially talent buttressed up by a literary style so strongly reminiscent of "Appassionata") to make a thorough success of a staccato and jerky tale in the perusal of which the average reader is likely to be bored stiff and the conscientious reviewer is driven to righteous wrath. The story is "not a War book," but deals with the return of some American soldiers and airmen to Georgia who find that the War is *démodé* and that the "war-hero" business is of the past. Actually, however, the tale is concerned rather with the portraiture of tiresome young America—chronically intoxicated and perpetually pornographic young persons. Luckily Mr. Faulkner is young.

THE INHERITOR. By E. F. Benson. 7s. 6d. (Hutchinson.)

Blended in Mr. Benson's new novel with characteristically natural descriptions of life at Cambridge and in Cornwall is a *macabre* and melodramatic vein. The early scenes, in which the ragging of undergraduates is described with sympathetic gusto and the common-room conversation of the dons with perhaps too broad a touch of caricature, hardly prepare the reader for what follows. Maurice Crofts, a young classical tutor, is shy and reserved, and has made no real friendship in his life until he comes under the spell of Steven Gervase, an undergraduate who, for some apparently inexplicable reason, has suddenly broken off his intimacy with the Babe, that "large, stupid boy with just perception enough to guess that his schoolboy friendship with Steven was outworn, and that another friendship, just as absorbing, but far more mature, had arisen." Little by little the subtle influence of Steven over Maurice is unfolded, but it is not until the two are holiday-making at his lonely home in Cornwall that Steven is fully revealed as a strange kind of modern pagan, with the hereditary curse of his family overshadowing him. The reader must discover the climax for himself. Mr. Benson is too vigorous and adroit a story-teller not to give the semblance of reality to a somewhat unpleasant fantasy. But for ourselves we prefer him as the unalloyed chronicler of ordinary lives.

THE GOLDEN CAT. By Douglas Newton. 7s. 6d. (Cassell.)

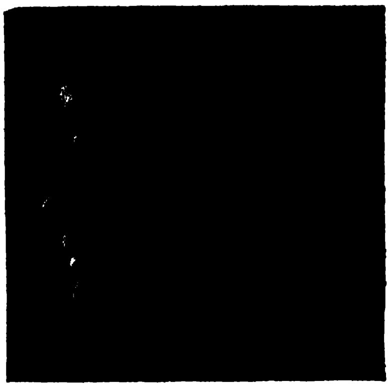
"I read only detective fiction nowadays," said a lady to the reviewer the other day. "I find the ordinary novel is either gloomy or grubby, and I take refuge in a good, clean tale." "The Golden Cat" might have been confidently recommended to her. A most exciting panorama unfolds itself in Mr. Newton's uncommonly well written book. What could be more mysterious than those fingers thrust boldly through a certain letter-box in the West End, bearing a golden cat trinket? What more intriguing than the beauty of the young suspected girl, Olga the Russian refugee? We hear of millionaire after millionaire's death; and the murderous confraternity of the Golden Cat is constantly at work. The fact that Olga has a twin, and that there is a drug which can make criminals yield up secrets against their will comes out at the very end of a most absorbing mystery that will certainly pass from hand to eager hand.

THE KRAMER GIRLS. By Ruth Suckow. 7s. 6d. (Knopf.)

Life in a small town is faithfully portrayed in this clever study of three sisters. Georgie and Annie Kramer, sharing the secret of their mother's shame, had always watched over their younger sister, Rose, striving to guard her from the dangerous allurements of the boys of the neighbourhood. Georgie hoped to see her own thwarted ambitions realised in Rose, and to this end contrived to send her to college. But Rose had to live her own life. As Georgie realised at last, "Folks can't do much for other folks." At last too Georgie was able to enjoy some part of the career she had longed for, while Rose went her way and found the sort of happiness she desired. The lives of the three sisters blend in a capably written and realistic story, with the small American town as a vivid and living background.

BREAKERS. By N. Brysson Morrison. 7s. 6d. (John Murray.)

Miss Morrison's first novel is chiefly notable as a study of Scottish life and character. Although her story takes us away from its bleakness and back to it again, the grim old manse, "a mile from any other habitation and situated on the edge of a Highland loch," is the background and the cause of all the strange, tragic happenings. But for such isolation, such detachment from the world, such poverty and monotony, would Euphemia ever have sought her wild adventure, and so brought into being the dour, uncouth son she refused to own? It is to Callum Lamont, her unwanted son, the book is principally devoted, his early struggles, the discovery of his identity, his pilgrimage to his mother's home, his taking up work in the neighbourhood where, unrecognised by her, he performs his part in the queer repetition of family history. Evil haunts him, but in the end he finds a way out. A grim story, full of atmosphere and showing considerable skill in the delineation of character.



Miss N. Brysson Morrison.

HAVANA BOUND. By Cecil Roberts. 7s. 6d. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

Mr. Roberts records the amazing adventures of Gerald Brodie when he went to visit his maternal uncle, Prince Bernardo Cravelli, at Havana. The voyage out was tense with excitement; for one of the passengers was the world-famous dancer, La Cubana, and there was the mysterious murder of Herr von Müller. On his arrival Gerald quickly was made to realise that he was something of a pawn in a political game and that his uncle was menaced by a deadly conspiracy. Time and again Gerald was saved by the loyalty of a youth who mysteriously attached himself to him, and who ultimately laid down his life for his friend. Mr. Roberts is so generous a contriver that it is not possible to give an idea of the manifold interest of his plot. But it is permissible to say that after Gerald had escaped from the siren charms of La Cubana, he was very pleasantly rewarded by his cousin, Nanette. This is an admirably written story, packed with interest from cover to cover. Mr. Roberts already has his assured friends, but this capital story should bring a greater accession to their number.

THE CHANK SHELL. By H. de Vere Stacpoole. 7s. 6d. (Hutchinson.)

Mr. Stacpoole has gone back to the tropical seas, but though he is once again amongst his own colourful haunts, he is far too concerned with the plot to spend any time weaving decorative touches. Perhaps we can understand this, even if we regret it, for the plot, which circles round hidden treasure, develops with an amazing rapidity and carries the reader along at a breathless pace. A chank shell with the twist to the left instead of to the right is supposed to bring luck to its owner. This was what Cray found at Sandabar on the coast of Sumatra, but the luck it brought was rather a doubtful commodity. Certainly it brought about an introduction to Carnahan and his daughter Maya, and was the reason for their joining forces. True too the treasure was found, but the chain of tragedies connected with its safeguarding and ultimate disposal was surely weighty enough to crush the stoutest heart. It

was almost with a sense of relief that we saw Cray emerging happily from the enveloping catastrophes. For those who enjoy adventure liberally spiced with intrigue and danger, Mr. Stacpoole has written an excellent yarn.

The Bookman's Table.

AFOOT IN ITALY. By John Gibbons. 7s. 6d. (Newnes.)

The real Italy, we know, is not the Italy the tourist is shown, but the Italy of common daily life. And this was the Italy Mr. Gibbons set out to discover, mostly on foot. His book is a joy from start to finish, not only because the simple, personal account of his wanderings is rich in humour, but because the picture he gives is intensely alive, and reveals a country and its people more vividly and more significantly than all the conventional guide-books put together. His opinions on Fascism are unbiased and obviously the result of keen observation; he sums up its cumulative effect in the words "callous efficiency." It will surprise many of us, as it surprised him, to find what a go-ahead, materialistic country the artistic Italy has become; but it will probably leave most readers with the feeling that if Italy is in the van of progress, there is something seriously wrong with civilisation.

CELEBRATED MUSICIANS: PAST AND PRESENT. By Hubert Whelbourn. 8s. 6d. (Werner Laurie.)

Mr. Whelbourn has compiled a large number of very brief biographies of all kinds of musicians, past and present. His choice of subjects is arbitrary and seems to have been governed by no special rule or plan. Little known and comparatively unimportant composers like Carl Heinrich Graun and André Ernest Modeste Grétry find a place and are accorded more space than a really important musician like Rimsky-Korsakoff, while some very significant composers are left out altogether—notably Sibelius, John Field (the English inventor of the nocturne, inspirer of Chopin and Liszt), Gustav Mahler, Hugo Wolf, Anton Bruckner, and Max Reger. A handbook of this kind, containing the information likely to be sought for by listeners-in, gramophone enthusiasts and others, ought to serve a useful purpose; but it should have been compiled with a surer sense of proportion than Mr. Whelbourn reveals. Harold Samuel, excellent pianist, gets half a page; Moiseiwitsch, Schnabel and a dozen equally distinguished pianists are not even mentioned. Peter Warlock, Balfour Gardiner, York Bowen and other youngish Englishmen find hospitality; but Rutland Boughton, Constant Lambert, Martin Shaw, Armstrong Gibbs and many others are left out in the cold. The selection of conductors is equally strange. If Furtwängler, why not Toscannini? If Sir Henry Wood, why not Pablo Casals? And if violinists and other executant artists are included, why should singers be left out? It is all very puzzling.

BURGUNDY. By Stephen Gwynn. 7s. 6d. net. (Harrap.)

One does not expect oneself to be conducted about this venerable part of France by Mr. Gwynn, but his success in doing it shows that a literary man of his capacity can turn his hand to any sort of writing. He is a guide after our own heart, for he acknowledges that here and there a place did not come up to his expectations, while the treasures of architecture are not allowed to swamp the human and the gastronomic interest. Naturally a visit to Burgundy causes us to anticipate the quaffing of many an historic wine; but evidently the local cooks are very much in the tradition of Brillat-Savarin. "Two of us," says Mr. Gwynn, "were new to France, and thought it amazing that simply because we had ordered a sparkling wine the hotel-keeper should dash out to his garden and make a hasty gathering of strawberries. They were no good, he told us, with Seyssel Mousseux; but next day we should have *fromage à la crème* with our strawberries, which will be ideal—and it was." This region of France is comparatively unfrequented, and one hopes that the flocks of travellers who will go there with Mr. Gwynn's book in their hand will not spoil the most worthy natives. There is a great deal of interest for the intelligent traveller—Bourg with its marvellous tombs, the towns on the Saône—and Mr. Gwynn is very informative in his hints as to how to move from one place to another—Cluny, Savoy, the Jura; we shall add enormously to our happy memories if we follow Mr. Gwynn even to half the places, world-famous and obscure ones, that he tells us of. And the world-famous, such as Aix-les-Bains, do not detain him for very long.



Photograph by Museum.

François Puget: Group of Court Musicians (two contrabasses, violin, theorbo, guitar), and Choristers of Louis XIV—second half of 17th Century. Paris Louvre.

From "A History of Music in Pictures." Edited by Georg Kinsky (Dent).

EARLY KEYBOARD INSTRUMENTS. By Philip James. 30s. (Peter Davies.)

Mr. James traces, as exactly as existing records permit, the development of keyboard instruments from the clavichord to the spinet, to the virginals, the harpsichord, and finally to the pianoforte as it was in 1820. His work is not only a beautiful specimen of modern book-making, but is a careful piece of research which will prove invaluable to students and collectors. Moreover although there is no special pleading, and each development of the instrument is given its due, one effect of his book is to encourage the reader to regard old instruments, and particularly the harpsichord, not merely as museum pieces, but as instruments with a charm of their own which has not been superseded by the grand piano of our time. Arnold Dolmetsch, profiting by modern knowledge, has built some delightful harpsichords and virginals upon which old

music recaptures its appropriate flavour. The many illustrations—one of Mrs. Woodhouse playing a Dolmetsch harpsichord—are finely reproduced; the list of makers and sellers of keyboard instruments working in the British Isles up to 1820 will be welcomed by specialists; and a bibliography adds to the usefulness of a valuable work.

MACHIAVELLI. By Ettore Janni. Translated by Marion Enthoven. 12s. 6d. (Harrap.)

A reading of Signor Janni's study gives a new meaning to the term "Machiavellian." To this writer the author of "The Prince" is not only a clear-sighted realist notable alike for courage and sincerity, but "a liberty-loving republican." He very rightly insists that the doctrines advocated in "The Prince" should be studied alongside the other political writings, in particular "The Discourses on the First Decade of Livy," because the Roman study defines Machiavelli's attitude when the people governed are more worthy than those of his own day. Post-war political philosophy in its reaction against nineteenth century idealism—a reaction which has substituted dictatorship for democracy over much of Europe—has boldly quoted Machiavelli in justification. The time is opportune therefore for this searching analysis of those principles. Those of us who still retain our faith in more democratic methods of government will not easily accept Signor Janni's hero worship of Niccolo either as a man or as political thinker. In England at least Cesare Borgia is not our ideal ruler. If one may urge anything against this book other than dissent from its theses it is the author's assumption of our knowledge of Machiavelli's writings and the events of his time. These latter are referred to in such wide terms that we need some such book as Burckhardt's "History of the Italian Renaissance" to remind us of the actual facts. Not the least interesting portion of the book is the author's introduction to the English edition, wherein he considers discreetly the implications of the Machiavelli doctrines in current Italian politics.

THE DEMON. By Lermontov. Translated from the Russian by Gerard Shelley, with an Introduction by Prince Mirsky. Limited edition. 21s. (Richards Press.)

There has been curiously little interest taken in England in the poetry of Lermontov who, with Pushkin, shares the peaks of the Russian Parnassus. Perhaps he has suffered from being a post-Byron romantic, and the Romantic School has long been out of fashion; also in Byron we have ourselves the best example of the type. Nevertheless, a good translation of selections from both Pushkin and Lermontov is needed for those whose taste in poetry is not too insular, and perhaps Mr. Gerard Shelley—or Mr. Maurice Baring—will one day give it to us. Mr. Shelley's translation of "The Demon" shows what he can do, for it is not only excellent as a version from the Russian, but it is also in readable verse that is limpid, coloured and not devoid of music. I have read other translations of this poem, and have no hesitation in saying that this is superior to any of them.

BLUE RHINE—BLACK FOREST. By Louis Untermeyer. 7s. 6d. (Harrap.)

Mr. Untermeyer's book is more than an invitation to go and explore the Black Forest and the magnificent country bordering the Rhine—it is a companion to take with you on the journey. A lively, amusing, informative companion ready to stimulate your appetite for gorgeous scenery, to guide you to miracles of architecture, lead you into obscure corners of ancient cities, give you hints respecting drink and food, and to bring to life the great ones who have passed on, leaving their work to enrich the world. A couple of appendices provide a glossary of useful words, and an anthology of Black Forest verse, full of peasant wisdom and humour.

Books of the Month.

From July 15th to August 14th.

(Books reviewed in this Number are not included in list.)

The true wayfarer turns aside to pay homage to whatever claims his admiration and attention, and blithely passes by the more familiar, however famous it may be. This is the presiding spirit of the Wayfarer Series, under which heading now comes **A WAYFARER IN WALES**, by W. Watkin Davies (7s. 6d.; Methuen). Whilst taking into consideration the genuine needs of the visitor by train, car or on foot, Mr. Davies, who is a distinguished historian of his native land, has enmeshed an abundant miscellany of interests. Strenuous days and days of leisure are equally catered for, and rewarded with a rich harvest of natural beauty and interesting facts.

Not intended as a chronicle of military exactitudes, these interesting records and impressions of travel in war time —**A SUBALTERN IN MACEDONIA AND JUDEA** (5s.; Mitre Press)—were written by the Rev. R. Skilbeck Smith more to fix them in his own mind than with the idea of publication. The author held at first a temporary commission, and later joined the Indian Army as a regular. After the recent spate of highly seasoned War books, this may at first appear too quiet and temperate to hold our interest; but let the reader persevere and he will find them full of the most varied interest, humour, personality and sincerity. Perhaps the most important part is that dealing with Salonika; too little has yet been written about that Cinderella of the fronts and the hardships our men underwent there. Mr. Skilbeck Smith's book helps admirably to fill that gap.

Mr. Mackail might almost be called a master-mixer of literary cocktails; no other ingredient or ingredients in the material world can be better compared with the effervescent, bubbling, vivacious qualities with which he endows his erstwhile victims in **THE YOUNG LIVINGSTONES** (7s. 6d.; Hodder & Stoughton). Rex and Barbara Livingstone, moderns of the modern, form an alliance as irresistible as it is binding, and keep not only their faithful bevy of friends, but the vastly entertained reader closely to heel at the call of their merest whim and caprice. Mr. Mackail is a past master too in the art of bewilderingly flippant and ambiguous conversation, but his inventive pen is more than equal to the quaint situations which often arise.

In the opinion of many, despite the wide publicity following Mr. Stanley Baldwin's eulogistic reference a year or two ago, the late Mary Webb has yet to reach her full literary stature. Following the Collected Edition of her works in its neat and handy format, Messrs. Jonathan Cape have now issued a second of these embellished with numerous illustrations. In **GONE TO EARTH** (7s. 6d.), just to hand, Mr. Norman Hepple has been responsible for the coloured frontispiece and many black-and-white drawings which happily suggest those elusive qualities so baffling in their delicate fusion.

It was with the object of investigating the spirit of occultism and black magic as practised by a little known sect in Zanzibar, allied to his duties in Government service, that Gerald Wingate set out for that island of witchcraft. In **FULL MOON** (7s. 6d.; Ward, Lock), Mrs. Jay Marston has drawn a vivid picture, not only of the life in general, but of the underlying temptations and treacheries and the cruelties that follow the slightest interference. When Diana joins Gerald and marries him, she is soon plunged into a whirl of mystery and intrigue, but Mrs. Marston has an excellent sense of balance and fitness, and does not allow either to override the delightful element of romance that weaves its way steadily through.

Peculiar interest—here for once one might be permitted use of the word "unique"—attaches to the handsome volume just published under the title of **FOR JOAN OF ARC: AN ACT OF HOMAGE FROM MARSHAL FOCH AND EIGHT OTHER MEMBERS OF THE FRENCH ACADEMY** (7s. 6d.; Sheed & Ward). As no mention is made of translation we may assume these nine illuminating essays to have been written in English. Upon that count alone the book is admirable, for as English prose it is throughout excellently clear, dignified, worthy alike its theme and its high intention. The intention clearly is, not alone to pay tribute to the Maid whose recent canonisation embodies modern France's view of her marvellous achievement and character, but—and this very notably—to place before an allied race, the people of the modern British Empire, a succinct crystallisation of this present day vision of the French nation. This it is, no less than the high quality of the essays and the brilliant standing of their authors, which gives the book specific historical value and interest. Bishops, statesmen, lawyers, masters of letters, the authors whose names follow that of France's greatest modern soldier may truly be said to represent the flower of twentieth century French culture, united here in homage to the French Maid who, five centuries ago, wrought a miracle which has come to embody for all time and for all peoples the spirit of patriotism. Foch, that illustrious soldier and truly pious patriot, would have rejoiced to see this book in the hands of English readers for, devout son of France that he was, his understanding affection for our race was an integral part of his personality. It is no exaggeration to say that every page of this book is worth reading—and re-reading.

In **EXMOOR AND OTHER DAYS: HUNTING AND SHOOTING MEMORIES**, by Arthur O. Fisher (10s. 6d.; Constable), the sketches are well written, the descriptions racy and full of vigour, but the accounts of chasing and slaughtering deer and foxes, shooting partridges and sticking pigs are somewhat repellent to the ordinary sensitive, humane person who prefers a more civilised form of amusement. It is interesting to be shown the point of view of those who take pleasure in such pursuits, and though one imagines the author does not intend his book to serve as propaganda in favour of the abolition of hunting, it is likely to have that effect on readers whose sympathies are with the defenceless, the hunted, the outnumbered.

A really useful guide-book both for the visitor to London and the native who wants to know his own city—as few natives do know it—is **TOURING LONDON**, by W. Teignmouth Shore (5s.; Batsford). Mr. Shore is one of the exceptions; he has loved and studied London for many years, so is able to take you on intimate tours of its many streets and buildings. The introduction contains much helpful advice as regards getting about, shopping, amusements, money, where to eat and drink, and other details, particularly valuable to the visitor from overseas. Then starting his series of tours from Trafalgar Square, he gives brief descriptions and a summary of the history of those places to which he takes you—the churches, old inns, ancient alleys and broad, busy thoroughfares. Altogether a very competent, interesting little volume, generously illustrated.

"The tide of touring sweeps past much that is most beguiling," says Mr. Harold D. Eberlein in **LITTLE KNOWN ENGLAND** (12s. 6d., Batsford), and let us be thankful for it, since it leaves us still some really rural corners of England. One could almost wish that he would not write so enticingly of our lovely Welsh borderland, of little frequented spots in the Cotswolds and the Chilterns and of the fascinations of East Anglia, lest the tourist gets on their tracks! Yet we are grateful to him too, as all true lovers of England must be, for he gives us delightful descriptions of villages and landscapes as well as a host of photographs and several useful maps. It is these undiscovered places that yield one a sudden glimpse of England as it used to be, an England that we can never quite discover but is not yet quite lost to us.

ART

TARAPOREVALA (Bombay).—Mirror of Indian Art. G. Venkatachalam. 2 rupees.

CRITICISM AND BELLES-LETTRES

HARRAP.—Queensland Poets. Henry Arthur Kellow. 12s. 6d.

OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS.—Studies in Keats. J. Middleton Murry. 7s. 6d.

FICTION

(*Price 7s. 6d. each, except where otherwise indicated.*)

APPLETON.—Exit. Harold Bell Wright.—The Big Ben Alibi. Neil Gordon.

ERNEST BENN.—Ethel M. Dell. "Pullman."

BODLEY HEAD.—The Chaste Mistress. Constance Hagberg Wright.—Shades of Albany. J. M. Parsons. 3s. 6d.—The Pavilion by the Lake. Arthur J. Rees.

CASSELL.—Four Faultless Felons. G. K. Chesterton.—The Treasure of Big Waters. Ridgwell Cullum.—Lady of Daylight. G. M. Attenboruogh.

CHAPMAN & HALL.—Lad of Sunnybank. Albert Payson Terhune.—The Voice of One. John Lindsey.—Hymn to the Sun. Malcolm Ross.

CHATTO & WINDUS.—A Note in Music. Rosamond Lehmann.

CONSTABLE.—Years of Grace. Margaret Ayer Barnes.—The Dying Alderman. Henry Wade.—Vallejo Kitty. Ann Knox.

EYRE & SPOTTISWOODE.—Great Short Stories of the War. Various Authors. 8s. 6d.

HEINEMANN.—Backwater. T. S. Stribling.—Dead Man Twice. Christopher Bush.—Huntsman in the Sky. Granville Toogood.

HODDER & STOUGHTON.—The Missionary. Edison Marshall.—Golden Dawn. Peter B. Kyne.—Below Zero. Harold Titus.—Tiny Carteret. "Sapper."—Fair Stood the Wind. C. Lenanton.—In the Day's March. Ruby M. Ayres.

HURST & BLACKETT.—When the Tide Runs Out. Edgar Winch.—The Door Between. E. W. Savi.

HUTCHINSON.—Gilderthorn. Emmeline Morrison.—Flight Without End. Joseph Roth.—Sanderson: Master Rogue. John Jay Chichester.—Lover's Luck. Mrs. Horace Tremlett.—The Obole of Paradise. Agnes Miller.—Pirdale Island. Captain A. O. Pollard V.C.

KNOPF.—The Maltese Falcon. Dashiell Hammett.—Green Ice. Raoul Whitfield.

WERNER LAURIE.—W A A C Demobilized. By the Author of W A A C.—The Unconscious Sinner. Victoria Cross.—Come with Me a Little Way. Julian Swift.

LONGMANS.—Comrades at Arms. Paul Feval.—Ordeal by Air. J. Scott Hughes.—Apples be Ripe. Llewelyn Powys.

METHUEN.—The Man with the Squeaky Voice. R. A. J. Walling.—The Avenging Ikon. Charles Barry.—The Cauldron Bubbles. N. A. Temple-Ellis.—The Gold and Copper Delamonds. Agnes Autumn. 3s. 6d.—The Golden Ape. Herbert Adams.

JOHN MURRAY.—The Body on the Bus. Leonard Hollingworth.—Adios! L. and V. S. Bartlett.

STANLEY PAUL.—Shadowland. Cecil Adair.—The Mark of the Rat. Arnold Fredericks.

SECKER.—S.O.S. Arnold Bronnen.—The Feathered Nest. Margaret Leech.—Mario and the Magician. Thomas Mann. 5s.

HAROLD SHAYLOR.—The Brown Murder Case. Roland Daniel.

STOCKWELL.—Timothy Lynch, the Blue Dragoon. Edwin Parry. 6s.

WARD, LOCK.—The Meteren Road. Vernon Thomas.—Her Wild Oats. Paul Trent.—Sunlight Beyond. Effie A. Rowlands.

FOREIGN BOOKS AND TRANSLATIONS

ALLEN & UNWIN.—With the *Italia* to the North Pole. Umberto Nobile. 15s.

HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY AND TRAVEL

BODLEY HEAD.—On the Trail. Frank Harris. 7s. 6d.—The Harz Mountains. Christopher Marlowe. 8s. 6d.—Korea of the Japanese. H. B. Drake. 12s. 6d.

CONSTABLE.—Horace Walpole's England. Alfred Bishop Mason. 21s.

JARROLDS.—An Introduction to the Rolls of Norwich Cathedral Priory. H. W. Saunders. 10s. 6d.

LIPPINCOTT.—Meet the Germans. Henry Albert Phillips. 15s.

METHUEN.—The Tracks of Our Forefathers. A. F. C. Bourdillon. 5s.—A Wayfarer in Wales. W. Watkin Davies. 7s. 6d.—The Life of Christopher Marlowe, and Dido Queen of Carthage. C. F. Tucker Brooke. 8s. 6d.

JUVENILE

HEINEMANN.—Alice and Thomas and Jane. Enid Bagnold. 7s. 6d.

PICKERING & INGLIS.—Briny's Boy. Lily Watson. 1s. 6d.—Ursula. L. A. Barter-Snow. 2s. 6d.

MISCELLANEOUS

ALLAN.—An Unrecorded Miracle of St. Columba. Harold Boulton. 3s. 6d.

ALLEN & UNWIN.—The Heavens and the Universe. Dr. Oswald Thomas. 7s. 6d.—Soviet Union Year-Book. Santalov and Segal. 7s. 6d.

ARNOLD.—Modern Prose. Edited by Elizabeth D'Oyley. 2s. 6d.

BODLEY HEAD.—The Leacock Book. Ben Travers. 5s.

CAREY PRESS.—The Very Heart of China. Jessie Payne. 2s. 6d.

CARREFOUR EDITIONS—Anonymous.

CHAPMAN & HALL.—The Outdoor Meeting. J. F. Finn. 5s.

CONSTABLE.—English Monasteries in the Middle Ages. R. Liddesdale Palmer. 24s.

HEATH CRANTON.—The America's Cup. Nigel Lindsay. 6s

DODD, MEADE (New York).—Astrology: Your Place Among the Stars. Evangeline Adams. $5.

FOREST PRESS.—Simple Colour Block Print Making. Hesketh Hubbard. 5s.

HEINEMANN.—My Cricketing Days. C. G. Macartney. 6s.

WERNER LAURIE.—Lays from Lancashire. Nelson Jackson and Arthur Moreland. 1s.

METHUEN.—Cricket Memories. A Country Vicar. 7s. 6d.

NEWNES.—Second Shots. Bernard Darwin. 2s.

PICKERING & INGLIS.—Through Brazilian Junglelands with the Book. F. C. Glass. 3s. 6d.

UNIVERSITY OF LONDON PRESS.—Tales of the Sea. Various writers. 2s.

WARNE.—Athletics of To-day for Women. F. A. M. Webster. 10s. 6d.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA

LES PRESSES MODERNES (Paris).—Ivey de Castro. Annette Meakin. 2s. 6d.

REEVES.—Historical Facts for the Arabian Musical Influence. H. G. Farmer. 12s. 6d.

POETRY

BODLEY HEAD.—Collected Songs and Lyrics. Hon. Stephen Coleridge. 5s.

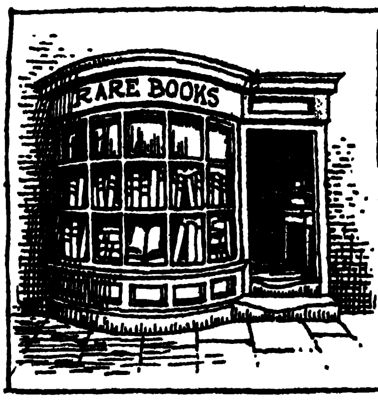
PUGH & PUGH.—Jessie Rose. H. Cooper Pugh.

REPRINTS AND NEW EDITIONS

CONSTABLE.—Pushed. Quex. 3s. 6d.

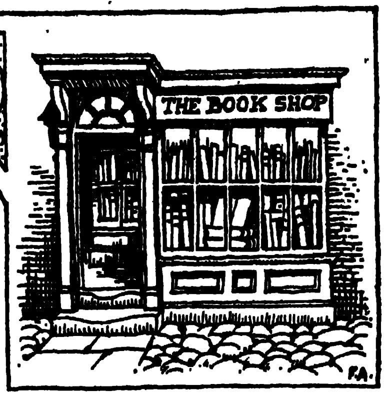
JOHN MURRAY.—Memories and Adventures. A. Conan Doyle. 7s. 6d.

UNIVERSITY OF LONDON PRESS.—The Uses of Libraries. Ernest A. Baker. 10s. 6d.



The COLLECTOR

"Let not the collector, therefore, ever, unless in some urgent and necessary circumstances, part with any of his treasures."—BURTON



WHAT IS A FIRST EDITION?

SO many correspondents write inquiring what is a first edition, that it seems worth while trying to answer the question. To be perfectly honest, it is not so simple a question as it sounds. The general idea is that it can be answered in a few words. That is possible, but the answer would not go far enough. It is surrounded with all kinds of subsidiary explanations, extensions and abbreviations. Even experts, who have both the knowledge of, and the instinct for first editions, have to consider no end of points when they are appraising a valuable item. And it is even possible that there is one vital point about the book which they do not know. So you see how very difficult it is, in some cases, to be absolutely sure about a first edition.

It is but natural therefore that the lay-collector, and especially he who has only just entered the pleasant fields of book-collecting, should find himself in a morass of doubts and anxieties concerning this and that volume. Of one thing I *am* sure: we must achieve our success in book-collecting through the knowledge and appreciation of literary values. Persistent reading, concentrated study, intelligent effort to analyse what we have done—these are the only ways by which we may become real and true book-collectors. The economic side is of importance; but it must be regarded with balance, and in proportion to its relative value to the whole matter. Knowledge of facts is important; literary knowledge and understanding is more important. And my argument is that the latter must be accomplished first. When we reach such a stage in our literary development, then, I think, we shall be justified in reckoning that we know what are the first two principles in book-collecting. And we shall be truly astonished how immediately reactive our instinct is to the matter of the "business" of book-collecting.

There are a dozen and one things to remember when looking for a first edition. These things are often called "points." Obviously there are certain general matters surrounding a first edition that are common to all; but there are numerous special details that are different in a great number of books. It always strikes me as a little odd that so few people know the obvious indication of a first edition, or rather the lack of indication. A first edition, or impression as the publishers correctly describe it, will have no wording on the reverse of a title page showing that it has been reprinted. The usual custom is for this wording on the back of a title page to read "First printed," followed by the month and year. In the case of a reprint, this is definitely shown. Another important thing to remember is that some publishers make their first edition a limited, signed one, and on looking at the ordinary edition, this is not always stated. Here again then is a pitfall. We must not forget, too, that there has been a good deal of talk lately as to whether the American or the English issue of a book is the first, when the former has been published before the latter. These are the things that vex a book-collector, concerning which we shall have more to say.

THE MARKET.

The note that we printed in an earlier number about "The Anatomy of Bibliomania," by Holbrook Jackson, brought us many inquiries from various correspondents. We repeat that it is to be in two volumes, and will be published by the Soncino Press. The first volume is expected in November. The work will be the most important of its kind that has ever been published. Mr. Jackson is a *littérateur* of great distinction, and his understanding of literary values is as sound as it is sure. He has a mind that is so equipped with the right sense of intellectual balance as to make his pronouncements most valuable. We always regret that his professional editorial duties prevent our having more literary works from him. But we are glad that he has found time to write "The Anatomy of Bibliomania." We are looking forward to its publication with the greatest anticipation. Let us quote the first paragraph in the prospectus describing this work. "The publication of 'The Anatomy of Bibliomania' will be a literary event of considerable importance. In this remarkable work Mr. Holbrook Jackson, the well-known essayist and literary historian, author of 'The Eighteen Nineties,' has accomplished the gigantic task of tracing the significance of books in the lives of men through all the curious and varied ramifications of their influence." We shall deal with this important work for collectors and book-lovers at some length when the first volume appears.

There is another book which collectors may well add to their shelf of books about books—one of these days we must devote a special article to this subject—and that is "English Collectors of Books and Manuscripts, 1550–1900." The chapters comprise the Sandars Lectures for 1929, delivered by Mr. Seymour de Ricci.

A number of people bought that remarkable collection of "Seventy-five Drawings," by Epstein, and paid the full published price of fifteen guineas for it. Each copy was signed by Epstein, and it is a very fine piece of topography. At present it can be bought at a very much lower price. We saw an advertisement the other day of a copy for sale, and offers were invited for it. There is no doubt that it will enhance in price in due course.

There has been published in America a very useful work entitled "Modern British Authors: Their First Editions." It has been compiled by B. D. Cutler and Villa Stiles. Only 1,050 copies have been made. It is a very comprehensive work, and is published at $10. A special edition, signed by the compiler, at $25.

A few weeks since, a very full list of the works of John Masefield appeared in the American book-trade organ, *The Publisher's Weekly*. It is a bibliographical check list of the first editions of Masefield's books, compiled by H. S. Boutell. Underneath many of the entries are some valuable notes.

As these notes are written some weeks before the autumn publishing season commences, it is not practicable to give as full information about forthcoming limited editions as we should like, but we hope to get some further titles into the proof before we go to press. There is some indication that the number of limited editions will be smaller this season than last. Here are a few titles:

"Tartarin of Tarascon." By Alphonse Daudet. 2 vols. Translated by Jacques le Clercq. Illustrated by W. A. Dwiggins.

"Birds, Beasts and Flowers." By D. H. Lawrence. Illustrated by Blair Hughes Stanton.

"The School for Scandal." By R. B. Sheridan. Illustrated by Thomas Lowinsky.

"Enchantment." By Æ.

"Benia Krik, King of the Bandits." By Babel. Translated by the Hon. Ivor Montagu, and decorated in colour by E. McKnight Kauffer.

"Nine Poems." By T. Sturge Moore. Type designed by J. Van Krimpen.



The Cromer Prayer Book.
Written and decorated throughout by Dr. Cromer in 1526.
From Messrs. Myers' Catalogue of Fine Books and Manuscripts, No. 270.

We were writing the other day about Mr. A. Edward Newton, the books that he so well and charmingly writes, and the many wonderful ones that he has collected. The sale of his best known work, "The Amenities of Book-Collecting," first published in 1918, has by this reached a total of more than 25,000 copies. This is a remarkable record. It is a fascinating and a useful book, and no collector ought to be without a copy. It is the best book of its kind. But, as someone wrote the other day, "Mr. Newton is not a professional author—he is a manufacturer of electrical machinery."

We have just received an interesting book from Monsieur H. le Savoureux. It is on "Chateaubriand," and appears in the "Maîtres des Littérateures," published by Rieder. There is a valuable bibliography at the end of the volume, and some beautifully produced photogravures—sixty in all.

Some more limited editions worth buying:—

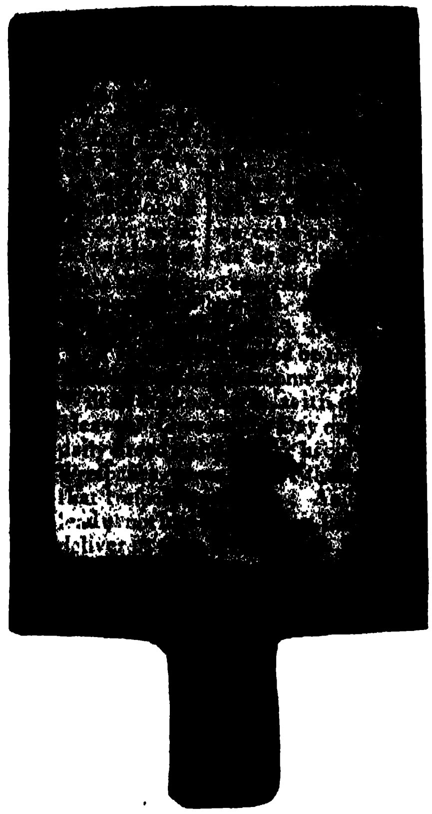
"Letters to A. C. Benson, from Henry James." Introduction by E. F. Benson.

"A War Story." By Richard Aldington.

"Capri." By Norman Douglas.

"On the Edge: Short Stories." By Walter De la Mare.
"Memories of an Infantry Officer." By Siegfried Sassoon.
"On Tennyson." By Humbert Woolf.

Here are some notes of recent sales of extraordinary interest: a three-page letter from Thackeray, with one of his typical drawings in it, of Thackeray drinking out of a glass at a banquet, £270; twenty-four Dickens letters, £430; a presentation copy of "Sketches by Boz," £175; twelve Tennyson MSS., nearly £5,000, including "The Princess," £1,750; first edition of Hardy's "Jude the Obscure," £112; Scott's "Tales of My Landlord," £1,420.



A Horn Book.

From Messrs. Bernard Quaritch's Catalogue of Books in English History and Literature from the Earliest Times to the end of the Seventeenth Century, No. 876.

The following collectors' books have been published recently:

"Hamlet," edited from the text of the Second Quarto by J. Dover Wilson, Litt.D., illustrated by 80 wood engravings designed and cut by Edward Gordon Craig. There are five editions—£14, £20, 40 guineas, 50 guineas, 105 guineas.

"John Austen and the Inseparables: A short study of his Art as a Book Illustrator." By Dorothy Richardson.

"Celeste, and Other Sketches." By Stephen Hudson. Illustrated by John Nash. Limited signed edition of 50 copies containing an additional set of engravings. 650 copies on all-rag paper.

"The Apes of God." A novel of 625 pages. By Wyndham Lewis. 3 guineas. Limited to 750 copies.

"The Fall of the House of Usher." By Edgar Allan Poe. With 100 original aquatints by Alexander Alexeiff. 7 copies on antique Japanese vellum, containing three additional sets of the engravings, 10 guineas; 25 copies, Japanese vellum, with one additional set of the engravings, 6 guineas; 300 on Pannekock paper, 2 guineas.

"The Village Book." By Henry Williamson. There is an edition at 7s. 6d., and also a limited edition. Of the latter only 504 copies, signed by the author, have been made, and published at 2 guineas. This is a fine piece of book-making, and a superb piece of writing, and every collector should secure a copy of it if possible. Here is an instance where we should have one of each edition. We had gone to press with our last issue, in which we had intended to have mentioned this book by Mr. Williamson.

A FINE BATCH OF CATALOGUES.

If I had many pages allowed me I could fill them with notes about the catalogues that reach me each month from my antiquarian book-selling friends. Since I wrote my last notes I have received at leasty eighty lists. Who among us, having a love of books, and a delight in the gathering of those for which we search, would look unresistingly upon the catalogues of old and rare books, and first editions?

There was that list from Broadhurst. It held me for a much longer time than it should. Its wrapper appealed at once. It read: Rare Books—First Editions. That was all. And then the address. By the way, the addresses of the firms whose lists I write about, ought to be found elsewhere in these pages. If I added all that information, these notes would have to be greatly curtailed. The Broadhurst catalogue is a nicely produced affair, and is crowded with rare and important books, including a first edition of Charles Reade's "The Cloister and the Hearth," £225; and Sheridan's "The Rivals," £315. Besides the original MS. of Edward Lear's "The Nonsense Alphabet," £125, there is a host of other good and delectable things in this list.

A nice little list comes from "The Little Bookshop." It is numbered 6, and contains many excellent first editions in the first section. Part II concerns itself with general books, among which are some attractive ones. But I discovered a few books in Part I that I am sure some readers would like to have, including very good and moderately priced copies of works by A. C. Benson, John Galsworthy, Robert Graves, Aldous Huxley, C. E. Montague, T. F. Powys, G. B. Shaw, Sacheverell Sitwell, H. M. Tomlinson and Hugh Walpole. I like the careful way Mr. Cruden describes his wares.

Mr. Harold Harewood's list, No. 52, makes good reading. I have mentioned his catalogues before, and this new one keeps up the standard. That is a feature which I find persistent among antiquarian booksellers—the care that is taken over the production; and the books that are offered us are always of the best kind. I felt this, too, when I went through a well arranged list, of most convenient size, that came to me from Capell. A very good list this, containing 250 first editions of modern authors. There is much intelligence and understanding in the arrangement of this catalogue, and the note at the beginning of it must be helpful to collectors. A list worth getting.

Two important catalogues have just arrived. One comes from Mr. Tregaskis, and the other from Pickering & Chatto. The latter list comprises a collection of old and rare books of, with a few exceptions, English Literature. There are many most valuable items in this. The other—the one from Tregaskis—describes nearly 250 books of geography, voyages and travel.

A fine, big catalogue of books on the Fine Arts comes from Mr. Quaritch. It must have taken a long time to prepare this, for the bibliographical information is most valuable and detailed. There are no less than 3,164 entries in this catalogue. There are books in it to be had for a shilling or so; and there are some that are priced at several hundred pounds. I notice, for instance, a copy of La Fontaine's "Contes et Nouvelles En Vers," published at Amsterdam in 1762, £300.

The Maggs catalogues calling for a note this month are: Modern First Editions, containing also some books on history, literature and biography, as well as some important books on printing and bibliography; and a most alluring List of Autograph Letters and Historical Documents. In the former there are collections of the works of A. E. Coppard, a presentation copy of "Adam and Eve" for £24; Sir Walter Scott, Thomas Campbell, Political Works in 2 volumes for £42; and many Shakespeare items. The catalogue of Autograph Letters is truly wonderful. It is of course beautifully printed, and contains 1,243 items.



Photo by W. Illingworth, Northampton. **Mr. H. E. Bates.**

Mr. Kyrle Fletcher has just sent me a list that is unusual in character. It is called "Theatre"—that and nothing more. It is a catalogue of theatrical books, as you might suppose. A list to have by one. And I should think that Mr. Fletcher has found the list commercially worth while. Another special catalogue comes from John Smith & Son. Here again the list should be of very great help to collectors. It is a most comprehensive piece of catalogue making, as it includes almost 2,000 works from modern presses, and books on the Fine Arts and Collecting, as well as a number of choice miscellaneous books.

An entry in R. Fletcher's latest list intrigues me. It is a collection of newspapers, autograph letters, portraits and views illustrative of the events from 1666 to 1690, including the revolution of 1688, for £25. What a wealth of interesting historical data there must be in this collection. This is in Catalogue 48, which also includes some fine examples of modern French illustration, and a great number of modern first editions. The latter particularly dominate the latest list from J. D. Miller. In this (No. 42) there are also many association copies and chap-books which are always so interesting, although not a great number of people collect the latter nowadays. Once there was a considerable rage for them, and I think there will be a revival of interest in them before long. Mr. Miller's catalogue also includes an association copy of Mr. Phillpotts's "The Folk Afield," and a number of original letters, for £50. It is a good list.

Numbers 67 and 68 Catalogues from Harold Hill concern books, tracts, engraved views, and other old prints relative to America; and books and old prints, including remarkable copies of Barrie's "The Little Minister," Blackmore's "Lorna Doone," as well as some finely bound eighteenth century sets from an old Northumbrian library which Mr. Hill recently purchased. And there is a valuable list (No. 819) recently issued by Sotheran. It is illustrated and gives, in much detail, particulars of an important library, formed in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, for the most part in contemporary bindings. This list, No. 819, is Part II, dealing with works of history and archæology, theology and allied subjects. There is an addenda of scarce and interesting books from various sources. Altogether there are 1,670 items in this catalogue. A useful little list has been sent out by Mr. E. Guntrip covering a number of Alpine works, as well as others in exploration and travels in many countries.

An extremely important catalogue of books in English history and literature from the earliest times to the seventeenth century has just arrived from Quaritch. I always like this firm's lists because they usually contain books that are scarce and valuable. This present one, which is really only Part I (A–J), is priced at 7s. 6d., but they ask me to say that this amount will be refunded on the receipt of an order, which is not unreasonable, seeing that the catalogue must have taken a great deal of time and money to produce.

When I studied a certain side of music, I bought many books and pieces from Harold Reeves. I had not seen his list for some time; so I was more especially interested in his 89th, which has just come to hand. It contains many old and rare and interesting musical works, too numerous to mention. If there is any old musical book you want I'm sure you will find it in Mr. Reeves's shop. I see he has a copy of "The Compleat Violist, or An Introduction to ye Art of Playing on ye Bass Viol," £75. There is, Mr. Reeves says, and I accept his expert knowledge on this point, only one other copy.

Mr. Herbert Tremayne regularly sends along his

interesting lists, and I should like to call attention to those issued by D. Webster, a selection of first editions mostly; Murphy & Sons, covering all kinds of books—a very interesting catalogue this is; Arthur Dean, for the general reader as well as the collector, including a possibly unique collection in fine condition of the first editions of Thomas Hardy; a catalogue of over 800 books from Preston & Co.; and short lists from C. E. Hewitt and Thomas Jenkins.

In the Bowes & Bowes 451st catalogue there are a number of books, dealing principally with the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. Every now and then this house issues a list of Old-Time Literature, and this is the latest. The first was published in 1928. I like the Bowes method of printing, at the front of their list, twelve specially important works. Michael Williams has issued his second catalogue. A nice affair it is, too. It comprises the library of the late William Archer, and there is an interesting foreword about him.

H. E. BATES.

The collection of modern "firsts" is a puzzling one. To me an early Hardy or Kipling can never have the same appeal as, say, a Kronheim illustrated "Vicar of Wakefield" or a Pickering "Compleat Angler." The garish plates of the first-named book helped to fix the sad story of the "Mad Dog" indelibly on my infant mind, whilst the second brings back a vivid recollection of the tiny book so treasured by my grandfather.

In assessing the value of modern first editions the factors are (*a*) comparative rarity and (*b*) intrinsic worth. It is regrettable to note that (*b*) invariably comes a long way after (*a*). Accepting this working rule, there is one modern author who bids fair to rise steadily in value. None of his works have run into many editions, whilst all bear the marks of skilled and loving craftsmanship. The writer I have in mind is Mr. H. E. Bates. No doubt the editor of the "Collector" also shares my opinion, for it was not long since, in the columns of that section, we were advised that Mr. Bates was a man to "watch."

Mr. Bates hails from the Midlands, his home being at Rushden. Considering that his age is only twenty-five years, his output has been remarkable. After leaving school Mr. Bates—fired with the Grub Street spirit—tried journalism, and was for a time on the staff of a local paper. No doubt finding that provincial journalism and literature are not necessarily synonymous, the engagement soon terminated. During the next employment (in a leather warehouse) all spare time was taken up by writing; indeed since Mr. Bates found time to write (and burn) one novel, and to write another one, the days lived must have been truly laborious. At the age of nineteen the first novel was written. Before the twentieth birthday was reached it had found acceptance, fortunately coming under the review of Mr. Edward Garnett, in his capacity of reader for Messrs. Jonathan Cape. From that date there has been no looking back. The years following 1926 (the date the first novel was published) bear witness to the steady flow of published work. Not the least remarkable feature in connection with the work of Mr. Bates has been the high level of the review notices in the literary weeklies, and the estimation in which Mr. Bates is held by his more famous literary contemporaries, amongst the latter counting such names as Hugh Walpole, A. N. Monkhouse and Mr. Edward Garnett.

For the collector I have gathered the following bibliographical notes. It should be stated that *now* is the time to secure the items. Already the books are appearing in the better class of catalogue; already too a steady rise in price can be noted. What can now be bought for shillings will before long cost pounds.

The first work to be sought for is " The Last Bread." This, a slim octavo, in paper wrappers, was published in March, 1926. It was put forth by the Labour Publishing Co., London. There was no limited issue. Although the work is necessarily immature it must be secured, as it forms the basis of any collection of the author's work.

In June of the same year (1926) came the first novel. This, under the title of " The Two Sisters," was published by Messrs. Jonathan Cape. It contains a foreword by Mr. Edward Garnett. Bound in maroon cloth, it should be complete in designed paper wrappers. The dedication is to " My Father and Mother." Also an American edition.

In 1926 also was published " The Seekers: a Children's Tale." This was published by Messrs. Bumpus, and was (I think I am right in stating) adopted as a gift-book for Christmas distribution by this firm. Though slight, the item is a delightful one.

" Spring Song " was the work of 1927. It consists of two stories, and was published by Archer, London. In size it was a slim quarto, and the edition was limited to one hundred signed copies (of which ten were for America). An item that makes this book interesting was the inclusion of a portrait by Wm. Roberts. This artist will be remembered by his work in " Revolt in the Desert."

In 1928 was published " Day's End," a volume of collected stories. This work was published by Jonathan Cape. The dedication was to " George William Lucas—also a story-teller." There was also an American edition.

An important work came in 1929. This was the novel, " Catherine Foster," published by Jonathan Cape. It ran into two editions. Collectors however should be careful to note that there are two issues of the first edition. These are distinguished by their bindings: one in green, the other in grey. There was a limited edition of fifty signed copies. Two " de luxe " bindings—(1) dark green buckram; (2) royal blue buckram. The work was dedicated to Edward Garnett. In addition to the second edition, there was also an American edition.

" Seven Tales and Alexander " was published by the Scholartis Press in 1929. It was dedicated to Constance Garnett. The edition comprised 1,000 copies (950 only for sale), of which the first fifty were numbered and signed. Typographically the work is interesting: it is printed in twelve-point Baskerville, and the paper is Spalding & Hodge's " Antique *de luxe*." Cloth boards, complete in paper wrappers.

During the present year was published " The Hessian Prisoner." It came from the house of W. Jackson, London, and formed one of the delightful " Furnival Books." It has an illustration by John Austen, and an introduction by Edward Garnett. This book was the subject of a most appreciative review by *The Times Literary Supplement*.

Also 1930 has included the publication of a small work, " The Tree: a Tale." This work is limited to seventy-five copies and is published by Archer, London. Although not published till 1930, this is actually a very early work.

The above list comprises all items issued in book form up to date. No doubt the keen collector will also be anxious to secure the author's contributions to periodical literature. True, most of such contributions have been included in one or another of the later books, but there is a charm in securing such work in its original form. For obtaining such material the collector is referred to back numbers of the *Nation*, the *New Statesman*, the *Bermondsey Book*, the *New Adelphi*, *Everyman*, the *London Mercury*, the *Criterion* and the *Manchester Guardian*.

H. T. KIRBY.

[*With the following reply from Mr. Kirby we close a very interesting correspondence. This ventilation of views is all to the good for publisher and reader. I think the net result of the correspondence is a moral for the reader to help the publisher as much as possible by indicating his needs and acknowledging service. The moral for the publisher is, sow your seed in as wide a field as possible and for a longer period than your crop seems at times to justify.*—EDITOR.]

In connection with my recent article on " Catalogues " and the letters from booksellers commenting on a material extract therefrom, I have been invited to reply to the communications already published in the June, July and August numbers. I accept the invitation gladly.

Perhaps the first thing that struck me was that few of the writers attempted to dispute my division of their kind into three orders. On the contrary, most displayed

MUSIC.

an eagerness to attach label one, two or three (as the case might be) to their own particular business. The writer who stated that there were also three classes of collectors was burking the discussion; there may quite possibly be fifty-three, but the classification of collectors was not the point at issue. The letters were interesting, though, singularly enough, they seemed to vary in wisdom inversely with their length. Most of the shorter ones were admirable, and reflected the business-like attitude of the booksellers concerned. Many of the longer ones laboured the point and brought in irrelevant matter.

My point that it ought to be good business to send catalogues regularly, quite irrespective of orders received, but simply to carry out the invitation printed on the cover of most lists, was confirmed by one firm. This firm not only carries out the practice but finds, strangely enough, *that it pays!* Another dealer suggests that although some pseudo-collectors use lists only for gathering information, their good service outweighs even this disadvantage. Personally I have never met the "pseudo-collector" (who sounds an awful fellow!), but am well acquainted with the "poor" collector, who belongs to quite another class. One letter states definitely that a member of class one cannot be a business man. Yet I have received catalogues, for quite ten years, from a firm who have built up probably the largest second-hand business in England.

In my opinion far too many dealers stress the question of the heavy cost involved in the production of lists. This seems beside the point. Catalogues, as one firm points out, are the tools of the trade, and good tools cost money. But the average booksellers' lists are negligible productions beside, say, the cloth-bound quarto of Harrods which reaches me free. I am aware the parallel is not exact, but the principle stands. Few booksellers indulge in three-colour work, yet I regularly receive catalogues from furniture, china, typewriter and other firms which are so beautifully produced that the cost must be a nightmare. Yet these all reach me free, nor am I asked to contribute towards the mailing cost—as one naïve letter suggests the catalogue-receiver should do. Catalogues—even the lordliest ones—are simply advertisement. Distributed amongst the public, they have at least a potential appeal. Unposted, they are but lumber. In any case there is no other link between the firm and the distant reader.

But one writer does not even seem pleased when orders ensue. Some of the orders, it appears, are classed as (*a*) insignificant or (*b*) isolated. Shades of gentle Elia saving up his hard-earned "insignificant" shillings for the "isolated" Beaumont and Fletcher! This classification, from a presumably business-like firm, so amazed me that I took the query to a large firm and asked them if they had orders so designated. "My dear sir," was the reply, "an order is an order with us; the great and the small are dealt with in exactly the same way. We are only too glad to get orders of *any* type." This set my mind at rest and assured me that there were still booksellers with sound commercial instincts.

Class three (payment for catalogues) found, I was glad to note, no defenders even amongst the trade. Paying for advertisements is so peculiarly un-English that I expected few advocates of the practice. Another point of mine was confirmed by the letter which points out that it is quite possible for a sequence of catalogues to be received before the collector may see an item that interests him. No single writer dwelt on the possibility of the list travelling farther, and often profitably, beyond the addressee. Yet this fact must be recognised, or the request, "When you have finished with this list please pass on to some book-loving friend," would not be seen so frequently.

To conclude, I can only submit that the question of catalogues is one which concerns an ever increasing public. Even if (and this is putting the lowest possible construction on the matter) catalogues only serve to get books *talked about*, much good is done. Intelligent discussion and understanding will, sooner or later, lead to intelligent buying.

H. T. Kirby.

The Bookman

"I am a Bookman."—*James Russell Lowell.*

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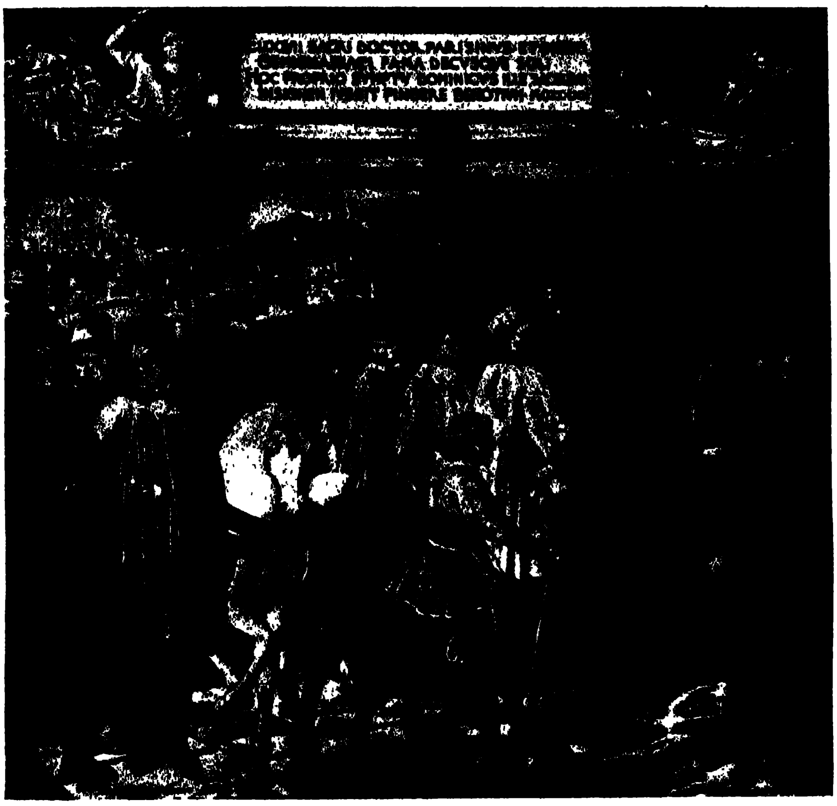
Entered as Second Class Matter, March 15, 1929, at the Post Office at Boston, Mass., under the Act of March 3, 1879 (Sec. 397, P.L. and R.).

SAINT AUGUSTINE.

By Alfred Noyes.

THE fifteenth centenary of the death of St. Augustine of Hippo has brought indisputable evidence, from all over the world, of his living power upon the minds and hearts of men, and has revealed him as one of the few great figures that the mists of time are unable to drown or even to obscure. Origen and Tertullian are known as great distant luminaries are known to astronomers; but the power of St. Augustine is known and felt as the influence of the sun is known and felt by a man walking through the fields in spring-time. That marvellous book, the "Confessions," enables us to know him more intimately than we know most of our contemporaries. It is not only the fountain-head of all the subsequent attempts at self-revelation in literature, but it is the supreme example. It is by far the subtlest and also by far the most honest of them all, because it is inspired throughout by the most passionate and profound desire of human nature—the desire for truth and the search for God. The great saying in the opening paragraph—"Thou hast made us for Thyself: our hearts are restless till they rest in Thee."—was supremely true of Augustine himself, both as sinner and saint, as pleasure-seeker and athlete of the intellect; and the "Confessions" hold our attention as a great piece of music holds them—because this tremendous *motif* throbs through the whole, as the Pilgrim's March throbs through the fever of the Venusberg in Wagner's "Tannhauser."

It is the same *motif* that (applied to the lives of nations instead of to his own life) inspired that first real attempt at a philosophy of history—"The City of God." There are few more moving moments in the annals of the world than that in which St. Augustine, when the pagan civilisation of the Roman Empire was going down in ruins all around him, took up his pen and wrote of that other City, eternal in the heavens, and its outposts, militant here on earth.



Saint Augustine Leaves Rome for Milan.
From the painting by Benozzo Gozzoli, in the Church of Saint Augustine, San Gimignano. *Photo: Alinari.*
From "Saint Augustine," by Giovanni Papini (Hodder & Stoughton).

The volume of essays entitled "A Monument to St. Augustine," which Messrs. Sheed & Ward have now published to celebrate his fifteen centuries, deals with many aspects of his life and thought. The opening essay on St. Augustine and his age is by Mr. Christopher Dawson, the author of that remarkable book, "Progress and Religion." Mr. Dawson divides his essay into two sections, the "Dying World" and the "City of God," and (while he never departs from his subject, and is content to illuminate the period with which he is dealing) no intelligent reader can fail to catch the many reflections which touch the danger-points in our own age. The ancient signs are here—a material progress that has outstripped the ethical and the spiritual; a population that to a great extent has lost the most elementary ideas of religion, and is kept from chaos chiefly by customs that are merely survivals of a faith that has been lost, and by the modern equivalents of "bread and circuses."

"The democratic principle of the right of the citizen to be fed and amused at the expense of the State

had been carried to its extreme conclusion. The corn dole involved a vast organisation . . . the free distribution of other articles such as oil, rice and bacon were added to the corn dole. Distributions (of money) were made to between 200,000 and 320,000 persons. No less important was the amusement of the people. The games of the circus involved enormous expenditure. . . . The Colosseum was created to serve the brutal amusements of the Roman populace. But the most characteristic amusements are the thermæ. . . . They were not mere public baths, but true palaces for the people. But from the moral and spiritual point of view it was less satisfactory. . . . Its ultimate end was the satisfaction of corporate selfishness. The religious element in ancient culture had almost disappeared." And with that disappearance, as St. Cyprian wrote, "uprightness in the forum, skill in the arts, discipline in morals" were disappearing also. Amidst this universal disintegration, St. Augustine, for whom "the existing order of things had no finality," was rapt in the consideration of another State. Mr. Dawson's subtle and profound essay should form an admirable antidote to the shallow irony of those chapters from Gibbon which have recently been detached from their context and published separately at the price of one shilling, for the benefit of "thinkers" on railway journeys, and in the hope of speeding the parting Guest—the Christ that has so long inhabited the deeper regions of the soul of man.



Saint Augustine.

From "The Romance of the British Voluntary Hospital Movement." By A. Delbert Evans and L. G. Redmond Howard (Hutchinson).

Among the other essays there is an extremely interesting discussion of the relation of St. Augustine to St. Thomas Aquinas, by M. Jacques Maritain; a notable exposition of St. Augustine's Life and Character, by C. C. Martindale; and a beautiful and profound exposition of St. Augustine's philosophy by M. C. D'Arcy, S.J. The philosophy of St. Augustine has been overshadowed by other aspects of his life. But if it be the business of philosophy to discover the ultimate realities, and to illuminate man's destiny, the little volume of the "Confessions" is of greater value than all the Dialogues of Plato; and the whole of Plato's Republic has less significance than a single chapter in St. Augustine's "City of God." It is true that St. Augustine "took what he found" in the philosophy of Neo-Platonism; but in his use of it he develops it to ends beyond the reach of paganism. It assumes a new meaning, as the facts of nature assumed a new meaning in the light of Newton's discovery; and again it was the "gift of the Spirit in the might of love" that "renewed the whole expanse of knowledge." His lack of system is more than compensated by the fact that in the "Confessions" he is giving us the record of his own difficulties and his conquest of them; for this method has its own unity, and there is a strange likeness between his gropings and those of the intellectual world of to-day. "The Higher Pantheism" for instance is often little more than that early error of St. Augustine himself, of which he says: "Thee, O Lord, I imagined environing and penetrating Thy creation, as if there were a boundless sea through unmeasured space, and it contained within it some sponge, huge, but bounded; and that sponge, in all its parts, filled from the boundless sea. . . ."

St. Augustine's own examination of that vague conception (which was not too elementary however for Wordsworth and Shelley at times) might be illuminating to the present generation, especially in conjunction with the great passages on Time and Memory and Thought, which has "no parts or magnitude."

"And I entered into my inward self (Thou being my Guide), and beheld with the eye of my soul, above my mind, the Light Unchangeable. Not this ordinary light, which all flesh may look upon, nor as it were a greater of the same kind. Not such was this light, but other, far other from all these. Nor was It above my soul, as oil is above water, or the sky above the earth; but it was above my soul because It made me. He that knows the truth, knows what that Light is, and he that knows It knows eternity. Love knows that Light."

THE CONFESSIONS OF SAINT AUGUSTINE.*

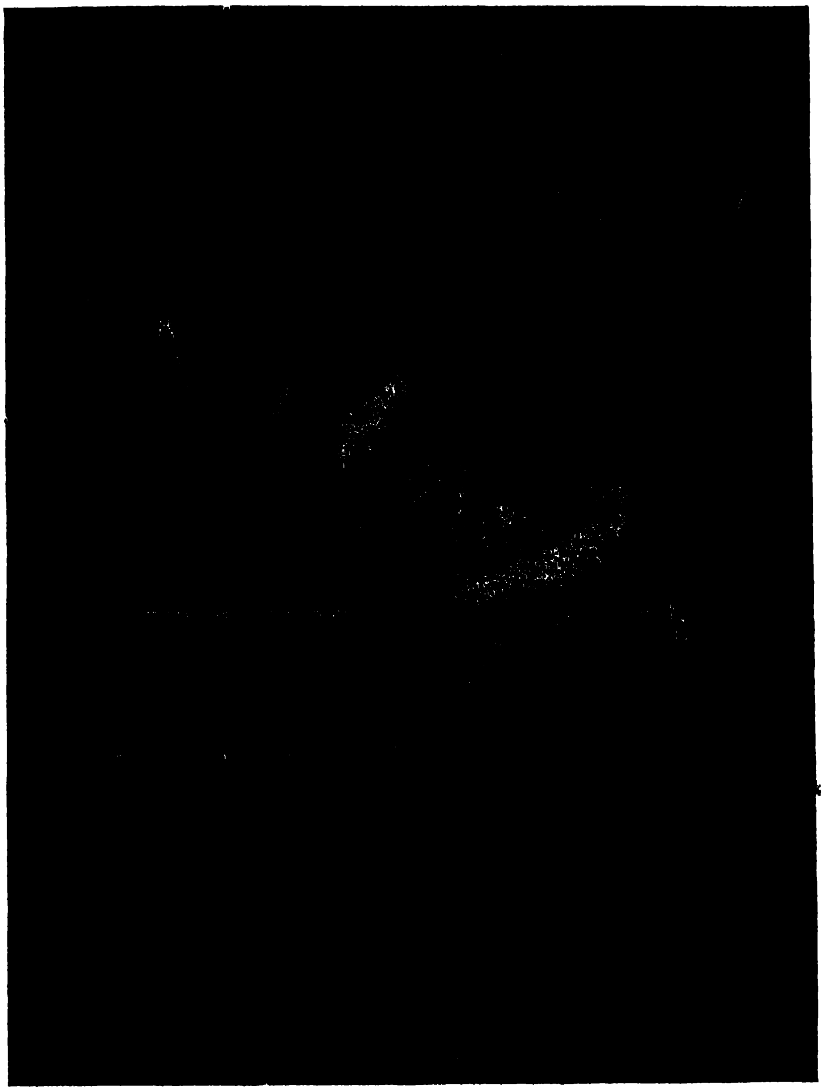
We welcome this new edition from the Medici Press. Though fifteen centuries stand between us and the death of St. Augustine, the Confessions are as modern as the seventh chapter of Romans or the fifty-first Psalm. One comes to Augustine with all manner of purposes in mind, sometimes seeking the lover of words and a master craftsman in their use, or we come to these Confessions as the supreme diagnosis of the soul's diseases. Very soon however this great interpreter of the soul has his own way with us and bends us to his imperious will. Gradually we descend with him into the inferno of darkness and tumult and fire, and walk the dolorous way to light appointed for his feet; or we can take another line in this rich country and follow the keen, flashing curiosity of this master mind as it tested this philosophy and that creed, battling through the years to find that light and truth which only came as a revelation from the Father.

* "The Confessions of St. Augustine." 8 coloured Illustrations. 5s. (Medici Society.)

SAINT AUGUSTINE: SINNER, SAVANT AND SAINT.*

BY R. BIRCH HOYLE.

THE great saint of Hippo seldom figures in English literature. Newman, in his novel "Callista," preferred the North Africa of Cyprian's time—a century before Augustine flourished. In "Hypatia" Charles Kingsley gave a delightful sketch of the saint in his old age, and whetted the appetite for more by his hint at early struggles to subdue the flesh, which make "The Confessions of St. Augustine" one of the great works of the world, and the first in time of a large library of "intimate journals." In this year which witnesses the fifteenth centenary of Augustine's death (August 28th), several books have appeared on Augustine in English: one, by Miss Eleanor McDougall, deals with the *bhakti*, devotion to God, and seeks to interpret the fiery North African to the Indian mind; this, on our table, by Papini, depicts the very human being, with all his failings, struggles, toils and ultimate victory.



Saint Augustine.
From the painting by Botticelli, in the Chiesa d'Ognisante, Florence. *Photo: Alinari.*
From "Saint Augustine," by Giovanni Papini (Hodder & Stoughton).

Signor Papini has many qualifications for the task of writing what we venture to predict will be the standard life of St. Augustine. His own warm, passionate nature is akin to that of the Numidian; he has gone through a similar experience, as his autobiography witnesses, in his ascent from an Inferno of passion, through a Purgatory to a "second birth." He has the gift of style and glowing enthusiasm for his hero. "At first I admired him as a writer; I now love him as a son loves a father, and venerate him as every Christian venerates a saint." His full-length portrait of Augustine is not an idealised, imaginary romance; it is based on facts, documented throughout; the "Confessions" are cited literally, and Papini has rendered great service by extracting from that "Epistle to God," as he happily styles the "Confessions," the dramatic career of one equally great as a sinner, savant, saint, mystic and theologian. And yet there is romance enough in this life passed between North Africa and Italy in the generation which saw Rome fall before the hordes of Goths. Papini's aim has been "to write the story of a soul," and he has done it superbly. His book is as fascinating as a novel, as accurate as any historian could wish; it probes the inner mind with the skill of a psychoanalyst, and touches the springs of the deepest feelings.

Signor Papini makes no claim to be a theologian, though the theologian will find safe guidance to and through the vast tomes which embody the titanic output of the greatest of Latin fathers. Skilful use has been made of Freud's studies in psychoanalysis to elucidate Augustine's sexual perversions. Perhaps enough use has not been made of the influence of Tertullian's ascetic Montanistic views in shaping Augustine's Christian survey of his pagan past. It is interesting to see that Dean Inge, in his latest book, takes a different view from Papini ("Christian Ethics and Modern Problems," p. 99*f*). And on the question whether Augustine the Christian still retained his Neo-platonist doctrines as a basis and preparation for Christian theology, Papini and Dean Inge differ considerably.

This book is more than a biography. It is a vivid picture on a large canvas of a great epoch in history. Great characters, like St. Ambrose, Victorinus Afer, Faustus and especially Augustine's equally famous mother, St. Monica, are etched to the life. Great systems of thought—Manichæism, Neo-platonism, the New Academy and nascent Christian theology—are presented clearly in their actions and reactions upon one

* "Saint Augustine." By Giovanni Papini. Translated by Mary Prichard Agnetti. 12s. 6d. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

another as they clash in the soul of the man who is the meeting-point of all the forces at work in a stirring age. The closing chapter which describes the greatness of Augustine is very striking. It will stand alongside of Harnack's famous tribute in the "History of Dogma" as the Roman Catholic view painted with the brush of genius. Even the dour Protestant, like Dean Inge, will enjoy the reading of this life of a "whole man, a universal man," one who "is first a sinner and then a saint; first a professor and then a pastor; afterwards at the same time a cenobite and an executive (as bishop), a poet and a rationalist, a dialectician and a romantic, a traditionalist and a revolutionary, an eloquent rhetorician and a popular orator." We add, a great lover of woman and God.



Death of Saint Monica.
From the painting by Benozzo Gozzoli, in the Church of Saint Augustine, San Gimignano. *Photo: Alinari.*
From "Saint Augustine," by Giovanni Papini (Hodder & Stoughton).

The translator has done her work well, though at times the Latinisms are found hard to translate into simple English. The bibliography, as was to be expected, is almost confined to Roman Catholic works, French and Italian; little use has been made of German research or of Anglican patristic study. Most helpful is the detailed chronology of the life and times of Augustine, and the index is full—an excellent guide into a vast treasure-house. The illustrations also add charm to a delightful book.

THE INHIBITIONS OF BERNARD SHAW.*

By R. Ellis Roberts.

I.

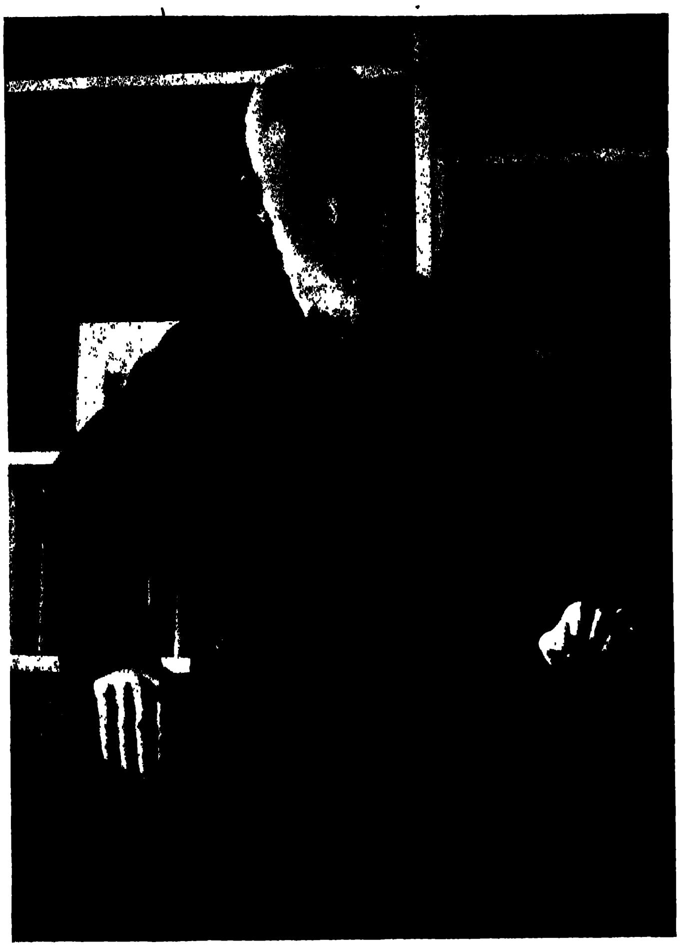
It would puzzle, I think, the most determined of psychologists if he were asked to classify Mr. Bernard Shaw, using for that purpose the fashionable categories of extravert and introvert. He is obviously interested in himself; he has never written a book, not even a Fabian tract, into which he does not enter; yet no one would call him an introspective, in the sense that epithet can be applied to Montaigne or Rousseau. He is the object rather than the subject of his books; and few authors have written so much about themselves and yet left so slight an impression of genuine self-analysis. Here he meets for a moment a very different Irishman, Mr. George Moore, for whom George Moore has always been one of the most remarkable events in modern history. The resemblance closes though very quickly; the Moore which interests George Moore is the Moore of gossip, of amorous adventure or invention, of friendliness, of small-talk, of places, plain or preposterous. The Shaw which interests Bernard Shaw is the intellectual Shaw, the thinker, the reformer, the economist—a Shaw almost it might seem without any distinct position in place and time, a Shaw with scarcely any merely friendly relationships. We know of course that he is a vegetarian, that he has views on doctors, married life, children, Ireland, phonetics, printing, world-politics and half a hundred other things. He has views—but has he any habits? He has convictions, and can transform a prejudice into a principle with a swiftness and dexterity that an ecclesiastic might envy. If he is capricious, one suspects that he is generally aware of it; and even chaos takes on a formal pattern when Mr. Shaw observes it.

Yet one knows perfectly well that, as Mr. Shaw is human, is a great dramatist and especially a great comic writer, he cannot always be entirely reasonable; not all his views can be traced to a purely intellectual origin. There are traces in some earlier essays that Shaw knows how he has made out of an accident, a mere circumstance, something which assumes a sort of organic connection with his personality; all men do this, but in the self-defence of forgetfulness most men are unaware. The little habits of thought which have grown in them, because when in infancy or childhood they gave hospitality to some purely nervous reaction, become so much a part of them that they forget altogether the first beginnings. Men as a rule desire nothing less than a continued freedom of choice, and

* "The Works of Bernard Shaw." 31 vols. £31 10s. (Constable.)

so will pretend that some trait, long ago encouraged and adopted, is a part of their make-up, something as natural as the colour of the eyes or the shape of the head. Mr. Shaw generally thinks of himself as one clear unity, a Prince Rupert's drop of the human race, that can have nothing taken from it, but must be received or shattered as a whole. Yet there are as I say faint indications—in the preface to "Getting Married," in the preface to "Misalliance"—that after all once there was a time when, although the son of George and Catherine Shaw was in existence, George Bernard Shaw was not. The hints in these earlier prefaces are now confirmed and enlarged in the long autobiographical fragment which Mr. Shaw has published as an introduction to his first novel, "Immaturity," now issued in the limited collected edition of his works.

This essay is one of the finest pieces of writing that Mr. Shaw has achieved. It has all his directness and force, it has humour, rare descriptive power, and it has as well a tenderness and a mellow wisdom which are not always thought of as characteristic of him, in spite of their not infrequent recurrence in his later work. Among the few points of resemblance between Shakespeare and Mr. Shaw, one is evident. A friend of mine once complained sadly that the play of "Henry VIII" had a great deal of rubble and brickbats in it; there are few plays of Mr. Shaw's of which that is not true; and if for rubble and brickbats we read red herrings and cats'-cradles, there is a good deal in the essays. This autobiographical piece has none.



Bernard Shaw.

II.

"My able and flourishing friend A. tells me that he knows what poverty is and what drink is: was he not brought up in the Borough by a drunken mother? B., rolling in wealth, tells me that when he was a boy he had meat only twice a year. C., wallowing in fame, calls me a snob, after gleefully narrating his experiences in the kitchen of his father's small shop, and how he was enabled to study country house society by a childish privilege of visiting the servants' hall. How easily I cap these zests to success by the simple statement that my father was second cousin to a baronet, and my mother the daughter of a country gentleman whose rule was, when in difficulties, mortgage. That was my sort of poverty. The Shaws were younger sons from the beginning as I shall show when I reveal my full pedigree. Even the baronetcy was founded on the fortune of a fifth son who came to Dublin and made that city his oyster. Let who will preen himself on his Mother Hubbard's bare cupboard and play for sympathy as an upstart: I was a downstart and the son of a downstart. But for the accident of a lucrative talent I should to-day be poorer than Spinoza; for he at least knew how to grind lenses, whereas I could not afford to learn any art. Luckily Nature taught me one.

"This social *dégringolade* never stops in these islands. It produces a class which deserves a history all to itself. Do not talk of the middle class; the expression is meaningless except when it is used by an economist to denote the man of business who stands in the middle between land and capital on the one hand, and labour on the other, and organises business for both. I sing my own class: the Shabby Genteel, the Poor Relation, the Gentlemen who are no Gentlemen."

Those who can read that extract with imaginative intelligence will immediately get a new light on the plays and the character of its author. Has it ever been noticed that except for a few adventurers, such as Undershaft in "Major Barbara" and John Tarleton in "Misalliance" there are no business men in Shaw's plays? There is the tragi-comic sketch of the wretched clerk in "Misalliance," with his class-consciousness, his bitter desire for revenge, his pitiable incompetence, a figure that has no parallel in the rest of Shaw's theatre. If we would realise how vast a change has occurred in the thought of revolutionists in the last hundred years, compare this miserable, farcical little fellow with the drab melodrama of Godwin's "Caleb Williams" or the flashy melodrama of Lytton's "Eugene Aram." Of course Mr. Shaw's avoidance of the English middle class does not spring from snobbishness, however deeply unconscious; it springs partly from his early Irish environment and partly from this other fact, however little importance he may have attached to it, that he was a downstart. The world, society, had nothing to *give* him; for everything that could be given was his by right, only, by misfortune and for the moment, insufficiently realised. Mr. Shaw's real dislike of that great bulk of the English people is not then purely economic; it has its roots in more obscure sources, and is something beyond the control even of Mr. Shaw.

For one learns from this preface that, controlled and controlling as Mr. Shaw is, there are certain things outside even his power of regularising. One of the most evident characteristics of his theatre is the

fear and absence of every emotion, and the extraordinary unsentimental and untruthful attitude to the family and even to friendship. Where most novelists and playwrights make a story out of a growing attachment, Mr. Shaw tends to give the history of a detachment. In "Mrs. Warren's Profession," in "You Never Can Tell," in "Man and Superman," in "The Doctor's Dilemma," in "Heartbreak House" the drama consists largely in the successful escape from or avoidance of personal relationships. The violent, almost biological progress of the love-affairs is no contradiction of this, for to Mr. Shaw—even as to D. H. Lawrence—a love-affair need be little except an appetite, a habit and the hope of fidelity. It is true in "Getting Married" Mrs. George is given to speak a passage which might be interpreted as a confession of belief in some mystical view of love—but Mrs. George is almost as doubtful an oracle as Father Keegan. Even Joan, whose history is the record of the triumph of personality, wins in Mr. Shaw's play less by personal contact than by the soundness of her instinct. She is a clubwoman rather than comrade. In many places, in the essays and in the plays, Mr. Shaw enormously exaggerates the difficulty of personal contact, of intimacy. No doubt for some neurasthenics the minor details of married life—the heat of a room, the degree a window should be open, the colour of the walls, the style of the furniture, the kind of pictures—may be mountains of almost insuperable conflict; but most people find the clashes that occur when people are married occasions for learning, for concession and even for instruction. Now in this introduction Mr. Shaw has solved the problem of why he so over-emphasises the troubles that come when a family lives together. He writes with simplicity and dignity, and he writes what only he has a right to tell us. It should be emphasised that he has that right, and that he has exercised it decently and humanely; there is much in the other passages about his father that show him not at all incapable of appreciating in him many traits which to the youthful, Puritan Shaw could not atone for the one grave fault and for its consequences in the home:

> "Unfortunately or fortunately (it all depends on how you look at it) my father had a habit which eventually closed all doors to him, and consequently to my mother, who could not very well be invited without him. If you asked him to dinner or to a party, he was not always quite sober when he arrived; and he was invariably scandalously drunk when he left. Now a convivial drunkard may be exhilarating in convivial company. Even a quarrelsome or boastful drunkard may be found entertaining by people who are not particular. But a miserable drunkard—and my father, in theory a teetotaller, was racked with shame and remorse even in his cups—is unbearable. We were finally dropped socially. After my early childhood I cannot remember ever paying a visit to a relative's house. If my mother and father had dined out, or gone to a party, their children would have been much more astonished than if the house had caught fire."

Some exceptionally stupid people, whose eye for sensation is so trained that they can see nothing really sensational—like people who light a magnesium flare to look at a picture-gallery of masterpieces—missed altogether the passion behind these quiet sentences. There is a sensation here; but it is not that Mr. Shaw's father was a drunkard; it is that Mr. Shaw owes to that unhappy fact many of his most conspicuous traits. His pride, his sensitiveness, his quickness, his sympathy for women, his hatred of obligatory intimacy, his deep distrust of emotionalism, his horror of exaggeration, and perhaps his firm belief in conversion (as seen in "The Devil's Disciple" and "The Showing-up of Blanco Posnet")—all these may, I think, be traced to his efforts as a boy to cope with a domestic situation than which none can be more difficult, more poignant, more heartbreaking.

III.

As I re-read passages from the early novels, and looked through those of the plays which have been issued in this series, I was once again struck with the truth of Mr. Chesterton's diagnosis of Mr. Shaw as a Puritan. Neither he nor I, in spite of our grave dissensions from that religion, could use the word Puritanism as a term of abuse or contempt. It is a philosophy found equally among Catholics as among Protestants, and found before the days of Christendom, in the thought of Plato. It consists fundamentally, if we do not consider its minor accretions, in a belief that many natural things are so dangerous as to be better avoided. Occasionally it slips over, and its advocates are betrayed into the Manichæan heresy; but often Puritanism stops short of that, though too often it stops short only by loading human nature with that vileness which the Manichees ascribed to the natural order altogether, whether in men or other created things. Puritanism at its best is merely a form of asceticism, a way of life, but is based on the indubitable fact that one cannot have one thing in life, or follow one road, without avoiding some contrary thing or some opposite road. The real trouble with a great deal of modern literature, especially modern fiction, is that the authors assume that certain incompatible things are incompatible only because their grumpy elders say they are; they refuse to believe in the genuine incompatibility imposed on us by natural conditions. To take a simple instance: It is not possible to swim for an hour in the open sea and keep dry; yet out of the novels published to-day about modern young people, I should say quite half refuse to recognise this quite elementary fact. Then it is too often assumed that there is only one kind of positive experience, experience that entails obvious and rather sudden changes. Many novelists write as though the loss of virginity by a young man or a young woman must always be an astounding and valuable experience, while the preservation of virginity is treated as if it were a mere deprivation. The truth is of course that both experiences may be thrilling to those who are capable of really intense emotion. Christina Rossetti experiences as much as Elizabeth Browning, and Gerard Hopkins as much as Coventry Patmore. Indeed, if one takes the history of the great artists, one will always find a strong element of asceticism, a recognition of the truth that what one has, one has to buy. "Take what you want, says God; and pay for it." So wrote Emerson; and there is something in Shaw's philosophy—its self-reliance, its belief in a Cosmic power, that makes him akin to the transcendental philosopher. His work stands as a grave reminder in an age which is more flippant and less entertaining

SUPPLEMENT TO "THE BOOKMAN,"
OCTOBER, 1930.



From a drawing by PEGGY SMITH.

GEORGE BERNARD SHAW.

SUPPLEMENT TO "THE BOOKMAN," OCTOBER, 1930.



THE DESIGN FOR ELIZABETH BARRETT IN "THE BARRETTS OF WIMPOLE STREET." BY PAUL SHELVING.

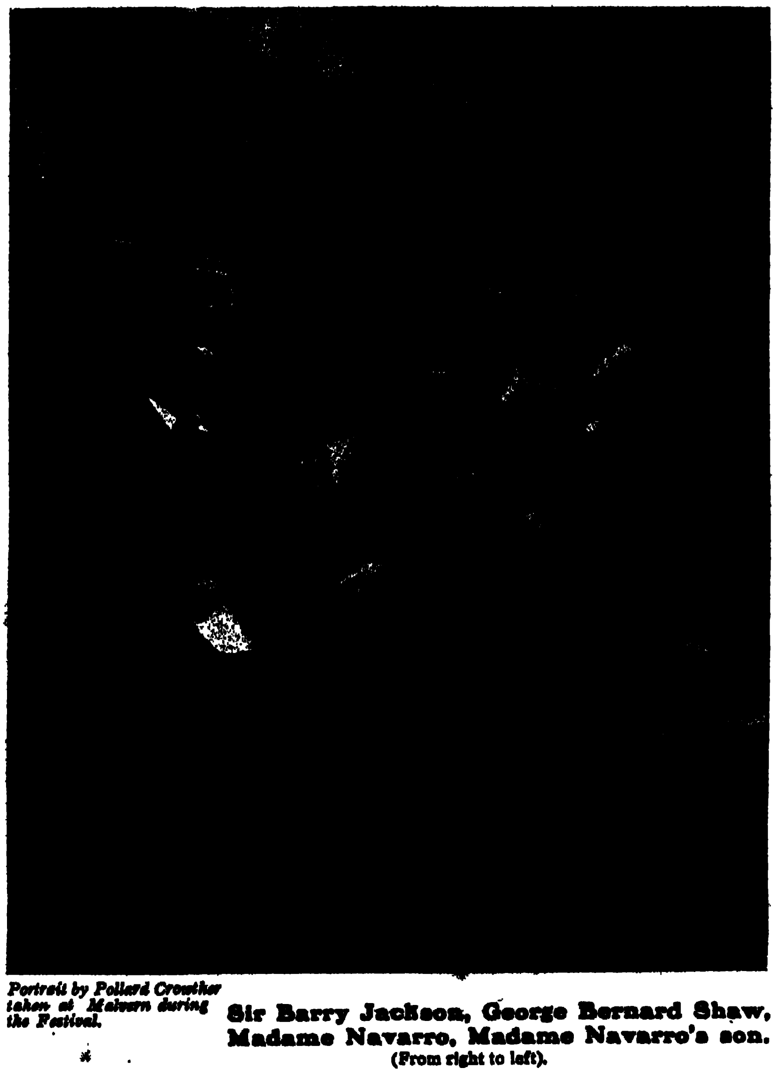
than he, that without discipline, without deliberate intellectual purpose no great art can have that noble astringent quality which will enable it to defy the destructive work of the ages. In the future some critics may find Shaw's work dry, perverse, eccentric, opinionated—but they will never find it corrupt; it will preserve that high quality of immarcesibility that is the reward of those who have never betrayed the reason, who have followed dialectic brilliantly and with patience.

WITH BERNARD SHAW AT MALVERN.

By HORACE SHIPP.

"WHY Malvern?" queries the confirmed Pelmanist, seeking some association of idea between the little spa town and the dramatist whose Festival has become an annual event there. Nobody seems to know. One may surmise the enterprise of a municipality with enough enthusiasm for the township to lay themselves out to encourage the scheme, and the enterprise of a group with enough enthusiasm for the theatre to acquire a fine modern playhouse and to use it for worth-while drama. There may have been links with Sir Barry Jackson, or even with Shaw himself; but how and why the Festival happened matters little beside the main fact that for some precious weeks this August Malvern was the centre of modern English dramatic life, with Shaw in the flesh as one of the happy spectacles of its streets, and a well-produced repertoire of his plays as the chief spectacle of its theatre.

It is a happy idea. Here in England we have far too little of that Festival spirit which draws us in thousands to Salzburg, Bayreuth or Oberammergau. Stratford has a certain vogue, but it is chiefly with American, Continental and Colonial visitors. Next year, when its new theatre is ready, it may make a new bid for support, and it may work in well with its near, new rival. Malvern from the beginning has attracted the "right" people—a term which does not connote the élite plutocracy of the Riviera, but the more conspicuous intelligentsia whose opinions somehow percolate to the great mass of thinking people and ensure lasting success for such a venture. The schoolgirls who haunt the doors of the theatre armed with autograph albums must get a surprising "bag," especially as they have been heard to ask, "Is that one of them?" as they swooped down upon potential prey. Since among "them" however could be numbered such folk as Phyllis Neilson-Terry, Gwen Ffrangcon-Davies, Cedric Hardwicke, Rudolf Besier, Rutland Boughton, and Lilian Bayliss (to take names at random), the wide-net method of collecting was probably justified.



Portrait by Pollard Crowther taken at Malvern during the Festival. **Sir Barry Jackson, George Bernard Shaw, Madame Navarro, Madame Navarro's son.** (From right to left).

Presiding spirit over all this, Shaw himself continues to demonstrate his abundant and protracted youth. One sees him laughingly playing hide-and-seek with Pollard Crowther's invincible camera as he dodges it round the pillar of the portico; or striding down to the jolly bathing pool for a morning dip; dashing round from his hotel to a rehearsal; or enjoying the plays, clad in that wonderful ancient-mariner costume with its surmounting cloth cap which he has decreed for himself as correct evening wear. His laugh and presence fills the lobby in the intervals, and only the giant person of his fellow-dramatist, Rudolf Besier, seems able to stand along with that upright figure. All of which personalia would rightly belong only to the febrile mentality of the popular gossip columns were it not that Shaw's seventy-four-years-old youth is the triumphant vindication of his theories—those theories of vegetarianism, abstinence and general direction towards He-ancientry which are regarded with such repugnance by the average even mildly sensuous man.

If one were asked for one word which would give the key-note to both the man and his work it would be the word health. He sees civilisation, as we have allowed

it to happen, as a sick thing; and almost everything he writes is directed to its healing. At Malvern we were able to sense something of the totality of that work because the plays chosen were spread over the whole of his career, from "Widowers' Houses," his first tilt at the rottenness, the ignorance and shams of economic life, to "The Apple Cart," his last tilt at the rottenness, ignorance and shams of political life. "Candida," "Getting Married," "The Admirable Bashville," "The Dark Lady of the Sonnets" and "Heartbreak House" were the other Shaw productions during this remarkable fortnight, and during their passage the process of sham-baiting continued without interruption. Excellently suited to the Shavian atmosphere, Rudolf Besier's play, "The Barretts of Wimpole Street," earns the high praise of being worthy to be the novelty of this year's Festival. We went to it expecting to be charmed by the sentimental idyll of the Browning love romance; we left it realising that we had witnessed the indictment of an era. It took its spiritual place in the midst of the cycle of Shaw's plays inasmuch as here too we saw the triumph of mental and bodily health over an existence warped and wasted by sham thinking and living.

Three things stand out from any broad consideration of Shaw's work. One is his extraordinary consistency; the next is his terrifying sincerity; the third is his constructiveness as a thinker. By an irony worthy of his own pen he has become in the popular imagination the symbol of exactly the reverse qualities. Amusing enough, but destructive and inconsequent as is the privilege of jesters; thus the popular press have presented him. Sentences of typical Irish wit, taken from their significant context in his writing and in his lectures, have contributed to that portrait; inability to understand the meaning of the plays and hasty criticism of first performances; the very fundamentalism of his ideas; acceptance of the least important and neglect of the greater works: these things have all played their part in creating the popular press view of the dramatist and his work.

That view is not only wrong—it is the reverse of the truth. Yet the truth does not prevent him being the finest comedy writer living, with a fund of wit and humour which keeps an audience shaking with laughter. Nor does it deny that the laughter is that of an iconoclast toppling over the gods of this world and revealing their feet of clay. We shall miss much of the quality of Shaw if we miss that humour; we shall miss even more if we allow our minds to stop at it. For beyond stands the constructive thinker anxious to create real things in place of those he has overthrown.

In economics, equality of income; in religion and philosophy, evolution along the lines of the doctrines of Lamarck; in social life, the belief which Emerson expressed when he said, "An institution is the lengthened shadow of one man"; in personal life, control and direction: these things Shaw has never ceased to believe nor omitted to advocate. They are great things which would shake society to its foundations, and demand an austerity in our personal lives such as few of us are willing to adopt; that is why it is so much easier to reject them and take refuge in the false idea that he is a sentimentalist, self-publicist, paradox-monger and the world's best jester. Which is the dishonest way of rejecting his ideas. But be warned—they are as dynamic as the explosive hoard which Shotover of "Heartbreak House," kept in the pit and which blew up the capitalist and the charlatan-burglar when the crash came.

It was one of the thrills of Malvern that we were able to renew acquaintance with that particular play—Shaw's greatest excursion into symbolism and, in its picture by metaphor of England and the War, one of the most significant of his dramas. When it came to London it went badly and ran for only six weeks. To-day . . . I wonder. There is a dash too much of the earnest Shaw in it for us to accept, even though we have followed the world in acknowledging his genius.

Alongside enthusiasm for G. B. S. one often feels that he lacks a sense of beauty; perhaps one should rather say he lacks an immediate sense of beauty. He sees it greatly, austerely, as Lilith's speech at the end of the Methuselah Cycle proves. He seems a little impatient with it in its lesser manifestations; and, ultra-Puritan that he is, regards it as yet another of the snares of the flesh which must be excluded from that ideal "seventh degree of concentration." For me the matter is aggravated by his treatment of poets, and in this connection I pray earnestly that his witnessing of the Browning play at Malvern will cure him of the vain imagination that the creation of poetry carries with it the last degree of neurosis. There may be poets like Eugene Marchbanks, but many of us have happier experiences of the race. At Malvern Marchbanks was made particularly tiresome, and although Derrick de Marney, who played the part, worked carefully the growing strength of the character, the first impression of weakness of the knees was impossible to throw off. If I may air another grumble, it is against Phyllis Neilson-Terry's fashionable Candida. It may have been more her clothes than her acting, for a stage gown should express the character and not the dressmaker's art. It was interesting that the stage setting and the costumes were in the modes of to-day, and save for slight minor references the thirty-five-years-old play did not date at all.

"Heartbreak House" is timeless while England stands where it did. Cedric Hardwicke's performance as Shotover is masterly, and happily Sir Barry Jackson plans to give London playgoers another chance to appreciate this great play. The demand in it for directed effort, instead of prejudice and muddle, might be a leaf out of Mr. Wells's book. The Malvern production of the play was one of the best things there, and as we get farther away from the circumstances which called this work into being, we are better able to realise the sweep of its views. Settled comfortably back again in our chairs in Heartbreak House or Horseback Hall, Shaw's 1906 tract for the times becomes a dire prophecy.

It is not the purpose of this article however to give individual consideration to the plays. To the literary minded the opportunity of seeing both "The Admirable Bashville" and "The Dark Lady" awakened old controversies about Elizabethan drama, but neither piece seems to lose anything in the passage of years. The National Theatre, for which the latter was an ingenious plea, remains a dream unfulfilled. Indeed it is one of the tragic facts about Shaw's special pleadings that they have had so little apparent effect. Widowers'

Houses still produce their rack rents; the marriage laws still stand where they did when the inimitable Mrs. George first went into her inspired trance in 1908; and the walls of Heartbreak House remain unshaken by passing bombs, whatever may have happened to the foundations. Shaw was only faintly right in thinking that the vicarage was blown up.

In this matter of progress Rudolf Besier's play was much more heartening, for, dealing with a period less than a century since, it showed a condition of things now passed away. We marvelled that nobody before Mr. Besier had seen the dramatic possibilities of the tempestuous advent of Robert Browning into the household where Edward Moulton Barrett tyrannised over his children in such amazing style. As the play developed we realised that it might stand almost for a symbol of the coming of the new spirit into the gloom of Victorianism; it seemed miraculous that such clear symbols could be taken straight from literary history.



Martin Harvey as Blanco in "The Showing up of Blanco Posnet."
By George Bernard Shaw.
From "The Book of Martin Harvey" (Henry Walker).

In the five episodes staged in Elizabeth Barrett's room we saw the whole tragedy of that repressive era: the father himself, whose Puritanism had become an obsession akin to madness; the six sons from whom independence and individuality had been long since crushed; the daughter, Henrietta, with her passionate outbursts of revolt beaten back until she took refuge in the clandestine and in lying; the other daughter who had accepted her father's will at his own valuation; the cousin, that Victorian minx trading upon her baby face and simulated stupidity to secure a rich husband and get her own way in everything; and finally Elizabeth, exquisitely played by Gwen Ffrangcon-Davies, with the quiet determination of the essentially free spirit. It may be that the play was at fault in its portrait of Robert Browning, for we were only shown the knight-errant breaking through all the inhibitions of that home, and the difficulties which stood between himself and his lady. There was little suggestion of the fineness of mentality which made the poet. On the other hand, every touch given to Elizabeth revealed the nuances of her character. It was impossible to tell which were put in by the author and which were the contribution of the actress, but the completeness of the conception was a truly noteworthy creation.

Watching the play, it seemed incredible to our modern generation that Edward Moulton Barrett could have existed. Had the author, with his awful hint of dark sex obsessions and repressed passions for the pretty niece and even for Elizabeth herself, made him too much the ogre? The authentic biographies paint an ugly picture, but it is more charitable to think of Besier's portrait as the quintessence of a type. Thus we can justifiably expand the romance of the poetess into its wider dimension as the expression of the very spirit of true freedom; and see her delivery from the darkened sick-room into the sunlight of Italy as the triumph of that spirit. And thus—as a phase of the institution of the family, as a picture of a social era, as a study of the evolution of the human spirit towards health and enlightenment—"The Barretts of Wimpole Street" has its rightful place in this Shaw Festival. That it succeeds in being an idyll with more than one beautifully written love scene must also be recorded. It entered the Festival handicapped, for it had been hoped that Shaw himself would write another play; but it won its way immediately even against these odds, and remains an outstanding memory.

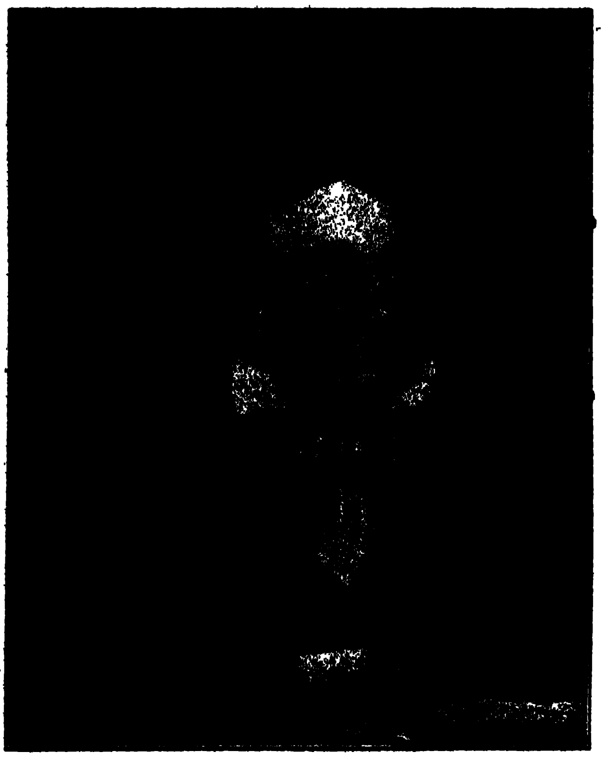
With this venture at Malvern the whole idea of the dramatic Festival in England must stand or fall. It should both help and be helped by the presence of nearby Stratford-on-Avon. Certainly no pleasanter places could be found than these two. The situation of Malvern at the foot of its noble hills; its beautiful abbey; its fine group of theatre, cinema, concert hall and pump-room on the terraces above the Priory Park; the jolly alfresco life of the park itself—all these make

an ideal setting for a Festival. Add Sir Barry Jackson's enthusiasm, Shaw's own interest, the intellectual give and take of his drama, and the presence of the Shavian audience and theatre-lovers, and the future of the Malvern Festival is one of the optimistic auguries in the world of the theatre.

STUDIES IN KEATS.*

BY HUGH I'A. FAUSSET.

THE six essays contained in this book do something more than fill gaps, as they were designed to do, in Mr. Murry's previous book, "Keats and Shakespeare." Three of them at least take us further into the creative depths of Keats' being than any other essays which we have read. The secret of all profound interpretation lies in the critic's capacity to feel his way to his subject's creative centre. Only when he has achieved this (and how seldom it is achieved!) can he really understand the events which lie as it were on the circumference, because he recognises each as the necessary radiation of a unique spiritual force. And it is only by thus divining a life from within, instead of imposing in some degree our own order upon it from outside, that we can really come to experience it as a rounded whole, as a manifestation of being divinely inevitable no less in its tragedy than in its triumph.



John Keats

From the water colour miniature by Joseph Severn.

In his essay on Keats' declaration that "Beauty is Truth," Mr. Murry discusses once again, with a concentrated depth of understanding, this faculty of entering into life with a passionless passion and an inspired disinterestedness, untainted by the slightest quiver of personal prejudice. "What words," he writes, "can there be to describe this seeing of the world and of ourselves with a vision from which all passion has been dissolved away; with a vision which is unclouded by any desire or any regret; by any belief or any anxiety: this moment of untroubled lucidity in which we are unmoved spectators of the great drama of human destiny."

And if occasionally in his "Keats and Shakespeare" a certain feverish subjectivity clouded the purity of his vision, in these essays he has humbled himself so sensitively to Keats, has exercised that imaginative insight which, as he says, is in its purity a love of the mind, that he comes as near being the poet whom he interprets as any critic could. In short he has not merely studied the life and poetry of Keats. He has lived it and in such living there is agony as well as ecstasy. For the Beauty which is Truth must be paid for in suffering and in renunciation.

The essay in which he ponders the significance of the "Ode on a Grecian Urn" provides perhaps the most notable evidence in this volume that he has proved on his own pulses the relation between Beauty and Truth which, as he writes, "exercised the mind and heart of Keats throughout his life, and was the chief form into which his search for a purpose in life was cast." But because he has experienced the central mystery, the creative purpose which underlay and dictated, however obscurely, his subject's every act and word, he can really enter into his life at any point in its development and recreate it from within. The moments which he chooses to concentrate on in other essays are the sonnet "On First Looking into Chapman's Homer," the fourth book of "Endymion" and the sonnet "On Visiting the Tomb of Burns," which Keats copied into a letter to his brother Tom during his disastrous walking tour in Scotland with Charles Brown. In each of these poems Keats' experience culminated in an expressive act and each act is distinctive. It represents a certain point of achievement and self-knowledge in that exploration of the meaning of life, that complete submission to experience to which Keats so heroically dedicated himself. At the same time each is bound to each by the ties of an organic continuity. They have their necessary place and can only be fully appreciated as "the conscious last of a whole series of unconscious acts of poetic creation." And the most convincing evidence of Mr. Murry's true identification of himself with his subject lies in his really remarkable power of at once analysing Keats' condition in a certain month and year of his life, while at the same time relating his analysis not only to conditions which immediately preceded or succeeded that which he is considering, but to the full synthesis of Keats' whole organic growth through that vale of soul-making which he recognised life to be.

And this uncanny depth of divination which perceives the unfolding of a life like the unfolding of a flower

* "Studies in Keats." By J. Middleton Murry. 7s. 6d. (Oxford Press.)



From a drawing by KATE EDWARD.

WALTER DE LA MARE.

appears even in his first essay, which deals with a comparatively unimportant event in Keats' career—his brief youthful association with George Felton Mathew and his female cousins, while in a final note on Keats' use of the word "speculation," to mean imaginative contemplation, he shows once again his sure intimacy equally with the rich depths and the significant idiosyncrasies of the poet's mind.

THE POETRY OF VIOLET JACOB.

By CHARLES GRAVES.

THE appeal of the vernacular literature of Scotland may be limited, yet within its limits it is still a powerful engine of expression. There are reasons other than sentimental why the verse of a poet like Mrs. Violet Jacob should have so strong an appeal. One of them—though in her case hardly the chief—is also one of the main reasons advanced for the continued encouragement of the Scots vernacular. It is that the Scots tongue possesses words which have no equivalent in English, outside a few purely local dialect words which have never found a sure foothold in the literature of England. These are words which are too vital to be lost, and which, in a few cases, are actually creeping into English speech. But many words of equal value with those which have been retained have been allowed to become obsolete, and those who would revive them run the risk of being accused of pedantry. Hence it follows, despite the recent attempt by certain writers to reinstate many of the older words, that there are few modern users of the Doric who play the instrument as it was once played.

This attitude to linguistic revivalism in Scotland is just, in so far as it is aimed at a false archaism; but it is, in another sense, part of a stupid conventionality which would deny the poet the artist's privilege of selection. English poets have always considered themselves free to revive obsolete words, and in some cases have actually restored them to the common stock of speech. The denial of selection to writers in the Scottish vernacular has had the disastrous effect of standardising Scottish verse. Until quite recently a vernacular poet was prohibited by an unwritten law from using Scots imaginatively. Even now, when he is foolhardy enough to do so, someone is sure to tell him that he never heard such or such an expression used in this or that particular district.

The written Scots tongue has in fact been pauperised by both conscious and unconscious restriction, and the process in its results is comparable to that which modern educationists in China have employed in the matter of their own vernacular tongue. In that country from the *pai-hua* or common, spoken language a thousand "easy" characters have been chosen, with a view to simplifying the knowledge of Chinese among the illiterate population. In Scots, the stock of words in use has been so reduced that until recently nearly all modern poets writing in the vernacular underwent a severe initial handicap in the race for distinction. Burns, even allowing for the purely local words he used, is no longer understood to the full by many Scotsmen, though even with Burns the language was already disintegrating.

When an approach is made to the work of Violet Jacob, the transition becomes plain. In that writer's "Songs of Angus" there are perhaps no words to be found over which any Scotsman will hesitate and few which it is not possible for the Englishman with the merest acquaintance with Scots to understand. Mrs. Jacob does, it is true, supply us with a glossary of sixty-six words, but among these are such common terms as "wean," "tint" (lost), "syne," "lum" and "loon." Most of her Scots poems made their first appearance in English journals, and this is a fact which in itself is significant. One cannot charge her with watering down the Scots in which she writes, for she is writing in a living language, and the spontaneity of her Scots poems results from her choice of so natural a method of expression. The fact remains however that it is little more than a dialect in which she writes.

In point of fact it is the Angus dialect on which Mrs. Jacob's verse is based, and Mr. John Buchan, when writing a preface to "Songs of Angus," felt under an obligation to defend this use of the vernacular and to point out that Mrs. Jacob wrote in "good Scots, quite free from misspelt English or that perverted slang which too often nowadays is vulgarising the old tongue." That may be so—and Mr. Buchan no doubt expresses in this phrase something very vital—but at the same time the language of these poems is significantly free from Scots substantives:

> "The land is white, an' far awa'
> Abune ae bush an' tree,
> Nae fit is movin' i' the snaw
> On the hills I canna see;
> For the sun may shine an' the darkness fa'
> But aye it's nicht to me."

That is the opening stanza of "The Blind Shepherd" which, by including it in "Northern Numbers," Mr. C. M. Grieve evidently thought representative of Mrs. Jacob's work. Connectives and the common verbal contractions figure largely in such language as is here employed, and as these must be more or less stereotyped, it follows that the pattern is not a rich one and that, though it be expressive, it is not individually expressive. This is the great fault from which Scots verse has been and still is suffering, for, if the poet does not attain individuality, he had perhaps better not write at all.

It may be taken—and this is particularly true of her work in Scots—that it is not Mrs. Jacob's primary intention to exploit her individuality in her own person. Mrs. Jacob is also a novelist, and those who hold with Mr. John Galsworthy the canon that all great art is impersonal will not quarrel with her for the sake of the attitude she adopts. When her own personality does break through, it is chiefly in her English verse, but even there the occasions are rare.

In a section of a collection of poems, which she published in 1905, which is probably the most interesting section in that collection and which, save for one or two isolated instances, contains the more characteristic work in the book, Mrs Jacob concludes a poem

entitled "The Resting-Place" with the following stanza:

"Mayhap, thy spirit loved what mine loves best;
The tread of horses and the pride of life,
The jungle's magic and the joy of strife,
The long nights spent beneath the spangled sky—
O dead Mahommedan! Thy passing guest
By these accepts from thee this meed of rest;
Salaam, O Bhai!"

This passage is an excellent example of Mrs. Jacob's facility—a virtue not to be despised—and passages such as this are welcome for their own sake, for the objective mood in lyric poetry is apt to become a little tiresome, unless the mind which shapes the mood be as masterful, let us say, as Milton's. I do not deny that good objective lyrics have been written, but I do maintain that they are few. Perhaps this opinion, which I think, upon reflection, would be found to be fairly widely held, is the result of a prejudice which has come down to us from the Romantic Movement at the end of the Eighteenth Century. Happily, Mrs. Jacob is free from echoic conceits, and the poets of the Romantic Revival hardly suggest themselves in her poetry, unless it be by way of the later Victorians of the pre-Raphaelite tradition.

Nevertheless the love of the romantic, which to some extent is implicit in the line quoted in the passage above, "The tread of horses and the pride of life," and which is revealed in such lines as:

"I will lie down upon my mother earth,
Heart to her heart and soul upon her soul . . ."

finds fuller expression in one of the poems in her Porpoise Press broadsheet, which focuses the two distinct methods which she uses. "The Little Dragon" is the leering emblem on the helmet of the knight, which represents to the nun, who watches the knight pass by, the mockery of the world. The other poem, "Rohallion," is one of Mrs. Jacob's best vernacular poems, and though it has not the broad humour of "Hogmanay" or of "Jeemsie Miller" or of "The Beadle o' Drumlee" of "Songs of Angus":

("Me an' the meenister, ye ken,
Are no the same as a' thae men
We hae for neebours i' the glen.")

or of "The Twa Weelums" of "More Songs of Angus" or of "Adam" in "Bonnie Joann," it is in many ways typical of Mrs. Jacob's work in Scots. It exhibits the peculiar lilt which Mrs. Jacob has mastered so emphatically:

"There's snaw i' the wind an' the weepies
Hang deid on the shaw,
And pale the leaves left on the rowan,
I'm soothward awa;
But a voice like a wraith blaws ahint me
And sings as I'm liftin' my pack
'I am waitin'—Rohallion—Rohallion—
My lad, ye'll be back!'"

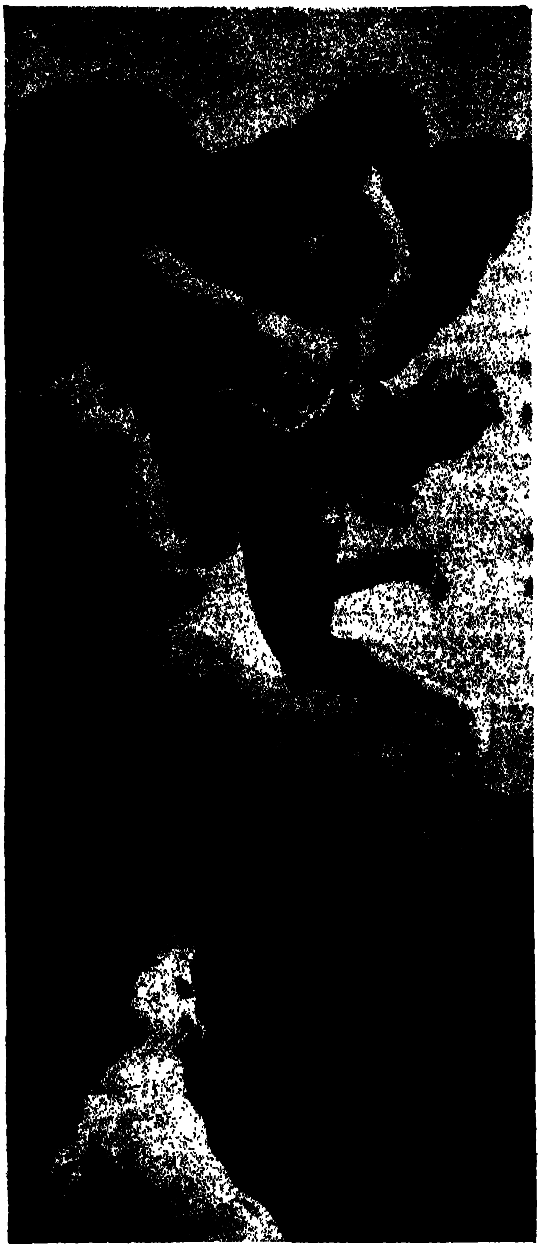


Photo by Bruckman. **Ganymede**
(By Correggio—Vienna: Pinakothek).
From "Italian Artists as Men," by Norman Hill (Marriott).

In passages like this, Mrs. Jacob's ear serves her more truly than the ears of many writers of the Scots vernacular to-day, but her verse is not free, as in the last phrase of this stanza, from a suggestion of the trick line. This method is more apparent when Mrs. Jacob simulates pity, as she does in what is probably her best known poem, "Tam i' the Kirk." The second stanza of that poem concludes "*He canna* pray" (the italics are mine and indicate the rhythmical stress), and a similar accent occurs in "The Gowk," where we find the lines, "He winna tell!" and "He winna say!" both used by way of climax. So too in "The Whustlin' Lad," another well known poem, the last line, "Canna dae mair!" demands the drawn out, emphatic stress if it is to be appreciated fully. Even the English verse of this author joins hands here with her Scots verse. The poem entitled "Possession" is probably one of the best of Mrs. Jacob's English poems, and in the second verse of it she writes:

"She has set her feet
In a path where roses blow,
She plays with your heart, the sea
Plays thus with its dead below,
And the game is sweet;
But your soul is here with me,
O Man; it is yours and free—
But it cannot go."

In these lines may be heard the same accent, though it is modified by the use of a softer material.

Mrs. Jacob's English and Scottish poems also have in common with one another the employment of the ballad metre in certain cases. "The Lowland Ploughman" is a ballad in English, but it is not so successful as the Scots poem, "The Doo'cot up the Braes," in which Mrs. Jacob attains something of the beauty of the old ballad metre. This note has been more or less banished from Scottish poetry for many years,

and in comparing the older ballads with those written in the present day, Mr. John Geddie, in his book on the Scottish Balladists, finds cause to complain of the artificiality of the modern ballad productions. Mrs. Jacob does not set out to write a full ballad in the ancient manner, but that she can trap something of the old spirit and cadence these lines from "The Doo'cot up the Brae" prove:

> "The brigs ride out past Ferryden
> Ahint the girnin' tugs,
> And the lasses wave to the Baltic men
> Wi' the gowd rings i' their lugs."

In reading the line, "Wi' the gowd rings i' their lugs," one cannot help remembering "Wi' the gowd kaims i' their hair," and the distinction which is obvious between the two lines is a measure of the compromise between pure beauty and the matter of fact, "hamely" sense of colloquial Scots which Mrs. Jacob allows herself. If she does not reach the spiritual heights which the greater poets know, she does not become so utterly uncouth in choice of diction and subject as to be merely commonplace, though there is no doubt that some of the poems in "More Songs of Angus"—a volume which reflects the years of the war—go perilously near the borderline of the commonplace and perhaps have sometimes one foot on the wrong side of it.

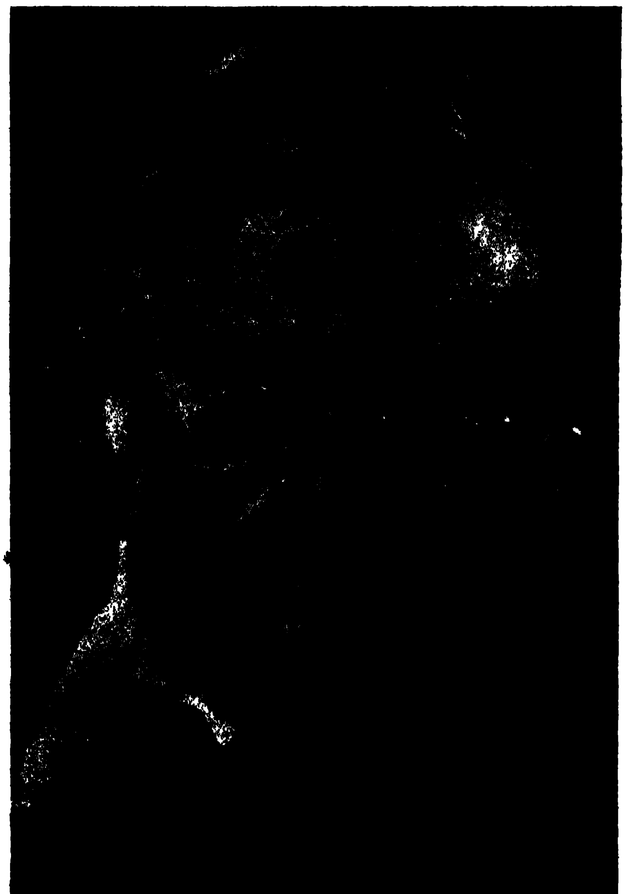
Mrs. Jacob's most recent collection of verse, "The Northern Lights and Other Poems," was published between two and three years ago. It shows no advance upon, or departure from, her previous method. It has the rough, humorous and slightly coarse intimacy of the tradition of Scottish verse in which Allan Ramsay stands. To the spirit of pure poetry—to the magically remote, which is the essence of a few of the finest Scottish ballads—it never strives to attain. Yet there is in these poems that faculty for concentrating in a few stanzas the whole life of a country-side. Mrs. Jacob, in her own way, puts full length figures into her canvas—such figures as may be met with in any Perthshire or Angus village. She does this without flattering the life of provincial Scotland, but if she does not hide its idiosyncrasies, she makes some of its solider virtues apparent. She writes in a language which is modern and recognisable and nearly always musical, and which sometimes possesses a glimmer of the rarer spirit of imagination, as in "Inverquharity." She has heard the rhythms which lay dormant in the private speech of a district, and made them her servants.

THE RESURRECTION OF ROME.*

By Collin Brooks.

THE essential tragedy of "Romeo and Juliet" was once reduced by Jerome K. Jerome to a twelve-word quatrain. This book could, in the same technique, be reduced to a twenty-word sentence: "Mr. Gilbert Keith Chesterton, the distinguished journalist and author, went to Rome, was blessed by the Pope and interviewed Mussolini." But like the expansion of the quatrain to the tragedy, the expansion of this memorable visit into this memorable book changes the mental condition of him who reads it. "Before the Roman came to Rye, or out to Severn strode," England with its individuality existed. Before this writer came to Rome and seven hills bestrode, Rome with its individuality existed. But the two visitations were designed to change the English mind—the legions literally by changing the landscape and the author by changing the outlook.

It would be too flattering to Mr. Chesterton's imposing physique to suppose that the Pope said when he received his English guest, "Not an angle, but an angel," but Mr. Chesterton has certainly returned saying, "Not devils, but deliverers," for he looked on all Rome and saw that it was good, the Church restoring again the truth that Europe is the Faith and the Faith is Europe, and the Fascists restoring again the idea of Government—Government which commands both rich and poor, and administers an even-handed justice or, at the worst, an even-handed injustice.



Portrait by Howard Coster. **Mr. G. K. Chesterton.**

Mr. Chesterton is not concerned that his readers shall like Rome; he is concerned that they shall understand Rome.

"The book" (he writes, in one of those Micawber-like bursts of candour which characterise him), "which will I fear seem very sprawling and shapeless in any case, will be quite unintelligible unless it is understood that I am throughout addressing that sort of fair-minded outsider, only hoping to persuade him that the thing is great even from the outside, by telling him some things he may not have realised, about the greatness to be found in the inside. I am not asking him to come inside. Whatever he may think, I am not now trying to make him a convert; I am only trying to make him a happy and successful tourist."

Never, it may safely be said, was a tourist taken to

* "The Resurrection of Rome." By G. K. Chesterton. 12s. 6d. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

his goal by so winding and wonderful a route. To explain the Baroque architecture of the Papal town, Mr. Chesterton explains the age-long vicissitudes of the Papal Office. To expound the significance of the incline and rise of physical Rome, he expounds the decline and fall of political Rome. He almost inverts the last line of one of his famous verses, and might with all reverence sing:

> " When you and I went hand in hand about the streets of Rome,
> And took a trip through Paradise to reach St. Peter's dome,"

for not until he has justified God's ways to man does he justify man's ways to God as they have found expression in the statued streets and many-churched squares of the Eternal City.

Mr. Chesterton's title, let it be understood, has no ostensible theological significance, but it is wilfully ambiguous. Those zealots who read or avoided Mr. Belloc's " Path to Rome," thinking it a Catholic tract, deceived themselves; but those zealots who avoid or read Mr. Chesterton's " Resurrection of Rome " in the same belief will have grounds for their hope or fear. To a man of his passionate spiritual sincerity it is not possible to tell without a natural religious purpose the tale of how the Cæsars went eastwards, leaving Rome and the Pope to sink into insignificance while Byzantium rose to domination, only to find Byzantium doomed and Rome rising again from the death they had decreed for her; of how the Papacy was dragged to Avignon, only to return to the Seven Hills; of how the iconoclasts threatened the images, triumphed and were at last defeated; of how the very litter of the past in Rome is the tangible sign that Rome moves always in the van of modernity; of how, when the World War came, it came to release Rome from the thrall of Prussianised Paganism and to restore to Europe the spiritual and cultural leadership to which as a civilisation Europe had in its beginnings owed its very being.

The book, it will be seen, covers a wide ground. The history of the Papacy, the history of Catholic Europe, the history of international thought, the significances of recent emergencies, men and events—all these fill Mr. Chesterton's pageant of purpled and emblazoned pages. Image after towering verbal image, paradox acclaimed and paradox propounded as simple truisms, metaphors that drag the heavens down to adorn the earth or snatch the earth up to enhance the majesty of heaven; and, running beside it all, like gamins turning cart-wheels besides an emperor's coach, those little puns and jokes of which he is so fond, which come from him with a spontaneity that disarms irritation—all these make again that flamboyant fabric which we call the Chesterton prose style.

But the book is more than Catholic: it is catholic. For those who refuse to find in Mr. Chesterton's guidance a way to the heart of Rome's mystery there is much that should please them. The analysis of the causes of the World War, the talk with Mussolini and the reasoned defence of Fascism, the attack on English psuedo-liberalism and the cry for uncorrupt politics—these must hold and grip even a reader to whom the very name of Rome in any but the cartographer's use is anathema, even if they hold and grip in the irritating way in which the Ancient Mariner held the wedding guest, or in the menacing way in which the elder Weller held and gripped another protesting auditor.

It is not that Mr. Chesterton loves the regimentation of Fascism more, but that he loves the concealed and camouflaged tyrannies of non-Fascist States less. If liberty is lost to Italy, where is she saved? America may not drink wine at all, and England may only drink wine at certain hours. Italian journalists may not say those things displeasing to the State, but English journalists may not say those things displeasing to the Press lords. Italians are bound by the cords of bureaucracy under dictatorship, but Britons are bound by the cords of bureaucracy under plutocracy. Fascism has its weakness—the theory of the rule of an active minority must at last invite the anarchism it is designed to avoid—but Fascism has at least restored law, order and the primal loyalties to Rome. It has done more; it has restored the temporal State to the Papacy, a resurrection the meaning of which is too little understood and too lightly pondered.

Of those who read this book, few may go to Rome. Those who go will look upon its stones with a new comprehension. Those who do not go will not again misconceive the city's significance, although they may fear it and dislike it. It is possible—though Mr. Chesterton will writhe to think so—that many may read this book who care not a roman fig for the significance of Rome, but who care much for the craftsmanship and artistry of Mr. Chesterton. They will find here all its infinite variety: he writes of Rome in every mood. But let the merely casual purchaser beware. This gorgeous fabric of prose has not been spun without a purpose: it is a web.

SIR RONALD ROSS AS FICTION WRITER.

By R. L. Mégroz.

One must, I think, go back to the Renaissance, and in our own country to the great Elizabethans to find such prodigality of versatile genius as that of Sir Ronald Ross. Thirty-three years after it was made, his discovery of the secret of malaria infection through mosquitoes is at last being appreciated in its true perspective as one of the epoch marking discoveries in human history. In the words of the Poet Laureate, Mr. John Masefield, it " has made a third of the world habitable." But the obscure surgeon in the Indian Medical Service, who after heroic and solitary labours earned undying fame as a medical scientist, had begun as a poet and remained essentially a poet. He was also an enthusiastic though inadequately trained mathematician. Then he began to try his hand at prose fiction, and during many years of medical research work, poetry and novel writing were treated as leisure occupations, the truth being of course that for a man of Ross's creative energy leisure means a change of work and a fresh medium of expression.

But the consequence of the division of interests was a great curtailment of his possible literary work and

a long postponement of recognition first as a poet and then as a novelist. He is not yet recognised as a novelist, and few people indeed are even aware of the existence of his prose romances. This is not surprising, since only three have ever been published, and two of them have been out of print since long before the War. The remaining one, "The Revels of Orsera" (7s. 6d.; John Murray), was reissued a few weeks ago. This weird romance is dated near the end of the fifteenth century, and has for an appropriately wild setting the Bernese Oberland. A not uncalled for preface by the author in the reissued volume warns the reader that the "historical notes" at the end of the book, and most of the seemingly historical characters are entirely fictitious. Nevertheless the atmosphere of pageantry and intrigue at the Alpine castle of Count Reichenfels, vital with a variety of vivid characters, is convincing enough. Not Scott himself ever gave us such colour and animation, and such exciting jousts and tourneys. But behind this ornamental tapestry of romance a spiritual drama of good and evil is being played out in the soul of Zozimo, a weakling little hunchback who acquires a beautiful physical exterior to correspond with his inner self. The device used here by the author is one which was taken seriously in the Middle Ages, that of metempsychosis by which a soul takes possession of another person's body. The poetic aim of the author is made clearer by his own confession that the story originated in a reading of Byron's fragment, "The Deformed Transformed," which he determined to rewrite and make symmetrical by adding another character. This is Zozimo's sister, Astrella, who has the beauty and strength of body denied to her brother; as well as a fineness of spirit which enables her to triumph with her brother through death, for Satan is wooing her on the mountains. The treatment of the Spirit of Evil, who like Lermontov's Demon seeks human love, would have been possible only to a poet. The contact of the sublime divinity with a mortal mind instead of causing the collapse of the story, as it well might, is actually a beautiful climax. But Ross's conception was long maturing, and was indeed written first in the 1880's as a verse drama, and privately printed. There are many noble verses in this, but I do not think it could ever be staged successfully, at least not without severe cutting. So "The Revels of Orsera" was written in prose during the nineties, and first published in 1920. It should be an excellent influence in modern fiction, and so would the out-of-print earlier novels, "Child of Ocean" and "Spirit of Storm."

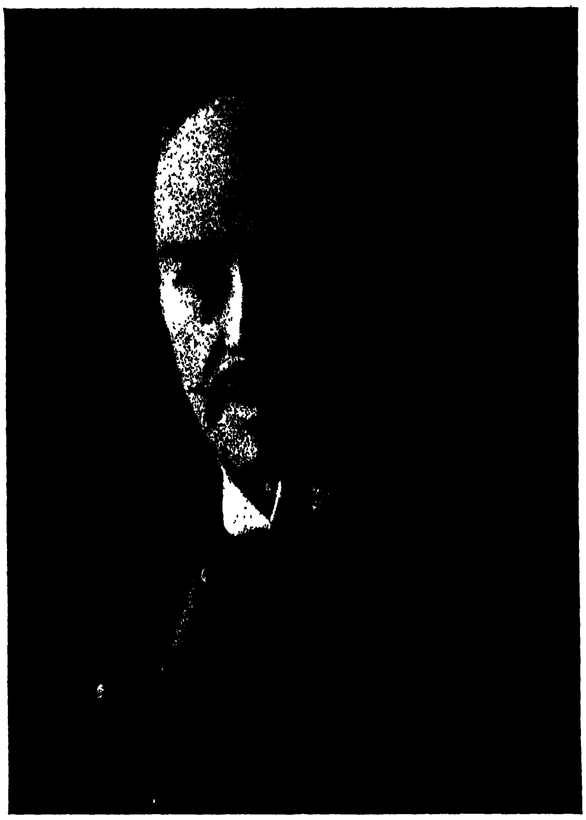


Photo by Maull & Fox. **Sir Ronald Ross.**

At the time of writing these are still out of print, but I cannot believe that they will long remain so. They are conceived in the spirit of stormy grandeur which informed the "Revels," but the author's power of magnificent description is lavished on tropical landscapes and seascapes. The tropical storm at sea described in "Spirit of Storm" is superb: it stirs the soul like an elemental drama. Ross's use of the pathetic fallacy by which nature is chorus to the passions of the human heart is quite unrivalled by any living fiction writer, and not even Hardy's excelled it. The emotional theme of the story is the unreasoning jealousy of his wife by a Major Chesham who is stationed in the West Indies. Resemblance to the Othello theme is carried further by the designs of a cousin whom Chesham has befriended, and who plays very effectually the part of an Iago until near the end of the story. The ensuing conflict of emotions is punctuated by furious fighting between white and black slave traffickers. Gory scenes in the harbour of San Domingo are but the fringe of the terrible uprising of the blacks against the white planters ashore. As if the heavens are revolting against human insanities, a tornado descends on the harbour and sweeps away the ships. On one of these, loaded with corpses and dying men, is Percy Chesham, who has been brought from school in England expressly to effect a reconciliation between his father and mother. He does not know it, but his madly enraged father is also on board the derelict vessel which drives helplessly into the night of storm. Chesham has determined to kill his son and then die, and a ghastly chase of the terrified boy over the corpse-strewn decks goes on with the wild diapason of sea and sky for chorus. No quotation sufficiently brief for an article like this can convey to the reader the terrific effect of Ross's description.

While splendid description and intensely dramatic scenes occur in "Spirit of Storm," the style of the prose is not consistently "right" and the plot is mere melodrama which is only redeemed by the author's imaginative power. In my own opinion "Child of Ocean," published in 1889 by a firm which soon afterwards went bankrupt, is the greatest of Ross's novels. He was nearly thirty when he began writing it, while stationed on the Andaman Islands, the beautiful descriptions of the tropical flora, the abounding life of the coralled sea and the monsoons all being first-hand experience. The bare plot is again rather far-fetched and depends more

than once on the arm of coincidence possessing an exceptionally long reach. But the essential vision and the expression of mighty powers in nature and the human soul overwhelm the reader's imagination. The author called " Child of Ocean " a romance, but admitted in his " Memoirs " that his purpose was rather to write " a book which should be not what I called a journalistic-novel but an art-novel or epic-drama; that is, an attempt to figure the scenery of these islands in a sonata of words." First he thought of putting a cynical Robinson Crusoe on one of the islands, whose bitter musings would be gradually influenced by the beauty of nature all around him. But he happened to read Charles Reade's " Foul Play," in which a silly story is buttressed up by some fine descriptions of a life on an unknown island, where a man and a woman are left after the foundering of their ship in mid-ocean. So, just as he changed Byron's " Deformed Transformed," he remoulded the theme of " Foul Play," with a wonderful result. He puts a child, an English child, on an Andaman island, to grow up wild and solitary, a monster who scares the native cannibal islanders away from his sea-girt domain. The Monster grows into a tawny-red, naked creature with a big mane of hair over head and face, human only in the shape of his powerful body, the embryo soul remaining asleep. Another shipwreck puts a fashionable young lady of Anglo-India " society " on the island, which now becomes a setting for the Monster's emergence into the condition of a human being. It is a hard course of education for him, and he dies in the end of love and grief, but before this climax is reached there are scenes which stir the emotions like a rich romance, and others which rouse all the faculties of the imagination like that poetic drama which Aristotle said purged us by pity and terror. Certainly readers of fiction to-day can ill afford to miss Sir Ronald Ross's contributions to English literature.

CECIL ROBERTS AS POET.

By Wallace B. Nichols.

THE reviewing of poetry at the present time is in a most unsatisfactory state. Less consideration is given to it in the Press than ever before, and the little which is given is generally inadequate. Before the War a volume of verse of any pretensions to merit could at least be sure of some twenty notices—certainly of a sufficient number to help on a reputation and to make a poet known to anthologists. Nowadays it is no infrequent occurrence for a new book of poems to receive fewer than ten. Two volumes published recently, distributed to some fifty journals or so, received respectively seven and three notices.

Poetry has never been taken as seriously in this country as abroad. I was speaking not long since to a distinguished foreign critic upon this very matter, and his amazement was profound. " But have you no literary journals ? " he asked. I named those we had—and convinced him of their sluggish reaction to the claims of the poet unless he is unusually fortunate in his introductions and sponsorship. Also the reviewing of poetry is too frequently done either by the over-young critic, too concerned with being brilliant himself to be fair to the author at whose expense he is scintillating; or by the over-old critic, for whom poetry died with Matthew Arnold and was barely recognisable as living in *him*.

Is it any wonder then that so many of our younger poets turn novelist in sheer desperation?

The case of Mr. Cecil Roberts can be taken as typical. For fifteen years, he tells me, he has ceased to publish any of his verse, and has taken to novel-writing instead. That he has succeeded in his newer medium needs no affirmation for readers of " Sails of Sunset " and " Havana Bound," and I am only concerned here with pointing out that a gap of fifteen years in any poet's life is dulling to his lyrical impulse. But I cannot blame this poet. The path is harder than it ever was before.

That we have lost a great poet in Cecil Roberts I would not say; but that we have lost one as good as many of those in Mr. Harold Monro's recent anthology—in which he is not represented—I am prepared to submit. Moreover during the fallow years he would no doubt have strengthened his technique and developed his poetic grip.

He is both a lyric poet and a dramatic poet. As a dramatic poet he has had the unusual felicity of being produced. And indeed " A Tale of Young Lovers " is worthy of production. It has what few poetic tragedies have, a sense of the stage. The plot is worked out with a minimum of verbiage, and each line is related to the movement of the plot. Dramatically it has very considerable merits; poetically I feel that it suffers here and there from too swift a composition. This may add to a certain naturalness of presentation, but there is some loss of poetic fibre, of nervous power in rhythm and vocabulary. Few lines stand out as separately ablaze with beauty, though many have a singular sweetness and a vivid dramatic aptness. Above all, this play is never dull, never too wordy and is always actable.

As a lyric poet he has a delicate sense for limpid colour. " Springtime in Cookham Dean " is perhaps his best example in this vein, and is a poem of shimmering English beauty; and I find something of the same beauty, but with perhaps a deeper note, in " Absence," from which I quote one stanza of incisive truth:

> " O friend, there is a time when speech
> Is frozen with the breath of awe;
> When all the little truths we preach
> Seem fragments of a vaster law."

And another poem which has, for me at least, a caress of true rhythm is one beginning:

> " When I walked out from Grasmere Vale,
> One hour after eventide,
> The Moon had risen weirdly pale,
> And the wind blew far and wide
> The withered leaves, all blown and sere,
> That told me of the mellowing year."

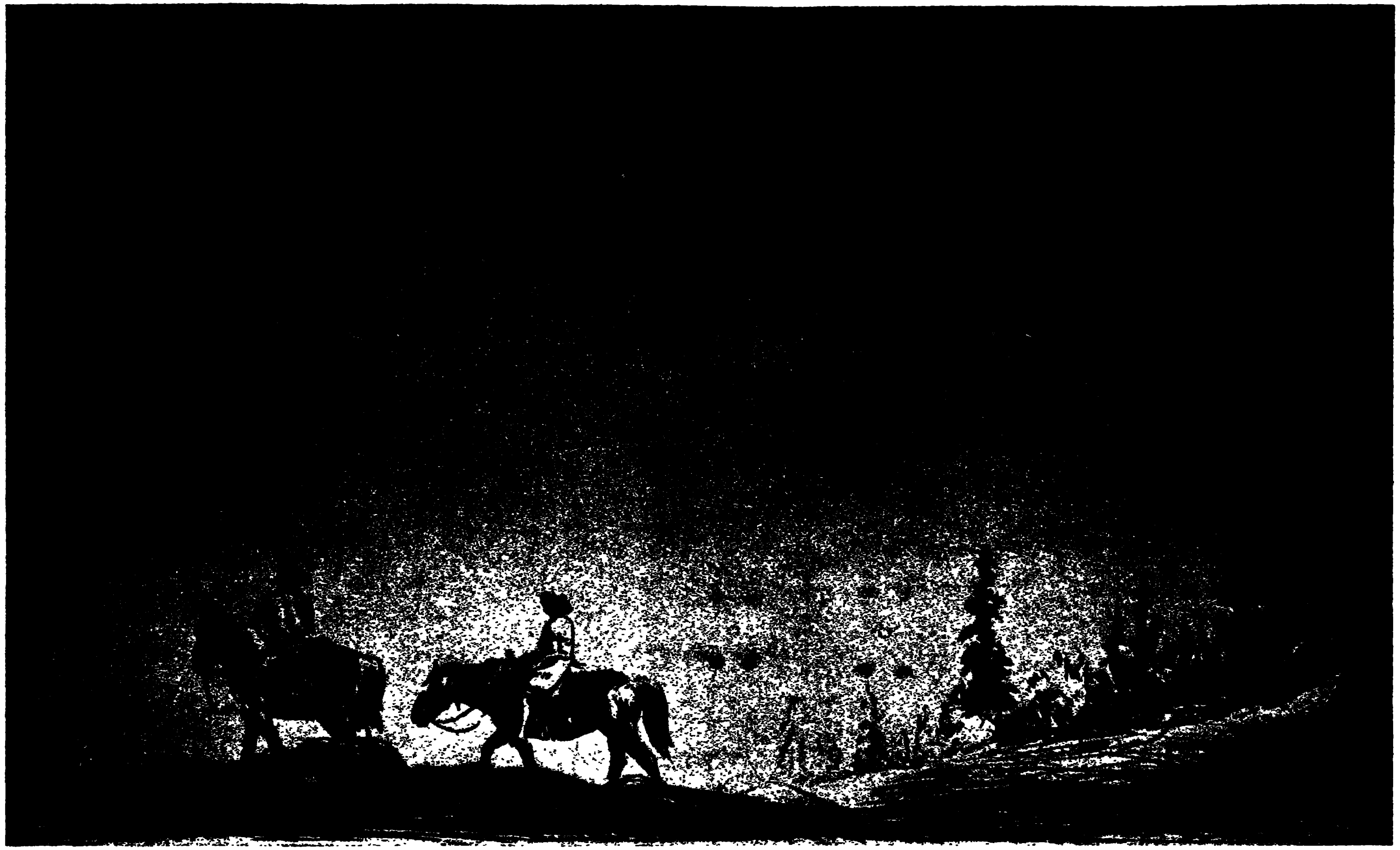
There is a quantity of work of this character in Mr. Cecil Roberts's poetry, work of limpid brooding and observed colour; but in criticising it one must remember that it is the work of a poet still to some extent in the

SUPPLEMENT TO "THE BOOKMAN," OCTOBER, 1930.



From a drawing by FRANK E. SLATER.

MR. CECIL ROBERTS.



From "MASTERS OF ETCHING: LEVON WEST" (Studio).

THE EAGLE.

experimental mood. He had not achieved the fullness of a complete technique. His poems seem never to have been long enough on the anvil, and while they gain in freshness and ease they lose in controlled simplicity and in the solidity of imaginative concentration. A narrative poem such as " Phyllistraton " for instance would have gained inestimably from cutting; and cutting is not one of the virtues of the young writer! We must not forget that we are reading early work—work written when its author was busy finding his road.

How near he was to opening the true vein can be judged from his war-poetry. The War touched him to some purpose, and in " Charing Cross " he wrote perhaps the most directly human of all his poems, one of the best poems too which the War inspired—a poem which shows how his development as a poet might have gone along lines of strength and a deepening feeling for the struggle of existence—and its bathetic irony. Such phrases and lines as—

> " . . . while I stand
> Watching this slow processional of pain,
> . . . this human refuse
> Left by extravagant war " ;

and the ironic close :

> " I watch with dumb anguish the endless procession of men,
> The remnants picked up from the waste in the fields ; they who died
> Flow no more in the stream, they can rest ; and only it matters
> That Science should skilfully mend what it skilfully shatters,"

show the deepened power of the true poet touched to his argument by his feeling for his kind.

But at that point the poet ceased! His best verse seems therefore rather transitional than perfect, rather a prelude than an achievement ; but it was a transition of the right kind, a prelude that makes us regret the unachieved sequel.

When Mr. Cecil Roberts does at long last give us the volume of poems which he *can* write, and which perhaps is half written, I hope that the reviewing of poetry will be in less evil case, and that he will receive due and adequate notice. He will at least have his reputation as one of the best of our younger novelists to stand him in good stead.

THE BOOKMAN PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

OCTOBER, 1930.

Answers to these Competitions (each on a separate sheet bearing name and address of sender) must be received by the Editor not later than the 12th of each month. A Competitor may enter for all the six Competitions, but must cut out coupon below and send this with each answer or group *of answers, and address envelope :*

" The Prize Page," THE BOOKMAN, St. Paul's House, Warwick Square, London, E.C.4.

Competitors must please keep copies of their MSS. ; the Editor cannot undertake to return them.

THE PRIZES OFFERED THIS MONTH ARE:

I.—ONE GUINEA for the best *original* lyric.

II.—HALF A GUINEA for the best quotation from English verse applicable to any review or the name of any author or book appearing in this Number.

III.—THREE NEW BOOKS for the best note, of not more than one hundred and fifty words, as to what heroine of fiction you would like to entertain at your table, and giving your reasons for your choice.

IV.—HALF A GUINEA for the best quotation from English literature applicable to the leaders of the three political parties.

V.—HALF A GUINEA for the best review, in not more than one hundred words, of any recent book. Competitors should give names of Book, Author and Publisher at head of each review.

VI.—THE BOOKMAN will be sent post free for twelve months to the sender of the best suggestion for a Competition.

RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS FOR SEPTEMBER.

I.—THE PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA for the best original lyric is awarded to Ierne Ormsby, 20, Havelock Road, Addiscombe, Surrey, for the following :

LOVE'S ARMOUR.

> Through every day I weave with diligence,
> And bind about the woof all beauty known
> To heart and hands ; I work with every sense,
> And in each stitch a tiny prayer is sewn.
> The gift I weave for love may not be bought
> With gold or life, or dreams of paradise ;
> It shall be free for one within my thought
> Who may achieve it for no mortal price.
> It has no value save for me, unless
> The one who takes at last should hold it rare ;
> I weave by night and day, and fold, and press,
> And lay it by in lavender with care.
> Belovèd, 'tis a simple gift, indeed ;
> Chain-mail or silk, according to your need!

We also select for printing :

THROUGH THE RAIN.

> Now are the little leaves again washed clean ;
> The tiger-lilies wear an amber sheen ;
> The purple pansies gleam ; how fair the grass
> That thrills to feel each pearly raindrop pass
> Its tensive length along ; the song of rain
> Is sweet to buds that far too long have lain
> In darkness ; dreaming through the days of drought,
> The nights of heat, they hear the distant shout
> Of laden clouds assembling ; see with glee
> The tall delphiniums sway voluptuously—
> A lovely mass that shades from palest blue
> To clearest sapphirine, and that deeper hue
> That was the colour of young Mary's cloak
> When through the purple dusk, from alien folk
> She bore the holy babe to Egypt's land ;
> —So shining through the rain delphiniums stand.

(Florence M. Ward, 18, Abbots Road, King's Heath, Birmingham.)

ON A MAY AFTERNOON.

I saw a may tree blooming close beside the dusty street,
A prodigally lovely, joyous thing,
While sunshine swept the pavements, lit the houses, and the sky
Arched above me, wide and cloudless, blue with spring.

Yet my heart was strangely weary as I wandered in the sun,
And poignant seemed the beauty of the may,
Until—I saw you standing in an attitude I knew,
Unheeding and unconscious o'er the way—

. . . . .

I passed unseen, unnoticed, with a stillness in my heart,
And a loveliness had come upon the day.

(J. Morton George, 4, Glebe Avenue, Woodford Green, Essex.)

THISTLEDOWN.

Thistledown, thistledown, Summertime's snowflake,
Winged with bright beauty, fairy-like, free;
Messenger, dancing to the wind's music,
Bringing the glory of moorlands to me.

Deep in your heart is a secret abiding—
Where will you hide it, when tired of your play?
Seemingly useless—blown hither and thither—
God has a mission for you to obey.

There where you fall, and unhonoured are buried,
The stars will look down and the moonlight will bless;
And soon in the splendour of some grand new morning,
A King in royal purple the Dawn will caress.

(George S. Astins, Lynton Lodge, Fourth Avenue, Hove, Sussex.)

We also select for special commendation the lyrics by M. G. Tillett (Cosham), Evelyn D. Bangay (Chesham), Stuart Ayers (Sydenham), Norah M. Butterfield (Westward Ho!), M. G. Hughes (Hemel Hempstead), Gertrude Pitt (London, N.), Phyllis E. Noble (Long Melford), Nell Musgrave (London, W.), Vera I. Arlett (Worthing), Sylvia Hooke (London, E.C.), Marguerite Allday (Birmingham), Ella Rivers Noble (Long Melford), Phyllis Lake (London, S.W.), Iris Ottaway (Bungay), Mabel Herdman Porter (Faversham), B. M. Beard (Bexleyheath), R. Allen (Liverpool), D. Wilson (Clapham), E. Mary Scott (Tunbridge Wells), Mrs. May Belben (Wimborne), Mrs. Elwyn James (Cardiff), Freda Isobel Noble (Long Melford), Margaret Burcham (Winscombe), Irene Hubbard (Steeple Claydon), Mrs. H. Tetley (Bristol), D. F. Larkin (Brighton), Jeanne Harrison (Canterbury), H. E. Turner (Chorlton-cum-Hardy), Esther Samms (Luton), Mrs. Margaret L. Smith (Natal, South Africa), Archer Russell (New South Wales), W. E. Coulson (Hurlingham), G. M. Starkey (Folkestone), Isabel S. N. Smyth (Belfast), Kathleen Blyth (West Hartlepool), B. Kenneth Wesander (Hampstead), K. F. Phelps (Turville), Margaret Fountain (Huntingdon), P. M. Freeston (London, N.W.), Margaret F. Woodzell (Plymouth), George G. Tutt (Barnsley), Enid D. Woollright (Basingstoke), John E. Woods (Coventry), May Challam (Bath), Edith M. Walker (Bournemouth), Winifred Simmons (Parkstone), Margarita Yates (Haute Savoie, France), D. Lille (Deal).

II.—The Prize of Half a Guinea for the best quotation is awarded to Enid D. Woollright, Wootton House, Wootton St. Lawrence, Basingstoke, for the following:

MARTIN MAKE-BELIEVE. By Gilbert Frankau. (Hutchinson.)

"And, round about December,
The cards upon his shelf
Which wished him lots of Christmas cheer,
And fortune in the coming year,
Were never from his near and dear,
But only from himself."

A. A. Milne, *King John's Christmas.*

We also select for printing:

HIS DIFFICULT DAUGHTER. By Winifred Carter. (Alston Rivers.)

"'The youth,' he cried, 'whom I exiled,
Shall be restored to woo her.'"

T. Campbell.

(Marjorie W. Stayt, c/o Athlone High School, Bezuidenhout Avenue, Johannesburg, Transvaal, South Africa.)

THE WIRELESS CALL. By Mrs. Coulson Kernahan. (Epworth Press.)

"I grieve to say, I've winked at him,
And he has winked at me."

Bab Ballads ("Gentle Alice Brown").

(J. N. Banister, "Rollestone," Malden Street, Leyland, Lancs.)

MADDER MUSIC. By Mildred Cram. (Harrap.)

"In fifty different sharps and flats."

Browning, *The Pied Piper of Hamelin.*

(Ethel M. Kennedy, "Heeneholme," Rowlands Road, Worthing.)

ORDEAL BY AIR. By J. Scott Hughes. (Longmans.)

"Will no one tell me what she sings?"

Wordsworth, *The Solitary Reaper.*

(John A. Bellchambers, 40, Highgate Hill, N.19.)

COME WITH ME A LITTLE WAY. By Julian Swift. (Werner Laurie.)

"'Will you walk a little faster?' said a whiting to a snail;
'There's a porpoise close behind us, and he's treading on my tail.'"

Lewis Carroll, *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland.*

(Ernest A. Fuller, 10, The Circus, Greenwich, S.E.10.)

III.—The Prize of Three New Books for the best short description from prose of the sounds of Nature—rain, wind and sea—is awarded to Norah M. Butterfield, "Etain," Golf Links Road, Westward Ho!, Devon, for the following:

(1) RAIN.

"Rain was universal; a thick robe of it swept from hill to hill; thunder rumbled remote, and between the ruffled roars the downpour pressed on the land with a great noise of eager gobbling, much like that of the swine's trough fresh filled, as though a vast assembly of the hungered had seated themselves clamorously and fallen to on meats and drinks in a silence, save of the chaps."

George Meredith, *The Egoist.*

(2) WIND.

"The mutter of the winds drew near apace. In the forefront could be distinguished a drowsy waking plaint passing on, and far off the growth of a multiple clamour, marching and expanding. There was the throb as of many drums in it, a vicious, rushing note, and like the chant of a tramping multitude."

Joseph Conrad, *Typhoon.*

(3) SEA.

"The sea came on like cavalry, and when it touched the shore it opened the blazing eyes and deafening tongues of the artillery. I saw the worst assault at night on a seaside parade, where the sea smote on the doors of England with the hammers of earthquake, and a white smoke went up into the black heavens."

G. K. Chesterton, *Essays.*

We also highly commend the replies by Annie P. Pearson (Halifax), Commander F. G. Cooper (Edgware), W. E. Coulson (Hurlingham), B. M. Beard (Bexleyheath), T. W. Griffiths (Swansea), C. E. J. Capern (Brighton), B. Mitchell (Fortrose), Mrs. M. C. Scarth (Leeds), Robert K. Spedding (Liverpool), P. Page

(London, S.W.), John E. Woods (Coventry), Marjorie Crosbie (Wolverhampton), Mrs. May Belben (Wimborne), C. S. Stamper (Grimsby), Isobel Simpson (Dundee), Iërne Ormsby (Addiscombe), Margaret W. Simpson (Dundee), Joyce Nankivell (Bournemouth), J. E. A. Gedge (Bagborough).

IV.—THE PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best note, in not more than one hundred words, of any curious or interesting fact discovered by the writer in the course of his or her holiday wanderings, is awarded to Sybil G. Gillett, 33, South Eaton Place, S.W.1, for the following :

Wandering through Hampshire, I came upon the village of Abbott's Ann. I discovered the church to be of great interest, as it possesses a custom unique of its kind. Along the north wall, suspended from the ceiling, are about thirty chaplets of cardboard, to each of which are attached four white paper gloves; actually not all the gloves are there, as some have crumbled away with age. The custom is that when any bachelor or unmarried woman is buried there, these gloves are hung up and the names of the deceased inscribed above them. The earliest dates back to 1740.

We also select for printing :

In my wanderings in Suffolk I visited the churches of Sudbury. The parish church of St. Gregory is claimed to be the most ancient church in East Anglia, the present one being built before 1100 on the site of a yet earlier one. But what especially attracted my attention was a little iron ring on the beautifully carved door, which the verger told me was called the Sanctuary Ring, and in bygone days, when many of the peasants were too poor to buy a ring, was used to bind the man and woman together in the sacrament of marriage.

(Ella Rivers Noble, Bridge House, Lyston, Long Melford, Suffolk.)

In Chichester Cathedral we found two of the oldest specimens of bas-relief carving existing in this country. These represent Biblical scenes, and the figures are carved of a size in ratio to their importance. Thus, in the Raising of Lazarus, Christ is the full height of the plaque, Lazarus, the second most important figure, is a little shorter, the apostles shorter still, and so on, down to the grave-diggers. who, being negligible, are like dwarfs, not much bigger than Christ's feet. These plaques were originally in the parish church of Selsey, now three miles under the sea.

(Sylvia Hooke, 39, Paternoster Row, E.C.4.)

I broke the glass face of my two watches at the seaside. I had them repaired, and shortly after I got them back from the jeweller, I bumped into a man. This man missed his watch and accused me of stealing it. He described it as a gold hunter with " S. B. M." on the back of it. I had *two* watches with me, one of them a gold hunter with *my* initials, " S. B. M." Very fortunately for me however the man found his own watch in his hip-pocket where he had absent-mindedly put it. I never carry two watches now !

(S. Barrington McClean, 21, Greenknowe Road, Newlands, Glasgow, S.3.)

We also highly commend the replies by J. N. Banister (Leyland), B. M. Beard (Bexleyheath), John E. Woods (Coventry), A. Eleanor Pinnington (Norwich), E. Sweatman (Reading), B. A. Billings (Manchester), Mrs. Maude R. Fleeson (Manchester), Mrs. Emily E. Moore (Letchworth), Norah M. Butterfield (Westward Ho!), Teresa Bellamy Noble (Long Melford), Phyllis E. Noble (Long Melford), Rev. Edwin J. Matthews (Calne), Captain Wm. Jaggard (Stratford-on-Avon), Mrs. Cecilia Naumann (Cranleigh), Evelyn D. Bangay (Chesham), L. F. Goldsmid (London, S.W.), Joyce Dugdale (Wellington), J. E. A. Gedge (Bagborough).



Drawing by Aubrey Hammond. **Mr. Henry Savage.**

Author of " How to Manage Our Women " (Toulmin). See page 93.

V.—THE PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for a short passage from any well-known novel showing the author's insight into the psychology of a child, is awarded to Mrs. E. G. Elton, 4, Forrest Gardens, Norbury, S.W.16, for the following :

" Then when he stood clothed and of a cheerful mind once more in front of the fire, a shyness stole over him. He knew that the moment for presents was approaching ; he knew that very shortly he would have to kiss and be kissed by a multitude of persons ; that he would have to say again and again, ' Oh, thank you, thank you so much ! ' that he would have his usual consciousness of his inability

to thank anybody at all in the way that they expected to be thanked. Helen and Mary never worried about such things. They delighted in kissing and hugging and multitudes of words. If only he might have had his presents to himself and then stolen out and said, 'Thank you' to the lot of them and have done with it. What happened to Jeremy at that moment? Did he recollect that only a few hours before he had been hating Aunt Amy with a fine frenzy of hatred? For nearly a week he had been chafing under her restraint, combating her commands, defying her orders. He had been seeing her as everything that the Dean's Ernest had but now been calling her. Now he only saw her as someone to be defended, someone who was his, someone even who depended on him for support. He would have challenged a whole world of Deans in her defence. He said something, but no one could hear his words; then he sprang upon the startled Ernest."

HUGH WALPOLE, *Jeremy*.

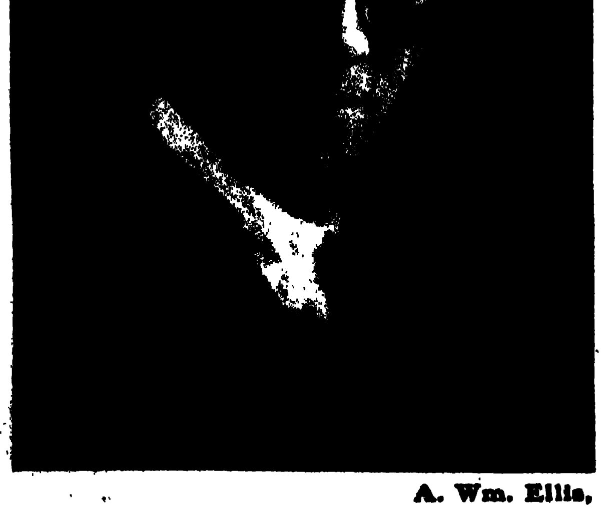
We also select for printing:

"It was a strange craze certainly; but Harold, who invented his own games and played them without assistance, always stuck staunchly to a new fad, till he had worn it quite out. Just at present he was a muffin man, and day and night he went through passages and up and down staircases, ringing a noiseless bell and offering phantom muffins to invisible wayfarers. It sounds a poor sort of sport; and yet—to pass along busy streets of your own building, for ever ringing an imaginary bell and offering airy muffins of your own make to a bustling, thronging crowd of your own creation—there were points about the game, it cannot be denied.

KENNETH GRAHAME, *The Golden Age*.

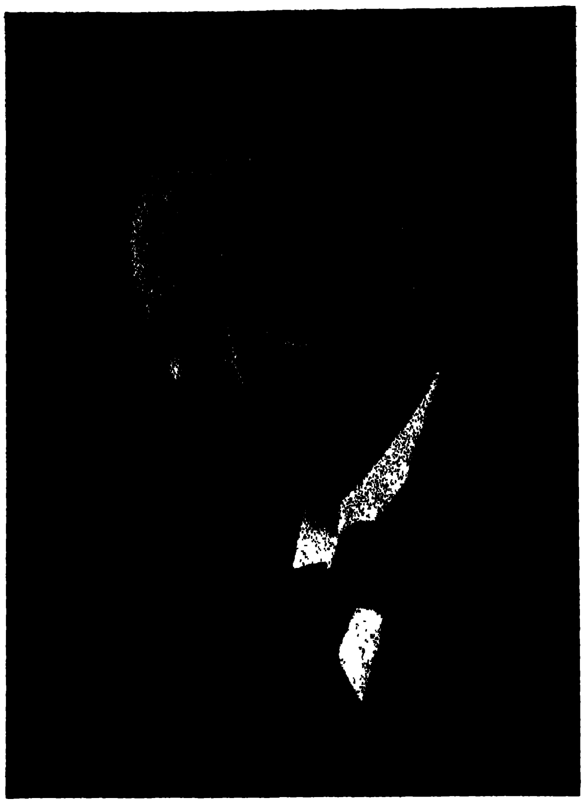
(C. S. Stamper, 54, St. Augustine Avenue, Grimsby, Lincs.)

We also highly commend the replies by Mrs. May Belben (Wimborne), A. C. Marshall (Edinburgh), Agatha Honnywill (Bristol), S. Barrington McClean (Glasgow), John E. Woods (Coventry), Melfin W. Jones (Cardiff), T. W. Griffiths (Swansea), W. L. Dudley (Halifax), B. M. Beard (Bexleyheath), L. F. Goldsmid



A. Wm. Ellis,

Author of "Ascetic" (Hutchinson).



Mr. Dudley Harbron,

Author of "Amphion" (Dent).

(London, S.W.), Iris Ottaway (Bungay), Phyllis E. Noble (Long Melford), R. S. Mitchell (Fortrose), Iërne Ormsby (Addiscombe), Norah M. Butterfield (Westward Ho!), E. Sweatman (Reading), P. Page (London, S.W.), G. Pitt (London, N.), R. Allen (Liverpool), S. Homfray (Colchester), P. M. Freeston (London, N.), B. A. Billings (Manchester), Winifred Simmons (Parkstone), Margery Young (Spondon), Sylvia Hooke (London, E.C.).

VI.—THE PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best review, in not more than one hundred words, of any recent book, is awarded to B. Noël Saxelby, at/2, Belvedere Terrace, West Road, Buxton, Derbyshire, for the following:

CIMARRON. BY EDNA FERBER. (Heinemann.)

Yancey Cravat, with his romantic figure, golden voice, skill with the gun; his championship of the downtrodden —Indian, Negro, Jew, woman; his scorn of security and his restless instability, is typical of the buoyant (often flamboyant) pioneer-adventurer in the raw days of the opening-up of Oklahoma. But, as he himself says, it is the sun-bonnet, not the sombrero, that settles the new lands. His gently-bred wife and the other women go doggedly about the business of bringing civilisation into the wilderness. The author gives us a moving panorama of colour and life—a great achievement.

We also select for printing:

THE DOOR. BY MARY ROBERTS RINEHART.

(Hodder & Stoughton.)

The intriguing nature of this mystery novel baffles the most astute clue-hunters. A series of crimes follow in swift succession, for no apparent reason, until circumstantial evidence gathers around an innocent man, who is condemned. The thrills of the story are maintained by means of seemingly trivial details, discovered by various members of the families concerned, which have vital bearings on the solution of the crimes committed. But neither the persistence of Judy, nor the wiles of Inspector Harrison,

prepare the reader for the final explanation. The secrecy, the tense atmosphere, convey the right psychological effect throughout the mystery.

(B. M. Beard, 214, Broadway, Bexleyheath, Kent.)

GENERALLY SPEAKING. BY G. K. CHESTERTON. (Methuen.)

Although the titles of the essays in this book suggest the scope of Mr. Chesterton's subject-matter, only careful reading reveals the versatile originality of his thoughts. In a small volume he strides to the outposts of history and delves beneath the surfaces of civilisation. As always, he is a new-comer startling us with a forceful placing of words, luring us by some unusual simile to see new comparisons. His commanding epigrams present new themes for meditation. The complete collection forms a fascinating commentary on life and art woven together with deft irony.

(C. S. Stamper, 54, St. Augustine Avenue, Grimsby, Lincs.)

NOTHING TO PAY. BY CARADOC EVANS. (Faber & Faber.)

There is nothing beautiful in this life-story of a man whose one aim was the making of money. The methods of its fulfilment are sordid beyond all telling, yet Caradoc Evans by sheer genius compels our interest, our entire attention from beginning to end. He is powerful in his very simplicity; his prose in dealing with this Welsh miser is the prose of the Bible; and his fierce ruthlessness characterising this first novel, doubtless lessens in no degree the hatred which his short stories, "My People" and "My Neighbours," have earned for him already among his native people.

(A. Eleanor Pinnington, 70, Pitt Street, Norwich.)

We also highly commend the replies by T. W. Griffiths (Swansea), Gertrude Pitt (London, N.), Norah M. Butterfield (Westward Ho!), G. M. Starkey (Folkestone), Margaret Owen (Whitstable), L. F. Goldsmid (London, S.W.), Arbel M. Aldous (Colchester), S. Barrington McClean (Glasgow), Mrs. Emily E. Moore (Letchworth), B. Noël Saxelby (Buxton), Agatha Honnywill (Bristol), Winifred Simmons (Parkstone), Margery Young (Spondon), A. Maurice Hancock (South Shields), Sylvia Hooke (London, E.C.), Clifford Bower-Shore (Stockport), Mrs. May Belben (Wimborne), B. Kenneth Wesander (Hampstead), Barbara Hughes-Stanton (London, W.), Ethel M. Kennedy (Worthing), Dallas Kenmare (Barnt Green), R. K. Spedding (Liverpool), E. M. O'Brien (Drogheda), Esther Samms (Luton), P. Baker (King's Langley).

VII.—THE PRIZE OF ONE YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION TO THE BOOKMAN is awarded to A. Eleanor Pinnington, 70, Pitt Street, Norwich.

IN VARIOUS LANDS.*

Dr. Berry's book is a curious production and is perhaps not to be judged as other books, for it is composed of a series of travel talks with which the doctor regaled the listeners-in of Australia. So anxious was he to admit no inaccuracy that he submitted his original MS., before the delivery of the talks, to the American Consul-General in Australia. Unfortunately that gentleman does not appear to have received his office, as did Nathaniel Hawthorne, J. R. Lowell and others, on account of his literary merits. At any rate he has not been critical with regard to those of Dr. Berry, for in this volume are an exasperating number of tags and facetious remarks. Twice at least we came across the curate and egg story, and the information is kindly added that the egg was good in parts. Well, there are some parts of this book which please us, when the author is not walking like Agag—the tag habit is infectious!—but lets himself go, as for example on the negro question when he reaches Nashville, Tennessee. We wish Dr. Berry had not found it necessary to add "dee-po" every time he writes "station"; and after telling us that the dollar and cent system is a very simple one, as indeed it is, he gives an incredible tale of an incredibly stupid visitor to the States who became so muddled over his bill that he paid the waiter five dollars instead of one dollar seventy-five cents. Dr. Berry should take a little trip across Europe, preferably in the Orient Express, when he will, all in the space of three or four days, be called upon to pay for his meals in French francs, Swiss francs, Italian lire, Yugoslav dinars, Bulgarian and Turkish money.

There is no doubt about it that Mr. Beckles Willson is a Canadian. He does not let us forget that interesting fact;

* "Through the States with a Seeing Eye." By Richard J. A. Berry, M.D., etc. 5s. (Simpkin Marshall.) "From Quebec to Piccadilly." By Beckles Willson. 12s. 6d. (Jonathan Cape.) "Malta of the Knights." By E. W. Schermerhorn. 25s. (Heinemann.)



Rhododendron patulum ("Rock Rose").
On the cliffs at 11,000 feet, Mishmi Hills, Assam Frontier. Flowers rosy purple. June-July.

From "Plant Hunting on the Edge of the World," by F. Kingdon Ward (Gollancz). Reviewed on page 55.

and the publicity which he has been giving to Canada for the best part of his life has probably been accomplished in a more artistic manner than that which Dr. Berry encountered at St. Louis, Mo., and several other American cities. Mr. Willson was the official biographer of the late Lord Strathcona, but he was far from being his idolater. Similarly we find that many portraits in this book of memoirs have the shadows that make them more lifelike. We read on and on. What an interesting life has been that of Mr. Beckles Willson, and how well he has told us of it. The number of celebrities who are referred to is very great. Some of them appear to the general reader in a novel light. Who would have thought that Lord Alverstone, the Lord Chief Justice, could behave in this fashion? The part most probably played by a well-known London editor in the appointment of Lord Byng to the command of the Canadians in France is told, I believe, for the first time. Byng and this editor were close neighbours in Essex, where also we are entertained by a glimpse of a very famous novelist in his rôle as a country gentleman. Talking of the country, Mr. Willson relates the fruitless efforts made by his wife and himself to retain their English and their local servants at a rather lonely and reputedly haunted house in Nova Scotia. They had in all no fewer than fifty-three servants, whose period of service ranged from six hours to three months—the latter being the maximum. It is impossible to touch in a brief review on more than a very small proportion of the vivid sketches we find in this book. There is that of Wyndham Deedes in his tent on the edge of the Plain of Sharon, where he was buried all day in Turkish and Arabic documents, one of which—for an excellent reason—he reduced to ashes. This occurs in the course of our author's war experiences, when he became Major Beckles Willson and was, with his usual good fortune, entrusted with a job that lends itself to brilliant description.

The two last words can very well be applied to Miss Schermerhorn's book about the Knights of Malta. In fact it is, especially at the beginning, a little too brilliant. We are rather blinded at our first view of the island, as the sun goes up and "Valetta's far-famed stronghold looms up into the tender morning sky—a monstrous mountain of golden bastions—Ossa piled on Pelion in huge elemental chaos!" Yet this book is fascinating, and for anyone contemplating a visit to Malta it is indispensable. We are told a great deal about the arrival of the Knights after they had rather reluctantly availed themselves of the offer of Charles V. The relations between the Knights, with all their retainers, and the native Maltese is very well depicted. "And if a Maltese guard, who presumed to arrest a certain Chevalier de Pins for 'all sorts of vile excesses and disturbances in the streets,' was condemned to be stripped and bound upon an ass with his face toward the tail, and driven through the streets of Valetta where men, posted at every corner, beat him so lustily with long canes as he passed, that he died from the effect, it is only fair to note that the offending knight received a no less vigorous meteing out of justice, for he was sentenced to life imprisonment and died a maniac in his dungeon." Grand Master after Grand Master passes before our eyes. Some of them deserve the highest admiration, some deserve contempt—such as he who fled from before Napoleon—and some deserve pity. There was for instance the French Grand Master, an aged gentleman called Le Cassière, who was superseded by his Knights, though they allowed him to keep a suite of four knights, two butlers, two carriers, nine pages, four waiters, four chaplains, three doctors and several palace domestics. This was a much more magnificent retinue than the one that followed Charles V, after his abdication, to the monastery of Yuste in the Spanish province of Estremadura, and Charles was by no means unattended. But magnificence reigned in the Malta of the Knights, just as much as valour and other virtues. On the other hand we are given an account of the horrors suffered by the chained galley-slaves, who sometimes were compelled to remain at the oars for two days and nights at a stretch, with food pushed into their mouths, like fuel into a furnace. There is a great deal in this book that is of the highest interest.

HENRY BAERLEIN.

HILAIRE BELLOC AS POET.

BY RICHARD PENNINGTON.

A CRITIC has recently reminded us that Mr. Belloc has just turned sixty. A good age, and well employed, when we consider the fruits of Mr. Belloc's thirty-five years of writing. For no man surely can look back with more pride upon work that has always been honest and well done, loyal to a constant ideal, courageous and sincere, and not infrequently of a high degree of beauty. This was a happy reminder of an anniversary if it sends a few more readers to a good writer and a clear thinker, and a man who, though in a few things wide of the mark and partisan, is yet worth a dozen of his more popular contemporaries.

To speak of Mr. Belloc here as a poet simply may seem strange to some to whom he is memorable chiefly for the excellent prose of his essays or for such exhilarating books as "The Four Men" and "The Path to Rome." There have moreover been other manifestations of his protean spirit; there are the political novels, the biographical studies, the military histories—and how well Mr. Belloc can describe a campaign in its essentials, and what a suggestive book is "Warfare in England"!—there are the children's books, and finally a most entertaining History of England, though it strays to dubious conclusions at times. But these things are more or less of the present day and ephemeral. What is more certain of enduring fame and likely to carry Mr. Belloc's name to posterity is the poetry; yet it is probably true that this has received the least recognition of all his work.

Why this should be so it is difficult to say. His poetry is not obscure or esoteric or "new" in any unpopular way. It has on the contrary the happy characteristics of closeness to tradition and a firm basis upon logical thought. It has also a certainty of utterance and a clarity of form that are admirable, and with these, a lovely rhythm all its own, and that power of intense suggestion that great poetry alone possesses. Some, remembering his partly French descent, have found foreign influences in his work. It may be that the frequent perfection of form—too often not an English trait—suggests the French clarity of mind. But his poetry, the best of it, is essentially English.

Of the immortality of some of the poems there is no doubt. Again and again, scanning one's shelves of modern poets, one takes down the tall blue volume of "Poems and Sonnets" to find the beauty of some of these pieces assuring, in this age when so much in poetry is unsatisfying. The epigrams for example have the perfection of Landor's finest work; some of the sonnets have a lovely vehemence that Brooke momentarily captured and Wordsworth at his best achieved; while there are lyrics as pure in melody and exquisite in execution as those of the Elizabethan and the Caroline poets. And there is too a satiric humour that plays over some of the pages and gives us a kind of verse too rare in England, yet poetry in spite of the fierce intent.

Several of the poems have become too well known in anthologies to need quotation, such as "The South Country," "The Birds," "Ha'nacker Mill." But the fine sonnets are generally not anthologised and go the more widely unknown therefore; for as Mr. Graves complained in his sparkling petard with which he sought to destroy the popular anthology ("A Pamphlet against Anthologies"), when a little of a man's work is put into an anthology the reading public generally content themselves with that and do not search out his other writings. Here however is one sonnet that has not to my knowledge been bagged by the compilers:

"But oh! not lovely Helen, nor the pride
Of that most ancient Ilium matched with doom.
Men murdered Priam in his royal room
And Troy was burned with fire and Hector died.
For even Hector's dreadful day was more
Than all his breathing courage dared defend.
The armourèd light and bulwark of the war
Trailed his great glory to the accustomed end.

"He was the city's buttress, Priam's son,
The soldier born in bivouac praises great
And horns in double front of battle won.
Yet down he went: when unremembering fate
Felled him at last with all his armour on.
Hector: the horseman: in the Scæan Gate."

There are other lovely ones: the sonnet on frozen winter; on Rome; that one on Sleep, with its lulling sestet:

"Above the surf-line, into the night breeze;
Eastward above the ever-whispering seas;
Through the warm airs with no more watch to keep.
My day's run out and all its dooms are graven.
O dear forerunner of Death and promise of Haven.
O my companion, O my sister Sleep."

Simple; perhaps not pleasing to those strict fanatics of the sonnet to whom anything not Miltonic is not worthy of the name; but how lovely, how accomplished! Of this graceful and finished verse Mr. Belloc is a master. There are those stanzas in the Dedicatory Ode that begin, in an abrupt change from the humour of

"And One (myself I mean—no less),
Ah!—will Posterity believe it—
Not only don't deserve success,
But hasn't managed to achieve it,"

with the lines:

"I will not try the reach again,
I will not set my sail alone,
To moor a boat bereft of men
At Yarnton's tiny docks of stone. . . ."



Mr. Hilaire Belloc.
From a drawing by H. A. Perry.

Finally there are the epigrams, that may prove the most enduring of all his work. Landor wrote much, but "Gebir" is forgotten and few read the "Imaginary Conversations"; but his epigrams have lasted and are remembered by men the world over. So it may be Posterity will forget the political novels, the history and much of the essays—though some of these are worthy of preservation—and cherish a few lyrics and such epigrams as these:

ON A SLEEPING FRIEND.

Lady, when your lovely head
Droops to sink among the Dead,
And the quiet places keep
You that so divinely sleep;
Then the dead shall blessed be
With a new solemnity,
For such Beauty, so descending,
Pledges them that Death is ending.
Sleep your fill—but when you wake
Dawn shall over Lethe break."

THE STATUE.

"When we are dead, some Hunting-boy will pass
And find a stone half-hidden in tall grass
And grey with age; but having seen that stone
(Which was your image), ride more slowly on."

We may end with another:

When I am dead, I hope it may be said:
"His sins were scarlet, but his books were read."

He need have no fear for his poems: they always will be.

THE BOOKMAN'S DIARY.

NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor of THE BOOKMAN, ST. PAUL'S HOUSE, WARWICK SQUARE, LONDON, E.C.4.

A preliminary letter of inquiry should be sent to the Editor before any manuscript is submitted for his consideration.

The autumn publishing season is now in full swing. It is a heartening experience to spend an hour with the publishers' autumn lists, for either publishers are incurable optimists heading for bankruptcy or we have many reasons for thinking the heart of the nation is sound, its mind alert and interest varied and quick, and its pocket not quite empty. I am not concerned to calculate whether the number of books published this autumn will exceed other records, being only too ready to rejoice in the range and quality of what is offered.

September has been a busy month—indeed one firm indicates that it hopes to finish its respectably long list of autumn publications by the end of October. We are all so inevitably aware of the large number of novels published that it is well to be reminded of the splendid enterprise of British publishers in providing for other needs. Quite casually I noted the number of books on historical subjects either ready or soon to be published. In addition to " Blenheim " by Professor G. M. Trevelyan (reviewed in this issue), Longmans have just issued " William III and the Defence of Holland," by Mary Caroline Trevelyan, and in October are to publish " The Age of the Chartists, 1832–1854," by J. L. and Barbara Hammond. What a fruitful collaboration theirs has been! Macmillans have just published " Sidelights on Queen Victoria," by the Rt. Hon. Sir Frederick Ponsonby and promise for October, " A History of Persia," by Brig.-General Sir Percy Sykes, and have many other fine historical books on their list. The Bodley Head have just issued " The Diaries of Colonel the Hon. Robert Fulke Greville," which promise us an inside view of the life and times of George III. Ernest Benn, Ltd., continue their excellent " The Modern World " series, edited by the Rt. Hon. H. A. L. Fisher, and Elkin Mathews & Marrot, Ltd., have just put out " Makers of Modern Europe," by Count Carlo Sforza. For recent history, by common consent the most significant and important book, and one which will lie close to the hand of student and historian for a long time is " Lord D'Abernon's Diary," the third and completing volume of which Hodder & Stoughton have just published. I note with keen interest that Cassells promise for very early October, " Chapters of Autobiography," by the late Earl of Balfour. This volume covers the period from his childhood to the year 1885. What a story—had he lived to tell the whole.



Miss Mary C. Trevelyan.

J. M. Dent & Son have chosen to-day as the date of simultaneous publication in England, and in America by Longmans, of Gordon Craig's " Henry Irving." The design on the wrapper of the English edition contains the initials of everyone who acted or worked with Irving at the Lyceum, including even the stage carpenter. The publishers propose to give a prize for the most complete list of the people indicated by the initials. Here is a chance for the " old school " of theatregoers who will enjoy rummaging in the " glory-box " of rich memories whether they get the prize or not. In any case they are sure of their reward, but the one with inside information straight from behind the scenes seems to stand a good chance of the offered prize.

The same publishers promise us quickly a second and enlarged edition of " The Stuffed Owl "—that Anthology of Bad Verse, selected by D. B. Wyndham Lewis and Charles Lee, which went straight to its mark and made us realise there are bright ideas all around us—if only we could see them. What " stuffing " for Christmas! The indefatigable R. Brimley Johnson is bringing together in his " Jane Austen " all that we know or need to know about one of whom some of us cannot know too



From a drawing by KRAMER.

MR. HUGH ROSS WILLIAMSON.

SUPPLEMENT TO "THE BOOKMAN,"
OCTOBER 1920.



From a drawing by FRANK E. SLATER.

MR. H. G. WELLS.

much. This book is listed for October publication by Dent. By the way, I need not remind you to keep your eye on the world-famous Everyman's Library to which have just been added Goethe's Conversations with Eckermann; Fielding's "Amelia"; and "Middlemarch," by George Eliot. Also we are not likely to overlook the World's Classics to which Oxford University Press have just added two Jane Austen volumes.

Arnold Bennett's new novel, "Imperial Palace," is 672 pages, small demy 8vo, cloth boards, 10s. 6d. net, and will be published October 9th, at a time when we have over two million unemployed. The latter fact will not prevent adequate sales, however, for the final and dominating fact about a book is not its price, not even its author, but the book itself. He has chosen a big canvas—quite other than writing a lot of words—and if he has succeeded in his aim to interpret the hurried life of modern days, the romance of big business, the book will sell. Recent best-sellers like "Good Companions" and "Angel Pavement" have put new heart into the trade. Some people talk as though the millennium would come if all books were to be sold at 6d., whereas, even in these days, people pay 10s. 6d. for a novel and are glad. The really significant feature of to-day is not the number of the unemployed but the amount of money spent for amusement—that is the river which will make glad authors, publishers, booksellers, and the public themselves if we can get the right books.



Mr. Arnold Bennett.

From a drawing by H. A. Perry.

With cheap books in mind, surely two of the best "omnibus" volumes which this or any other year can offer are—the one volume edition of "A History of English Literature," by Emile Legouis and Louis Cazamian (18s.; Dent); and "The Outline of History," by H. G. Wells, containing the full material of the two volume revised edition, together with all the Horrabin maps, charts and drawings (8s. 6d.; Cassell). Surely all that is required to-day for a liberal education is not money, but time and an ordinary amount of intelligence. This second Renaissance will surpass the first in the new worlds offered to the mind and for the sheer romance of learning. We are in the midst of a new age of discovery, of the discovery of truth and the way to impart and share it.

T. M. M. wrote in the *Manchester Guardian* a few weeks ago: "The next best-seller will probably be religious in a general sort of way—not of course theological, but written by someone who bears the same relation to theology that Mr. Wells bears to science. It will either be a very fat book or a very thin book, something precious or something straight from the heart. Above all, it will be wholesome. Yes, the next best-seller will carry us back to the good old pre-psychoanalysis days." Well, I think I can put my hand on a certain best-seller and it is religious without being theological, it is a thin book in that it is about 40,000 words, it is precious just because it comes straight from the heart. It is "God in the Slums," pictures of the work the Salvation Army is doing in the slums, told by Hugh Redwood, the assistant managing editor of the *News Chronicle*, and just published by Hodder & Stoughton at 1s. paper, and 2s. 6d. cloth. One of those books whose every reader becomes a bookseller. The only question is as to how soon it will pass the hundred thousand mark—my guess is, before Christmas.

I have just read with interest an article in the Autumn Number of *Artwork* on "A Century of Book Illustration, 1830-1930," by Douglas Percy Bliss. We hope in the near future to publish a valuable contribution on the subject. The camera and other inventions of method and process are driving the old style of illustrator hard. Yet because truth and beauty have been joined together by God man can not put them asunder. Ordinary illustrations will continue to come from the mechanic hand or the various mechanical inventions, but the artist-interpreter will have his place in the service of truth as long as man and women take pen in hand. It looks to me that this is going to be rather a lean season



Mr. Robert Hichens.

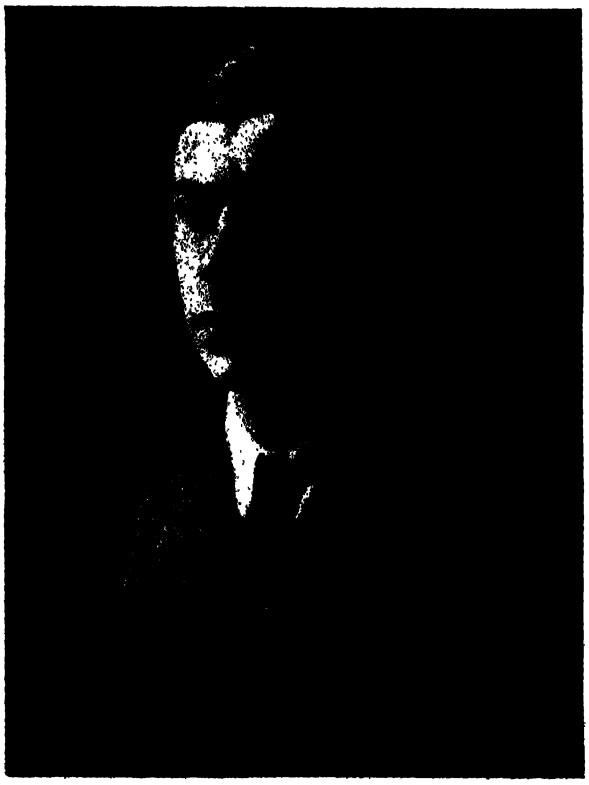
for really good illustrated books of the better sort, but the Bodley Head, Ltd., have started well with three books: Fielding's "Tom Jones," with 20 full page illustrations in photogravure and numerous drawings in black-and-white by G. Spencer Pryse; "The Red Lily," by Anatole France, translated by Winifred Stephens, with illustrations and decorations by Donia Nachshen; and "The Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," illustrated by S. G. Hulme Beaman.

It reminds some of us of the passing of the years that Cassells have just published Robert Hichens' new novel, "The Bracelet." He belongs to another generation, but is no interloper in this. Ah me, with what riches we dower the writers that first win us! It's a long day since I first read him and I am in his debt.

I read recently a savage article on how Australia stones its prophets—in this case writers—by not lifting a hand to help them This caused me to read with more than usual interest an article by Vance Palmer in *The New Statesman* for August 30th, where he asks why Australia has produced so little literature. Part of his answer is that there is more good native product than the "outsider" thinks unless he has made a reasonable study of the subject—but the implied charge holds. Partly it is the inevitable influence of the "old country" in a wider sense than just England; but more it is due to the sparse population and its distribution in the country. The virility of the Australian, the varied nature of his country, the inevitable development which cannot fail such a people and land in view of world conditions make it certain that Australia has a literary future. For the second time, Vance Palmer has won the *Sydney Bulletin* prize, and the winning novel, "The Passage," is just published in this country by Stanley Paul. I was particularly interested in the last two sentences of Mr. Palmer's article: "Good novels do not spring out of nothing; they depend on audiences, publishers, a tradition of the importance of writing." Literature is neither the affair nor the product of publisher and author—in the long run, the law of supply and demand determines not only the quantity but the quality of books. In the meantime, and from Australia, we have also "The Fortunes of Richard Mahony."



Mr. Vance Palmer.



Bruce Graeme,
Author of "The Penance of Brother Alaric" (Hutchinson).

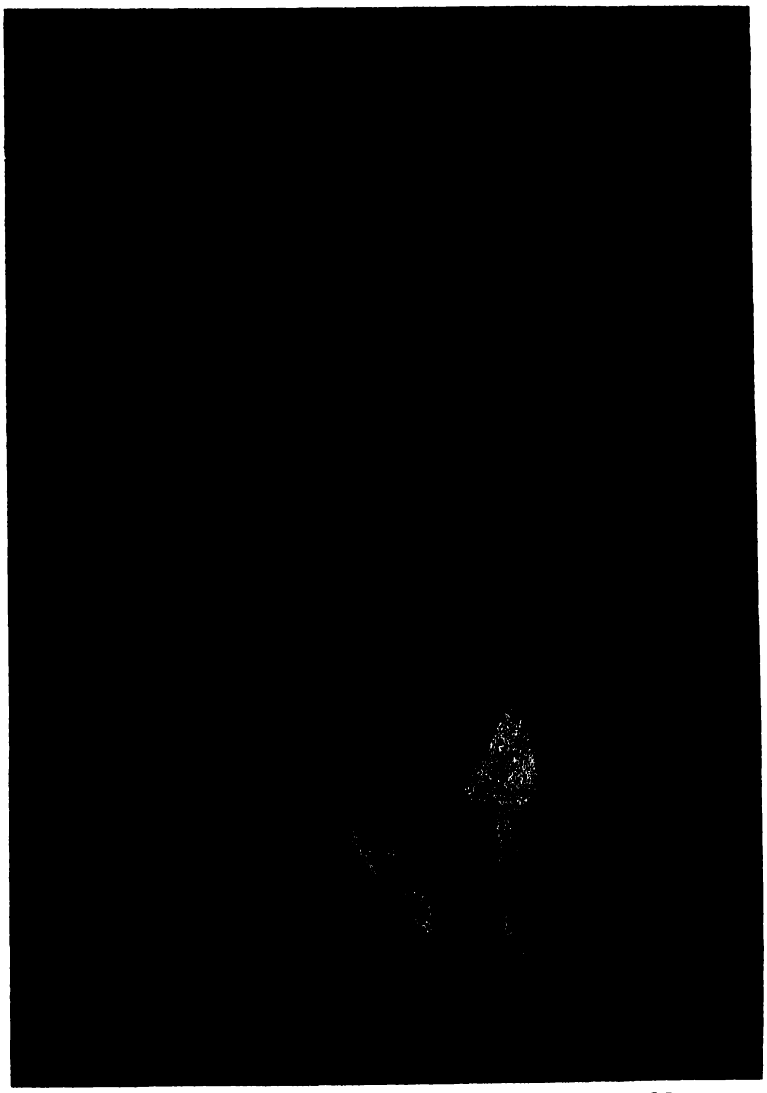
I am glad to know that T. & T. Clark will soon have ready Ronald Campbell Macfie's Thomson Lectures, which they are publishing under the title "Science Rediscovers God." I have read the manuscript and fully appreciate its worth. It is a poet's interpretation of science in its many fields, the scientific approach to truth and results achieved. It calls for a poet adequately to feel and record the revelations of modern science.

Not so very long ago I told Marcus Woodward that I would gladly give a handful of years to have his knowledge of earth and sea and sky. He smiled, but I meant it nor should I live the less. He sees and knows—and I am glad to see in Humphrey Toulmin's list, "Old Man of the Woods," where Marcus Woodward talks to scouts and cubs.

The Cambridge University Press are publishing early in October a book that will give us back "the years that the locusts have eaten"—"The Eighteen Eighties," edited by Mr. Walter de la Mare. Separate essays give us different aspects of those opulent days, though they were in the heart of Victoria's reign: T. E. Brown, by F. S. Boas; Newman and Manning, by C. C. Martindale; Pater, by T. S. Eliot;

Fiction, by Forrest Reid; Gilbert and Sullivan, by G. K. Chesterton; Ibsen, by H. Granville-Barker; Martin Tupper, by John Drinkwater; Lewis Carroll, by Walter de la Mare—there you are, Victorianism, and neither plain nor flat. After all we had more than a question mark in those dark days, and now that all the railings are down there is not more park —only a larger and dustier stamping ground.

A truly gorgeous book, showing what the camera can do in the hands of an artist with unique material to work on, a book where the camera gives eyes to the reader and lights up every page of an heroic tale, is "The Home of the Blizzard," just published by Hodder & Stoughton. This is the popular edition, abridged, of the epic story of the Australasian Antarctic Expedition of 1911–1914, led by Sir Douglas Mawson. There are pages in this thrilling book which make you lift your head with pride that you are a man, and these eighty pages of marvellous photographs give you the romance and glamour of the Antarctic, and the other side of the shield, for those with eyes to see. Sir Douglas is too strong to boast, but he looked up from his littered desk in an improvised office as he was preparing for the expedition on which he is at present engaged, and with a smile said to me: "A real authority on Antarctic literature has said this is the best that has been written—and I think there is that in it which ought to live." This will be a magnificent gift-book for Christmas, alike for the story it has to tell and the pictures which so gloriously help to tell it.



Sir Douglas Mawson.

"The Diary of a Provincial Lady," by E. M. Delafield, has been appearing in *Time and Tide*, and Macmillans will have the book ready for early October. They make an interesting claim—that it is a humble feminine version of the famous "Diary of a Nobody." Whether this claim is established or no, a book from E. M. Delafield is always welcome.

It does not look as though we are to have a large number of theological books this autumn, but there are several of more than ordinary value and importance. There is "The Faith of a Moralist," the Gifford Lectures of 1926–1928, by Professor A. E. Taylor, coming from Macmillans. Professor Taylor has one of the most acute and interesting minds of our day and every word he writes is carefully weighed by those who count in philosophy and theology. John Murray is publishing immediately "The Philosophy of the Good Life," the Gifford Lectures, by Bishop Gore, 1929 – 1930. Also, at the end of October, they will have ready the first volume of the Third and Final Series of "The Letters of Queen Victoria," edited by George Earle Buckle.

I heard on good authority recently that the New Novels at One Dollar in America is an experiment that has already more than justified itself —at least so far as sales up to the present are concerned. There are other factors than present sales in this matter but it may well be that, as my friend put it, economic conditions have forced the American publishers into a course of action which will prove one of the very best steps the trade has ever taken. I think my friend meant two things at least—that America now sees the immense, almost immeasurable, possibilities of the cheap market which up to the present she has not appreciated and developed as British publishers have; secondly, the dollar book is increasing the number of bookshops out of all calculation. Every drug-store is now a potential bookshop, and many of them, actually. This second

point, of course, can and must be looked at from many other points of view, not least from the standpoint of the straight bookseller who does not stock other wares. Anything that stimulates the bookseller to business enterprise is good : a policy which leads to his funeral involves others in the long run. Still, like so much more in America, it is all very interesting.

I recall the many times when my friend, the late St. John Adcock, spoke in quiet appreciation of the poetry of John Freeman. The last occasion was soon after Freeman's death. I am very glad to know that Macmillans will have ready in October "Last Poems of John Freeman," with an Introduction by J. C. Squire. Also a new book by Wilfrid Gibson: "Hazards: Poems, 1928–1930."

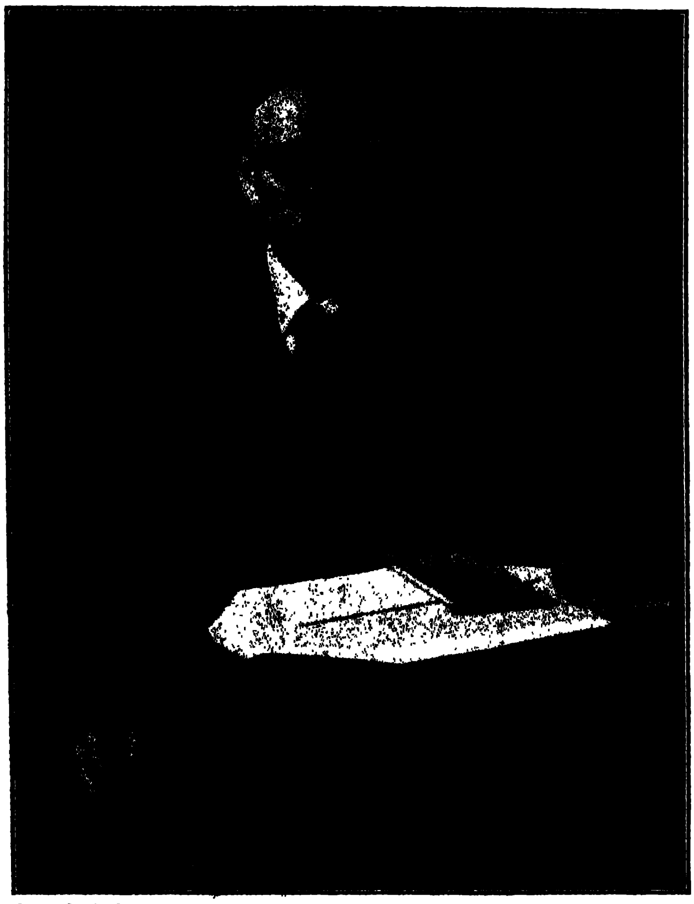


Photo by F. E. Grattan.

John Freeman

A London daily newspaper has inaugurated an interesting competition in connection with its serialisation of "Memoirs of My Early Life," by the Rt. Hon. Winston S. Churchill. They are rightly using this vivid autobiography to help some other young man or woman to find themselves and their life work. Mr. Churchill can make us see life and events as he saw them when he had to make decisions or suffer life's pressures and discipline. The book will be ready through Thornton Butterworth, Ltd., during October. The author of "The 'W' Plan," Mr. Graham Seton, has written another spy novel, this time with a Polish setting, "The Governor of Kattowitz," which the same house announces for October, a very cheering announcement indeed.

One of the coming books on my own reading list is Helen Ashton's "Mackerel Sky" (Gollancz), which will be published not later than early October. Her "Dr. Serocold" is repeating its British success in America. Also I must have "The Omnibus J. J. Connington," which contains four full-length stories: The Two Tickets Puzzle; Mystery at Lynden Sands; The Case with Nine Solutions; Nemesis at Raynham Parva.

I notice that several publishers are announcing limited and signed editions, some of which make us think that the "commercial" collector has brought it on his own head, as this seems the only explanation for their appearance. After all, the publisher and the author have a clear right to share in the spoils, to exploit the exploiters. Real collectors will know when to hold their hand—and keep both their hands in their pockets.

I am very glad to see that the Oxford University Press are definitely announcing for the autumn, "A Life of Jesus," by Basil Mathews, whose "Clash of Colour" is so well known. He has been at work for many years on this Life for young people, having to lay it down again and again for other work. It ought to be very good.

In the middle of September, Cassells published Miss Storm Jameson's interpretation of the Puritan Revolution—"The Decline of Merry England." She takes the line that Puritanism was really the enemy of religion and liberty. Not seldom, of course, we are indebted to our enemies for many good things. It will certainly be a sincere and a provocative book.

A most interesting book is promised from Gollancz for the late autumn—"St. Loe Strachey: His Life and Paper," by Amy Strachey. His wife tells the story of his life from twenty-seven to sixty-seven. By force of circumstances he was a great journalist and friend of great men, but by nature he was a great lover of men, of England, and a great organiser. This will be a most interesting and enlightening book in many ways.

I have marked the following from Heinemann's list, and though I have to put them as in a catalogue for reasons of space, yet there is a lyric quality about the names and suggestions which title or author awaken in the mind: "The Life and Letters of James Elroy Flecker," with an Introduction by J. C. Squire and a Memoir by Hellé Flecker

(September); "The Life and Letters of Sir Edmund Gosse," edited by the Hon. Evan Charteris (September); "The Greville Diary," edited by Lytton Strachey; "The 'Wanderer' of Liverpool," by John Masefield (September); and "Come Away Death," the new novel by Lorna Rea, whose "Six Mrs. Greenes" I remember so well. BOOKMAN.

NOTES ON RECENT BOOKS

Mr. Ludwig Lewisohn has a great affection for short sentences and a rather jerky style which somehow helps to confirm the reader's impression that he has a profound understanding of the psychological processes of his characters. His latest novel, **ROMAN SUMMER** (7s. 6d.; Thornton Butterworth), is chiefly concerned with John Austin, a young American of slow resolves, given to writing verses in the classical manner, and employed by the Columbus *Sentinel*. With current American writers he is as dissatisfied as with himself, and concluding that what is the matter with them all is the American atmosphere, he makes for Rome, where, beyond a peradventure, it will be easy to be articulate in the proper manner There he begins a play about Catullus, but while inspiration lingers love comes to him. She was a Jewess, born in Morocco, Esther Azancot by name, cultured and lovely and with a highly developed race consciousness that made the thought of marriage with a man of different race impossible. She persuades John, as much by her refusal of his offer and her reasons for it as by her words, that all déracinés, all rootless people, are doomed to sterility; and so John turns homewards again, to live in Sandusky as a hundred-per-cent. American, marry his landlady's daughter, father hundred-per-cent. American children, and write the simple annals of true Americans who ape no alien folk, but are content to be themselves. So he is resolving when the book ends, a book which Mr. Lewisohn has written so adroitly that it holds the reader to the end.

The Lorams lived on Ludgate Hill, above the shop where Richard Loram, with the skilful assistance of Hiram Sterne, bought and sold prints. By that you know that the tale Mrs. Fred Reynolds has to tell in **THE LORAM PICTURE** (7s. 6d.; Bodley Head) is a tale of other days. Tradesmen still lived above their shops in the forties and fifties of the last century, when Queen Victoria primly sat upon her throne and primness ruled her subjects' lives. Marriage was still the only career open to women. To submit and to settle down, to be cared for and sheltered —what more could a woman wish? There were days ahead when it would not be considered indelicate for a woman to give proof that she possessed the power to think for herself and be independent, but those as yet were days undreamed of, save occasionally by such as Amelia Loram, who knew their dreams ridiculous and fulfilment of them impossible. Pushfulness had not yet begun to mar the dignity of business, and all was leisurely done both in the shop below and the house above. Of such days is the story, and in a leisurely manner suitable to the telling of it Mrs. Reynolds tells of the lives of the Lorams, male and female, making us love them all and incidentally arousing thanksgivings, especially in the breasts of her fair readers, that the dead days in which they lived are happily beyond recall.

Another victory for the amateur sleuth, and a very creditable one at that is **THE MURDER OF CECILY THANE**, by H. Ashbrook (5s. net; Eyre & Spottiswoode). The discovery of the body of Cecily Thane presented a desperate problem because it was so obvious who had committed the crime! The deceased lady went to night clubs with paid escorts, and everything pointed very neatly to her boy friend, who had, unluckily, been mixed up in a thing of this sort before. However, the amateur sleuth, none other than the district attorney's "silly ass" brother, began to butt in and ask apparently fool questions. This started the fun. Mr. Ashbrook tells a good story and creates a situation at once credible and intelligent, but his style suffers from over-emphasis, especially in the dialogue. The "silly ass" is a bit too silly for such a capable thinker, and the district attorney as heavy as a Presbyterian elder.

We see scores of open-air yarns, but only on very rare occasions can we now read one. We supped our fill years ago. We fell however for **MOUNTAIN MAN**, a first novel by Harold C. Wire (7s. 6d.; Skeffington). From the first page the reader has a feeling of actuality—this man has footed the country he writes about, mountain and plain; has fought forest fires and faced the hot jealousy, greed and hate of living men and women. The ordinariness of the plot does not spoil this story, and we shall certainly anticipate with interest the next book by this author.

After Mr. Cecil Freeman Gregg's success with his detective novel, "The Murder On the Bus," we looked forward to his next book, **THE BRAZEN CONFESSION** (7s. 6d. net; Hutchinson). The treatment, though not entirely unfamiliar, is unusual because in the first chapter the criminal admits the crime, confident that there is no possibility of detection. Curiously enough, this criminal is not the central figure in the story. Following on the confession we are introduced to the events which led up to this admission of guilt. This latter involves the adventures of the good Inspector Higgins of Scotland Yard, and he is certainly up against it. I was always under the impression that the cheerful bonhomie of Scotland Yard officials with their suspects existed only between the covers of Mr. Edgar Wallace's books, but Inspector Higgins is also a friendly soul, which brightens matters up considerably. On the whole this is good work, but there is a tendency to confusion in the first half, which is dispelled as one proceeds. Higgins's intelligence functions much better towards the end of the job, and he is less obviously chasing his tail. The incidental gentry from the underworld are of the genuine "thug" brand.

The scene of **GUERRA**, by Alfred Neumann (8s. 6d.; Knopf), is laid amid the Revolution in Italy at the middle of last century. Guerra is the chief figure involved, and the reader is led through over three hundred pages of stirring incidents. There are intrigues and counter intrigues, and beautiful women. Madda, Guerra's sister, stands out as a loyal sister, anxious above everything for her brother's progress and safety. Then there is little Maria Pia, whom the revolutionary loves with all the fervour of his strong and dominant nature. The scene in the bedroom, with the brisk, capable doctor as Guerra, at the practitioner's request, gives his blood to save the life of the frail and delicate girl, is very well described, as are also some of the interviews between Guerra and the Grand Duke. Those who already are interested in the stirring history of Southern Europe during this period, namely 1848, will find the many details given by Mr. Neumann well worth a careful perusal.

The Bookshelf.

CHRISTIAN ETHICS AND MODERN PROBLEMS.*

Plato described the philosopher as "the spectator of all time and eternity." Dean Inge fits that description, for in his books on Christian Mysticism and Plotinus he has surveyed the eternal world of values and now, in what he thinks will be his last considerable book to write, he "leaves the *templa serena* of divine philosophy to take part in the turmoil of the street and the market-place" to-day, when "nothing is now taken for granted or accepted on authority" and "the relation of the Gospel of Christ to problems of conduct is the storm-centre of religious controversy in post-war Europe and America." Truly this is "a *considerable* book," whether we study its author in his characteristic moods, preferences and prejudices, or its literary charm, with its flashes of mordant wit, brilliant phrasing, judicial weighings of the pros and cons on most of the debatable subjects engaging thinkers to-day, its searching surveys and summaries of the past history of moral questions and practice, and wistful peeps into the files of time yet to come. "Considerable" too is the immense mass of material packed into this book: whole libraries have been ransacked for facts, statistics from Blue-books on vital themes of life and death, trade, divorce and what-not are ranged alongside of the extracts from the best thought on moral questions from Plato down to Bertrand Russell and Santayana, which the learned Dean has amassed in half a century of hard reading and study.

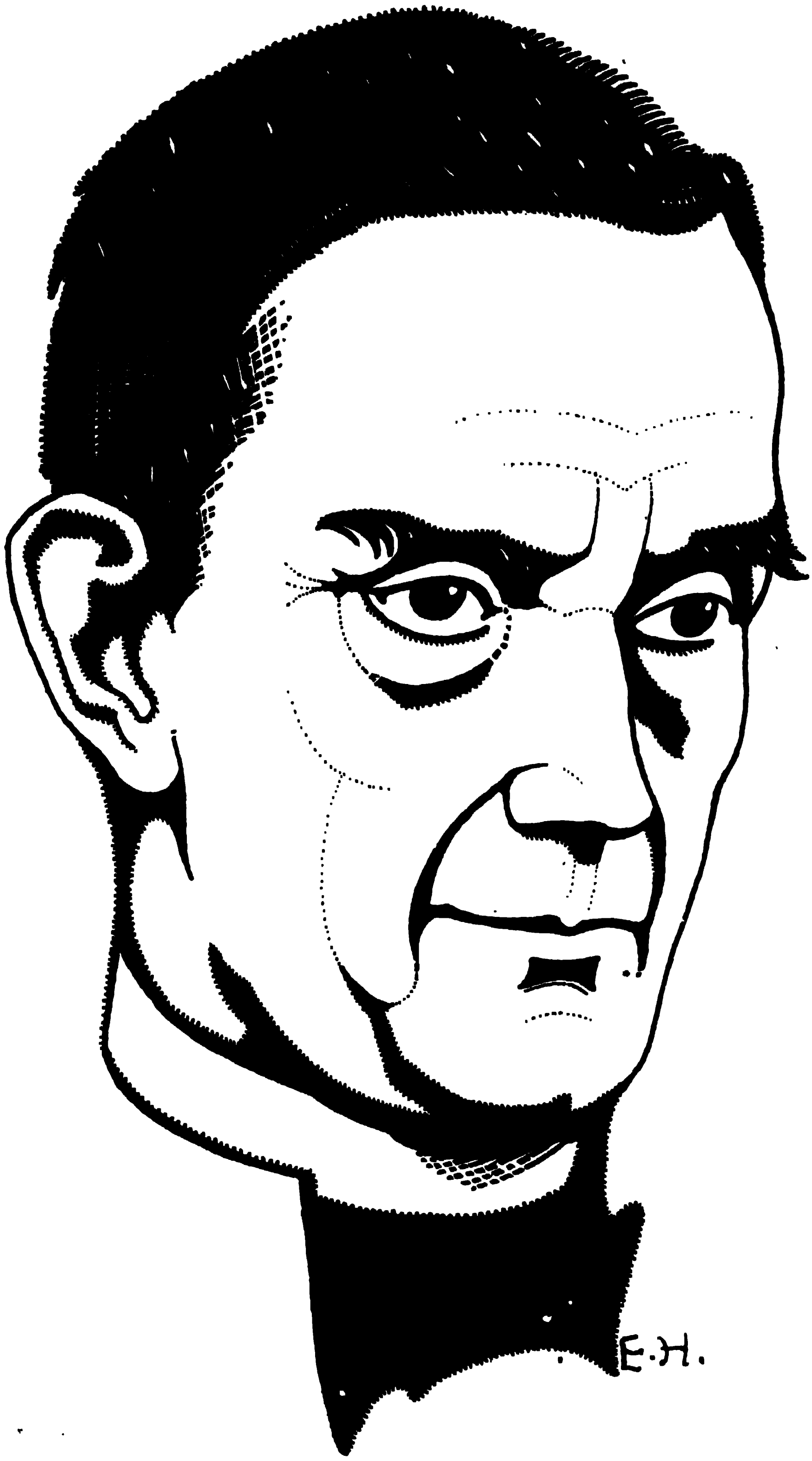
In the first eighty pages the Dean sets forth what he conceives to be "the essence of New Testament Ethics," proceeding thence to discuss at length "the distortions of the Christian religion, (*a*) Asceticism, a one-sided exaggeration of a genuine element in Christianity, a world-renouncing and self-denying aspect," and (*b*) "the aberration . . . the monstrous growth of a theocratic Empire in Europe," by which "the Ethics of the Gospel have been at every point poisoned and distorted." This presentation takes up the first half of the book: the second half gives detailed discussion of (*a*) the Problems of Social Ethics, and (*b*) Personal Ethics. Under Social Ethics are grouped what may be regarded as essays on The Ages of Science and Industrialism (which did not come into view in the New Testament), The Social Teaching in the Early, Medieval, Reformation and Modern Periods of Church History, The Population Question, Humanitarianism, Woman's Position and War. In the section on Personal Ethics we face the burning questions of Sex, Divorce, Suicide, and the Place of Beauty in life. A closing chapter gives a résumé of the volume and fruitful suggestions concerning the spirit in which the Church should face "the new hopes and duties the secular progress of humanity has brought" now that "civilisation is entering upon a new phase."

The method of treatment followed is "to take the Ethics of the New Testament, as embodying the Christian revelation, and to bring them in comparison with the principles which seem to underlie the theory and practice of the white races to-day." The standards of contemporary ethical practice, in the Dean's view, seem to be "the greatest pleasure for oneself: the happiness of the greatest number, or progress towards some ideal state of society"; and "the strongest appeal now seems to be to a kind of emotional utilitarianism with a calculus of pleasure and pain." Christian Ethics thus confront hedonism, utilitarianism, and secularism based on scientific views of man and the universe. The standard by which Christian Ethics are to be ascertained is the character and teaching of Jesus Christ as given in the first three Gospels, and as expounded and applied by St. Paul and St. John. As the Dean puts it, "the only external, authoritative rule is given in the life and teaching of Christ as recorded in the New Testament. And this is hardly external, for it is accepted and interpreted by the *testimonium Spiritus Sancti* declaring itself in the Christian society and in the individual conscience" (p. 27). A penetrating study of the Gospels as sources leads to the conviction that we have in them "a revelation through a character which so far as fallible men can judge was perfect and consistent." That character was one of a "profoundly religious and spiritual nature" marked by "deep wisdom, balance and breadth of mind, even irony and humour." As regards Christ's precepts, Dr. Inge says, "we find no system of Ethics, no code of rules for conduct, but an outlook, a manner of thinking and acting, a standard of values, which necessarily penetrate every corner of the personality" of man. Hence Christ "did not burden His Church with a code, or confine posterity to the crude beliefs of an unscientific age." Consequently, "we have a right, in virtue of our knowledge of the mind of Christ and belief in His continued spiritual presence, to condemn and repudiate immoral doctrines and irrational taboos, even when these come to us supported by ecclesiasticism" (p. 25). What these doctrines and taboos are within the Church, how far the scientific view of the worlds of nature man and society square with the New Testament views of demons and spirits, miracles and eschatology, the reader must seek in the book itself: our space will not avail.

Dean Inge is alive to the criticisms levelled against Christian Ethics as seen in the life and teachings of Jesus. The scant place for art and æsthetics, the seeming slight on family life, the stress on passive virtues, Nietzsche's "slave morality," scorn of democratic ideals, the impracticability of the Sermon on the Mount, the stress on rewards for virtue and pains for vice as conflicting with pure morality—all these modern criticisms are weighed up and appraised. He agrees that there has been a painful lack of feeling, indeed blindness, as to the future of man on earth, owing to the early Christian absorption in the hope of Christ's speedy return. There will be some furious discussion of the freedom with which the Dean eliminates the passages on the Second Coming, the references to Christ's founding of a Church, in the Gospels, and the frequent allusions to "spurious passages" in Paul's letters and other parts of the New Testament. His reading of Church history as showing "that traditional Christian Ethics has wandered a long way from the original Gospel" will be contested, and his frequent insistence on "mysticism as being the crown of religion" he may find it hard to substantiate from the Gospel records of Christ's teachings. Bultmann, in Germany, is nearer the facts when he says that Jesus always assumed that the plain average man, and not the mystic, was aware, by conscience, of the actuality and claim of God, and Dr. Gore rightly emphasises that simple goodness and not mystic thrills is the staple of true religious life. Others may think that Dr. Inge frequently forgets to apply Christian Ethics when detailing modern views on sex, war and divorce. But he will rejoin that you cannot apply a spirit, "a fountain of life and not a system," "an outlook," like a yardstick to measure practice by. Others may think that the historical method of treatment requires a deeper preliminary philosophical discussion than the Dean has given. It would be worth while in another edition if the Dean filled out the hints as to the absoluteness of the Christian Ethic, the finality of its standard of values, and the way he conceives how the "super-historical in ethics can hold the historical together." But "*ars longa, vita brevis.*" He has done a great service to the world of thought by presenting his views of what constitutes the essence of Christian practice in our workaday world. He has a serene

* "Christian Ethics and Modern Problems." By the Very Rev. W. R. Inge, K.C.V.O., Dean of St. Paul's. 15s. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

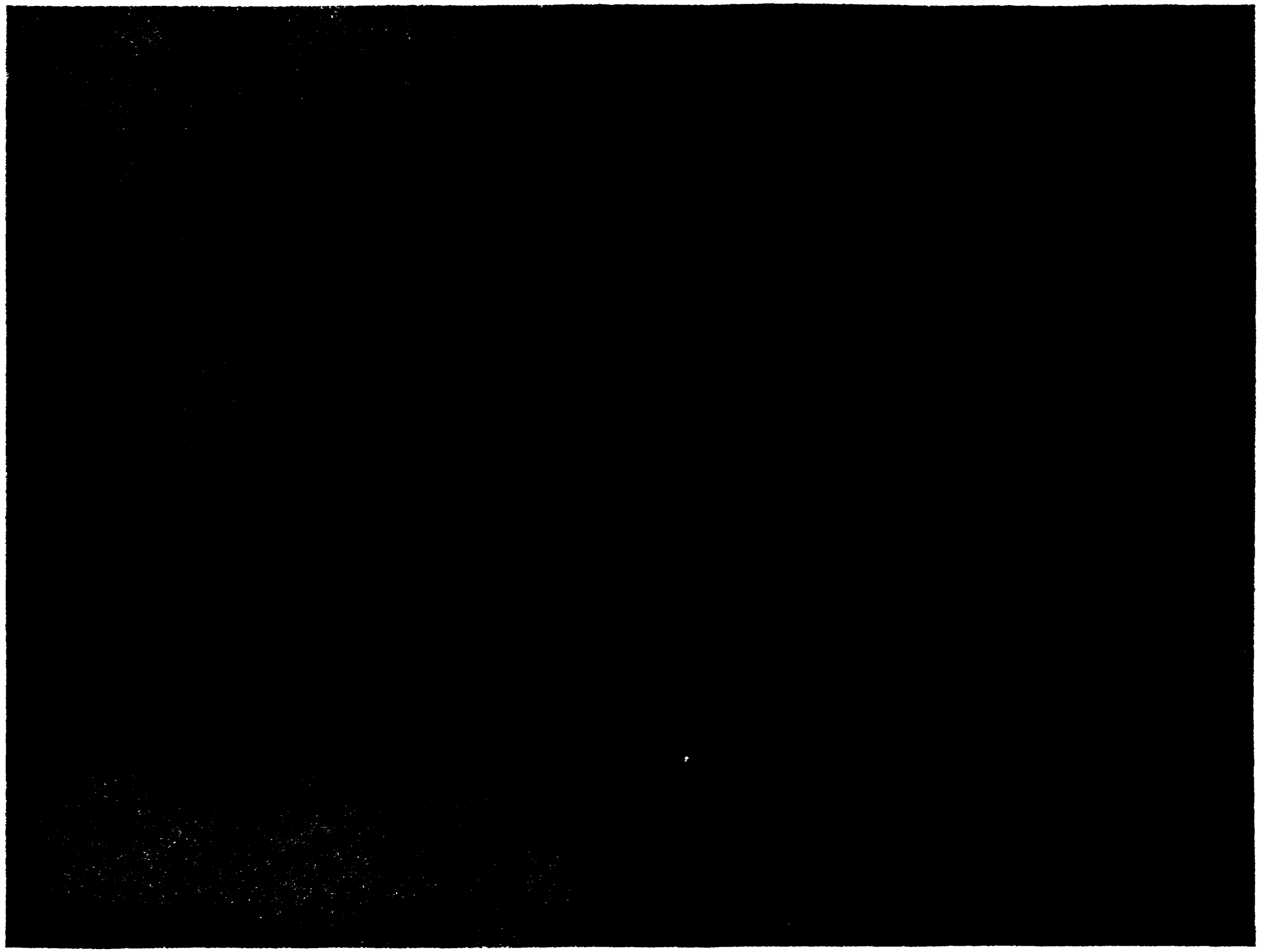
SUPPLEMENT TO "THE BOOKMAN,"
OCTOBER, 1930.



An impression by EUGÈNE HASTAIN.

DEAN INGE.

SUPPLEMENT TO "THE BOOKMAN,"
OCTOBER, 1930.



From a drawing made in Cairo by HILDA TREFUSIS.

See page 66.

MR. ARTHUR RANSOME.

outlook for the future. "A thousand years hence mankind will still be sitting at the feet of Jesus Christ. . . . Beyond Jesus of Nazareth the moral stature of humanity can never go."

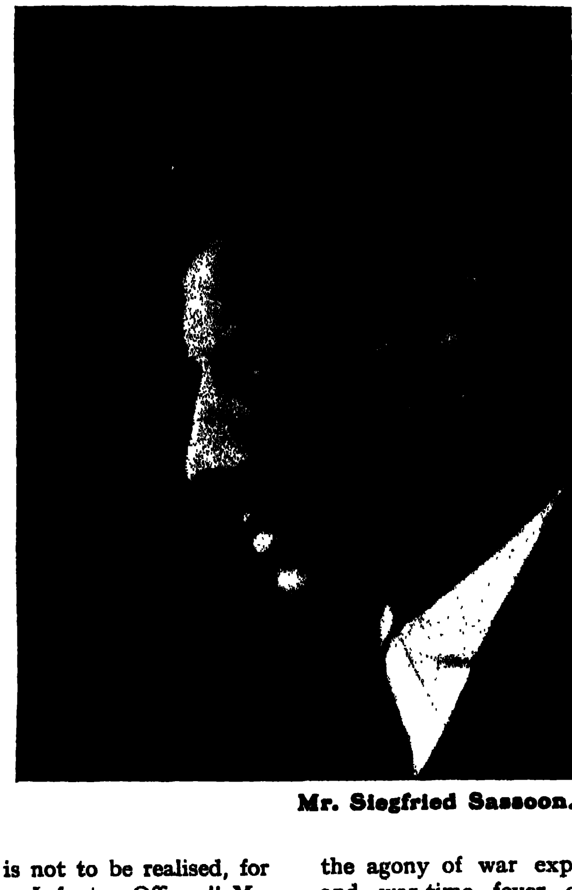
Minor slips to correct are, that not Schweitzer but Johannes Weiss coined the term *Interimsethik*; Whittier and not Emerson wrote the lines on p. 384. Lowell's lines (p. 388) are incorrectly quoted, and the German (p. 40, n.l.) needs attention.

R. BIRCH HOYLE.

SIEGFRIED SASSOON.*

Mr. Siegfried Sassoon won much praise and fame for his unusual book, "Memoirs of a Fox-hunting Man," but in the main he will be remembered in future years as a poet who was preoccupied with his memories of the horrors and the sadness of the Great War. He was a young man when those scarifying experiences were indelibly etched on his mind, and he has never ceased to protest against the cruelty, the uselessness and unreasonableness of it all—the waste of youth and beauty both physical and natural. Thus he cried:

"Do you remember the rats; and the stench
Of corpses rotting in front of the front-line trench—
And dawn coming, dirty-white, and chill with a hopeless rain?
Do you ever stop and ask: 'Is it all going to happen again?'
Do you remember that hour of din before the attack—
And the anger, the blind compassion that seized and shook you then
As you peered at the doomed and haggard faces of your men?
Do you remember the stretcher-cases lurching back
With dying eyes and lolling heads—those ashen-grey
Masks of the lads who once were keen and kind and gay?"



Mr. Siegfried Sassoon.

His war poetry appeared soon after the dire cataclysm ceased. Ten years later, in "The Heart's Journey," he seemed to envisage a literary future wherein he could rise above the old wan memories of horror and death, and reach that land of pure delight where his soul would have been a happy wanderer from the beginning had he not been born out of time and engulfed in the excoriating abyss of the War:

"Soul, be my song; return arrayed in white;
Lead home the loves that I have wronged and slain;
Bring back the summer dawns that banished night
With distant-warbling bird-notes after rain.
Time's war-worn traveller I.
And you, O song,
O soul, my Paradise laid waste so long."

But apparently the aspiration is not to be realised, for in his new book, "Memoirs of an Infantry Officer," Mr. Sassoon once more voices—this time in prose, but often lyrical prose—his disgust at the brutality and horror of the War. Twelve years have not softened the hard impressions of that hideous period as they struck "rather a solitary-minded young man." Again he pictures the terrors and the pain of it all:

"There were high-booted German bodies too, and in the blear beginning of daylight they seemed as much the victims of a catastrophe as the men who had attacked them. As I stepped over one of the Germans an impulse made me lift him up from the miserable ditch. Propped against the bank, his blond face was undisfigured, except by the mud which I wiped from his eyes and mouth with my coat-sleeve. He'd evidently been killed while digging, for his tunic was knotted loosely about his shoulders. He didn't look to be more than eighteen. Hoisting him a little higher, I thought what a gentle face he had, and remembered that this was the first time I'd ever touched one of our enemies with my hands. Perhaps I had some dim sense of the futility which had put an end to this good-looking youth. Anyhow I hadn't expected the Battle of the Somme to be quite like this. . . . Kendle was half kneeling against some broken ground; I remember seeing him push his tin hat back from his forehead and then raise himself a few inches to take aim. After firing once he looked at us with a lively smile; a second later he fell sideways. A blotchy mark showed where the bullet had hit him just above the eyes. . . . Alternately crouching and crawling, I worked my way back. I passed the young German whose body I had rescued from disfigurement a couple of hours before. He was down in the mud again, and someone had trodden on his face. It disheartened me to see him, though his body had now lost all touch with life, and was part of the wastage of the War. He and Kendle had cancelled one another out in the process called 'attrition of man-power.' Farther along I found one of our men dying slowly with a hole in his forehead. His eyes were open and he breathed with a horrible snoring sound . . ."

And he vividly conveys the sensations generated by intensive bombardment and a shot wound:

"Down in our frowsty cellar we breakfasted at six, unwashed and apprehensive. Our table, appropriately enough, was an empty ammunition box. At six-forty-five the final bombardment began, and there was nothing for us to do except sit round our candle until the tornado ended. For more than forty minutes the air vibrated and the earth rocked and shuddered. . . . Barton and I sat speechless, deafened and stupefied by the seismic state of affairs, and when he lit a cigarette the match flame staggered crazily. . . .

"High up in the fresh blue sky an aeroplane droned and glinted. I thought what a queer state of things it all was, and then decided to take a peep at the surrounding country. This was a mistake which ought to have put an end to my terrestrial adventures, for no sooner had I popped my silly head out of the sap than I felt a stupendous blow in the back between my shoulders. My first notion was that a bomb had hit me from behind, but what had really happened was that I had been sniped from in front."

Mr. Sassoon returned, wounded, to England for hospital and convalescence; and on entering his ambulance at Charing Cross "a woman handed me a bunch of flowers and a leaflet by the Bishop of London, who earnestly advised me to lead a clean life and attend Holy Communion."

There follows the most interesting part of the book, when the author, the victim of introspection, describes the reactions of an acutely sensitive nature—the nature of a man who had suffered physically and, even more, mentally all the agony of war experience—to the cheap patriotism and war-time fever of people at home: the busybody women filling temporary posts, the arm-chair critics, the expedient clerics who bestowed their blandest smiles on the returned heroes who had killed the most Germans, the journalists who wrote of the "Healing of Nations," and "Ordeal by Battle"—of whom Mr. Sassoon pungently observes, "Such people needed to have their noses rubbed in a few rank physical facts, such as what a company of men smelt like after they'd been in action for a week. . . ."

In time he felt he must let the doped public know what the War really was like, and how little it resembled the propaganda of the "patriotic press" and publicists safely at home. This, he realised, would mean military ruin for

* "Memoirs of an Infantry Officer." By the author of "Memoirs of a Fox-Hunting Man." 7s. 6d. (Faber & Faber.)

himself; and how the matter developed and how it incongruously ended must be read in his own entertaining words.

Although this book is written as the further history of George Sherston from the point at which it was broken off in "Memoirs of a Fox-Hunting Man," I gather it relates the actual experiences and opinions of Mr. Sassoon, for he makes Sherston say: "It is my own story I am trying to tell, and as such it must be received."

For myself, personally, the most attractive portions of this accomplished book are the little vignettes inspired by some glimpse of scenic or natural beauty in sharp contrast to the facts of war:

"Afterwards I went up the hill to my favourite sanctuary—a wood of hazels and beeches. The evening air smelt of wet mould and wet leaves; the trees were misty green; the church bell was tolling in the town, and smoke rose from the roofs. But the lecturer's voice still battered on my brain: 'If you don't kill him, he'll kill you. Stick him between the eyes, in the throat, in the chest. Don't waste good steel. . . . Three inches will do for him; when he coughs, go and look for another.'

"Next evening, just before stand-to, I was watching a smouldering sunset and thinking that the sky was one of the redeeming features of the War. Behind the support line where I stood, the shell-pitted ground sloped sombrely on to the dusk; the distances were blue and solemn, with a few trees grouped on a ridge, dark against the deep-glowing embers of another day endured. I was looking westward, away from the War, and the evening star twinkled serenely. Guns were grumbling miles away. Cart-wheels could be heard on the roads behind Fricourt; it still made me feel strange when I remembered that they were German cart-wheels."

Only a poet could clothe in such exquisite phrasing the impressions of things seen and felt in conditions far alien to beauty.

S. M. Ellis.

KING ARTHUR IN ITALY.*

It was in Bruges, where I am writing, that William Caxton and Collard Mansion printed the first book ever printed in our tongue—the "Tales of Troy." This was in 1475. Ten years later, Caxton printed the Morte D'Arthur which Malory had written "for to passe the time." To all but Arthurian experts and enthusiasts, King Arthur and his Knights are known chiefly through Malory's glorious pages, and few realise or even know that the legend, centuries before Malory lived, and many centuries before Tennyson and Stephen Hawker drew inspiration from what has been called "our national prose epic," had found its way into the literature of France, Italy and Spain, and had influenced the work of innumerable writers in prose and verse. Dr. Gardner quotes on his title page Caxton's Preface to the Morte D'Arthur:

"In him that should say or think that there was never such a king called Arthur might well be aretted great folly and blindness. For . . . ye shall see also in the history of Bochas, in his book, 'De Casu Principum,' part of his noble acts and also of his fall."

Bochas is of course Boccaccio; and, as Dr. Gardner points out, Boccaccio felt the allurement of the story, and dealt with it freely in his own fashion. In his "Amorosa Visione" we are shown a castle hall painted with heroes of ancient Rome, who are followed by the cavalcade of the Knights of the Round Table, with Arthur at their head, and Bors, Percevel and Galahad following him. Lancelot rides with Guinevere; Tristan and Iseult ride hand in hand. In the "Corbaccio," a satire against women, Boccaccio writes of a woman whose prayer-books and rosaries were French romances, "in which she reads of Lancelot and of Guinevere, of Tristan and of Iseult, and their feats and their loves, and the jousts and tournaments and assemblies. She is all thrilled when she reads of Lancelot or Tristan or someone else forgathering secretly and alone in the chambers with their ladies."

* "The Arthurian Legend in Italian Literature." By Edmund G. Gardner, Litt.D. Illustrated. 12s. 6d. net. (Dent.)

The work to which Caxton refers in his Preface—but he knew it only at third hand—supplies a quaint illustration; in a pavilion, beyond which are armed knights in combat, we see King Arthur, bearded, and in crown and ermine mantle, seated at the Round Table with six companions; bread, salt, a chicken, and other edibles suggest the "grant chere" they made. Of the occasional echoes of the legend in the "Decameron" by far the most important and significant is the sub-title: "Il libro chiamato Decameron, *cognominato Principe Galeotto.*" This appears to be Prince Galehaut, Lord of the Distant Isles, referred to not only by Malory but by Dante, and in romances earlier than Dante with which the "Principe" shows Boccaccio to have been acquainted. "Arthur" and other names in the legend were common in Italy in the Middle Ages, a fact which serves to show how popular the story of Arthur and his Knights was even then. Their exploits and adventures were sung by wandering minstrels long before the time of Geoffrey of Monmouth, and perhaps from these songs and stories of Italian troubadours the most interesting bas-relief over the north door of Modena Cathedral, of which admirable photographs are given, was composed. Dr. Gardner speaks of it as "an Arthurian document in stone"—an apt description, for it shows, and even names, King Arthur, Gawain, Sir Kay, Mordred, and other characters of the epic. Probably the bas-relief dates from the beginning of the twelfth century. Towards the end of this century we find the earliest literary references to the Arthurian legend in Italy; written then of course in Latin. In the thirteenth century we find the first Italian romance—or the first romance written in Italian—introducing the "Matter of Britain"—"matteria di Brettagna," as opposed to the "matteria di Francia," which dealt with the Carolingian cycle. The same century saw what is probably the first example of blank verse in Italian literature, and in it is found the name of Lancelot. The earliest Arthurian romance written by an Italian—but in French—is probably the "Meliadus" of Rusticano da Pisa, the man who, when a prisoner with Marco Polo at Genoa, took down from his lips the narrative of some of his adventures.

Dr. Gardner seems to have left no path unexplored while writing this able, scholarly, and very interesting book. We learn of twelfth century "fellowships of the Round Table" in twelfth century Italy, and are reminded that St. Francis called his first followers "my brethren, the Knights of the Round Table." The Angevin Kings of England, we are told, claimed to possess the sword of Tristan, which is still said to be kept among the regalia at the Tower of London, but Tristan's sword, "with which he killed the Morholt of Ireland," is also said to have been found at a tomb at Seprio, near Milan, in or before the fourteenth century. Among Italian writers whom Dr. Gardner mentions as having referred to, or been influenced by, the Arthurian Cycle are Guittone d'Arezzo, Chiara Davanzati, the earliest Florentine poet of any importance, Folgore de San Gimignano (who tells the young Sienese nobles of his day that they were more valiant and courteous than Lancelot, and, if need be, would make tournaments at Camelot) and, very much later, Ariosto, who, like Boiardo, attempted the fusion of the Arthurian and Carolingian Cycles. An extremely interesting chapter is headed "Dante and the Arthurian Legend." Dante was undoubtedly familiar with the French romances, and wove the stories of Tristan and of Lancelot into his tale of Paolo and Francesca. Among quite recent Italian dramatists who have taken our British epic as example or theme are Ettore Moschino and Domenico Tumiati.

There are some curious differences between Arthurian romance as we know it, and the epic in its Italian form. Some are very slight; as for instance red samite instead of white. In Italian literature the Holy Grael seems to assume less importance, and in the story of Tristan and Iseult the very dramatic episode of the ship with black or white sails seems to have vanished. Morgan le Fay is beautiful without malevolence, and Merlin is altered almost out of knowledge. But lovers of the old epic of Britain will find all this discussed at length in Dr. Gardner's book,

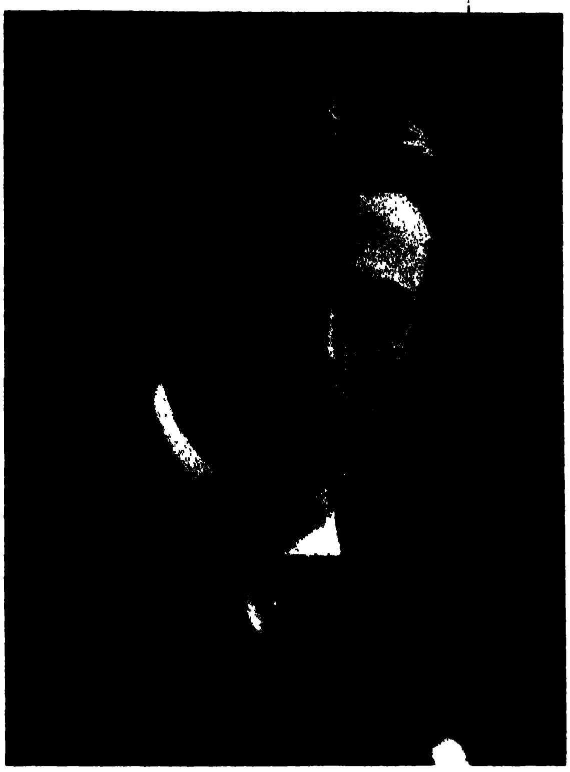
which has the merit, among many others, of being written for the ordinary reader as well as for those who already have expert knowledge.

ALFRED TRESIDDER SHEPPARD.

THE VOICE OF THE DEAD.*

The letters which Mr. Laurence Housman has brought together in this volume provide perhaps the most veracious and intimate register, which has yet appeared, of what the War meant to a great variety of combatants and of the manner in which they met its terrible demands. They are at once heart-rending and heartening — heart-rending because it is almost unbearable to contemplate a civilisation which could destroy men so splendidly human, so simple and selfless as speak from almost every page of this book; heartening because a great emergency once again attests the innate decency and integrity of the individual man. Heaven knows, it exposed the innate savagery of man as well, and those who deplore the raw realism of recent war-novels will find little support in these letters for their contention that the picture has been too darkly drawn. That there are less horrors recorded here than might be expected is chiefly due to the fact that the writers plainly wished to spare parents, relations and friends the suffering of realising the ghastly ordeal to which they were exposed. Indeed some of the most affecting letters are those in which the writer tries to prepare and strengthen father or mother against the news of his own death in action. And admittedly we find in these letters (what many war novels have failed to convey) not a justification of war, but the sad truth that for many it offered for the first time a gateway into a larger life, that in a maelstrom of destruction they realised with a shock of delighted surprise what it was to live "with hand made sure, clear eye, and sharpened power," with a devotion of the whole being to life and death. As Mr. Housman writes, there are two voices in these letters—" the voice of a majority, the voice of a minority. The vast majority, though firmly convinced that what they do is right—or right in the sense that it is inevitable—show their detestation of war in its operation. Yet some of these express the keen satisfaction it gives them as an individual experience—mainly as a part of themselves, of their power to conquer fear, to live at the full push of their energies, mental and physical. To them, individually, active warfare gives life a fuller expression—for it is a life lived daily in the power to face death."

This enjoyment of war, as a means to disciplined and devoted self-expression, is in a few simply a spontaneous love of adventure. "This is all a great game," wrote one of these, and Julian Grenfell could say, "It is all *the* best fun. I have never, never felt so well, or so happy, or enjoyed anything so much. It just suits my stolid health and stolid nerves, and barbaric disposition." But it is significant that such "fighting excitement" is not found "vitalising everything" in the later years of the War. So far as any satisfaction is expressed then, it is because "one is brought face to face with realities. The follies, selfishness, luxury and general pettiness of the vile commercial sort of existence led by nine-tenths of the people of the world in peace time are replaced in war by a savagery that is at least more honest and outspoken."



Portrait by Vaughan & Freeman. **Mr. Laurence Housman.**

And perhaps the greatest exposure of the falsity of our modern civilisation is to be found, not merely in the destructiveness of the late War, but in the fact that it offered to masses of men the first opportunity of living creatively, of fulfilling the deepest needs of the self by serving a cause that was greater than self. Ultimately that cause was the cause of a new life and a new consciousness. And a few at least of these writers were desperately aware of it. To quote one of them: "It really does not in the least matter how many people are killed, who wins, whether we starve or anything else of a transitory nature, provided that in the process human nature is transformed in some way or another. . . . How can there be a united nation without the passion for truth above all else? We are hypnotised by an unscrupulous press. We are always being taught to hate the Germans, and to refuse to think or speak of peace. We are told about our glorious cause till it simply stinks in the nostrils of the average man. We all know we have got to fight as long as we wear the uniform, and have thereby committed ourselves to slaughter as many Germans as possible. But I, for one, and I tell the men exactly the same, utterly refuse to hate the Kaiser or any of them, or to believe that I am fighting for a glorious cause or anything that the papers tell me. But if man learns to live a little more on the words coming out of God's, and not Northcliffe's, ecclesiastics', politicians', or anyone else's mouths—the war does not really matter."

Such a quotation as this is sufficient to show that we have here not only a vivid record, both objective and subjective, of war experiences, and one which constantly proves that intense living inevitably dictates good writing. We meet too a challenge, an unspoken appeal to find the same selfless inspiration in life which such men as these found in death.

HUGH I'A. FAUSSET.

* "War Letters of Fallen Englishmen." Edited by Laurence Housman. 7s. 6d. (Gollancz.)

COLERIDGE AS PHILOSOPHER.*

This book, as the name of its distinguished author suggests, is for the student of philosophy, and not for the more general reader interested either in the poetry or personality of its subject.

"Coleridge suffers when any attempt is made to extract a philosophical system from his works. His admirers must limit themselves to claims for what he undoubtedly deserves, the honour of having done much to stimulate thought, and abandon any claim to the construction of a definite system." So wrote Leslie Stephen: but Professor Muirhead holds that this commonly accepted estimate is condemned by a study of the unpublished and largely neglected Coleridgean manuscripts. These are scattered and alas! fragmentary, but their importance, and in particular the importance of the various parts of the

* "Coleridge as Philosopher." By Professor J. H Muirhead. 12s. 6d. net. (Allen & Unwin.)

"Opus Maximum," are of paramount importance in any attempt to estimate Coleridge as a systematic thinker. A necessary and interesting account of the manuscripts is given in the appendix. It is by using this neglected material that Professor Muirhead seeks to prove that Coleridge made a far more serious attempt to work out his ideas into clear and consistent form than is commonly supposed.

Experiencing even during his schooldays "a rage for metaphysics," Coleridge at Cambridge passed under the influence of David Hartley, a Necessitarian, and the leading representative of the Lockean tradition. Finding some years later that "his metaphysical theories lay before him in the hour of anguish as toys by the bedside of a child deadly sick," he conceived an enthusiasm first for Berkeley and then for Spinoza. Each in their turn also proved inadequate. His criticism of Berkeley's form of idealism is particularly worthy of study, and leads him to conclude that "Berkeley ought to say, not I see a chair, but I see myself in the form of a chair." Equally arresting is his comment on Spinoza: "Did philosophy start with an '*it is*' instead of an '*I am*' Spinoza would be altogether true." As it was he turned from the soulless pantheism of Spinoza, and after the visit to Germany made in 1798, when he was accompanied by the Wordsworths, he began a systematic examination of German philosophy. That he should gain much from this was to be expected, but his supposed plagiarism from Kant and Schelling is unjust to his independence, both in his criticism of their systems, and in the construction of his own. He finally returned to the older platonic tradition which he thought Kant had erred in forsaking, and sought to prove, "*first* that it is possible to form an idea, consistent with all other truths, respecting the Supreme Reality; *secondly*, that such an idea is found in that of an Absolute Will; and *thirdly*, that we have here something from which we are free to advance and to show, if we can, the sufficiency of the account to satisfy the demands made on it in the name of reason and experience." It is his recognition that we know of nothing that is causative of reality except self-conscious will, and of the "presence and priority of will in the human and universal consciousness" that gives to his work its chief philosophical value.

The implications of this are traced in his philosophy of nature, morals, politics, religion, and in his theory of fine art. At the end of each section, as well as in the Conclusion, Professor Muirhead seeks to distinguish what was due to Coleridge's own insight, from the weight of tradition that pressed upon him, and seeks to estimate the significance of the former for English philosophy. The author thinks that the English contribution to Idealistic Philosophy will be found no less important and no less characteristic of the English genius then the Empiricism which is usually accepted as its main contribution; and it is in his anticipation of the trend of present day Idealism that the importance of Coleridge is to be found.

Such brilliant aphorisms as "Whatever is organised from without is a product of mechanism; whatever is mechanised from within is a product of organisation" are characteristic and familiar enough; but to most students, the far way that Coleridge went to fulfil the promise of his profound genius will come as a revelation. This work repays study. The book is graced with a striking portrait of Coleridge in later life. F. E. Christmas.

NEW DE LA MARE STORIES.*

The title of this welcome new volume of stories by Mr. de la Mare is inspired by the first one of the eight which compose its contents. Five of them are considerably longer than we have been used to have our stories since Conrad and James ceased their tale spinning. Occasionally—until his lamentable death this year—D. H. Lawrence made a contribution to a literary genre which few writers have the brains (or is it the patience?) to succeed with. Not only must the writing be well knit, but so must the thought, and that implies resources which cannot be counterfeited by accumulating details which seem to have been found in a notebook. Nor will brilliance of phrasemongering or dare-devil frankness prevent your long short-story sagging into the aimless or the incredible.

Just because the form which most unfortunately we have come to term "short story" and "long short story" demands this concentration and richness of mental texture, a master of it may actually be at a disadvantage in the more adaptable form of the novel. In the light of his later work, Mr. de la Mare's novel, "The Memoirs of a Midget"—perhaps the most distinctive, though I would not say the greatest, English novel of this century—seems to be congested with its own richness of material.

If I had to give a person ignorant of his work an idea of Mr. de la Mare's new book, I should murmur, "if you know Henry James—not so much the long-winded works, but 'The Aspern Papers' and 'White Magic' and 'The Turn of the Screw,' you can form some idea of de la Mare's capacity for keeping you in suspended interest while subtle shades of emotion, character and appearances are disclosed." Those who know his earlier volumes, from "The Riddle" to "The Connoisseur," will realise that occasionally the turn and relapse of a sentence, brimming with reflections like a thoughtful monologue, will carry the mind back to James. Admitting so much however, it is at once necessary to add that Mr. de la Mare has his own world for exploration, and that he has already explored it poetically. The strains of his poetry indeed used to creep into the earlier stories so clearly that one would delightedly repeat some lyrical passages for their own sake. In this volume he has become more completely the prose fictionist, using a rich and sensitive imagination to serve this distinct art without inconsistent waywardness. Only in one tale, "The Green Room," is the earlier de la Mare obviously in evidence, and in this, with extraordinary skill, he writes the verses of a young woman who has died long since, the manuscript of which is discovered in an old lumber-room adjoining a book-shop by an idealistic young man who sees her ghost there. When Mr. de la Mare's characters see a ghost, his readers share the experience, and the ghost of "E. F." who signed those faded little poems will be joyously added to the store of de la Mare ghosts by his admirers.

At least two other stories, "A Recluse" and "Crewe," in this new collection can be described as ghostly, though in a different atmosphere, for the uncanny element is evil. The subtlety of perception which enables him to create ghostly atmospheres in words also sets free his horrified recognition of the powers of evil. He can do this too without the ordinary aids of characters like a sinister recluse or an undiscovered murderer over-brimming with a confession. That terrible old woman, "Seaton's Aunt," whom we encountered long ago in "The Riddle" volume, has a near relative in Cecil's "grummumma" in "At First Sight," which seems to be the longest and certainly is the finest of the eight stories in "On the Edge." "At First Sight" in one sense is a fable, just as that masterly trifle, "A Nose," in "Broomsticks" was a fable. That is to say, the circumstances controlling the actions of the chief character, the mollicoddled young man, have a symbolic value apart from their plot value in the narrative. He is under the thumb of his step-grandmother because of a defect of eyesight which makes it painful to look up. He looks down, from under a deep green eye-shield, all his life and sees floors and pavements, legs and feet. And one memorable day the routine of his life is upset. By a chance contact, he falls in love with a poor shop-girl. Mr. de la Mare's tenderness and power in bringing the tragic Miss Simcox into palpitating life is such that the end of the story is her end, and Cecil has faded again from humanity to a symbol. But limitations of space forbid a description of the varied contents of "On the Edge." The importance of the rich humour in some of them however forbids that it should not at least be mentioned as an element of Mr. de la Mare's mature work.

R. L. Mégroz.

* "On the Edge, and Other Stories." By Walter de la Mare. 10s. 6d. (Faber & Faber.)

TALENT IN DOUBLE EXILE.*

The arts of life are easier to master than the science of life, or the Dutch hidalgo who called himself "Maarten Maartens" might have been a happier man. He ranks with Conrad as one of our first-class writers who was only an alien by accident of birth, and who showed the ardour of a convert in identifying himself with English life and letters. Possibly if Joost van der Poorten Schwartz had had to forge his way to success against harder conditions, the process would have cured him of the fastidiousness of his tastes, and nerved him against the odium he incurred among his countrymen for cultivating our tongue in preference to his own.

Like Bret Harte and Henry James, he had to pay the penalty exacted by a proud and sensitive race for what it regarded as desertion. But the two Americans had the excuse that they were coming to the fountain-head of our common speech; and Maartens had no such plea. He might have made himself the leader of a new era in Dutch literature, as "Q" says in his graceful preface to the present collection: but this would have meant uphill work and limited returns; and far less international repute. There was no half-way course, and Maartens had to suffer a galling fire of comment from his own people, just at a time when the relations of the two countries were strained to the breaking point. He said himself that the Boer War would be his ruin; for apart from the effect it had upon the circulation of his novels, it created a gulf of racial misunderstanding that no explanations could possibly heal. Fortunately or otherwise, he never had to depend upon his pen for income, and he called in the element of time to redress the balance of blame. Then came the Great War, and he died under the strain of it.



Mr. Maarten Maartens at Home.
By "Max," 1912.
From "The Letters of Maarten Maartens." Edited by his daughter. (Constable.)

Destiny had afflicted him with double exile: from his own countrymen, who never understood him or appreciated his work, and from the many English friends whom he was debarred from joining. It is a melancholy finish to a most engrossing record, but it is hard to see how the circumstances and the juxtaposition of events could have led to any other result. The pity of it is that a blight of neglect has since befallen his novels, even those that were marked by a vein of genius and admired by the best judges of his generation. This wave of neglect will pass inevitably, but in the meantime we are losing contact with a fine spirit, a sterling link between civilised peoples, and a man who was rich in faculties, especially the "gift of tongues."

He had a genius for friendship, and this book is full of confidences exchanged with Barrie, Gosse, Hardy, "Q" and others. Perhaps the best of these letters is a passage in which the creator of "Peter Pan" hailed the discovery that Maartens had a wee daughter, now the lady who has edited this book. This is the strain:

> "Took me quite aback to hear of Ada. So strange to think that I never knew of her and that she is getting on all right without knowing of me. This must be put a stop to at the earliest opportunity. I consider myself rather good at girls (before they get into their teens), and having surveyed Ada's photograph anxiously at Nicoll's, I beg to assure her that I can't get on without her much longer. Please, Ada, lay aside your doll and tell me seriously will you be mine?"

Maartens's own letters are rich in wit and humour, the cream of good travel and conversation, and the emanation of a nature saturated with goodwill. He scolds war and bull-fights, "Trilby," Wagner, Browning and Mrs. Humphry Ward. He reels off characteristic anecdotes, and hits off many a vivid picture of scenery and experience. He scoffs at the alleged restraint of the Grant Allen group in regard to "the British matron"—the Dora of the day. He hints that as no author ever had great thoughts he dared not utter, so it was a fair presumption that the great thoughts were absent and the talents overrated. He recounts what a narrow shave he had of being inveigled into politics and public life; and his handling of British public questions is frank and excellent. Thirty years ago he gave an indication of what he would have said of the European War if he had lived:

> "I see no hope against this accursed militarism through which we are all moving towards slavery until those who, in all nations, believe in spiritual things, organise themselves to make this belief felt. The Church tried it once, and the old Papal policy at the time of the Crusades was one of the finest things in history . . . but I doubt if any Church will rise to any such idea again."

Maartens's gods were Keats and Heine, and they figure on many a page here. Even in the depths of a dull home life—with an invalid wife so ill as to turn their Dutch château into a hospital—he is never long without some flick or gleam of compensation in the way of amusement. He mentions all sorts of encounters during his trips to this country, and one may serve as a sample:

> "At Lord Reay's I met an interesting old man, famous over here, Lord Wemyss (aged eighty-seven), most energetic and 'spry.' He abused the Government vigorously, and told me that one of the chief consolations of life was saying 'Damn!'"

There is an allusion, with topical value at this moment, to Sir Edmund Gosse attending the Sugar Bounties Convention of 1887–88, and playing "tiddley-winks" during the sitting. Thinking this over, we almost decry reasons why Geneva and Locarno and other tourneys of argument prove so barren in the end. But Gosse launches out murderously in one of his letters about the hopeless decadence of society and thought, a generation ago, and it might easily be quoted to-day. Fortunately this note of condemnation is never of long endurance, and the tone regnant through the book is one of optimism based upon a sound belief in

* "The Letters of Maarten Maartens." Edited by his Daughter. 22s. 6d. net. (Constable.)

humanity. This is as it should be in a book which sets up a cairn to the memory of a fine spirit in cosmopolitan affairs, and the reader is prepared to enjoy it after he has read the excellent introductory material by "Q" and Mr. Norreys O'Connor.

J. P. COLLINS.

AN AMBASSADOR OF PEACE.*

This is the Locarno volume, completing the Diary and dealing with the period from the beginning of 1924 to October, 1926. In those thirty-four months Europe in general, and Germany in particular, underwent a transformation. On January 1st, 1924, the outlook as seen by German observers was dispiriting and bleak. A large portion of the Rhineland was still occupied by foreign troops. A richer and even more vital province had been held by French and Belgian soldiers for more than a year. German finances were in a state of unbelievable chaos—the national currency had fallen to one eighteen thousand millionth part of its original value. Separatism had raised its head—risings, demonstrations, "*putsches*" all betrayed a disintegrating process. Within twelve months an improvement had taken place that made the contrast between the January of 1924 and that of 1925 dramatic in its intensity. German currency had been placed on a firm basis. Reparation had been settled. The Ruhr had been restored. But the most essential question of all, that of Security, had been untouched. The dawn of 1925 was however of splendid promise. On January 20th the German Government communicated to London the first sketch of a Pact of Mutual Security. Less than nine months later came the official initialling of the Treaty of Locarno. Of the three major events recorded in the Diary—the Dawes settlement in 1924, the Locarno Agreement in 1925 and the entry of Germany into the League of Nations in 1926—the greatest was Locarno. As Lord D'Abernon puts it: "Dawes laid the foundation, Geneva crowned the edifice, but the essential building was carried through in October, 1925, in that now historic village on the Italian lakes. Imagination has been stirred by Locarno—Locarno is the central theme of the present volume."

The interest which such a period, treated by a writer with the knowledge and literary skill of Lord D'Abernon, possesses for the general reader, and the fascination it holds out for the student of twentieth century European history, need no stressing. The Diary proper is preceded by four brilliant character sketches. We see how the late Dr. Stresemann began life as a pugnacious student of the full-blooded type, a militant and aggressive Nationalist. During the War he was an advocate of the strongest and most bellicose measures; an opponent of any pledge to restore Belgium, an advocate of submarine warfare and a bitter critic of all negotiations which would, in his opinion, lead to a premature peace. We see him later striving for a policy that would bring about such a moderation of hostility between France and Germany as would permit European pacification. We see him in his family, with his wide knowledge of German literature, quoting Shakespeare in German and English, and with an intense appreciation of all the good things of life and a wonderful capacity for the enjoyment of them. Of his character Lord D'Abernon says that he had not the qualities of his defects, but that his qualities—clearness, rapidity and decision—earned him a reputation for defects from which he was entirely free—recklessness and lack of conviction.

The signal service rendered to Europe by Sir Austen Chamberlain lay in the fact that although the basis of his policy during the first months of his tenure of the Foreign Office was the closest alliance with France, such basis was changed for one of reciprocity—a reciprocal guarantee of frontiers between France and Germany. His very partiality for France aroused in the French such a confidence in him that when he told the French representatives that no other course was possible than the signature of a bilateral treaty, they accepted his word, as they would not have accepted that of a less friendly statesman. "France regarded Austen as a trusted lover." Carl von Schubert is shown as wisdom, caution and reliability massed within the bulk of a heavy cavalry physique. As for Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, Lord D'Abernon tries to imagine the outraged feelings of Canning and Castlereagh, of Palmerston and Granville, when they ascertained in the Elysian fields that their Downing Street mantle had passed to a Labour successor; and makes us smile at their astonishment to see the finely modelled head, the well-cut features, the tired reflective air suggestive of an exhausted aristocratic strain.

The major political issues, three in number, mentioned in the opening paragraph of this article, must be studied in their entirety, and references and quotations will here be made merely to subsidiary and minor features. Stresemann was an enthusiast about the Crown Prince, and declared—in February, 1926—that "on several occasions lately he has shown great wisdom and moderation," and exercised a big influence in politics. But an informant who had served in the Crown Prince's army had some curious stories to tell Lord D'Abernon. When his army was losing heavily in the Argonne, and immediately before an attack in which it had 2,000 killed and wounded, the Crown Prince, dressed in tennis flannels, saw his soldiers off and waved his racquet at them. On another occasion when ambulances were working day and night bringing in wounded, the Crown Prince peremptorily commandeered two of them to be in attendance at a gymkhana behind the lines, in case of accident to the riders in some pony races. There are some new stories about the ex-Kaiser. On page 255 there is a curious conversation between Lord D'Abernon and Mr. Winston Churchill in which the former deprecated the reversion to the gold standard, and asserted that "experience in Germany had shown that, while repudiation caused severe suffering to certain important sections of the middle class, it does not lead to any wide social disturbance. Nor does it lead, as might be expected, to the permanent destruction of the desire to save. On the contrary in Germany the classes who have just lost their total investments in German *Rentes* are not a bit less disposed to save than they were before." The suggestion implicit in this remark is enough to make "*Plectunur Achivi*" the motto, and a toad *couchant*, under a harrow barbed and *pointé*, the crest of "certain important sections of the middle class" in this country It is refreshing to note that Mr. Churchill was horrified. There is a delightfully artless German appreciation of British Free Trade on page 113. But it would take columns to give merely a tithe of the interesting things in this splendid contribution to European history.

F. E. WHITTON
(Lieut.-Colonel).

* "An Ambassador of Peace." Lord D'Abernon's Diary. Vol. III. With historical notes by Maurice Alfred Gerothwohl, Litt.D. 21s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

BLENHEIM.*

The first volume of Professor Trevelyan's projected series, "England Under Queen Anne," has for its title "Blenheim." If the volumes to follow reach the excellence of this, the completed history of the reign of Anne will be one of the most important contributions towards the study of England's past that we have had for a very long while.

In the first place he has not forgotten the general reader—an omission far too frequent among professional historians. He says in his preface: "For my part, I cannot abandon the older ideal of History that was once popular in England—that the same book should make its appeal both to the general reader and to the historical student. In these latter days there tends to be division. It is right there should be division in some cases but it is right that in other cases the older unity should be attempted." It is right also that it should once more be demonstrated that history can be made interesting without the intrusion

* "England Under Queen Anne" Series. Vol. I: "Blenheim." By Professor Trevelyan. 21s. net. (Longmans.)

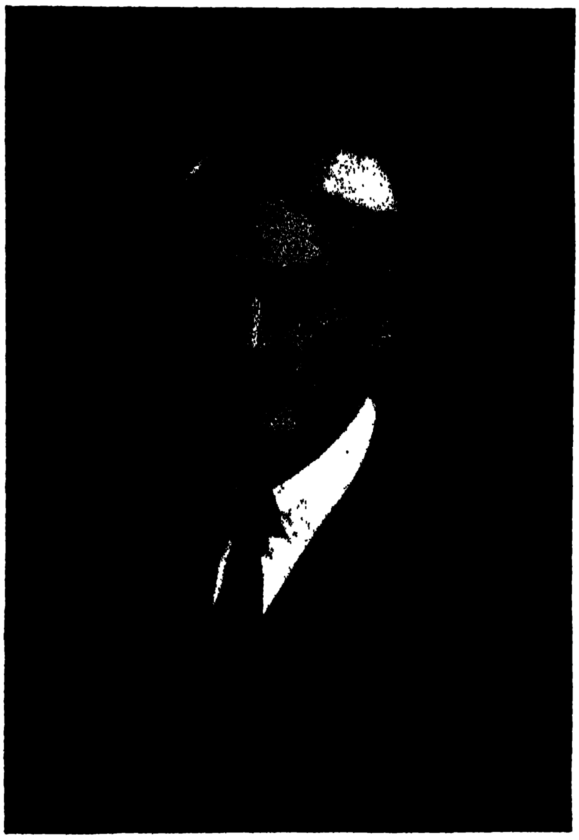
of the methods of the novelist, as has been so often the case both with Mr. Lytton Strachey in England and with Herr Ludwig in Germany. It is a temptation for the lesser exponents of that school sometimes to forget that an undramatic truth is of equal importance to a truth told dramatically. In Professor Trevelyan we have the historian proper, and are able to see the superiority of the older conception of history over the new. New methods are not better because of their newness.

Though the Battle of Blenheim forms the title—and the climax—of the book, it is not perhaps the most important subject-matter contained in it. The study of the conditions, social and political, leading to the renewal of England's military and naval prestige throughout Europe is of even deeper significance to the student; and the exposition of the state of party problems at home, and that of dynastic and national problems abroad, with their reactions and interactions, is most skilfully and lucidly done. The ecclesiastical position especially is well presented and analysed; in fact the chapter dealing with this—chapter III—is one of the most interesting of all.

But it is not of course the most dramatic. The Capture of Gibraltar and the Battle of Blenheim must always hold the glamour of drama. Few events have had greater results, and it is right that their importance should not receive diminution. For all that, I sometimes feel that the quiet life of a people is of more importance than the public events indulged in by an ambitious few working upon the lack of imagination in the mass. That is why I think this book is so valuable an addition to our historical library, for it gives, not merely as a background but as a due part of the foreground, the conditions of the time.

Nevertheless when Professor Trevelyan reaches a point of military or naval drama his words catch something of the excitement in the deeds. He does not paint his pictures with the false verve of Emil Ludwig; but suddenly a paragraph will take on a glow and a sense of action which prove that he writes "with his eye on the subject." I quote as instance a brief passage from his description of the actual battle at Blenheim:

"The morning hours slipped by, and still with impassive countenance he [Marlborough] watched the men he treasured fall under the cannon shots. Messenger after messenger galloped off to hasten Eugene, struggling through marsh and woodland far away. But till his colleague was ready to attack, the Duke would not give the word. What were his thoughts as he lunched among his staff in the open field, perhaps for the last time? He well knew it was the day that either made him or undid him quite; his fortunes could not survive defeat. And with his own ambitions, the liberties of England and of Europe had come to the last hazard, to be decided, not in any famous city or crowded meeting-place of men, but here in a naked plain of reaped stubble, between villages and farms of names unknown—that spire was called Blindheim, the guides said—places where unlettered peasants had for ages tilled the soil and for ages more would till it, caring nothing what the great world in its madness had come there to do that day—save only that their poor houses and barns would assuredly be burned. Yet in this uncouth, rustic spot the texture of eighteenth century civilisation and thought was to take its colour for good or ill. Hasten, Eugene! Flesh and blood can no longer stand still under this carnage of a cannonade, and the very gods are impatient to see the invisible event. Here at last comes his messenger galloping from the north. He is ready; and we are more than ready. It is past noon, but August days are long. Cutts, the Salamander, is to lead the British and Dutch against Blindheim. And everywhere, along four miles of the Nebel's course, the regiments and squadrons shake themselves and move down towards the marshy edges of the brook."



Professor George Macaulay Trevelyan, O.M.

If that is not in the grand manner of historical prose, I know not where to find it. Professor Trevelyan has written a very fine and human book.

W. B. N.

THE LIFE OF MADAME ROLAND.*

What will the biographers of to-morrow make of to-day's dearth of letters? Perhaps only those who write their own memoirs will go down to posterity in print, for the voluminous letters which have been the happy hunting-ground of the biographers of the eighteenth century are no more. It would indeed be difficult for the most inveterate letter-writer of to-day to accomplish even a small proportion of the correspondence which was apparently a part of the daily routine two hundred years ago. The exigencies of modern life make it as impossible as the conveniences of communication make it unnecessary.

Yet Madame Roland, one of the most prolific writers of an epistolary age, was a woman of amazing activity. How she found time to accomplish all that she did, and at the same time to record in writing every detail of her mental and physical life must for ever remain a mystery.

At the age of eleven she remarked, with that peculiar sententiousness characteristic of her early utterances, "As for pens, they are tools that I am never without." At a later period Saint-Beuve said of her: "We have a Sévigné of the bourgeoisie and, better still, a Sévigné-Georges-Sand." All through her life, as a young girl, welcoming the rather unwilling attentions of the surly, elderly Inspector of Manufactures; as a young wife and mother; as a protagonist of the cause of liberty; as the centre of a group of the most famous Republicans of the day; as the Queen of the Girondists; and as a prisoner in the hands of her enemies, she wrote unceasingly.

Every event that could be described, every thought and feeling that could be converted into words, flowed from her pen in a never-ending stream. One feels that she loved writing, gloried in her ability to use that medium of expression, almost that she thought on paper. Her biographer, Madame Clemenceau-Jacquemaire, discredits the story, told by her friend Champagneux, and believed by Carlyle, that she asked for pen and paper at the very foot of the scaffold, but certain it is that she was writing in practically the last moments of her imprisonment. Her facile pen was indeed her undoing. By a letter of stern reproach and protest which she wrote to Robespierre she made an implacable enemy of the man who "lived like a god on his altar." The famous "Letter to the King," of June 10th, 1792, shows a remarkable grasp of politics, an uncompromising audacity and a fluency which were

* "The Life of Madame Roland." By Madeleine Clemenceau-Jacquemaire. 18s. (Longmans.)

unmistakably Madame Roland's, though the signature was that of her husband.

She made many errors of judgment—and every one was committed to paper as soon as made. Yet she atoned for all her mistakes, for her egotism, her harshness, her love of domination, by her conduct during the last few months of her life. Never did a woman meet death more finely. Knowing herself doomed, she never failed to help and encourage her fellow-prisoners, weaker and more wretched than herself. On her way to the guillotine "she was fresh, calm and gay; one could see she was attempting to infuse some energy into the poor wretch whose pallor and dejection formed a striking contrast to the high colour and confident bearing of his companion."

The life story of Madame Roland, amazing and full of fascination as it is, does not form the sole interest of this remarkable book. It is the inner history of the Revolution itself which gives it a value beyond that of an ordinary biography. Even a close student of the political and economic situation of the Revolutionary period must sometimes have found it difficult to follow the kaleidoscopic changes of the parties in power, to fathom the causes which turned a movement primarily intended for the liberation of the oppressed into a reign of terror and bloodshed. The "Life of Madame Roland" is a record of personalities rather than events, but the personalities are so real and vivid that the events seem the natural outcome of their baleful influence. Watching their progress through Madame Roland's eyes, many mysteries become clear. We see ambitious, unprincipled young men from an obscure background becoming suddenly the rulers of Paris. Danton, the "miserable little lawyer with no practice," who now "brays aloud in the clubs—and dares confess to a fortune of 1,400,000 livres"; Marat—"another hideous personage"; Robespierre, "who hasn't an idea in his head or a sentiment in his heart"—when such as these held France in the hollow of their hand, was it any wonder that she was being crushed to death? Poor Madame Roland! Her glorious Revolution had become "such a sorry spectacle that it is no hardship to quit this stage." Her last words were addressed to the ideal for which she had sacrificed her life: "Liberty, what crimes are committed in thy name!"

Ethel Browning.

THE POTTER'S WHEEL.*

In the preface to her new book Miss Jane T. Stoddart tells us that she came to London to take up journalism at the age of twenty-four. She must then have been a pioneer among women in that profession, as she is to-day one of its most efficient and most honoured veterans. It is no secret that her influence upon the *British Weekly* has for many years been very great, and that she was a tower of strength to Sir William Robertson Nicoll, as she has been to his successor, Dr. John A. Hutton, the "kind friend and chief" to whom her new volume is dedicated. Few journalists have ever served their profession with greater devotion, and few have brought to it such vitality or so wide a range of interest and sympathy. These qualities are abundantly evident in her new book, as they were in its predecessor—"Private Prayer in Christian Story"—published three years ago.



Portrait by Russell. **Miss Jane T. Stoddart.**

Miss Stoddart traces the origin of the work now before us to her earliest days in London. Her first journalistic task was to outline for a homilectical publication the famous sermon of Horace Bushnell, entitled "Every Man's Life a Plan of God." In this sermon, which is still often quoted, the celebrated American preacher illustrated his subject entirely from great Biblical names. "When re-reading the sermon from time to time," says Miss Stoddart, "I wished for some book in which the idea could be carried into the general field of history and biography; and I made my own small collection, which has grown into the present volume."

The range of quotations from poets and philosophers which faces her introductory chapter suggests that Miss Stoddart does not interpret her title in any narrowly theological sense. The familiar stanzas about the potter's wheel in Browning's "Rabbi Ben Ezra" best convey, perhaps, the angle of her vision, unless we select instead a quotation from *The Times* concerning Thomas Hardy. "Few readers," said that newspaper, reviewing Mrs. Hardy's biography of her husband, "will find themselves wholly disinclined to admit that in some lives the course of events looks singularly like design, and that some men are, in plain truth, chosen and dedicated to the doing of certain work." It is to lives that seem clearly to illustrate such "design" that Miss Stoddart directs our attention. Where possible she points to less famous characters, for she rightly contends that obscure men and women do much of the world's best work and are as truly "chosen and dedicated" as their more illustrious fellows. But since the records of humble folk are scanty, it is necessarily from the careers of the great that her examples of "guidance" and "design" have, for the most part, been drawn.

Here then Miss Stoddart, drawing from a very wide survey of history, biography and literature, gives us a study of the influences that have gone to the moulding of men. Those influences are as infinitely varied as the men themselves, and Miss Stoddart groups them under such headings as "Father and Son," "Mother and Son," "Brothers and Sisters," "The Influence of Scenery," "Education at Home," "Schools and Teachers" and "The Friend by the Wayside." A glance at the index will show how comprehensively Miss Stoddart has cast her net, and how many and diverse are the lives whose formative influences are illustrated by admirably selected and arranged passages from familiar or little known records. If Miss Stoddart's book is largely an anthology, her own connecting commentary—wise, human and gracious—gives it a unity and a sustained interest which most anthologies lack. The volume should please, help and inspire as many

* "Great Lives Divinely Planned." By Jane T. Stoddart. 10s. 6d. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)



From a drawing by CYRIL LOWE.

MR. J. B. PRIESTLEY.



From a drawing by HOOPER ROWE.

MISS E. M. DELAFIELD.

A reference to Miss Delafield's new book will be found on page 27.

readers as its predecessor has done, and we hope some day to see it reissued in a handier form for the pocket or the bedside. It is a book that lends itself as delightfully to "browsing" as to consecutive reading.

GILBERT THOMAS.

BLACK AND WHITE.*

Relationship of black and white in the countries ruled by the European—there exist in the wider world to-day few problems more urgent or more difficult than this. Its difficulty must be manifest even to such as have had no practical experience of it; its urgency is established by the most convincing of all proofs that conscience or emotion is stirred—the steady increase of the written word on the subject.

This latest contribution to the literature of the vast question is at least arresting; and for more reasons than one. It deals with the white-and-black problem in South Africa, where it gradually approaches an aspect of crisis. It is written by one who, though an Englishman of long enough residence there to have absorbed—as one absorbs, unconsciously—through the pores—completest unquestioning prejudice against colour—has remained immune. And it is written by a journalist in Johannesburg who, though living in that bright centre of manifold prejudices, many thoughtless, many expediently nourished at the call of vested and political interests, asserts his opinions with a candour at times rhetorical.

Indeed Mr. Barnes's possible fault as an author is a tendency to rhetoric, to over-writing. Nevertheless this book, apart from any mannerism, is one of the most forceful contributions made to the literature of racialism outside the activities of the old-time opponents of slavery. The advent of a South African book of this character would have seemed something outside the normal order of nature but a few years ago. As it is, its appearance now is a portent. It will be fiercely praised. It will be scorned with equal fierceness. In a word, it will arouse feeling: and when a book arouses feeling nothing is more certain than that there is at least a core of genuine emotion in it. At least it will be difficult for anyone to dismiss the author as a mere South African politician masquerading as controversialist at large; for though at outset he seems suspiciously to single out the Dutch as arch-offenders against the native—in itself no surprising thing in an ex-Natalian holding journalistic office in Johannesburg, prime-mover in and centre still of the British-Unionist spirit—he excludes no white race or party in his indictment of treatment of the Bantu.

As all who have undergone the experience well know, nothing is harder to reach or to recover than any measure of intellectual honesty on the colour question after a prolonged sojourn in such a country as Africa, where white is so vastly outnumbered by black. The common atmosphere of fear underlying the attitude of the outnumbered, the abyss sundering two races in outlook and habit almost poles apart, custom hardened to daily habit —these so take hold of the mind that the mere subsequent spectacle of colour on any basis of common privilege elsewhere seems at first an outrage on natural order. Thus it is that only by meditation and detachment—aided possibly by the chance of really prolonged and close single contact with the native mind, as with the present reviewer—can a leavening of all-conquering truth work itself into the mind.

And of course with disturbing results! Mr. Barnes's scene is the South African one alone—that country where a handful of Dutch were among the first white men to establish their hold against the black man as they spread across his country; and the author piles evidence on evidence to show that the aggressor, adventurous, yet with elementary instinct of self-preservation at full stretch from the outset and ever since, has not only taken from the native his heritage, but has also committed the spiritual and economic blunder of giving him nothing in return, till that barren policy, as with all such fruitless works, seems to threaten recoil.

But as in South Africa, so in almost all lands where white has established fortuitous ascendancy over black, the story is largely the same. It is a profoundly melancholy story—melancholy, too, on no mere sentimental and therefore spurious grounds. Waste—waste of humanity, of superb material, of vast reservoirs of fruitful human happiness—waste in a creative scheme where waste is the primal offence: that is the canker that lies at the root of the matter. Only the sentimentalist, temperamentally unfit to judge, would assert that the white man, South African or other, has produced the colour problem of his own wickedness or blind folly alone. White as well as black, being alike human, have been, as is all humanity, the victims of circumstance. Nevertheless, it is for the white man, with whom the initiative now lies in South Africa and elsewhere, to dethrone blind prejudice and to the utmost possible extent shape the future by the simple but sovereign aid of "good sense and good will."

E. MOORE RITCHIE.

* "Caliban in Africa." By Leonard Barnes. 10s. 6d. (Gollancz.)

ALICE AND THOMAS AND JANE.*

"How unfair it is that when a cross person suddenly smiles at you, you feel it's more exciting than when a smiling person goes on smiling all the time." So thought Thomas during his wonderful trip all by himself to Dieppe, while the cross young woman was tying up the presents he had bought, and "made the three parcels *be* three parcels, and never offered to tie them together." This trip to Dieppe is the last adventure recounted in the book about Alice, Thomas and Jane, and Thomas had it all to himself because Alice and Jane were at home with whooping cough. The three of them lived at Rottingdean in "one of the painted houses, but it was cobbly underneath. When the workmen put a pick into the walls the cobbles were there sticking together like currants."

Never did three children have such freedom and such adventures! The author explains in the preface, "These children are not my children. I had to invent them because my children made such a noise, and when the eldest wanted the coloured inks the second wanted flour and water to mix in a cup, and the third wanted the gramophone and couldn't wind it up. But during the time Alice and Thomas and Jane ran about the house and rushed about the village and did all the things my children would like to have done, my children sat still." And everybody else's children would like to have done the things Alice, Thomas and Jane did too! Alice, Thomas and Jane thought nothing of getting up in the middle of the night and spying on smugglers, being carried out to sea hanging on to a small boat, losing themselves in caves hiding in aeroplanes and stowing away in a steamer going to France and being landed concealed in the dicky of a car. They didn't think such happenings were very much out of the ordinary, because the world was a wonderful place anyhow, and their parents got quite used to them and did not worry overmuch. Thomas, for instance, had quite ceased to stare at steam-rollers. "Thomas was too big for steam-rollers. Alice still stopped and stared, but Thomas hadn't liked steam-rollers since he was four." And they were old enough to know all sorts of things—at least Thomas was—such as whether the moon came up behind where the sun went down or on the other side. His sisters weren't sure, but Thomas knew it must be on the other side because "there'd be an awful fizzling if it had to pass the sun, with the sun going down and the moon coming up . . . the sun's hot and the moon's cold. It would be like spitting on an iron."

This is a joyous book, full of laughter, and both children and grown-ups will enjoy it and envy the three youngsters

* "Alice and Thomas and Jane." By Enid Bagnold. 7s. 6d. (Constable.)

who crowded such exciting events into their small lives and never came to harm and didn't know what it was to be frightened, only deliciously thrilled. It is like a glorious game of " pretend " from beginning to end, for the wildest and loveliest things occur, exactly as they would in a game of make-believe—not fairy or magic things, but things that might really happen in ordinary life, if one were very fortunate. The author has done most of the drawings, and Miss Laurian Jones (whose portrait appears as a frontispiece) has done the others. There is a picture showing what it feels like to swallow a snail—Thomas did that in France; and a picture of Thomas's idea of Heaven, and another of Alice's thoughts as she lay in the tail of the aeroplane, and others showing what Jane drew on the pavement at Brighton in an effort to raise money—illustrations of " Us being bathed " and other domestic scenes; from which you can gather that the pictures are as original and as amusing as the story itself.

A. A.

MAINLY POETRY.*

Mr. Monk Gibbon is a young poet who has rapidly perfected his art. It was not such an art as comes at first stumbling and incoherent, and arrives at clarity and certainty. He may have discarded of course, but I cannot remember a poem or volume of poems of his which was without his quiet force and distinction. The quietness is a notable quality. He has no crescendos, no trumpets and drums, but a quietness as of evening fields, and a low and pure voice trolling to itself. It is harmonious poetry. Reading aloud the new volume named not altogether happily " For Daws to Peck At,"[1] a competent young critic kept saying at intervals, " He is a poet." She was right. Mr. Gibbon has a real gift of poetry, and there is thought, imagination and feeling in these beautifully modulated songs, always just long and short enough to express and to hold the thought and the image:

FRENCH PEASANTS.

" These going home at dusk
Along the lane,
After the day's warm work,
Do not complain.

" Were you to say to them,
' What does it mean?
What is it all about,
This troubled dream?'

" They would not understand,
They'd go their way,
Or, if they spoke at all,
They'd surely say:

" ' Dawn is the time to rise,
Days are to earn.
Bread and the midday rest,
Dusk to return;

" ' To be content, to pray.
To hear songs sung,
Or to make wayside love,
If one is young.

" ' All from the good God comes,
All then is good;
Sorrow is known to Him,
And understood.'

" One who had questioned all,
And was not wise,
Might be ashamed to meet
Their quiet eyes.

" All is so clear to them,
All is so plain;
These who go home at dusk,
Along the lane."

Mr. Gibbon's ordered poetry is the very antithesis of the disorderly stuff given us by Walter Lowenfels in " Finale of Seem."[2] The eccentric name prepares us for an eccentric book. I can find neither sense, reason nor poetry in this book, and I cannot imagine why anyone else should.

After " Finale of Seem," which I take to be a wantonly absurd title, Miss Maitland Radford's " Pomegranate Flower "[3] comes all delicacy with skies of silver and gold and all the iridescence of jewels and flowers and the moth's wing. The name of Radford comes to me gratefully. There was Ernest Radford in the nineties, and there was Dolly Radford who wrote of the little tender things beautifully. I know not if she is in the body or out of the body, but she was as appealing as her little poetry—like a lamb, a flower, a child. There are two Radfords in my bundle of books—whether relations of each other, or relations of those poets of the nineties, I know not. " The Swift Mind "[4] by D. F. Radford has many of the qualities of poetry. It has its measure of thought and beauty. It is the masculine Muse as compared with " Pomegranate Flower." Out of this bundle I should choose Mr. Gibbon and Margaret Maitland Radford to carry in my pack. They are quite unlike. The quietness of evening fields and sequestered but never gloomy thought is in Mr. Gibbon's poetry, exquisiteness of lucent colour in Miss Radford as I take her to be. Let me give earnest:

" The slope of this great field
Is tawny golden, soon the sun will set:
Among the gilded tufts of the brown grasses
Are little traceried plants, like a pearled net
On clods and hoof-holes:
Here a lark's nest might be;
Here the mewing plover wheeled;
A dry rough field
And yet
How richly it is diapered, wind-down, set
With little strawberry-flowers and the white violet."

For the rest Mr. Bevan's " Russet and Asp "[5] contains good scholarly, often sensitive verse such as a cultivated and poetry loving man finds it a solace to write. His readers will derive pleasure from it. Mr. Robert Crawford's " In Quiet Fields "[6] deserves the commendation of Walter de la Mare, whose praise is dearly worth having. This is simple and strong poetry which reads as though the inspiration of Robert Burns still hung in Ayrshire fields and was broadcasted for his brother poet. He brings the furrows and the larks singing over them, and a ploughman quiet at his task.

" The Singing Lass "[7] by Marion Angus has the ballad inspiration. She is as the natural successor to those old Scottish ballad mongers whose songs are as freshly poignant and sweet as the day they were made. I am sorry to come to this true poet only at the fag-end of a review. Miss Angus should be remembered with the authoress of " Auld Robin Grey." These are very beautiful poems, both English and Scottish. Nothing could be simpler, nothing saner in this strange disordered age. She is a very welcome new arrival.

Katharine Tynan.

[1] " For Daws to Peck At." By Monk Gibbon. 6s. (Gollancz.)—[2] " Finale of Seem." By Walter Lowenfels. (Heinemann.)—[3] " Pomegranate Flower." By Margaret Maitland Radford. 7s. 6d. (Scholartis Press.)—[4] " The Swift Mind." By D. F. Radford. 3s. 6d. (Elkin Mathews & Marrot.)—[5] " Russet and Asp." By G. L. Bevan. 8s. 6d. (Duckworth.)—[6] " In Quiet Fields." By Robert Crawford. 3s. 6d. (Porpoise Press.)—[7] " The Singing Lass." By Marion Angus. 3s. 6d. (Porpoise Press.)

A VICTORIAN PEEP-SHOW.*

The tastes of the present generation are so different and so distinct from the tastes of the generation to which their grandfathers belonged that a veritable chasm divides the Georgians and Victorians. Already we have got somewhat into the habit of referring to that not very remote period of the eighties and nineties as if it were pitiably tame and inferior. There is never truth in extremes, and while the Victorians are open to criticism, the simple fact should not be overlooked that they included

* " As We Were." Memories of E. F. Benson. 18s. (Longmans.)

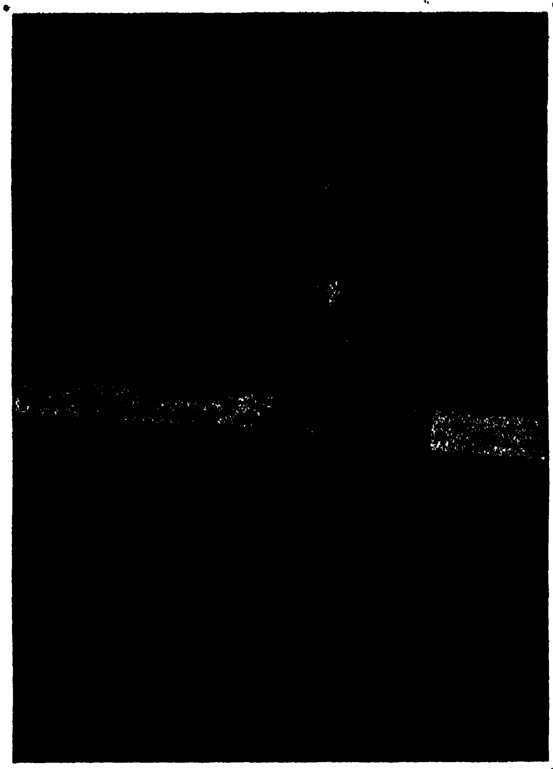
in their number statesmen, clerics, scientists, novelists, poets, dramatists, artists and critics who happen to be quite justly famed despite their frock-coats, their cravats and their whiskers. And Mr. E. F. Benson, the son of a typical Victorian who became Archbishop of Canterbury, in his early days mingled with Victorians of fine quality and lasting renown, and tells us in his latest volume exactly what they were like.

He discerns their wisdom and their whimsicality, their firmness and frailty. They are to him alternately admirable and amusing. His pen-pictures are swift and vivid; a few sharp and bright touches, and the portrait is revealed and the character displayed, for the expert craftsman concentrates, and he knows his subject so well that he brings out only the essential traits. Mr. Benson can be tender and pathetic, he can be as delicately ironical as Matthew Arnold himself (for proof of which read his opening sketch of the Victorian age), and he can let his own wit play like lightning round a subject—there are momentary gleams which show the whole truth in a flash and dissipate the obscurities of any lingering doubt. Thus he has told us now, once and for all, intimate facts concerning Swinburne and Watts-Dunton, Oscar Wilde and his last years, Alfred Austin and the Laureateship, Oscar Browning and the cause of his failure.

It was the privilege of the Archbishop's sons to see many celebrities at close quarters, but added to that privilege was their own gift of judgment and sense of humour. Mr. Benson was acutely conscious of the qualities of the famous men and women he encountered, and he has been fortified in his verdicts on them by information gained from others and from wide reading. None but he perhaps could have written so much and so well of Henry James and his wordiness, Whistler and his caustic wit, the Pre-Raphaelites and their aims, or Gladstone and his "huge concentration of force." How well he sums up that mighty dynamic character: "Purpose at white heat roared like a furnace in every action of his life. When once he had convinced himself on any subject, it ceased to be his opinion and became a cosmic truth, which it was the duty of every right-minded person to uphold." Contrast this with his picture of Queen Victoria, whom he describes as "a genius of common sense," a woman with barely a drop of British blood in her veins, but who none the less made herself "the most English of sovereigns. . . . In this immense endowment of common sense unlit by imagination she was the exact opposite of her grandson, William II of Germany, who had a prodigious imagination but no common sense which could be lit up by it; his imagination flared on to an empty void where he beheld only the Brocken spectre of himself clad in shining armour."

A curious fact which impresses us as we examine Mr. Benson's panorama of the Victorian age is that greatness and solidity of character were so often associated with foibles and follies. The age was in fact one of considerable pretence and petty affectation, and the simpering women in their crinolines, and the solemn men in their tall hats, were only too often posing for effect. The long Victorian period, it must be remembered, was experimental and evolutionary; there was steady progress from a none too creditable past, there were violent reactions against potent evils, there were hard-won reforms, and there was an upward toiling in the gloom, a struggle for fitness, strength and light; and all this manifested itself in the numerous "movements" of the times. There were religious, literary, scientific, artistic and political "movements," and pioneers were caught in the whirl and found it sometimes difficult to play a consistent part. But the epoch produced true leaders also, and it is of these Mr. Benson tells—of Ruskin and Rossetti, Meredith, Browning and Tennyson, Darwin and Spencer.

Amid much that is light, playful and airy there are very serious parts in this volume. We can enjoy the delicious humour concerning the oddity of J. E. Nixon, the Oxford Don, or the fatuousness of Alfred Austin and "Immortal Bard," or the ponderous and puerile Oscar Browning, or the learning and sarcasm of Dr. Jowett, or the comic-opera



Mr. E. F. Benson.

court of the King of Greece, or the subjugation of rebellious Swinburne by a pedantic solicitor—though even on these matters Mr. Benson has some illuminating comments to offer; but what are we to say of his exposure of "the fraud" of Oscar Wilde's "De Profundis"? It is a startling story, and may cause a complete change of opinion concerning the supposed repentance, redemption and reform of a perverted genius.

The final chapter, which might have been entitled "From Calm to Storm," is not only a beautifully impressive piece of writing but is intensely dramatic. It opens with an idyllic description of the delusive charm of seeming peace at the beginning of 1914. Then, with just a few mutterings and scarcely heeded intimations, came the crash of the thunderbolt. The last link with Victorianism and its traditions had been snapped.

J. CUMING WALTERS.

W. E. HENLEY.*

To the average reader of verse, W. E. Henley is the author of "Invictus," and the phrase which brings that outburst to a dramatic climax:

"I am the captain of my soul,"

is often quoted by people who are not only unaware of its source, but have never even heard of Henley. The circumstances in which "Invictus" was written ought not to affect an estimate of its worth as literature, but they must not be overlooked when considering the poem as an expression of its author.

Henley, the son of an impecunious and somewhat feckless father, was not brought up in a bed of roses. A chronic shortage of money and almost equally chronic ill-health were his lot from childhood until manhood. When he was twelve he developed tubercular trouble which led to the amputation of the lower part of one of his legs. The other foot was also threatened, and the surgeons would have had their will if Henley had not chanced to hear of Lister, and made up his mind to trek from Gloucester to the Old Infirmary in Edinburgh where the since famous physician was working. Henley, then twenty-four, placed himself unreservedly in the hands of Lister, who was at that time

* "W. E. Henley: A Memoir." By Kennedy Williamson (Harold Shaylor.)

reviled and scorned by his colleagues — and his foot was saved. While in the infirmary he wrote his "Hospital Verses"—and "Invictus." Remembering the pain, the antagonisms and many other difficulties which beset him, this defiant shaking of the fist in the face of Providence cannot be dismissed as bluster or bombast, but must be accepted as the sincere outpouring of a young man who had grounds for asserting that although life had treated him unfairly his head was bloody but unbowed.

The poem's popularity has stood unfairly between the public and the bulk of Henley's work, but it is nevertheless as typical of the man as anything he subsequently wrote, and if nothing else survives the winnowing of Time, posterity will not be greatly misled concerning its author.



A Cartoon by "Spy."
From "W. E. Henley: A Biography," by Kennedy Williamson (Harold Shaylor).

Mr. Kennedy Williamson's Memoir, admirably written and carefully compiled, gives a vivid picture of a vivid personality, and puts up a good case for regarding Henley as a great man. If he does not succeed it is because the facts and growing enlightenment are against him. That Henley had many excellent qualities, that he had the power to inspire others, that he was brave in the face of pain and difficulties, that he could be a loyal friend, cannot be denied; but against these virtues must be placed certain less admirable characteristics. He was truculent, quarrelsome and sometimes wantonly unfair in his judgments; and he was not too scrupulous in matters which demand the nicest intellectual honesty. On one occasion he interpolated a passage condemning Wagner in an article by Bernard Shaw, whom he knew as a perfect Wagnerite, and his dislike of W. T. Stead led him into patently perverse statements concerning him couched in peculiarly malicious phrases. And it was reserved for Henley to write the most violent attack on Robert Louis Stevenson when Graham Balfour's "Life of Stevenson" was published in 1901. However just his verdict may have been, however necessary it may have been to counterbalance the sentimentalising of R. L. S. which was then prevalent, Henley's ought not to have been the hand to strike the first blow at the memory of a man who had been his dearest friend. Among more violent charges were these: "He was incessantly and passionately interested in Stevenson. He could not be in the same room with a mirror but he must invite its confidence every time he passed it. . . . No better histrion ever lived. . . . And there are people yet living (I am not one of them) who, knowing him intimately, have not hesitated to describe him in a word of three letters, the suspicion of which might well make him turn in his grave" —cad presumably being the word hinted at.

Henley was an editor of genius, drawing to him a number of writers, then young and in many cases untried, who have since established themselves, among whom Kipling, Gilbert Parker, Katharine Tynan, R. L. S., Maurice Hewlett, Kenneth Grahame, Eden Phillpotts and William Archer may be instanced. These and many others he encouraged and inspired and their loyalty to him remained in most cases unbroken till the end.

Of his own work a final judgment cannot yet be made, but certain things already seem clear. As a critic he was discerning and illuminating and, within the bounds of his range, discriminating; but his range was limited by prejudices which blinded him to many excellences, and complete objectivity was outside his capacity. His prose was always vivid, vigorous and sometimes violent, and was a faithful expression of the man. His verse was almost invariably stimulating, technically interesting, and sometimes almost attained that ultimate magic which would have transformed it into poetry. But even as a poet he was a journalist, aiming at a quick effect, a startling phrase, a graphic description, and occasionally he descended to a facile pathos. The way of poetry is subtler and generally less self-conscious.

HERMON OULD.

A DARING ADVENTURER.*

If there is one place where more than any other an Englishman should feel proud of his nationality, it surely is Plymouth Hoe.

On that historic spot it requires but little imagination to picture the old sailors of Devon and other counties setting sail for distant lands, and so laying the foundation of England's power.

Truly could they say with Kipling:

> "We sailed wherever ship could sail,
> We founded many a mighty state."

Of those daring adventurers there is none to take second place to Sir John Hawkins, though due to his modesty he is perhaps not so well known. The selection of his life and travels for the latest addition to the Golden Hind series is a good one, and Mr. Philip Gosse has provided a story that should thrill every healthy person, old or young.

John Hawkins, who was born within sound of the sea at his father's house near the quay, came of a good Plymouth stock; both his father and grandfather had been great navigators and also held the office of mayor as well as representing Plymouth in Parliament, our hero doing likewise.

Surrounded from his birth by ships, his education was one specially to fit him for the years that followed. It is said he knew how to manage a merchant's office, navigate and sail a ship, and also possessed a good knowledge of shipbuilding.

His first big venture was in 1562, when he fitted out three ships, the *Solomon*, which he commanded, being but one hundred and twenty tons. The more one reads of the deeds of these men the more one is amazed at their intrepidity in venturing thousands of miles over uncharted waters in such small craft. Hawkins's flagship was just one-eighth the tonnage of that popular river steamer, the *Golden Eagle*. The main object of this voyage was "blackbirding" which of course cannot be commended to-day, but when it is remembered that slavery then received the benediction of the Church one cannot blame the sailor. This voyage was successful, but the next proved disastrous, for of the four hundred and eight men and boys that left Plymouth in 1567 only fifteen came back with Hawkins. Many had died and a number were left in captivity.

After years of adventure which the author describes in a racy manner, Hawkins was appointed Treasurer to the Navy, a hard task for an honest sailor on account of the jobbery and robbery then rampant.

The part he took in the defeat of the Spanish Armada makes an interesting chapter, and one can well imagine the Admiral's delight at the defeat of his old enemies, though later on he said: "The revenge which I desired long since for the injuries I received of the Spaniards time

* "Sir John Hawkins." By Philip Gosse. Golden Hind Series. 12s. 6d. (Bodley Head.)

hath made me forget it and refer it to God, who is the avenger of wrongs."

Following the defeat of the Armada, Hawkins and Frobisher were summoned by Lord Howard to his flagship, and there received the honour of knighthood.

Hawkins died at Porto Rico aged sixty-three, on an expedition which ended in dismal failure. He was a great sailor, stern but just, and was one of the few who cared for their men. He was also rather curiously a clever diplomat.

It was Hawkins and Drake who founded what became the Greenwich Hospital Fund and he personally inaugurated the Sir John Hawkins Hospital at Chatham, which still exists, as well as other charities at Deptford and Plymouth.

His differences with Drake, who is stated to have been a kinsman, though some writers express doubt, are to be regretted, but no doubt Mr. Gosse is right in putting the blame mainly on Drake's impetuosity.

W. T. BROWN.

THE HISTORICAL NOVEL.

It has often seemed to me—and my feeling is confirmed after reading Mr. Alfred Tresidder Sheppard's "The Art and Practice of Historical Fiction"*—that the historical novelist is far more deeply learned in the craft of his art, and takes it on the whole more seriously than the novelist of contemporary manners. Perhaps it is because he must be something of a poet, and verse, in spite of the opinions of Mr. Arnold Bennett and Mr. Bernard Shaw, is appreciably a more difficult because more exacting medium than prose, and that not from the necessarily continuous exactitude in verbal felicity only, but from the equally necessary continuity of imaginative control. It is there, I feel, that the historical novelist, even when not himself a poet, has to possess certain of the poet's gifts in addition to those of the novelist proper—which possibly explains Mr. Arnold Bennett's periodic myopia when looking at historical fiction, past and present. Certainly the historical novelist is faced, very much more than any other type of novelist is, with the necessity for continual imaginative control—I mean an imaginative control beyond that needed for just the conduct of a tale and the photography of the actual. He has to be in a state of unbroken awareness of a multitude of things outside the usual ken of the ordinary novelist, and this is a burden akin to the poet's, especially the dramatic poet's. Moreover, as Mr. Tresidder Sheppard points out, many of the greatest historical novelists have in fact been poets. Victor Hugo is a sufficing example.

* 12s. 6d. net. (Toulmin.)



Mr. Alfred Tresidder Sheppard.

The historical novel is no new art: it did not begin, as seems to be the belief of a thousand and one critics of it, with Sir Walter Scott; and Mr. Tresidder Sheppard, in pointing out with such scholarly and enthusiastic accuracy its early origins and honourable examples through the centuries, has surely scotched the lying implication for ever. I should indeed like this book to be read widely, and by three classes of readers in particular: the critics of historical fiction; the would-be writers of it; and last, but not least, those who profess—usually without experiment or trial—that they do not like it. The critic might learn to treat it with a more understanding respect; the would-be writer to write it properly and not go wandering off into the false by-ways of "costume romance"; and the stubborn deriders of it to be brought to see how admirably entertaining and, moreover, true to real life it can be.

This is a book not only for the student, but for everyone interested in the practice of fiction at all, for it seems to me that there is little difference, in the conception and execution of a true work of art, between the handling of one genre and another. I think every writer would subscribe to the lines of Sir William Watson:

> "My chief concern is just to write
> As well as I am able."

But every writer has his own habit of work, and no chapters in Mr. Tresidder Sheppard's book seem to me more absorbing than those in which the differing methods of plot-production of various historical novelists are described. Maurice Hewlett, for instance, approaching everything "as a poet," drenching himself in his subject, and letting it pour out as it will, trusting to inspiration, and never putting "anxious and deliberate brainwork into a book"; and Dumas, rising at six, writing till eleven, breakfasting in company, always the soul of gaiety, and writing again from twelve to six in the evening; and Scott, never able "to address himself to a written and careful plot, but with his mind always on the alert," and leaving a blank to be filled in later if the right phrase was not immediately forthcoming; and Charles Reade, "with three sheets of cardboard, on one of which he set down the plot, on another the characters, and on the third the more important facts to be borne in mind"; and Mr. Sheppard's own method of innumerable notebooks, and cuttings in envelopes, and his indexed book of extracts from authorities. Those interested in the making of literature will find passages such as these illuminating and enthralling.

All roads lead to Rome, and all methods to the same end—to the creation of living beings in a vivid and authentic environment. That, it seems to me, is the aim of historical novelists as well as of all other novelists: to draw living people, whether of to-day or of yesterday—and I have yet to learn that humanity is a leopard continually engaged in changing his spots!—and to set them in their proper surroundings with as great a verisimilitude as possible. And Mr. Tresidder Sheppard's book, if it does nothing else for the would-be historical novelist, will show him the pitfalls awaiting the unwary.

It is indeed a book of real value, one greatly needed, a book which should be made available at once in all public libraries. The historian of fiction will find its perusal a definite simplifier of his task, and certainly no writer desirous of producing an historical novel—an ambition neither easy nor unworthy—should begin upon his task before he has read it. It is a book admirable both in its outline and its details.

WALLACE B. NICHOLS.

THE APES OF GOD.*

Mr. P. Wyndham Lewis is both author and artist. There is another Mr. Wyndham Lewis (initials D. V.). The *cognoscenti* never confuse the two, and are scornful of those who do confuse them. The two Mr. Lewises have this in common: they are both wits and both brilliant. Here it might be argued the likenesses end. Not so.

For it must be abundantly obvious to the perspicacious that " Healing Minute " Lewis has the same hatred and contempt for fools as " Apes of God " Lewis. But while the one shows it in a light and dexterous satirical way which must often amuse (and bemuse) his unconscious victims, the other comes to the assault with a fierceness and a gall which excites the judicious to exultation and the malicious to unholy joy.

Mr. P. Wyndham Lewis is the author of " Tarr," a novel which in a new and revised edition issued ten years after its first publication is described by its begetter as " the first book of an epoch in England." The present book is in the direct line of descent from " Tarr." Mr. Lewis was also the editor of a magazine charmingly entitled *Blast!* He now edits another magazine called *The Enemy*. Titles of other of his books are " The Wild Body," " The Revolutionary Simpleton," " Time and Western Man " and " Childermass." There is a challenge, a fighting spirit, in all these titles. It is the man. For the author is a personality, and he could not write anything without displaying a thought, an energy and a wit which is highly individual.

" The Apes of God " is a long book. It is not a novel for the lazy-minded, nor for the jazz-minded. In mere bulk and weight it is terrifying. It requires a certain athleticism to handle, and resembles a very superior directory when on the bookshelf. There seems no reason for such gargantuan proportions. " The Forsyte Saga," " An American Tragedy " and " War and Peace," to mention three very long books, are all contained in volumes of manageable size. This book is a little dismaying when you first open it. You blench and cry " ha ! " Certainly you settle down to it with a feeling that when it is all over you will have " earned a night's repose." That is not the best approach to literature, and literature it is.

It may reasonably be demanded that the reviewer should give some idea of the story. Here the author is ready to help. In a note on the dust-cover he is quoted as saying that the book reflects " the collapse of English Social Life in the grip of post-war conditions. Its theme is the confusion of intellect and emotion as exhibited in a society beneath the shadow of a revolutionary situation. It shows that society groping back to its childhood; and how, beneath the threat of the future, whose significance it is too exhausted to grasp, it calls loudly for its mamma, and returns to the bibs and bottles of its babyhood." That also is a fair sample of the novel's liveliness.

It is a book which, in spite of an appearance of witty persiflage, cannot be taken lightly, and should not be attempted by the ordinary reader without the consciousness of a high resolution. It is full of vivid characterisation, and there are frequent passages which light up the way with a humour which itself is a substitute for narrative skill. Not that Mr. Lewis lacks that essential of the good novelist, but the way being long and devious and much occupied by intellectual discussion, movement and action seem to halt even in dialogue, and without the passages of vivacious description and mordant humour the reader would tire. Which is to say that the book is cunningly constructed. It is the work of an artist.

Mr. Lewis believes in the importance of art. He attacks the imitators, the apes of God, " those prosperous mountebanks who alternately imitate and mock at and traduce those figures they at once admire and hate." His principal character, one Horace Zagreus, who thinks youth is almost synonymous with genius, accompanies a young follower and admirer on an expedition to study these apes. Character after character is dashed in with extraordinary virility; pages and pages of brilliant dialogue; immense bravura of description!

But in spite of brilliance and bravura, energy and extraordinary intelligence, " The Apes of God " seems when at last, at long last, you reach the end, to be something less (or more) than a novel. It is vehement and angry, but it has very little emotion. It is a bright entertainment for the intellectual. The apes of God will laugh wildly at it and enjoy it. But their withers will be unwrung. They will go on with their apery. Perhaps, save for another audience, fit though few, they will be the principal purchasers of this three guineas worth. Literary apes love limited editions at prodigal prices.

The book is illustrated by the author. Presumably these drawings are Vorticist. They look accomplished and as though they might have a meaning. Whether they are intended merely as a decoration to the book or as an elucidation of the text it is impossible for the present reviewer to say.

FREDERICK MARKHAM.

* " The Apes of God." By P. Wyndham Lewis. £3 3s. (Arthur Press.)



Portrait by G. C. Beresford. Mr. P. Wyndham Lewis.

LORD HASTINGS AND THE INDIAN STATES.*

The political importance of the Indian Princes has increased enormously since 1914. This proud and potent aristocracy rules over about a third of India, and the whole Indian problem is immensely complicated by the treaties and engagements which the British Government made with these rulers in the past.

Mr. Mehta says that he set out to write a book on the Indian States from the impartial standpoint of an unofficial student, and found himself gliding down the centuries until his foot rested " in the small niche of the period of Lord Hastings' Governor-Generalship." Lord Hastings negotiated more treaties than any other Governor-General of

* " Lord Hastings and the Indian States." By M. S. Mehta. Rs. 10. (Bombay: Taraporevala.)

India attempted, either before or after him. His administration marks a turning point in the course of Britain's political relations with the Indian States. The earlier years were spent in wars of no small magnitude. His masterly treatment of the Gurkhas of Nepal, who were raiding beyond the borders into British India, converted aggressive enemies into the staunchest of allies; and by subduing the Mahrattas and Pindaris he released many States from their gruelling oppression.

But Hastings' administration was remarkable chiefly for the treaties he negotiated and the settlements he made. There is a marked difference between his treaties and those of Lord Wellesley, which were concluded as between equals. Hastings discarded the ring fence policy of his predecessors. He had no faith in the dream of Lord Cornwallis that the stronger organisations would incorporate the petty States and become friendly neighbours of the British, and he did not hold, with Dalhousie, that the good of the people required annexations of State territory. Hastings argued that no peace could be permanent without one supreme Power to maintain it. He felt that the true position of the States in the interior of India was one of isolation and subordinate co-operation.

Hastings' treaties provided, in most cases, that the ally should receive a Resident at his court and keep near his capital an army recruited, trained and commanded by English officers. To secure payment of these subsidiary contingents he stipulated for the cession of revenue-bearing lands within the States.

When Hastings left India the principle of subordinate isolation and military co-operation was firmly established. But his proudest boast was not that he had advanced the *pomoerium* but that he had conferred the blessings of good government and peace upon millions who had groaned under the extortions of the Mahrattas and Pindaris.

The British Government is now faced with a juristic controversy on the sovereignty of States. Mr. Mehta devotes a chapter to the discussion of this subject, and comes to the conclusion the Butler Committee reached—that States were sovereign to the extent and up to the time that they were allowed by the British Government to wield the power of sovereignty, and that in regard to internal government the States could only be considered as semi-sovereign.

Mr. Mehta has provided the student of the origin and development of Indian States with a useful volume based on original sources. It is well written and carefully compiled. The value of the book is considerably enhanced by the fact that it is neither partisan nor controversial. The author shows great discrimination in the use of his material, of which a good deal is not published elsewhere.

ARTHUR MCCLAY.

A WELCOME SIGN.

Even those who look askance at men with guns and keepers who trap, and all who divide the wild into " game " and " vermin," will do themselves disservice if they allow the title of Mr. Patrick R. Chalmers's latest book * to turn them away from it. It is true he writes of killings, from the noble stag to the scurvy rat; but he writes as a great lover of the wind and the rain and the sun, as a man who reads much when he is not out in the open—with a freshness that makes you feel the delight of that open—which is the one great delight of his life, I imagine. And when you come across a book that can bring the sights and the sounds and the scents of the country-side to you as you sit within four walls, you have found something worth while.

Mr. Chalmers won me with his very first chapter, alluringly entitled " To Tir-nan-Og "—alluringly, for it calls up sweet memories of Fiona Macleod, and possibly still sweeter ones of that ideal hill or dale, cottage or lodge which most of us keep enshrined in the heart for " some

* " At the Sign of the Dog and Gun." By Patrick R. Chalmers. 12s. 6d. (Philip Allan.)

day." Listen to him telling of quaintly named Tommy Beg in "Tir-nan-Og:

"And with never a trout, never a red grouse, I'd still like the lodge and the garden for a being leisured in. The arm-chairs are the best that ever were, and the beds are better still, and you're always opening doors and finding another bath-room. And you can walk out of the window and into the garden from all the ground-floor rooms. And you can walk out of the garden, with all its strawberries, just come full cycle, and its August roses, and immediately step into the trail of the cloud shadows upon the high hills."

If that does not hold you it may be because you are wedded to that lure of running water which is one sure lure for every child and one sure sign in the later years that you have not been utterly atrophied by the fret and cares of the struggle for existence, or, still worse, the glamour and mirage which men call success. That being so, page five will bring about your capitulation, for it opens:

"Water brown, water bright—
Pearls and swirls that sever;
Running water's my delight
Always and for ever."

One is apt to think chiefly of the fisherman as the truly contemplative observer of nature. His silent patience—his patient silence, if you like—provides him with innumerable opportunities. Having read Mr. Chalmers, few can doubt that many who shoot have also the seeing eye and the understanding heart which the true nature-lover must possess. He writes for example of sounds and noises, and tells of the "whisht" and wonderful crying of the skeins of geese as they come into the estuary, phantom hounds drawing heaven for a phantom fox; of the "roc coc" of the rising or the roosting pheasant; the gossip of loquacious partridge families in the long stubble over the hedge; the little collective voices which some folk seem to hear so much better than others. And then, of an actual shooting day he says:

"The last day on which I shot was so still that you could hear a breech snap a hundred yards away, but the thing I remember best about it all is the sound of wood-pigeons' wings. I remember that, as I waited in an open wood, the upper air was of a sudden very musical and that I looked up into the faint blue, and lo! a great passage of wood-pigeons was there, and the incredibly far-off cadence of its wing-beats came down, down, down."



Coming into the Sanctuary.

From "At the Sign of the Dog and Gun," by Patrick R Chalmers (Philip Allan).

The fare at the sign of the "Dog and Gun" is indeed good and varied. I have hinted at the 'bookiness" of the landlord. It is not that stodgy knowledge which is as dust in the mouth of him who retails and of those who must perforce accept, but the eager, loving touch of the man who reads and delights, and retails with even greater zest because he wants you, too, to delight in such good things. It matters not whether Mr. Chalmers is showing how much Will Shakespeare knew of dogs and deer and falcons, or whether he lingers on the haunting loveliness of Mr Yeats's "Innisfree" and the brutality of Captain Harry Graham's "Inverness" parody; whatever it be, you are sure of the apt quotation, not dragged in for the sake of showing a wide knowledge of books and writers, but used to illustrate a point, and, I repeat, used lovingly, as all quotations must be used to be effective.

There is indeed most excellent fare at the sign of the "Dog and Gun," and mine host, like all true hosts, improves with acquaintance. His is the house of call you will want to visit and revisit. W. R. CALVERT.

A STUDY OF MR. ALFRED NOYES.*

Mr. Alfred Noyes is a copious poet; his verse has flowed for nearly thirty years in a generous stream, obeying the "rhythmical laws of the universe" through all its many and varied modulations. And doubtless to criticise such a poet is a thankless task. It is easier to accept effusively what he has given. That at least is what Mr. Jerrold has done. His book is one long pæan of praise, broken only for moments when he reproves some hapless past reviewer for daring to take his duties as a critic more seriously than he does himself. Unfortunately however just as a degree of scepticism is necessary to true faith, so appreciation to be significant requires the salt of criticism. And for want of it much of Mr. Jerrold's praise has little more meaning in it than indiscriminate applause or, at best, agreeable generalities.

It was such "undiscriminating and hyperbolic" laudation which Francis Thompson deprecated in an appreciative criticism of the first three books of Mr. Noyes's "Drake" (which he left unfinished and which Mr. Jerrold prints here for the first time), while at the same time welcoming "a genuine poet, possessing imagination, feeling, lyric faculty, a rich sense of colour and a melodious metrical gift." Mr. Noyes's qualities are here admirably summarised. Most convincing and determining among them are his sense of melody and movement, and the artistry with which he directs and controls this sense. And such rhythmical power is, as Coleridge said, an imaginative faculty. But too often those who possess it and are possessed by it lack the patience to test and deepen their experience, to resist expressing valueless feeling and to

* "The Life of Alfred Noyes." By Walter Jerrold. Modern Writers' Series. 5s. net.

discipline themselves to reality. And Mr. Noyes, in our opinion, is such a poet. He has learnt to order with much grace and individual distinction a strong rhythmical impulse, but in the expansive exercise of this impulse he has failed to deepen his inward being. Hence his rhythmical affirmations, particularly in his shorter lyrics, are too facile, too little tested and purged by thought and suffering, to be rich in reality newly apprehended.

His most notable achievement is significantly that in which his lyrical impulse has most solid material to work upon and to work up. And the chapter which Mr. Jerrold devotes to " The Torch-Bearers " is the best in his book. His description of it as " a great essay in objective poetry in which the poet may be said to give fine expression to the best thought of his time," is for once happily exact. Mr. Noyes's own lack of creative thought is least felt in a poem which summarises and dramatises with much lyrical sympathy the long adventure of scientific thinking.

HUGH I'A. FAUSSET.

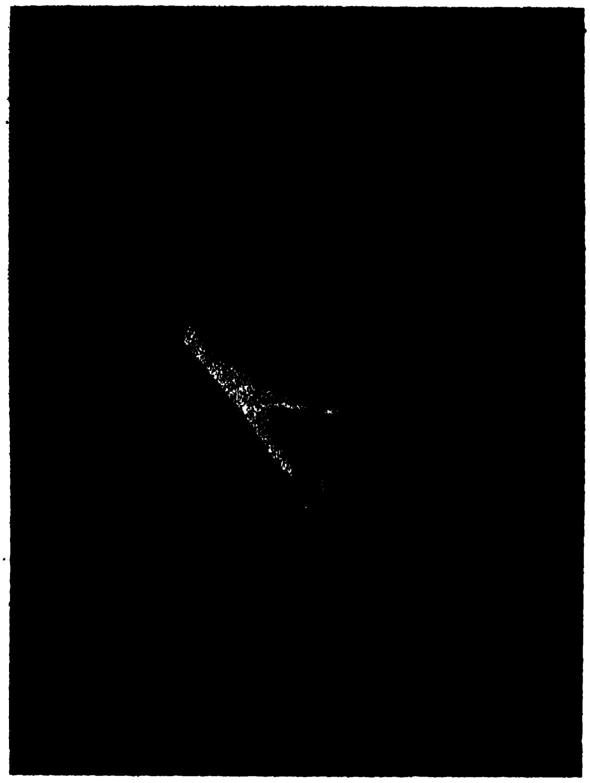
A FIGHTING PARSON.*

" Fighting " and " Parson " are two inevitable words in thinking about Alexander Irvine. He was born in Antrim in the uttermost poverty, of the best of mothers, to whom in " My Lady of the Chimney Corner " he paid a tribute worthy in many respects to stand beside Barrie's " Margaret Ogilvie." Reared in the twelve foot by nine Irish mud cottage, he yet had the glorious heritage of being well-born. Knowing hunger before he knew the colour of sky or earth or sea, he had no other choice—he must either fight or die, so by nature and circumstances he became the man we know; he would rather die than not fight in a world like this. His life is one of the undoubted miracles that has come under one's own observation. When I last saw him in London he was weak in body following a sudden illness, but his deep-set, burning eyes were as vivid and as keen as those of a young man.

Life for Alexander Irvine is just one crusade after another, the immediate object of which might change as quickly as his own Irish sky, but the essential aim and spirit of the man remains fixed as the poles—his passionate love of humanity (which for him means individual men, women and children), his instinctive love of justice, his inspired belief in the possibilities of human nature and the grace of God. There surely cannot be a man living who cares less for money and fears less the face of man. His life as told in this book is just a series of glorious fights, even where Irvine was ill-advised to fight, and never one where Irvine did not fling his all into the struggle. He literally does not know the meaning of " safety first " nor of safety except as the complete surrender of himself and all he possesses for the cause in hand. One just envies his power of complete abandonment to idea or course of action. From one point of view he is one of the most self-centred men I know, almost to the point of suffering from " egolomania " and yet it is impossible to link together selfishness and Alexander Irvine. He can only be described by combining opposites. A fighter to his finger-tips, he is a mystic at heart; his athletic body houses the soul of a poet; he has to make new worlds for old just because he dreams so splendidly; instinctively a fighter and of necessity a parson for at least some part of his life, for such a man must proclaim the word God has given him.

Altogether Alexander Irvine is one of the real men we have had the joy of knowing. This story which starts in Antrim and takes us to and fro across America and the continent of Europe, is a story of epic struggles for the right as one man is given to see it and even when he is most palpably wrong according to your judgment your respect and love for the man is undiminished. During the last forty years he has seen most things and known the

* " A Fighting Parson." The Autobiography of Alexander Irvine. 12s. 6d. (Williams & Norgate.)



Alexander Irvine.
From "A Fighting Parson," by Alexander Irvine (Williams & Norgate).

men and women who counted. For him there was never a scrap that was really a private affair—he never thought of asking permission to join in, being so sure of a divine call to fight on any and every occasion. The world will be poorer when this great crusader has turned the corner.

A. H.

POETRY AND EXPERIMENT.

Mr. Roy Campbell's first book, "The Flaming Terrapin," proclaimed without a doubt that a poet of considerable individuality and strength had come upon the scene. His fault perhaps was too great a prodigality. He tended to fling words about him like stones. Nevertheless unhesitatingly one knew that here was a poet; what one did not know, and could not guess, was to what purpose he would put his undeniable gifts in the future. Would he discipline his exuberance into real power? His second book, "The Wayzgoose," was thought by some a disappointment; anyway it gave no indication of whither he was going. As a satire it had its merits; but nothing could be guessed from it as to what was happening to the poet hiding beneath the prickly cloak. Now comes his third book, "Adamastor."[1] And (save for a couple of pages of unworthy satirical fragments at the end) we see Mr. Campbell the poet, brave as ever, turbulent as ever, but with a richer harvest in his rhyme. Born a South African, he dedicates one of his poems (not a very good one as it happens) to a fellow poet of South Africa, W. Plomer; and during the course of it he declares:

> "We had no time for make-believe,
> So early each began
> To wear his liver on his sleeve,
> To snarl, and be an angry man;
> Far in the desert we have been
> Where Nature, still to poets kind,
> Admits no vegetable green
> To soften the determined mind,
> But with snarled gold and rumbled blue
> Must disinfect the sight
> Where once the tender maggots grew
> Of faith and beauty and delight."

These lines, with their angry undercurrent, are happily more typical of the earlier Mr. Campbell than of the maturer poet who shines out of the best of this book—out of such poems for instance as "Tristan da Cunha," "The Zulu Girl," "Autumn" and "Mass at Dawn"; nevertheless they serve to reveal at once both his latent strength and weakness. There is still in fact too much venom in the man. It gives his fierce epithets an occasionally fictitious strength. Only when the venom is washed away by an intense sympathy of understanding, leaving the old power of words and the old stupendous imagery, does he achieve the fine quality of which one now knows him to be capable. "The Zulu Girl" has such a quality. It describes a Zulu girl, resting from her work with the sweating gang, nursing and feeding her fly-tormented child in the shadow of the thorn trees:

> "Her body looms above him like a hill
> Within whose shade a village lies at rest;
> Or the first cloud so terrible and still
> That bears the coming harvest in its breast."

That final metaphor is unadulterated poetry. The same tempered strength and clean objectivity makes "Mass at Dawn" (a poem short enough to quote in full) equally sure of a place in the heritage of English lyrical poetry:

> "I dropped my sail and dried my dripping seines
> Where the white quay is chequered by cool planes
> In whose great branches, always out of sight,
> The nightingales are singing day and night.
> Though all was grey beneath the moon's grey beam,
> My boat in her new paint shone like a bride,
> And silver in my baskets shone the bream;
> My arms were tired and I was heavy-eyed,
> But when with food and drink, at morning-light,
> The children met me at the water-side,
> Never was wine so red or bread so white."

Proof enough is in this book then that Mr. Campbell has "arrived." His note is as individual as anyone's now singing. Purged of some unnecessary rancour, he may one day give us really peerless poetry; for he has an intensity of vision that often reaches white heat.

There is intensity too, and a far sterner discipline, in the poetry of Mr. L. A. G. Strong.[2] So severe is the discipline in fact that it sometimes hides the emotional intensity from all but the keenest eye. If Mr. Campbell's poetry is tropical in its fierce prodigality, Mr. Strong's rather resembles the bleak moor with its weeping curlew and wind-bitten trees. "Northern Light," the brief lyric that gives the book its title, will serve to show this sheer austerity:

> "Here under Heaven ringed
> With flickering pale fires
> The soul unpacks to lose
> Her burden of desires.
>
> "Thoughts are the clean gulls,
> Flesh cool as a bone.
> The mind is a wave here
> And the heart a stone."

Here the emotion has been pruned of all save the one living bud of truth. No hint of any leafy redundancy, however lovely in itself, is allowed to mar the chances of the essential fruit: Mr. Strong's poetry stands or falls by its central naked thought. Such austerity is rare in this age of lyric grace, and this poet does well to cultivate his finely individual contribution.

Of Mr. Richard Eberhart, who was until recently in residence at Cambridge, and of the sixteen undergraduates who write in this year's "Cambridge Poetry," it would be unfair to speak in terms of comparison with the maturity of Mr. Campbell or Mr. Strong. The Cambridge of to-day apparently is fast going over to the camp of the experimentalists and cerebralists. We had thought that could only be said of Oxford. Mr. Eberhart's poem[3] (to quote the publisher's "blurb"), "approaches experience through a progression of awareness, being divided into four cycles: early sensory feeling, 'the wilderness hill of art,' 'the mind in the mind,' and finally . . . an objectivity that entails symbolism." The last cycle, which tells vividly of a journey round the world in a tramp-freighter, is by

[1] "Adamastor." By Roy Campbell. 5s. (Faber & Faber.)—[2] "Northern Light." By L. A. G. Strong. (Limited Edition.) (Gollancz.)—[3] "A Bravery of Earth." By Richard Eberhart. 5s. (Jonathan Cape.)—[4] "Cambridge Poetry, 1930." Hogarth Living Poets: Vol. XIII. 3s. 6d. (Hogarth Press.)

SUPPLEMENT TO "THE BOOKMAN," OCTOBER, 1930.



From a drawing by FRANK E. SLATER

MR. A. P. HERBERT.



From a drawing by HELEN WILSON.

MRS. BEATRICE KEAN-SEYMOUR.

far the best part of this often crassly involved poem. But Mr. Eberhart has far to go before he finds the clarity and purity of emotion that all true poetry entails. As for the other Cambridge experimentalists,[4] too many of them have studied Mr. Eliot to their undoing, and some have found their ruin in America :

" black BA
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bel."

is a kind of puzzle for which we confess we have lost the liking.

C. HENRY WARREN.

THE ENVIRONS OF SHAKESPEARE.*

Writings about Shakespeare come as plentifully as ever, and the three under consideration illustrate how various are the avenues of approach to the great theme. Mr. Barnard deals with matter of fact, and though it cannot be said that his researches add anything to our scanty knowledge of Shakespeare's life, they furnish grounds for some quite plausible theorising as to his movements at a certain period, throw light on the stories of several people who were certainly or probably acquainted with him, and help to give actuality to the surroundings and the time in which he lived. And at all events, to anyone who feels the fascination of documentary studies, they are interesting for their own sake.

Their basis is a small collection of papers preserved at Hanley Court, near Tenbury in Worcestershire, which now belongs to Sir Offley Wakeman, baronet. It is obviously a collection of unusual quality, and Mr. Barnard has made excellent use of it. He is at once a skilled archivist and an enthusiast, and, unlike some workers in similar fields, he does not allow the dreams and desires of the latter to cloud the critical faculties of the former. It is the enthusiast, however, who concludes his introduction :

> " These researches are now brought to a close, at least temporarily. I leave them with a vision of other sources still unexplored, but which I trust may have been suggested to some other willing follower of the lure and lore of Shakespeare. Such research is in a sense a fine adventure, full of the joy of life."

Zeal and optimism like that are infectious.

The first person to whom Mr. Barnard introduces us, and the one about whom he has discovered most of interest, is Henry Condell, editor, with John Heminge, of the First Folio. Two documents, of 1617 and 1619 respectively, the latter bearing the only known example of the actor-editor's signature, bring him into Shakespeare's country, for they show him concerned in the conveyance of some property at Brockhampton near Broadway in Worcestershire, but a very few miles from Stratford. Among the witnesses to the second of these indentures was Anthony Langston, Town Clerk of Stratford.

> " It is possible," Mr. Barnard comments, " that Condell came to Stratford-upon-Avon in that August, 1619—some three years after Shakespeare's death—in order to deal with matters concerning his friend's monument, which must soon afterwards have been erected in the church there, but more probably with his mind occupied with the very early stages of the preparation of the contemplated Folio, which ultimately made its appearance in 1623."

This of course is mere conjecture ; but compared with some of the conjectures which Shakespearean explorers have offered for our acceptance, it is plausibility itself.

Mr. Barnard's chapters on Condell and his family are however interesting in themselves. The actor, it seems, was a man of the highest respectability, a churchwarden and overseer of the poor, and one trusted by his friends to administer their estates after death. But his son William and his son-in-law Herbert Finch were very

* " New Links with Shakespeare." By E. A. B. Barnard, F.S.A., F.R.Hist.S. 10s. 6d. (Cambridge Press.)—" Report on the Poet Shakespeare's Identity." By J. Denham Parsons. 2s. 6d. (Published by the author.)—" A Plea for the Liberty of Interpreting." By Lascelles Abercrombie. 1s. 6d. (Milford).

different characters, and the legal proceedings and other documents which throw light on their unedifying careers are pieced together into an entertaining if fragmentary story.

We get back to Shakespeare in the chapter headed "The Broadway Area," in which Mr. Barnard discusses various references which suggest that the poet knew Worcestershire as well as his native Warwickshire. Another chapter on the First Folio and the Poems is an interesting excursion into bibliography.

Only a few of the people and topics considered by Mr. Barnard have been touched on, but his whole book is an admirable example of the humanity which lurks in dusty parchments. It is to be hoped that he will continue his researches and that luck will attend him on his quest for the Shakespearean El Dorado.

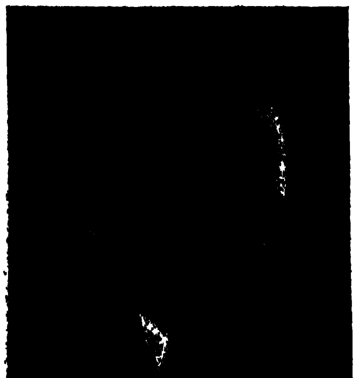
Mr. Parsons's "report," presented to the Trustees of the British Museum, contains a methodical summary of the evidence on which the author, and those who think like him, base their contention that the plays and poems which most of us still believe to be the work of Shakespeare, the actor from Stratford, were really written by Francis Bacon. The numerical "coincidences" are certainly curious, and Mr. Parsons lays great stress on eight "non-cryptographic" clues of his own discovery. It is probable however that he will convince only the already converted.

Professor Abercrombie's British Academy lecture, on the other hand, will interest all lovers of Shakespeare and literature. For Professor Abercrombie, who is probably the most powerful of living English poets, is a critic of rare quality. He pleads for a return "not to romanticism"—with its "adoration of the miraculous poet and the infinite genius"—"but to the ground on which the romantic attitude to Shakespeare stood." That is to say, he champions a purely æsthetic and therefore individual criticism, against the modern scientific method which is apt to lose sight of the plays in its concentration on extraneous considerations. His paper is as penetrating as it is eloquent.

F. B.

MR. W. R. CALVERT'S FIRST NOVEL.*

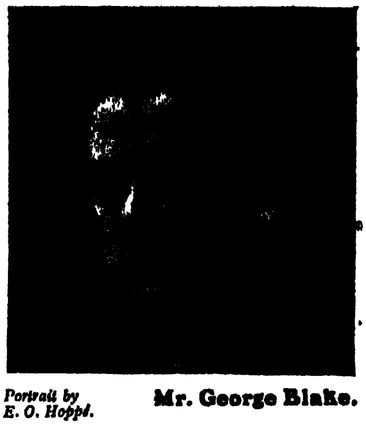
The Lake Country has inspired many to authorship since the men of the Lake School taught us to see it as something more than a tumbled mass of horrid mountains, but none to the production of a finer novel than Mr. W. R. Calvert's "Sorrowstones." One expected a novel from his pen to be something out of the common, so unusual was the quality of his books of the country-side, "The Secret of the Wild," and "Just Across the Road," and out of the common it is, distinguished above most by the manner of its writing and the tenacity of its grip upon the reader's interest. Sorrowstones was the farm-house of the Tysons, built by a tumbling beck just below the purple heather on the slopes of Hartbarrow, amidst the grimness and the glory of the Lakeland. Adam Tyson called it Sorrowstones when he built it, a hundred years ago, thereby causing the beldames of the nearby village to shake their heads and prophesy "aching hearts—weary bones—till the beck runs dry." They prophesied truly. Tirzah, his wife, dies at the birth of the second Adam, whose son John, killed on the way to market, is brought home dead just as the tale begins, leaving behind him a widow, Janet, who had loved him with the silent passion characteristic of the women of the fells, and one daughter, Beth, with all the freshness of the



Mr. W. R. Calvert.

* "Sorrowstones." By W. R. Calvert. 7s. 6d. (Putnams.)

heather-sweet uplands in her face, and the strength of the hills in her nature. More sorrow comes. Janet is carried more dead than alive from the byre where a cow has gored her, and with Dr. Spedding comes Roy, his son, just home from London after passing his finals, and with Roy love. Anguished days follow for Janet, whose anxiety as to the future of Beth and the farm retards her recovery, and inspires her to a hasty marriage with a distant relative, one Spencer Tyson, given to drink and to women, whose lustful looks awake Beth to a knowledge of her womanhood, and whose detestable pawings and kissings arouse within her a no less hateful desire to respond to his passion. Tragedy, pressed down and running over, comes to save Beth, and a beneficent dementia, out of which she comes to find peace in the love of Roy, and the prospect of naught but happiness at Sorrowstones in future days, with the beck run dry and thus the prophecy fulfilled. A finer girl than Beth never trod the fields of fiction, nor a truer woman of the fells than Janet. Mr. Calvert is successful with all his women, and pictures to the life the man-hungry type in Gladys Featherstone, and the mischief-making village gossip in Betsy Shackleton. The background of the Lakeland, depicted in all its moods, is drawn to admiration, and everywhere there is a beauty in the manner of the story's telling that holds and charms. If Mr. Calvert ever writes for us a second novel, may it be as good as "Sorrowstones."



Portrait by E. O. Hoppé. **Mr. George Blake.**

P. A. DAVIS.

THE SEAS BETWEEN.*

Three times Tony Meldrum experienced the rapture of love. First, just as he entered his teens, for Maisie, who ran like a fawn; then, a few years later, for Jean, "the loveliest thing he had ever seen"; and finally, in young manhood, for Averil, an American heiress, to whose beauty was added "something sweet and precious." And each rapture was shattered by the same cause—the sins of the father visited upon the son. For when Tony's mother died in giving him birth, his father left Scotland to cultivate his estate in the West Indies, and the lad little understood the implications of the news that his father had married again and had a daughter. But the truth was revealed in all its horror when Tony's father returned to Scotland with his negress wife and half-caste daughter. Maisie fled at the first vision of Rosalie, "the kid with the yellow face"; Jean turned from him in disgust because he had not told her of the drunken father who had died in an asylum, and that his stepmother was "a dirty old black nigger"; and he hazarded happiness with Averil because he could not tell her that his father was a drunkard and his sister a half-caste.

Such is the theme of George Blake's new novel, the scene of which is equally divided between Scotland and the West Indies. The lyrical quality of the writing may be inferred from this eulogy of the "lovely Scotland of the exile's dream":

> "White, lonely cottages in little bays; the sad moor of Culloden where Scotsmen died in their hundreds for a dream; grey towers of St. Andrews and red cardinals walking under them; the bend of the Tweed that brought tears to the eyes of Walter Scott, and him dying; white beaches of the Hebrides, with thundering rollers from the Atlantic and the oyster-catchers

* "The Seas Between." By George Blake. 7s. 6d. (Faber & Faber.)

screaming over their desolation; autumn burning in the trees on Loch Lomond's edge; the graves of the Covenanters among the mosses of Ayr and Galloway."

But though he pays careful attention to his landscape, Mr. Blake never allows it to divert him from his primary purpose of limning the fine character of Tony Meldrum in his struggle with adverse fate; and there is ever an undertone of the poignancy of that familiar line of "Auld Lang Syne" which has influenced the title of his story. The subsidiary characters are clearly visualised and firmly drawn, but it is always their reaction on Tony which is kept in view. One may feel some slight annoyance with the hero's reluctance to take Averil into his confidence, but there is no escaping the holding power of this notable novel.

HENRY C. SHELLEY.

CROMWELL.*

This is a most valuable book, none the less so because it is in reality a study of the last and most important ten years of Cromwell's life rather than a biography of the whole. It is founded on a study of a number of highly important papers, hitherto mainly unpublished, in the Venetian and Genoese state archives. Of its three hundred and fourteen pages, the last seventy are devoted to an appendix of translated extracts of some of the chief of these documents. The light which they throw on the history of the Protectorate is of the utmost value. For this reason, if for no other, this book should be in the library of every student of the seventeenth century.

In October, 1651, at the very moment when Cromwell was returning in triumph to London after his victory over the last of the internal enemies of the young British Republic, a Ligurian banker, Francesco Bernardi, took up his duties as Genoese agent in England. In the course of his task he formed an intimate friendship with Cromwell, then rapidly rising to supreme authority in the state, and it seems probable that the obvious capacity, directness and sincerity of Bernardi, apparent in every line of his letters, appealed to something innately simple in the intricate heart of the great soldier. The friendship so formed stood the little Genoese republic in good stead, and provides the main interest of the letters which Bernardi continued to send home till 1657. On these letters this new study of Cromwell is largely and very wisely based.

While a Genoese agent was writing shrewd, gossiping letters on the daily life of the Commonwealth to his employers, the diplomats of Venice were continuing that great series of commentaries on our national life and history which, preserved with intimate and loving care, lie hidden in the archives of the Secret Chancery of the ancient Venetian Republic, to the loss and, be it said, the shame of the historians of the whole world. "Most of the Venetian diplomatic papers," as the author states in his foreword, "are still inedited." One can only venture a hope in passing that Signor Mussolini may find it possible to set in train a work which would add one more meritorious achievement to the great services he has already rendered to the science of the past, and which would confer an inestimable benefit on every student of history.

In addition to their ordinary diplomatic correspondence, it was the practice of Venetian ambassadors on their return home to read before a solemn gathering of the Doge and Senate a report or "Relation" of their mission, and of the social and political condition of the country they had visited. One of these reports, that of Giovanni Sagredo, Extraordinary Ambassador at the Court of the Protector, is translated and printed at the end of this book. Inaccurate as it is in its earlier and introductory paragraphs (containing for instance the extraordinary information that Charles I had captured all the Parliamentary chiefs at the first battle of the Civil War, and subsequently released them) when it abandons hearsay and describes events within the personal observation of the ambassador it is of the most vital interest and importance. Indeed it is almost impossible to form a complete and accurate picture

* "Cromwell." By Eucardio Momigliano. Translated from the Italian by L. E. Marshall. 10s. 6d. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

of Cromwell and his governance of England in 1656 without reading it.

It is this study of Italian diplomatic documents, all too much neglected by English historians, that makes this new study of Cromwell and the Protectorate fascinating and valuable. To the earlier history of Cromwell's life, the constitutional struggle between King and Parliament, and the Civil Wars, it necessarily adds but little. Indeed in this earlier period the author appears at times to be somewhat at sea; and when, writing of the period of Charles's "personal government," he refers to English noblemen, confined in their castles, thrilling with indignation as their fellow noblemen ascended the scaffold in the cause of liberty, one is forced to ask oneself the unanswerable question: what noblemen in this country ascended the scaffold between 1630 and 1640? And as a matter of strict historical fact, Cromwell was educated at Huntingdon, not at Lincoln, and the Dutch War was not "at its height" in 1655 but over. The reference to Mr. Drinkwater as "the most authoritative of living Cromwellians" and the complete absence of any mention of Professor Firth, will also surprise many English historians.

Psychologically the author's estimate of Cromwell as one who, up to his triumphant return in 1651, was the greatest and least interested of public servants, and fell thereafter, like Macbeth, to a disease of ambition, and was thus driven by inevitable steps to a course of tyranny, is probably correct and is borne out by the almost universal testimony of his contemporaries. Yet Cromwell was something more. Half Fenman, half Welshman, he possessed that extraordinary and self-deceptive quality of mysticism, which appears from time to time in the greatest of our race and which no foreigner can perhaps fully understand. It is this which still leaves Milton's judgment of his master the last and the best: "While you are left amongst us, that man has no proper trust in God who fears for the security of England"; and explains his own vision of the Empire he founded: "You cannot plant an oak in a flower-pot; she must have earth for her roots and heaven for her branches."

Arthur Bryant.

NOTHING TO PAY.*

Amos Morgan's chief object in life was to get something for nothing and to hold on to what he had got. Once "he went to school with nothing in his pockets and returned with the blade of a pocket-knife. How came he by it? He raced a boy for it, and when he saw that the other was winning he shouted after him: 'You are losing your marbles glass.' The boy stopped and Amos passed him. Amos was cute and his ways were a joy to his father." When he grew older he was apprenticed to the drapery trade, went to Carmarthen, studied the trade and practised a stringent economy. He considered it senseless to pay money to go to a theatre when one could go to a prayer-meeting for nothing. He would have liked to be a preacher, but "one cannot be shopman and preacher; one cannot close one's eyes in prayer when there is money about." So he made himself proficient in his work, was promoted from the Carmarthen shop to a Cardiff one, where he was "put in the flannelettes," initiated into the system of fining which impressed upon the assistants the importance of keeping some seventy-odd rules; and eventually he came to London, to "live in" at the Bon Marché. "Thrift and wisdom were joined in him; thrift enabling him to gather money and wisdom to keep money." The War and the misfortunes of a German enabled him to achieve his ambition and establish his own business, whereupon he decided to marry: "a wife needs no salary, she does not defraud her husband, she is always at her husband's call; for a wife there is nothing to pay." He married a woman as close as himself, they "separated the grain from the chaff, but they did not throw away the chaff."

Mr. Caradoc Evans traces his Welshman throughout



Mr. Caradoc Evans.

his sordid, grasping life to his sordid, grasping death, drawing his miserly character and the characters of his shopmates and companions with masterly skill and sardonic humour. And yet one feels that though the author appears to attack his own countrymen so bitterly, his attack is not really upon the Welsh as a nation so much as upon all the humbug and avarice in human nature. He uses the Welsh because he knows them, just as he uses the drapery trade, to show up the trickery and meanness of commerce, because he knows it and has lived under the shadow of such trickery and meanness and suffered under it. If he had been English, Scottish or Irish, perhaps he would have come up against parsimony and hypocrisy just the same, and been moved to anger just the same, and spent his irony on the English, Scottish or Irish in consequence. An artist must colour his work with his own experience; Mr. Evans has had his experience with the sordid side of human nature in Wales, and he is an artist who lays on his colours boldly. His background is oddly foreign to the ordinary English reader; his style of writing has a Biblical touch, spiced with his ruthless wit; but his characters, grimly real, though in the main stamped Welsh, belong to any or all nations; since avarice, like vice and virtue in general, is inevitably cosmopolitan.

Almey St. John Adcock.

* "Nothing to Pay." By Caradoc Evans. 7s. 6d. (Faber & Faber.)

THE ENCIRCLING OF EUROPE.*

It is stated on the cover of this volume that it is a "brilliantly readable contribution to the philosophy of history." That's as may be, but it is a distinctly difficult book to review. There is no summary given by way of flap or foreword; there is no table of contents; there are no chapter headings. The reviewer has to swim out quite a long way before he discerns the farther shore. If Mr. Mantalini had tried to read this book he would soon have asked, "What's the demnition point?"

Speaking briefly, the aim of the author is to show that there is a common denominator—and a surprisingly big one—to the history and development of Russia on the one hand, and those of the United States of America on the other; or to use another mathematical metaphor, to demonstrate that an unsuspected, nevertheless clearly marked, parallelism exists between the two nations. Geographically situated between these two parallels is

* "Europe's Two Frontiers." By John Gould Fletcher. 15s. (Eyre & Spottiswoode.)

Europe (minus Russia), and the task of this " Europe " to-day is to achieve the spiritual and intellectual conquest of Russia and America, or to be conquered by one of the other.

Mr. Fletcher goes back a long way—to Babylonia and Ancient Egypt in fact—and we are early introduced to Ea, the fish-shaped god of the water, Sin, Shamash and a host of other divinities. Soon we slide into a kind of synoptic presentment of the histories of Russia and the United States, and we find that, from 1688, the " two countries were to run their course of development side by side." At this juncture Mr. Fletcher puts up as a ninepin the " kind of reader " who may object that " There is really no parallel between a few insignificant English-speaking colonies planted on the far side of the Atlantic . . . and the older, more populous, if largely unformed, realm of Muscovy." The ninepin disappears in an explosive paragraph lit up by flashes of the Roman Empire, Ancient Greece and Judea. But the writer of this review will say that the ninepin had a good deal of reason on its side.

Ten pages later we are back in Egypt and Babylonia again. " As in Babylonia the state-religion was at the outset composed of a series of regional cults, only welded later by military force into the universal worship of the central Babylonian sun-and-war-god Marduk, so in Russia the force of dissenting regional sentiment contended against the deliberate state-policy of making the Tsar central autocrat of all the Russias and sole head of the Church. As in Egypt the religious struggle was between the sun-god, Ra of the North, whose symbol was a golden disk, and the vegetation-god, Osiris of the South, whose symbol was the tree of life, so in America there was always tension between the agricultural South and the industrial, gold-worshipping North. Russia could only keep going so long as the Tsar was victorious: America could only keep going so long as the two divergent sections fused into one."

Candidly we think there is a serious *non sequitur* here, and we are more impressed than ever by Lord Bryce's dictum, " History *never* repeats itself." Mr. Fletcher then spends several chapters in proving the parallelism in such matters as religion, literature, politics and so forth, and is eventually led to make the statement, " The parallel lines we have drawn between the two great frontier nations are now complete, and the whole world finds itself in the dilemma of having to make either a choice or a compromise between the ideals of America and Russia." For the life of us we cannot understand why such dilemma should exist, but Mr. Fletcher is seriously concerned about it. This is a very curious book, but as honesty is the noblest characteristic of a reviewer we here definitely record our opinion that the so-called parallelism between Russia and the United States is enormously exaggerated.

F. E. WHITTON (Lieut.-Colonel).

GLORIOUS ADVENTURES.*

Many years ago a lad in a country village, enthralled by a serial in the *Boy's Own Paper* which told of orchid hunters and head-hunters in the wilds of Borneo, decided that when he grew up he would go out into the wild places to collect orchids and other rare plants. Like most such aspirations, this one had to give way to a more prosaic programme; but during the past few days the reading of another and more authoritative record—" Plant Hunting on the Edge of the World "—has shown it to have been but smouldering during those thirty-odd years. When a book does that, it is a good book: and Captain Kingdon Ward's story of his adventures in the remote and inhospitable fastnesses of the North-Eastern Indian Frontier has done it for at least one reader.

Of course the man on whom the Royal Geographical Society bestows its Founder's Gold Medal must be a man with a story to tell. It is curious, but it often happens

*" Plant Hunting on the Edge of the World." By F. Kingdon Ward. 21s. (Gollancz.)



Portrait by Vaughan & Freeman. **Captain Frank Kingdon Ward,**

Author of "Plant Hunting on the Edge of the World."

that these adventurers into the "back of beyond" can tell their story amazingly well. Think of Scott and Shackleton, to mention but two. Captain Ward must be added to the list. He can describe scenery so that it stands up before your eyes; and he can write of a flower no bigger than a pea with an enthusiasm that makes you want to attempt the impossible and grow it in your own garden. During his first expedition, to the Burmese Oberland, he came across the tea rose primula, and this is his telling of the experience:

"With half an hour's daylight to go—for the cloud rack swaddled the hills, and the twilight in these latitudes is of short duration—I ran across the snow bridge and up the steep cone towards a high bank of earth, which sloped up to the cliffs; but I had scarcely reached the bank when I stopped suddenly in amazement. Was I dreaming? I rubbed my eyes, and looked again. No! Just above the edge of the snow a vivid blush-pink flower stood out of the cold grey earth. . . . But what could it be? Yet so fascinating was it to stand there and gaze on this marvel in an aching pain of wonder, that I felt no desire to step forward and break the spell. Indeed for a minute I was paralysed with an emotion which perhaps only those who have come across some beloved alpine prize in Switzerland can faintly appreciate.

"I can recall several flowers which at first sight have knocked the breath out of me, but only two or three which have taken me by storm as did this one. The sudden vision is like a physical blow, a blow in the pit of the stomach; one can only gasp and stare. In the face of such unsurpassed loveliness one is afraid to move, as with bated breath one mutters the single word 'God!'—a prayer rather than an exclamation. And when at last with fluttering heart one does venture to step forward, it is on tiptoe, and hat in hand, to wonder and to worship.

"And so it was now. I just stood there transfixed on the snow-cone, in a honeymoon of bliss, feasting my eyes on a masterpiece."

Just before this he has been telling of the silver barberry, which may be compared remotely to English holly. "But one must picture these holly leaves rather long and narrow, set jauntily on sealing-wax red stems without thorns, the upper surface not polished but of a translucent malachite green, with a delicate network of jade veins traced on it, and the under surface softly whitened as though a flocculent film of silver had been freshly precipitated on it."

The thrill of adventure and dread keeps close company with this thrill of discovery and beauty. It is that which makes the record so gripping to the general reader. There is for example the story of the flight of the coolies on the heights above Burma and Tibet. "An awful feeling of despair came over me," confesses the author. Then—to pass the time!—he set about looking for a certain dwarf rhododendron. He found it; and interpolates the remark, in the middle of a graphic account of how he got himself and six remaining coolies out of a very nasty situation, that it occurred to him later that "but for all this upset" he would never have got seeds of it at all.

There should be a version of these glowing adventures into Burma and Tibet and Assam specially written for boys and girls. There is in fact a wide literary field waiting to be tilled in the records of English explorers of the type of Captain Kingdon Ward. The growing generation has little idea of the existence of what we may term the Elizabethan spirit in this seemingly prosaic, materialistic and mechanistic age. It would thrill it to know the details locked up in the records of the R. G. S. and in published volumes of a scientific nature. The Americans do not miss an opportunity to tell their youngsters all about Roy Chapman Andrews, Peary, Bob Bartlett, William Beebe, Lindberg. Let us do the same with our pioneers and explorers.

One word of complaint. I found the maps poor, unsatisfying and difficult to follow. Possibly the publishers realised this weak spot, for there is no mention of a map in the lists of contents, illustrations or index. The illustrations are interesting enough; but how one sighs for a Ponting or a Hurley to have been with Captain Ward on these glorious adventures.

W. R. Calvert.

THE JESTING ARMY.*

After perusing "The Jesting Army" no reader will need the author's assurance that the novel "was planned and sketched in outline long before the present fashion for war literature began," and that "its writing has been quite unaffected by the controversies which that fashion has fathered." Mr. Ernest Raymond's book bears the impress of spontaneity and sincerity on every page, and his own attitude towards the War is certainly far enough removed from that of Remarque and his followers to exonerate him from any possible charge of pandering to current taste. For ourselves, we prefer Remarque's attitude to Mr. Raymond's: but this is no place for debate. However much readers may share or dislike Mr. Raymond's view of the War, they will be compelled to recognise that it is at all events a passionately honest one.

"The Jesting Army" is the second instalment of a trilogy, begun last year by "A Family That Was" and to be completed by a novel of post-war England. The present book describes Tony O'Crogan's adventures during the War itself. Readers of "A Family That Was" will remember Tony as a youth of fine sensibility and potentiality, but a little self-centred, wayward and dissatisfied. His childhood in an Anglican vicarage and his life at a day school had offered insufficient scope for his adventurous and artistic instincts. To Tony the War comes as a liberation. Not only does it give him an aim, but, while his reason argues against such a view, he finds an æsthetic satisfaction in war. He discourses at length to his comrades on this subject, and that his attitude reflects Mr. Raymond's own may be judged by the fact that one of Tony's conversations is, if we are not mistaken, almost a verbatim reprint of an article which his creator published some time ago, as representing his own ideas, in the *Sunday Times*. There Mr. Raymond admitted that the romantic conception of war had its dangers, but he frankly confessed that, for himself, he found an æsthetic beauty in fighting.

Tony, then, is the romantic public schoolboy who loves thrills more than he dreads danger and whose genuine patriotism is not unalloyed by the egotistical desire to win glory for himself. He does distinguish himself at last at Passchendaele, but only after he has passed two years of comparative inactivity at Gallipoli and in Palestine. There is an excellent plot, which we cannot pause to follow, and the development of Tony's character in the crucible of his varied war experiences is a masterly and convincing study. Not less fine and subtle, within certain limitations, are the host of minor figures with whom Mr. Raymond's canvas of four hundred and fifty closely printed pages are filled. The author realises that Tony's attitude was not the universal one, and the temperamental reactions of his fellow soldiers are as different as their ultimate fates. Some of the characters—



Mr. Ernest Raymond.

* "The Jesting Army." By Ernest Raymond. 7s. 6d. (Cassell.)

such as the unconventional padre or Tony's Cockney batman—are so real and lovable that the disasters which befall them rend the reader's heart. If Mr. Raymond sees the glamour of war, he certainly does not spare us its horror and tragedy, even though he seems to imply that the horror and tragedy are in some measure redeemed by the heroism and the self-sacrifice which they evoke.

As a novel " The Jesting Army " is extraordinarily good. Mr. Raymond's powers as a story-writer have here come to a fine maturity. As a scenic background of the War, moreover, the book, with its vast panorama of pictures of Gallipoli, Palestine and France, is second to none that we have read. Mr. Raymond's main limitation is that he is as much predisposed to see the best in human nature under adversity as other war novelists are to see the worst. Well differentiated as his characters are in other respects, they are all much alike in their ability to jest in the face of death. The jesting is remarkably good and life-like, and the patter and repartee of the Lancashire privates is specially delightful and natural. But we doubt if the British Army was quite so uniformly a jesting army as Mr. Raymond represents it. No single writer can give us " the truth about the War." Of certain aspects of it, at any rate, Mr. Raymond presents a very vital and, for all the incidental gaiety, a very poignant impression.

G. T.

GOD: IN CHRISTIAN THOUGHT AND EXPERIENCE.*

This volume of the " Library of Constructive Theology " is the work of an Anglican divine conscious that the question now pondered in the world is " whether or not the majority of men shall continue to believe in God." The subject plainly is not only of perennial interest but of great immediate importance. Dr. Matthews, with a conspicuous sincerity, a clearness of style all too rare in theological writings and a persuasiveness that is singularly attractive, sets out the faith of a Church of England scholar; and many who are not of his communion will enjoy the achievement. The arguments and *obiter dicta* of contemporary writers and pseudo-philosophers who assail the Christian religion and, ruling out all Divine revelation, would substitute an ethic of human device, are discussed frankly and courteously. Man's experience of God is not to be dismissed, as certain psychologists dismiss it, as a case of " projection." For " psychology, no less than any other science, when it pronounces finally on philosophical problems, becomes ridiculous." And " if to be a projection of the mind is to be condemned we must resign ourselves to the conclusion that no mental or spiritual activity of ours has any objective validity." No concept of science, no idea of the reason but can be turned down as a " mere projection." It won't do! " It is in any case important to remember that the human race does not consist of professors."

The difficulties, doubts and perplexities of the average religiously minded man are the author's chief concern. The problem of God's transcendence and immanence for example. " A purely immanent deity turns out in the last resort to be undistinguishable from ourselves and hence to be no possible object of adoration and aspiration, while conversely a purely transcendent Deity is one with whom communion would be impossible." It must not be inferred because of this apparent paradox that religion is illusory or mistaken. The full comprehension of God is beyond the utmost capacity of man. " We know in part." Again the necessity of anthropomorphism (distinguishing carefully its lower and higher types) must be recognised in the development of man's concept of God. Denying the attributes of personality, mankind tends to pantheism or the belief in fate or destiny. We are invited to note the historical fact " that pantheistic theology has everywhere

* " God: In Christian Thought and Experience." By W. R. Matthews, M.A., D.D., Dean of King's College, London. 10s. 6d. net. (Nisbet.)

proved to be perfectly compatible with polytheistic worship." Monotheism, with all tincture of the anthropomorphic expunged from it, will decline into a notion of deity "for whom no human values are real, into an unknowable ground of the universe or an order of nature." Therefore, pleads Dr. Matthews, "let us not be afraid of the plain implications of our faith. The Christian doctrine of God depends more than any other on the legitimacy of the anthropomorphic approach," since "the two pivotal dogmas of developed Christianity are that man is made in the image of God and that God is made manifest fully in the man Christ Jesus." This is not to question the validity of the intellectual approach to God, the Hellenic contribution to the common stock. And the very attempt at synthesis, "which is a glory of Christianity and one of the marks of its position as the supreme and absolute religion, has been at the same time the source of its internal tension and unrest. The two elements within its experience of God have never been completely harmonised; the personal, 'psychological,' living God of Hebrew tradition and piety has never been successfully identified with the God of metaphysics whose ancestry derives from Greece."

In the chapters on the Christian experience of God the author dwells on the importance of the "sinlessness" of Christ. "There is no hint in the recorded sayings of Christ that He was conscious of any moral failure or had any need for personal repentance and forgiveness. . . . The experience of Jesus included the knowledge of the mystery and the force of evil, though not participation in it." The "inevitability" of the crucifixion is rejected; for "the ultimate dependence of all things upon God's creative will does not abrogate the freedom of men or the possibility of rebellion. . . . Clearly Jesus admitted the existence of evil spirits and attributed to them illness and disease which are contrary to the will of God. . . . The inevitable cross was not made necessary by an inexorable fate nor by a fixed and unalterable plan, but by the deeds of men which were not inevitable and the conditions which those deeds had brought into being."

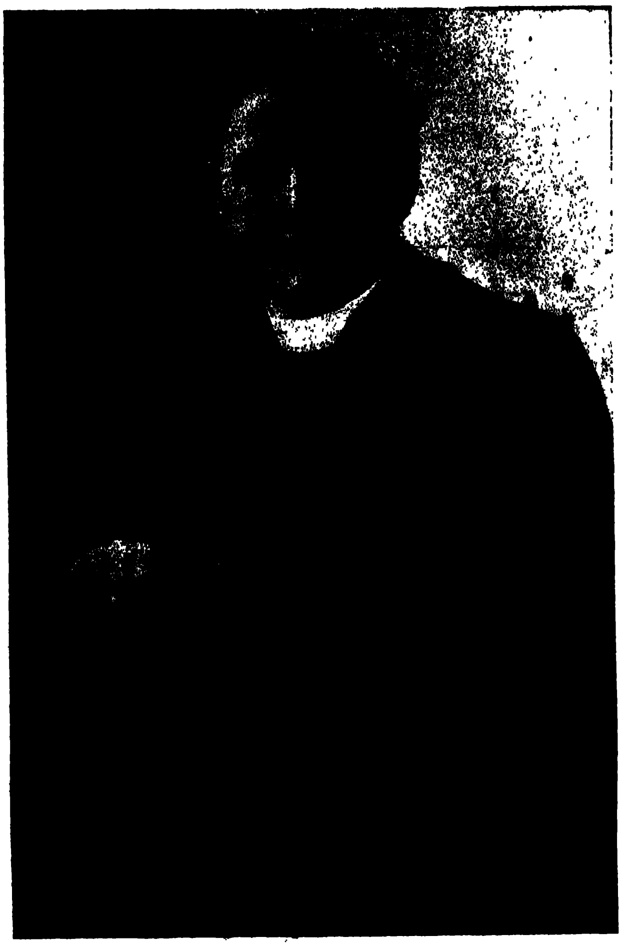


Photo by Raphael. **Dr. W. R. Matthews.**

But the reader must turn to the chapters that deal more fully with the problems of Love and Evil, of Time and Providence. There are other chapters too, not to be omitted, discussing the transition in philosophy and the types of philosophical tendency and the meaning of transcendence and the Divine immanence in creation. More strictly theological are the chapters concerned with the distinction between religion and theology, the religious experience that witnesses to a Living and Personal God, and the affirmation of the doctrine of the Holy Trinity. The freshness of expression, wealth of reading and quite obvious desire to serve the truth make these portions most valuable to the general reader. The immensity of the subject has produced neither dryness nor dullness.

Joseph Clayton.

I MEAN TO SAY——.*

"I mean to say——" "If you know what I mean." How often such phrases besprinkle the conversation even of educated people, and how indiscriminately they are used! A man will begin a pronouncement with "I mean to say," when he really has not the foggiest notion of what he *does* mean to say; or a woman will append "if you know what I mean" to a statement so simple and obvious that a child of two could understand it. Such irritating expressions are the reflection of our dilatory and muddled habits of thought, and consequently of speech, which too often betray an utter lack of logic, precision and clarity.

Speech should perfectly fit thought, and thought should be an exact science. We should mean what we say, and say what we mean. This of course is not an easy task. How difficult it is—yet how necessary to accomplish—is shown by Dr. Thouless in his new book. Dr. Thouless is the lecturer in psychology at Glasgow University, and fortunate indeed must be the students who sit at his feet. He brings an engagingly light manner to the elucidation of abstruse points, and at the same time demonstrates that the abstruse vitally affects the concrete. It may seem a trifling matter that we should say, "the dog is a mongrel" instead of "the dog is of mixed breed." But the writer shows us that upon such trivial and thoughtless errors the destinies of nations hang.

To say that a dog is "of mixed breed" is to state a scientific and objective fact. To say that the same dog is "a mongrel" is no less true; but the word "mongrel" has emotional associations and at once suggests disparagement. That perhaps is not a very serious matter. But the use of emotionally-charged words may, in less simple cases, have dire consequences. It is, for instance, the popular slavery to words with emotional meanings that makes it possible for wars to be carried on. What is *heroism* in our own troops is *foolhardiness* in those of our enemies. What are *atrocities* on one side are *wise severity* on the other, when the objective facts underlying both phrases are probably much the same:

> "Such words as 'Bolshevik,' 'reactionary,' 'constitutional,' 'national honour,' etc., are all words used in national and international political thinking which carry more of emotional than of any other meaning. So long as such words are the ordinary terms of politicians, how can we hope to think straight in national and international affairs? If a chemist doing an experiment depended on such thought processes as a nation uses in selecting its rulers or in deciding on peace or war with other nations, he would blow up his laboratory. This however would be a trivial disaster in comparison with what may result from emotional thinking in politics. Better have a hundred chemical laboratories blown up than the whole of civilisation!"

But the use of words with emotional meanings is only one of many temptations that lure us from the narrow

* "Straight and Crooked Thinking." By Robert H. Thouless. 5s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

path of straight thinking along which alone social and international harmony may be reached. Most of us are not merely slaves to prejudice, but are guilty (consciously or unconsciously) of all kinds of dishonest tricks in argument. Dr. Thouless examines in detail no less than thirty-four such dishonest tricks, and appends a delightfully humorous and caustic chapter in which, by means of an imaginary conversation between a clergyman, a professor and a business magnate, he shows those tricks actually at work. Other chapters deal with "Some Logical Fallacies," "Tricks of Suggestion," "Pitfalls in Analogy" and "Vagueness and Related Evils."

Dr. Thouless does not of course deny emotional thinking its proper place in poetry, and he concedes to rhetoric its legitimate uses. What he contends is that, when we are dealing with disputable points of fact or with questions of actual conduct, thought and speech should be scientifically exact and impartial. It is not necessary for us *always* to think and to speak scientifically. But the whole future—even the very existence—of civilisation may depend upon our acquiring the *ability* so to think and to speak. GILBERT THOMAS.

ESSAYS OF THE YEAR.*

"The essay," wrote the late Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, must always be a somewhat repellent form of literature unless it is handled with the lightest and deftest touch. It is too reminiscent of the practice of our boyhood—to put a heading and then to show what you can get under it." A list of the contributors to this delightful collection of vagrant themes is sufficient guarantee of their complete freedom from any suggestion of pedantry, and of the pleasantness and variety of their pages. Such names, say, as Robert Lynd, E. V. Knox, Hilaire Belloc, A. G. Gardiner, Gerald Gould, J. B. Priestley, and A. A. Milne (to mention no others) are sufficient indication of the type and charm of the "essays" that have been selected as representative of the year 1929-30. Most of these papers have been written for periodicals in the ordinary course of journalism, and they are a remarkable testimony to the high literary standard of current journalism. Readers will be grateful to the publishers for rescuing them from the files.

One or two of the writers devote themselves to a discussion of literature—John Drinkwater and Arthur Symons both write of the novels of Dickens, and there are one or two biographical sketches, including one of the late Earl Balfour by Augustine Birrell. For the most part however the authors are discursive, and write of everything and nothing with self-revealing intimacy, their productions resembling "the tangled herbacious border rather than the trim parterre. Humour is not excluded from them, and although they may be instructive, their principal object is to delight." Delight they certainly do, and instructive they certainly are. Their wit and whimsicality may easily hide from the reader how much shrewd observation and criticism of contemporary life and manners he is absorbing.

There are thirty-two essays in all, and it will be seen that there is a certain logical order in their arrangement. Selection can always be made a matter of dispute, but we cannot do other than wonder at certain omissions. Has the fount of Mr. Chesterton's genius run dry, or did Mr. E. V. Lucas lay down his pen in 1929?

Mr. J. C. Squire, who contributes an introductory essay, written before the actual selection was made, says: "If only I had a copy of the book I should take it up to bed with me and read it." It is a book that could certainly be read in bed—or almost anywhere else; and to which the reader will be able to return with delight again and again. F. E. C.

HORACE SHIPP'S POETRY.†

Readers of Horace Shipp's "Palimpsest" may find the verse a little elusive on a first reading, although they cannot but be struck by one feature of excellence—its rhythms

* "Essays of the Year." 5s. net. (Argonaut Press.)
† "Palimpsest." By Horace Shipp. 5s. (Sampson Low.)

and verbal technique. Whatever note or group of strings Horace Shipp strikes, whether it be "free verse," blank verse, mixed verse or orthodox rhymed verse, he bears witness to unusual mastery. His poems are rich with soft, gentle music. There is scarcely a dissonance anywhere; line and word are admirably poised; nearly every accent, assonance and alliteration are in their right place and at their right time. The fault which disturbs is rather a fault of content than of form (at any rate in this book it seems to belong only to semi-form). That is his too frequent use of repetition, a mannerism which jars on the ear of the spirit rather than the ear of the brain, suggesting at times an aim beyond the range of the eye, and bestowing a ring of sentimentality or specious reality on passages which already tread a little too near that quagmire, as in—

> "Eyes are too blind to see the slow
> sun-quickened sea of blueness flow;
> but fingers know, but fingers know."

But the book is full of the real stuff of poetry, passages which have all the illuminating activity which comes from fine phrasing without the violent aggressiveness which often goes with the phrase, as in—

> "It is written in iron upon the sky,
> iron of the pitshaft, dark in a drizzle of rain;
> hieroglyph of man's will against high heaven
> it is written."

Yet few poems are perfect in themselves, with that satisfying unity of thought, feeling and form which makes of criticism an insolent intrusion. Perhaps indeed "Tenement" is the only exception, despite the slight deterrent that it embroiders a comparison which is by no means new.

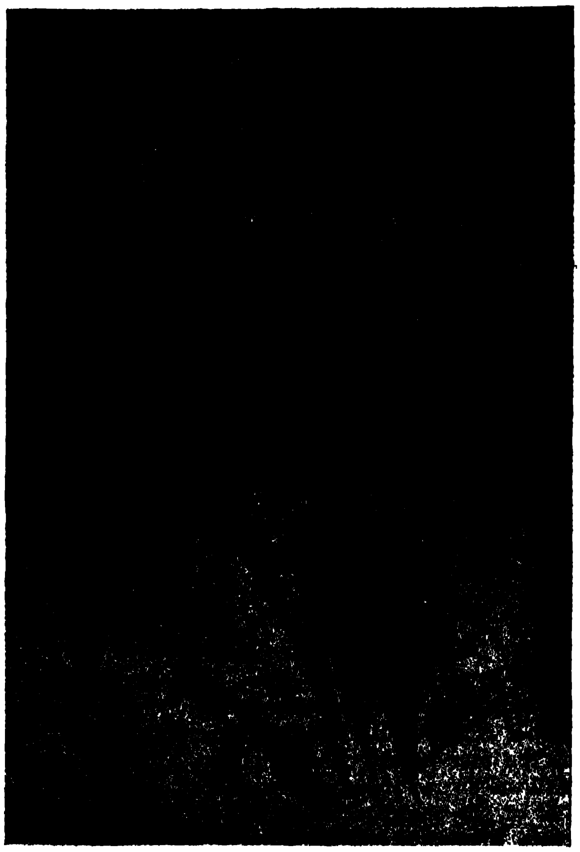
Intellectualism, sensitiveness in perception, and unusual impulse of feeling (not always too firmly held in check) make up the driving forces of Horace Shipp's poetry. And if at times, detrimental to his own originality, he is in manner somewhat too reminiscent of Humbert Wolfe, it is little more than saying that he belongs to a certain school in the same way that Coleridge belonged to the same school as Wordsworth or D. G. Rossetti to the same school as William Morris.

Herbert E. Palmer.

THE GLORY THAT WAS GREECE.

The American invasion is not confined to tourists and the films; books now cross the Atlantic, and Messrs. J. M. Dent have a *flair* for the significant. To their excellent library of Greek Thought they have added this book by Miss Edith Hamilton,* which might well serve as a general introduction to Greek modes of thought, speech and art, literary, sculptural, theatrical and architectural. Such themes of themselves attract the book-lover, but when presented, as by Miss Hamilton, in a style of great charm, albeit at times redolent of American idiom (e.g. "jumps to the eye," "a political pull," etc.), they gain a new allure. Her knowledge of Greek literature is ample and accurate and her renderings of the passages from the classics are bright and fresh, clipped at times for a world in a hurry, but never smelling of the lamp.

Big subjects are handled deftly and with a sparkle. Greek architecture is contrasted with that of Egypt and India, as a key to the Greek spirit: the clear, crisp, balanced speech of Attica is compared with the more flowery and ornate diction of a Shakespeare and a Milton: the daring questing spirit, free as a bird, of the Greek is expressive of his liberty of speech and the parent of the modern scientific mentality with its search for fact. Plato is drawn upon for his pictures of the life, leisured and intellectual, of the Athenian citizen, in a time of glory. Comedy, ancient, modern, French, Gilbertian, is put alongside of Aristophanes, and much fun is found as well as keen insight by ranging Savoy operas with Shakespeare and the ribald Aristophanes. The three tragedians, Æschylus, Sophocles and Euripides, are dealt with, and the essence of "the joy at



Mr. Horace Shipp.

From a drawing by Flora Kendrick.

the heart of pain" which is the life-blood of tragedy is distilled, with extracts from Aristotle's Poetics, Hegel and Schopenhauer—and W. M. Dixon. A higher flight is sought when Miss Hamilton essays to define the distinction between mind and spirit: we keep nearer the ground when she takes Euripides as typical of the modern mind and, with American boldness, ventures to contrast the ancient way of thought, with its eye for "beauty, absolute, simple and everlasting" (Plotinus), with our foggier views of relativity.

Such a book will compel one to open afresh the old world's literature, and many a book besides, and it is none the worse for coming from the land of scare head-lines, skyscrapers and Fords. Would that the American printers kept "the Greek way" of spelling *koina* instead of *koiua*, Theætetus for Thealetus, and quoted Browning properly (*vide* p. 85).

R. B. H.

* "The Greek Way." By Edith Hamilton. 10s. 6d. (Dent.)

DOWN THE SKY.*

Another "entertainment" from Mr. E. V. Lucas! What could be more delightful and exhilarating than the gossipy story of everyday life and people that flows from his ever amusing, ever tolerant pen?

> ". . . how often you and I
> Had tired the sun with talking and sent him down the sky,"

he quotes from William Cory; but if the sun tires, the reader won't, for here is Jenny Candover again, with her adoring Richard, and an undesirable and undesired husband well in the background. Of Jenny, of incidents and people associated with her, Richard can and does talk unwearyingly; but he is always ready to branch off on to something else: cricket, or the next world, or novels and novelists; any subject aroused by a wandering thought or, more usually, by somebody he happens to meet or sit next to at dinner. "What fun, I have often thought," he says, "to have an hotel and tell the truth! How it would spike the guns of the angry guests to agree with their

* "Down the Sky." By E. V. Lucas. 7s. 6d. (Methuen.)

indictments! 'Yes, you are right about the meat. We never buy anything but the cheapest varieties. We are out entirely for profit. The butter is as indifferent as you allege. That notice about it coming from our own farms is bunkum; it comes from the Waste Deposits Co.'"

And then the story of the argument in the train: "I remember once, in the days when I lived in London and had a season ticket, being in a carriage full of argumentative and speculative men. Something in the papers had started them discussing the future state, and each one expressed an opinion as to what and where that would be—adding that naturally it was a subject where only hope and vagueness could prevail. Then came the turn of a little silent man in the corner, hiding behind his pipe—and I always think his answer was model—' And what do you say, Johnson,' he was asked, 'where are you going?' 'I'm going to Paddington,' he said."

Richard's conversations with the modern young woman who was writing a novel about Life, and the modern young man who was engaged on "an exposure of some of the worst shams and rottennesses we subscribe to," have sparkling cynicism; likewise the conversation with the man who was separated from his wife because she liked fresh air and he didn't—"incompatibility of temperature was their only trouble." Incidentally this man proved to be Jenny's husband, but he only comes into the entertainment once again to obligingly die out of it, after Jenny has been ill and has gone to Ceylon to recuperate, attended by her faithful Richard. If you have read "Windfall's Eve" you will not need to be urged to read "Down the Sky," because it is a sequel and all that a sequel should be.

A. A.

A POETIC ROLL-CALL.*

Mr. Henry Arthur Kellow is head master of Rockhampton Grammar School, Queensland. He is a kindly critic and patient historian. He needs both kindliness and patience because his material ranges from middling to deplorable. He surveys the seventy years of song which is the poetic lifetime of Queensland, and like a good modern schoolmaster seldom does more than shake an admonishing forefinger at the worst of them. Perhaps his unkindest cut of all is to quote such gems as the following:

> "Twas money built the cottage walls, but mother made the home.'
>
> "The nurse were a-lyin' sideways—
> half on, half off the bed;
> they had left her legs and body
> and had took away her head."

It is only fair to add that Mr. Kellow does not quote these as good examples of Queensland's poetic art. But he quotes them. And he does not laugh. Now quite half of the book discusses seriously the work of poets who have contributed things only a little better than this to the negligible sum of Queensland verse. Obviously therefore this book is a labour of love inspired by the same kind of local patriotism which produces privately-subscribed-for histories, biographies and sketches of persons and places of more or less importance in their day. Nevertheless the job has been well done. It is doubtful if it needed doing, but if it did then, like a certain darker deed, "t'were well it were done quickly." Mr. Kellow has not done it quickly enough. We could have spared three-quarters of his book—because of the poor quality of his material.

Mr. Kellow says that the three great names in Queensland verse are Brunton Stephens, Essex Evans and William Baylebridge. The quoted work of the first two is interesting, but scarcely interesting enough to make us wish for more. The greatest of these is William Baylebridge, the only one of the three still living. Judging from the extracts which Mr. Kellow gives he is also the only Queensland poet whose work may have a life beyond his own.

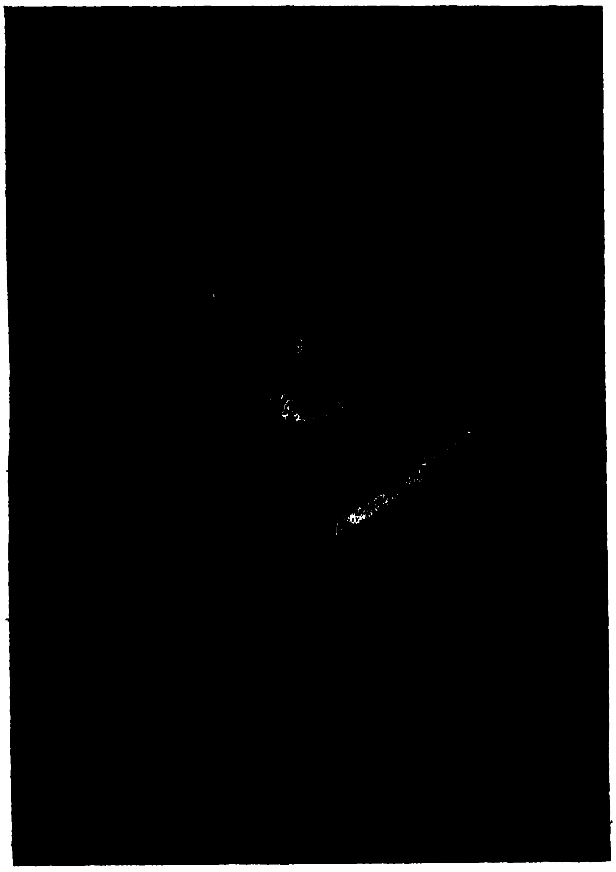
* "Queensland Poets." By Henry Arthur Kellow. 12s. 6d. net. (Harrap.)

He has a definite point of view and copiousness. He is vigorous and musical. There is fundamental brainwork in his poetry. Almost the quotations from Baylebridge's work justify the addition of "poet" to the title of Mr. Kellow's book. Truly, as says the Talmud, "a single just man suffices to save the world, and were there but one just man the universe would deserve to have been created for his sake." Mr. Baylebridge is Queensland's saviour poetically.

Frederick Markham.

ENGLISH MONASTERIES IN THE MIDDLE AGES.*

Mr. Palmer's inquiry into the English mediæval monasteries approaches the subject from a fresh—an architectural angle. It outlines the origins, characteristics and customs of the Monastic Orders, and indicates how between them they offered an appropriate environment to all temperaments and talents. If a man were a student or an artist, he would be attracted to the Benedictines or the Cluniacs, if his interests were in farming he would incline to the Cistercians (though even a Benedictine flock like the ten thousand sheep at Gloucester in 1306 would gladden his shepherd's heart), if he were a recluse or a mystic there was the cell and the silence of the Carthusians. The monastery was an organism, and in these pages is sketched its constitution under abbot or prior, and the various officers, the "obedientiarii," who presided over the different departments. All this however is only preliminary to Mr. Palmer's main purpose. It is not how the monks spent their daily life, but where, that is his chief concern. He approaches the subject as an architect whose business is with the monastic buildings, and especially with their development under pressure of monastic custom.



General von Seeckt.

From 'Thoughts of a Soldier,' by General von Seeckt (Ernest Benn).

There was first of all the church which the monks were to serve. The primary requisite here was the quire, the germ of the monastic church. The quire provided a place wherein the members of the monastery might perform without disturbance their first duty of the recitation of the Canonical Hours. But of scarcely less importance was the arranging accommodation for the altars of the almost innumerable Saints who, to the mediæval mind, represented in a more personal and approachable form the various aspects of Deity. The cruciform plan provided in its eastern limb a place for a quire devoted to the monks, with a presbytery at whose extremity was enthroned in solitary splendour the High Altar. The nave provided the laity or the lay brethren with a church containing its own altar before the rood. The transepts offered facilities for additional chapels. The long circuit of presbytery, transept, cloister and nave in procession on Sundays and Feast Days afforded the mediæval love of ceremonial full opportunity for its display. In the development of a plan to satisfy these requirements, sound construction, sentiment and convenience were allied, and the idea that the sentimental or symbolic consideration prevailed cannot be entertained. Mr. Palmer traces this development under the influence of special needs and in accordance with the ideals and circumstances of the various Orders. In Pilgrim churches, as at Canterbury, the plan was affected by the enormous numbers of devotees visiting the shrine of a popular saint, which made considerations of control imperative. Of particular interest is Mr. Palmer's chapter on the Cistercian Church, the early plan of which was the natural outcome of a regime which emphasised simplicity of life. The Cistercians were to fall into line later, but in their new extended quires they adhered to the square east end, by their persistent and energetic use of which they exercised their definite influence upon English building.

In the same way is treated the Cloister, with again a special reference to the points of departure from the normal of the Cistercian plan. Next we come to the extra claustral buildings. Finally, there are interesting chapters on "The Master Mason" and "The Building of a Monastery," in the latter of which we note what Mr. Palmer has to say about Craft Gilds. "Much," he remarks, "has been written, even recently, about the 'ancient gild idea,' assuming that all the work on a great building was done in workshops and studios grouped about the sites by enthusiastic gilds who worked as a body, whose sole aim was to vie with each other in beauty of work, and whose members participated in a profit-sharing scheme; that 'unemployment was unknown,' and that the craft gilds worked with 'unabated delight' for years at a time. Such a theory cannot for a moment be sustained if facts are referred to. No gild undertook work as a corporate body, any more than a trade union as a whole could execute a contract to-day. But for the absence of the 'general contractor' and his organisation, work was carried out much as it would be now. Work on the fabric was organised and supervised by the authorities of the abbey or cathedral, who paid the cost of materials and the wages of their workpeople."

Mr. Palmer's fascinating volume, it ought to be added, is well and copiously illustrated.

D. S. Meldrum.

* "English Monasteries in the Middle Ages: An Outline of Monastic Architecture and Custom from the Conquest to the Suppression." By R. Liddesdale Palmer. 24s. (Constable.)

Novel Notes.

STAYING WITH RELATIONS. By Rose Macaulay. 7s. 6d. net. (Collins.)

Once give Miss Rose Macaulay the idea of sending her heroine to stay with relations at their *hacienda* in remote Guatemala, and her ready mind becomes busy with the possibilities and the details of the plot. The grouping together of people in a family provides just that setting for amusing situations and satirical comedy in which her

BOOKS TO BUY IN OCTOBER

Specially selected by the respective Publishers

genius as a novelist finds scope. The first chapter contains the invitation from Aunt Belle to her niece. Certainly, thought Catherine, after reading it, she would visit her aunt and her new uncle by marriage, and her step-cousins, at the Hacienda del Capitan, Perdido, Guat., C.A. She loved her little Philadelphian aunt, and she was fascinated by the idea of the old Spanish monastery built after the Conquest out of a Maya palace in a tropical jungle. The old Spanish monastery and the tropical jungle live up to our expectations of them. One of the cousins, Isie, is kidnapped by Indians, and there is a treasure hunt for jewels to secure her ransom. If this book is not going to make anyone forget " Dangerous Ages " and " Told by an Idiot," it yet is authentic Rose Macaulay. Where it does not greatly succeed is in its presentation of character. None of the people, with the exception of Aunt Belle, become very real. They are adequate enough as mouthpieces for their author's ideas, and they provide her with good situations, but they do not succeed in acquiring a personality of their own. Indeed in one case, that of Mr. Phipps and Mr. Piper, we are in some confusion as to which is which. Still, with these indicated shortcomings, the book is a new Rose Macaulay, and that is enough for most people who are making up library lists.

THE GREEN VALLEY. By Norman Giles. 7s. 6d. (Collins.)

This comedy of Dutch life in South Africa is a well constructed and interesting study of two farmers, their families and their black servants. The farmers—Servaas de Roubaix and Melt van Taak—are fine, efficiently drawn examples of a powerful class which slowly and unwillingly is giving place to men—generally their sons—with more up-to-date ideas. Servaas has grown the green grape for country wine; his son Vaas would travel and see how vineyards are managed in Australia and in Europe. The old man is much opposed to this opening out; what was good enough for him should be good enough for Vaas, and it shows the excellence of Mr. Norman Giles' psychology that although after a good deal of trouble the young man is allowed to go, his father's attitude to things new remains the same. Of less importance are the humorous scenes which show the relations between black and white. Bekkje, the black woman, who is worshipped by all her kind because she is so fat, has a possession unusual among these people—a bed! The bed, she being in debt, is forfeit to her employer, and very amusing are the intrigues of husband and brother to regain possession of this desirable piece of furniture. These intrigues subtly affect the unconscious whites, who find themselves quarrelling without sufficient cause, and who innocently blame themselves for troubles their servants have brought about. It has been a pleasure to read this competently written story.

KEITH OF KINELLAN. By Agnes Mure Mackenzie. 7s. 6d. (Constable.)

This is the fullest and most satisfying novel that Dr. Agnes Mackenzie has given us, and we venture to think that it will prove the turning-point in her literary career. Discerning readers already know her quality, but in this book she makes a wider and bolder appeal without sacrificing any of the attractions of her earlier work—the subtle characterisation, the delicate description and the scholarly choice and manipulation of words. " Keith of Kinellan " is a story of absorbing interest, the record of a great passion finely and understandingly written. Too late Gilbert Keith realised the mistake of his early marriage, and was swept off his feet by his love for his cousin, Anne Ogilvie. Such a theme has necessarily its tragic issues, but Dr. Mackenzie has skilfully steered it into a quiet haven at last. Much of the pleasure of the book however resides in the lesser happenings by the way, and in the skilful portrayal of many sides of Scottish life. The description of the house of Kinellan is a magnificent setting for a tale of turbulent and full-blooded passion.

THE DAY OF SMALL THINGS. By O. Douglas. 7s. 6d. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

Nobody can excel Miss Douglas in discovering the maximum amount of interest and humour that belongs to the commonplace. The people in her stories are the ordinary, pleasant people one is likely to meet anywhere; she has little use for the dramatic, none at all for melodrama, yet her story holds one by the naturalness of its characters and the importance of their inconspicuous lives. The Fife village of Kirkmeikle, with its staid old houses and beautiful harbour, has a community of friends who meet and take tea in each other's drawing-rooms, and gossip, although not maliciously, about their neighbours and local events. And it is surprising how engrossing the details of their everyday affairs become, how intimately we know each one long before the end of the story: Mrs. Heggie, Mrs. Jameson, Joan, Lady Jane Rutherford and her daughter Nicole, and Althea, the hard and cold, at war with life because her youth has been spoilt by the divorce of her father and mother. It is all told as only Miss Douglas can tell it, with a lively sense of comedy and a large-hearted charity toward mankind.

A LITTLE FLUTTER. By Ernest Bramah. 7s. 6d. (Cassell.)

A misanthropic and sardonic uncle liberated Peter Coppinger from office drudgery by leaving him a fortune on the condition that he undertook the oversight of his aviaries and conducted ornithological research. This was hard on Peter, whose only knowledge of birds was when they appeared on the table. However he bluffed his way bravely until the arrival was announced of the unique Patagonian Groo-Groo. Happily it had died on the voyage and Peter did wonders with its skin, in which an escaped convict found a home from home. The fun waxes fast and furious when scientists began to arrive to see the marvellous bird, and Peter and the convict had marvellous escapes from detection. From beginning to end it is an excellently devised farce and Mr. Bramah has contrived to graft on it a very happy love-story. Peter's convict, a model of gratitude, was able by his professional skill to free his benefactor from the trammels of the embarrassing will, and the remains of the Groo-Groo disappeared in a timely fire.

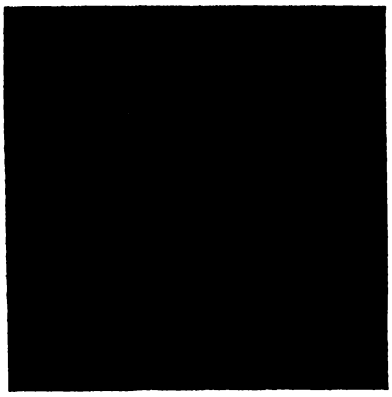
BLACK SOIL. By Josephine Donovan. 7s. 6d. (Methuen.)

This charming and colourful novel deals with the simple lives of American pioneers in Idaho, fighting amidst tragedies and disappointments to wrest a fortune from the desolate and sparsely populated land. The story is built around Tim and Nell Connor and their family, who make good after a severe struggle when the railroad brings success and civilisation nearer. There is also a romantic sub-plot of Sheila, a girl adopted by the Connors and, unknown to herself, of Indian blood. The strength of " Black Soil " is in its quiet realism and its convincing gallery of living, humble, human folk against the stark prairie atmosphere. Nell Connor stands out a hopeful and determined woman, a contrast to the more placid wives of the German settlers and her own impracticable but sturdy Tim. The novel has another interest. The Stratford Company of Boston, Mass., awarded " Black Soil " a first prize of $2,000 in their competition for the best novel dealing with Catholic life. The religious note in the book is not forced or controversial, but descriptive: the reader sees and feels religion was a force in the lives of these plucky and stubborn men and women.

WINDIER SKIES. By Mary Howard. 7s. 6d. (John Long.)

Pat Burns was afraid of what life might bring her; afraid she might have to grow old working in a city office; that was why, in spite of her dreams and her longings, she sacrificed romance for security and became engaged to

a man she did not really love. She knew that one cannot have both safety and adventure, and while her instinct sought safety, her spirit thirsted for adventure. The story shows how she tried to compromise —and failed. As a first novel, "Windier Skies" has outstanding qualities; Pat, working in a city office, going home to her mother, sisters and brother, is a real person, vital, intelligent, alarmingly modern. The background of home and office are done with extraordinary skill; the people with whom she comes in contact are as real as herself, and the story has a rich vein of humour running through it. So wholesome and likeable is Pat in the earlier part of the book that we regret her moral lapses later on, and it is because of its realistic and amusing pictures of the everyday life of a London office girl that the book stands out as vivid, lively and delightfully spontaneous.



Miss Mary Howard.

The Bookman's Table.

SWALLOWS AND AMAZONS. By Arthur Ransome 7s. 6d. (Jonathan Cape)

Was there ever a child who did not yearn for a desert island and a ship in which to sail to it? And were there ever such lucky children as John, Susan, Titty and Roger, who had both island and ship and the whole delicious adventure of camping out and cooking their own food, without any real danger or discomfort? The island was in a lake close to where they lived, so that mother (who was just the sort of mother everyone would like to have) could come across now and then and see for herself that they were safe and sound. The excitement began in earnest when two girls came along in another boat and claimed the camp as theirs; and then there was Captain Flint and his parrot, and other exciting things. This is a book of most gorgeous make-believe; though it is quite different, it reminds one of Richard Jefferies' "Bevis," and both grown-ups and children will thoroughly enjoy it.

THE APOLOGY OF SOCRATES: THE GREEK TEXT OF PLATO. Edited and translated by Edward Henry Blakeney. 30s. (Scholartis Press)

Mr Blakeney is very modest about his edition of the great speech which Plato put into the mouth of his master. "Scholars and advanced students," he says, "will find little or nothing in this book to compel attention." But the most advanced of scholars, if he be also a man of taste, will delight in it, if only for the beauty of the Greek type in which the text has been printed at the University Press of Glasgow. From cover to cover indeed the whole volume is a fine piece of book production. Nor are its contents unworthy of its appearance. Praise of the famous original would be superfluous, but Mr. Blakeney's translation calls for commendation. The nervous force, simplicity and dignity of the Greek have been reproduced in English which is always true to the native idiom. Mr. Blakeney's introductory and elucidatory notes are also excellent. At once informative and suggestive, they furnish the reader who, while not altogether ignorant of Greek philosophy and Greek history, has no specialised knowledge of them, with just what he needs to enable him to appreciate the finer points of the oration, whether he read it in Plato's own words or in Mr. Blakeney's version of them. Above all, they are the work of one who is no pedant but a true humanist. They display a wide range of reading in modern as well as in ancient literature, among the poets as well as among the philosophers. Thus in the few lucid pages which are devoted to the course of Greek thought from Thales down to Socrates himself, we find Tennyson, William Watson, Mrs. Browning, Shakespeare, Sir Thomas Browne, Wordsworth and Milton aptly quoted; so that, however small our Greek, we do not feel that we are wholly barbarians.

MY EXPERIENCE AS A MINER. By Count Alexander Stenbock-Fermor. Translated by Frances, Countess of Warwick. 5s. net. (Putnams.)

In a short foreword Mr. James Maxton, M.P., writes hopefully of the "educational value" of this vivid and moving book. The point need not be stressed; all good writing has its educational value. Count Stenbock-Fermor belonged to a Livonian family, ruined in the Russian revolution and settled in Germany. For a year—1922-3—he worked as a miner in the Ruhr district, under French occupation, and in these pages are set down the "personal impressions, the occurrences and experiences of this time." It is a singularly clear record of an exceedingly unpleasant time. The author neither exaggerates the misery nor idealises the company. He writes with sympathy and understanding of his fellow miners, who very soon know him as "Alex" or "the count" or "the little count"; he explains with no waste of words, and with no tiresome elaboration of detailed scientific jargon, the nature of the work in its various branches. Portraits of his comrades of the mine are drawn skilfully, so that we get to know the communist Jacob, the hunchback engine-driver, who called "old fat swine" at his father Martin because the latter hated all politics and agitations, (for him only one world existed, that of his stomach); and above all Heinrich, the revolutionary idealist. Jacob "in spite of his bloodthirsty views was kind-heartedness personified," but Heinrich—with his wife and family, Heinrich who lived for "the cause," the cause of the proletariat, and was as generous as he was fanatical—is the conspicuous figure. Many and long are the discussions between Heinrich and the count on art, religion, and the communism that is to supersede the present era, but the talk is never tedious. It was Heinrich's wife who "all of a sudden in the middle of a sentence" got up and putting her hands on the count's shoulders said softly, "Can we really understand one another? You come from an altogether different world." Strike and lock-out occur in that twelve month at the Ruhr, hardships and good companionship, savagery and hunger, quarrels, drunkenness, brutality, tyranny, accidents, riots—all have their place in Count Stenbock-Fermor's story. But by the author's goodwill and the resolute determination to stick to the truth the horrors are not piled up and, without blinking the facts, the taste for the obscene is not gratified. Lady Warwick's translation is admirably done.

SUFFOLK AND NORFOLK. By M. R. James, O.M., Litt.D., F.B.A., F.S.A., Provost of Eton. Illustrated with 100 drawings by G. E. Chambers, F.S.A., and 24 photographs. 5s. (Dent.)

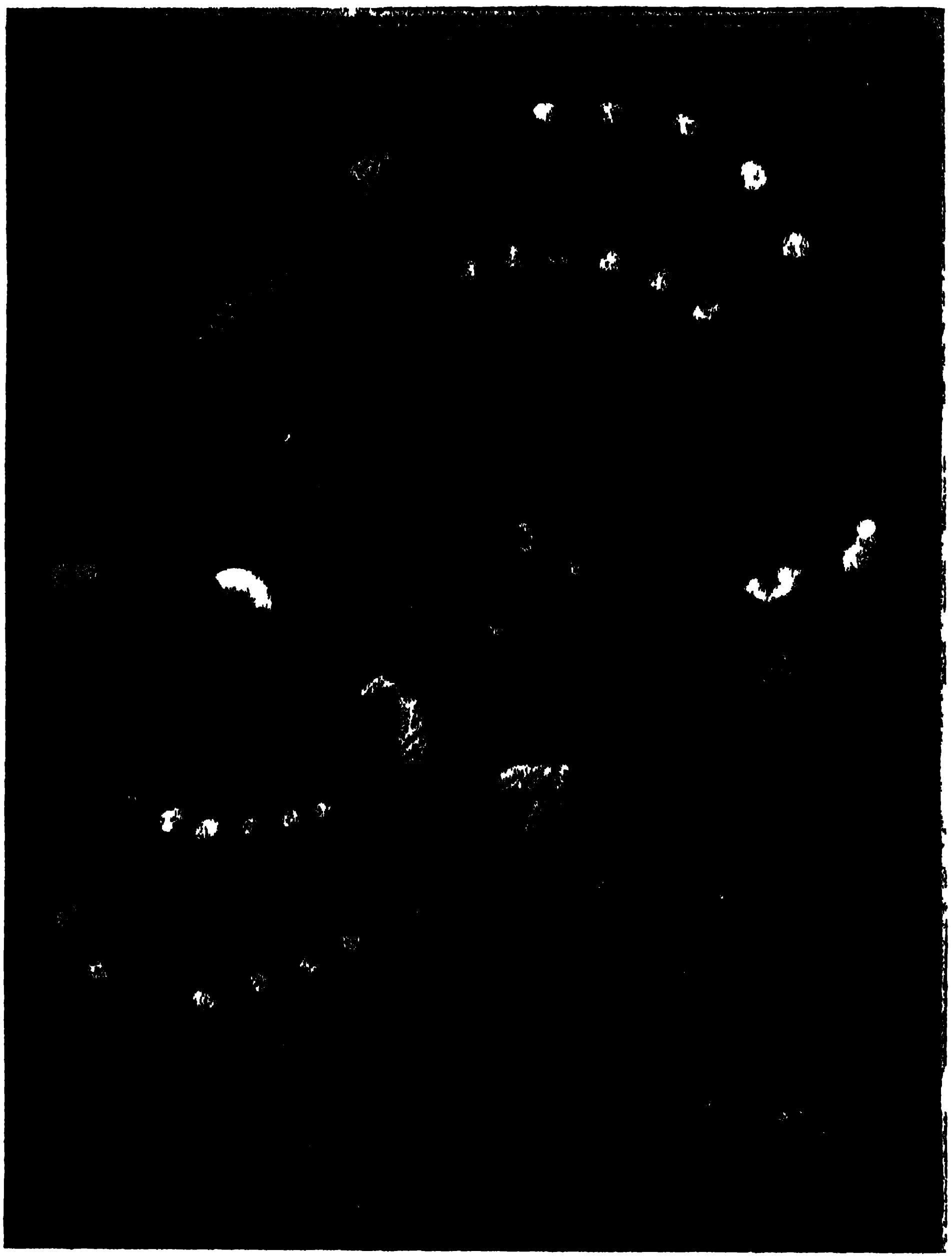
Here is a comprehensive study of Suffolk and Norfolk from the time of primitive man, who is said to have dwelt in these regions half a million years before Christ. In few parts of England does the past survive so potently as in East Anglia, and Dr. James has explored the many parishes and collected an astounding quantity of little known information which will appeal not only to the student, but to all interested in England and English history. Besides Mr. Chambers's beautiful drawings there are many fine photographs and some excellent maps, and the book

SUPPLEMENT TO "THE BOOKMAN,"
OCTOBER, 1930.



From a drawing by LEO BATES.

JOSEPH SIMPSON



From "CHINESE ART"
By WILLIAM COHN
(Studio).

See page 94

LID OF A BOX. PHŒNIXES (FÊNG HUANG).
Lacquer painting, gold, mother of pearl inlay—Ming Period. State Museum, Berlin (Department of Far Eastern Art).

is a treasury of knowledge that must have required much research as well as an intimate acquaintance with the two counties. It will undoubtedly be a standard work and as such deserves, and will receive, the warmest appreciation.

THE STORY OF A SURGEON. By Sir John Bland-Sutton. 12s. 6d. (Methuen.)

The eminent surgeon who here gives us his reminiscences is nothing if not thorough in any task he assumes, and here provides us with the comprehensive, precise and absorbingly interesting survey of a career any Englishman might be proud of. His father was "what is commonly called in villages a Naturalist." Himself, "the smallest and weakliest" of seven children, was left much to his own devices in his early days, but "the surroundings in which I lived were such as to make a boy interested in natural history." His father "had a local reputation for grafting fruit trees and rose trees, extracted children's teeth, stitched wounds and charmed warts from the hands and fingers of boys and girls. All sorts of curious natural history specimens were brought to him, such as leverets with two heads, rats and rabbits with overgrown incisor teeth, chicks and ducklings with extra wings or legs, albino birds and moles." He watched his father skinning a partridge, and inquired what the hole in the skull was through which the spinal cord passed to the brain. "The great occipital hole or foramen" was the answer that supplied the future surgeon's first lesson in anatomy, quickly to be followed by similar acquaintance with the elements of physiology, toxicology and even euthanasia, and before this earnest student's schooldays were over his vocation was an *idée fixe*. There were practical difficulties in the way, but dogged determination enabled him to save the requisite fees from meagre earnings as a school teacher, and in 1878, at the age of twenty-three, he was admitted a student of the Middlesex Hospital Medical School. With that great institution his career was to be bound up in the most intimate way for fifty years, a period synchronising with the transformation of surgery from conditions almost of mediævalism (the account of operating methods in vogue in the seventies is quite horrifying) to the perfection of modern practice. For a quarter of a century now Sir John has been at the top of his professional tree, his reputation and industry earning for him the wherewithal to gratify tastes that range from tropical travel to the construction of Persian dining courts in his town house. Whether discussing "shop" or his varied intellectual hobbies, he writes entertainingly. His book is suitably and plentifully illustrated with his own photographs.

THE CHASTE MISTRESS. By Constance Hagberg Wright. 7s. 6d. (John Lane.)

"On Friday, April 10, 1779, I had been present at the trial of the unfortunate Mr. Hackman, who, in a fit of frantic jealous love, had shot Miss Ray, the mistress of a nobleman." Thus James Boswell, in the spring of 1779. This novel, a trifle of just over two hundred pages, is vividly written, and recaptures the atmosphere of the period with the utmost fidelity. The story upon which the book is based is well known, of course, to readers of the social history of the eighteenth century, and to those who dabble in the annals of crime. A young ensign, James Hackman, fell in love with Martha Ray, the youthful daughter of a London stay-maker, who became the mistress of John Montagu, fourth Earl of Sandwich. Hackman fell in love with the girl, abandoned the army for the Church, hoping to better his financial position, begged her again and again to marry him. Finally, in a fit of jealous rage, he shot her as she was leaving Covent Garden Theatre. It is a simple story, but admirably cast into the form of fiction by Mrs. Hagberg Wright, who turns what was in fact a sordid business into a very interesting romance.

Books of the Month.

From August 12th to September 12th.

(Books reviewed in this Number are not included in list.)

What a different reception this book would have had ten or eleven years ago! Twelve years ago **MRS. FISCHER'S WAR**, by Henrietta Leslie (7s. 6d.; Jarrolds), would have been censored for daring to portray a German gentle and affectionate, but with so genuine an attachment to his own country that in stress of war it overrides his love for the country of his adoption—England—and forces him into the tragic position of fighting for Germany while his wife is in England and his own son in the British ranks. The story is told from the standpoint of that gallant, unfortunate wife, English by birth, yet treated as an alien in her own land; loving her husband, yet having to hear him spoken of as an enemy, and reviled by their son. Humiliated, suspected, debarred from working and from social intercourse, Janet Fischer comes valiantly through her ordeal, and we are sane enough in these days to realise the folly and cruelty and injustice of those times. The atmosphere of the war period is cleverly reproduced, and the story told simply, straightforwardly, without straining after effect.

Upon the life of John the Baptist, such as we know it in the New Testament, Mr. John Lindsey in **THE VOICE OF ONE** (7s. 6d.; Chapman & Hall) sheds the light of imagination, showing the character of the man, etching into the background of his great mission details of a life which, when not actually authentic, are probable enough to carry conviction, and give movement and colour to the life of the period. John's doubts concerning his own teaching, his fear lest Christ may after all not be the true Messias, the conflicts with his natural desires, lend strength to the story and are intensely moving. John tortures himself with doubt, distressed because Christ's followers are all poor people. "He had all the very poor man's fear and respect for the rich, knowing how wealth can move the mountains which stand firm against the onslaughts of faith." Mr. Lindsey may have written the book in some seven weeks, as he states at the end, but it must have been the result of long and careful study, as well as shrewd psychological insight and a sympathetic understanding of human weakness and human strength.

A rousing story of Jacobite times, Miss Winifred Duke's new book, **THE DROVE ROAD** (7s. 6d.; Jarrolds), has for heroine a simple, honest little Scots girl who, in attempting to thwart her uncle's plots against the Pretender, finds herself married by a fluke to the man she loves and cruelly misunderstood by him. During Prince Charlie's perilous march southward and bitter retreat the affairs of the young couple get into a pretty tangle; they are beset with dangers and misunderstandings, and, being far apart and living in troublous days, are victims of rumours that put their faith in each other to a hard test. Miss Duke follows the old school of romance which so many writers of historical novels have abandoned nowadays, and in "The Drove Road" you may find all the usual elements of love and exciting adventure, with a happy ending to atone for the lovers' misfortunes.

Readers of Mr. John Oxenham's "God's Candle" will remember that its last chapter was a letter from the rich young Roman, Cornelius Pudens Flaccus, to his friend at Rome, Sergius Paulus Græcinus, in which he tells how he threw a stone at Jesus as He struggled along the Via Dolorosa and received from Him a look that shot right through him, deep into his very heart. Something of what he had learned of Jesus from John Mark and his mother Mary he tells his friend in that letter, which is reprinted as the first chapter of Mr. Oxenham's new book, **THE SPLENDOUR OF THE DAWN** (5s.; Longmans), which tells the story of the early days of Christianity in further letters of Cornelius to his friend. Through his friendship with John Mark he comes into the

closest contact with the Nazarene's disciples, visits His home at Nazaret, and was there on the shore of Galilee when the Risen Master waited by the fire for the coming of His disciples to land. At all the events recorded by Luke in "Acts" he was present, a moved observer; finally telling of the day when, from a workshop in Nazaret, he and John Mark saw a weary man limping up the hill-path, and recognised him with fear clutching at their hearts, for it was Saul—Saul who can persuade some that he was now indeed the slave of Him whom once he had persecuted, but cannot persuade Cornelius or John Mark who, though he ultimately forgave, could never forget what Saul had been. There the book ends, save for an epilogue that tells how at last Cornelius Flaccus came to Britain as Legate for the unruly province of Flavia Cæcariensis, dying at last at Camalodunum, loved for his Christlike ways even by the wild and obstinate ones among whom his lot was cast. Mr. Oxenham's use of the stories of "Acts" is entirely uncritical—he even describes the happening at Pentecost as an actual gift of the power to speak in other languages—but though the reader may wonder at his *naïveté*, it is impossible to be other than charmed by the simplicity and reverent restraint with which he has done his work. It deserves the popularity it is sure to have.

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Portrait by Vaughan & Freeman.

Miss Ivy M. Clayton,

Author of "Outside Heaven's Gates."

See page 89.

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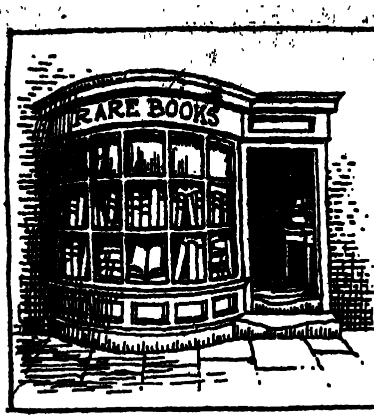
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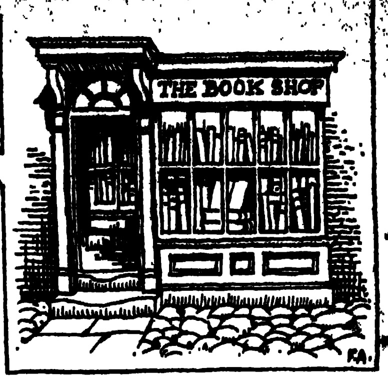
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The COLLECTOR

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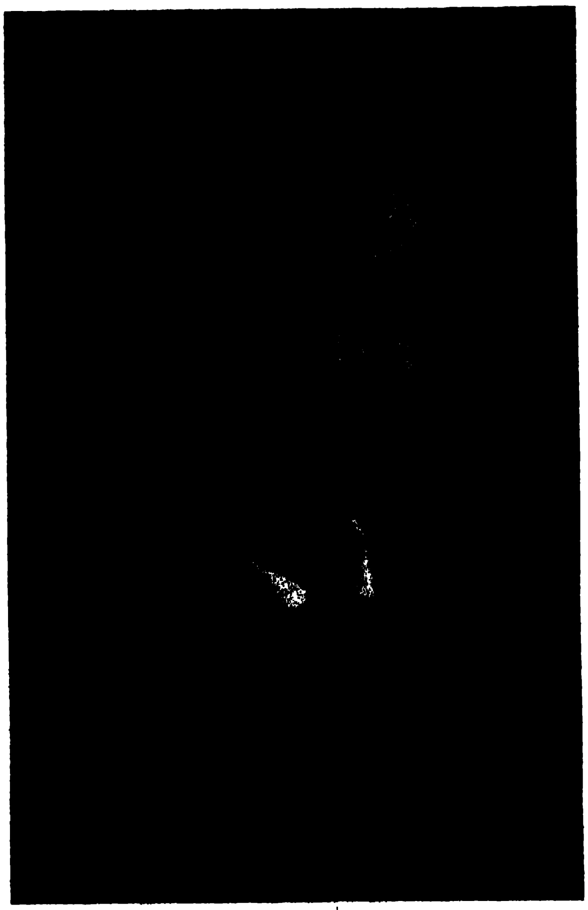


WHAT IS A FIRST EDITION?

SECOND ARTICLE.

LAST month I made some modest effort to tell of the simple things that distinguish a first edition. As I said, the ordinary first edition is indicated usually by the wording on the back of a title page, although in many cases there are other details to consider before actually coming to the conclusion that a book is or is not a first edition.

These are what we call "points." I do not like the word; but it covers the situation fairly well. You may possibly memorise these points if you are sufficiently busy in the matter of collecting, but even those of us who are concerned with the business for the greater part of our lives may well forget something of the utmost importance. A good memory is of course a most excellent thing. But I do not advise relying upon it. These articles which appear in "The Collector" section are expressly written for the genuine book collector, and therefore I strongly suggest that all the points connected with book-collecting should be noted, not only in the mind, but on a card. We may well come to know, without reference to any help, the general matters surrounding a first edition, but a particular point may escape us. Therefore an aid to memory is essential and desirable. I do not rely upon my memory; I have a carefully planned system which has always proved effective, and in some later article I will give the reader particulars of it.



Portrait by Vaughan & Freeman. **Mr. Robert Graves.**

And what are some of the much talked of "points" belonging to a first edition? I will deal with a few of them. Yet many books may each have some particular point about the first edition quite different from other works. Hence you will see how really important it is that you should have some method by which the special details may be recorded.

For instance (I am speaking generally), a first edition may be only a first edition if it is the first edition of the first issue. I do not quite see eye to eye with all these special considerations, but they seem to be the fashion, and we must I suppose accept them. Possibly the so-called first edition, the real first issue, may contain something, a very minute difference that was corrected in the printing. It may be just a single word on one of the pages. It might even be a trivial correction on the title page, or an alteration in the wrapper, purely unimportant. And yet that little change may make a difference of pounds between the prices of both. I have, in earlier issues of THE BOOKMAN, given some instances of this. And however much we may disagree with the custom, there it is, and we have got to accept it. Of course, when there is a real difference we may not cavil at it. There is the more or less recent case of Mr. Graves's noteworthy work, "Good-bye To All That," of which I have before spoken. The first issue of the first edition contains a poem which is omitted in subsequent editions. This is worth three or four times as much as the later "first edition." Why call it the first issue of the first edition I do not understand. Either it is or it is not the actual first edition. One might well carry this method to the extreme, and say that the only real first edition is that copy that was actually completed first! There you have the farcical side of first editions. However, in searching for the first editions of the books that are wanted, we must very carefully bear in mind these facts, among the many dozens that the collector must have before him before he makes his purchase.

There will not be room to deal with all the points in this article. I shall cover all the others in later articles. Before finishing this article I would like to emphasise another matter that is not always realised by the collector. The first edition of a book in its ordinary form—that is the regular, or what is sometimes called the library edition—is not necessarily the first edition, or at least that first edition which commands the

highest price. The actual first edition may be in a limited form, published at possibly two or three guineas, in a larger form, on finer paper, and signed by the author. It may command a higher price, and probably does in most instances, than the ordinary edition. But even the latter may be of considerable value. Putting these points on one side, both the limited and the first ordinary edition may each be high-priced. A striking instance of this is to be found in Mr. Milne's " When We Were Very Young." A very small edition, you may remember, was printed of this in a limited form and signed by the author. It was priced at about, I think, a couple of guineas. A copy nowadays fetches anything between £50 or £60. During the high price period last year one had to pay £75 for it, when a copy was available. The first ordinary edition was then fetching £20 or so. It was published at but a few shillings.

But all limited signed editions are not likely to enhance in price. In fact there have been so many of late that many of them have depreciated in price. It is well to consider carefully, in our peregrinations for first editions, whether we are buying a purely limited edition as such, or whether it is the actual first edition. If it is the latter, then it may well have a greater value than if it is merely a limited edition. I could give you many instances of where the ordinary edition of a book is the real first edition, the limited edition being a later issue. There is the case of Mr. Sassoon's " Memoirs of a Fox-Hunting Man," the limited edition of which was published much later than the first edition of the ordinary issue. In the case of some of Lord Dunsany's books, the first editions were the limited ones, and this is clearly shown on the back of the title pages of the ordinary editions. Here I might mention that both the editions of Mr. Galsworthy's " Forsyte Saga " have considerable value. The present market price of the limited signed one is still in the neighbourhood of £50, and the ordinary £12 to £15. This latter edition once reached £25, and will do so again, I think, and will go even higher as the market recovers itself.

A REMARKABLE CATALOGUE.

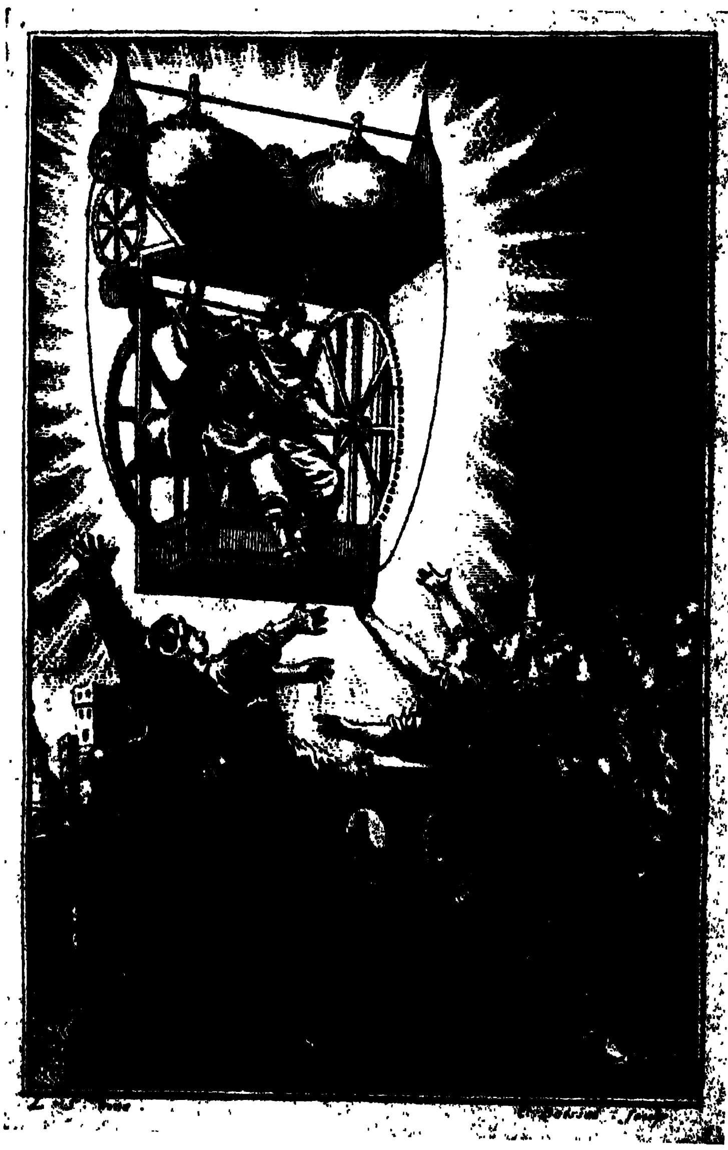
It is a most distinguished publication ; there is no other word for it. The publishers are Messrs. Gumuchian & Cie, of 112, Rue de Richelieu, Paris, and it is described as the " Catalogue de Reliures du XV au XIX Siècle." It is doubtful if so handsome a catalogue has been published in France for many years, and it is a production, both as to typography and bibliographic worth, of which both printers and publishers may be justly proud. This twelfth catalogue of Fine Bindings is most beautifully illustrated with a great number of reproductions of some of the finest examples of bindings extant. Several are in colour, and the preparation of the catalogue must indeed have taken a long time. A very helpful index has been included. Some of the books that are offered for sale run to thousands of francs. There is a 1543 item, for instance, priced at 75,000 francs. It is "Julii Solini Polyhistor," by Julius C. Solinus ; a very rare edition of the works of Pomponius Mela and Julius Solinus. There are close upon four hundred entries in this truly remarkable catalogue. Particulars of the binding in each case are given both in French and English. Only a thousand copies have

been made of the ordinary edition, and one hundred on very special paper. I am sure the claim that it is one of the finest catalogues on the subject ever issued, is justified. Another feature that I shall find very helpful, from time to time, are the bibliographical notes on the subject of bindings.

VARIOUS CATALOGUES.

Writing at the end of the summer, I find not a few catalogues awaiting attention on my desk. One of my most pleasing experiences is the number of letters that come during the month expressing interest, to say the least, in the lists of those firms of whom correspondents had not previously known. This is exactly the kind of service that "The Collector" had planned to give. The book collector is increasing in numbers, and these catalogue notes are intended to give the fullest information on the matter, and to make known to the reader the names of those houses of whom heretofore the genuine book collector had not heard.

Readers might do well to ask Mr. Gilbert Jamieson to send his lists. There is always something good in them. I was very much attracted by a short list of works, by modern and nineteenth century authors, which reached me a day or two since. There were titles in this list that I wanted. The Jamieson list is a varied one. I was particularly attracted by such works as an interesting collection of many books by Mr. Brett Young, whom I have mentioned several times as decidedly worth collecting. In view of his increasing importance as a novelist, the prices at which his books are offered are moderate. Then there are a number of books by H. M. Tomlinson, Hugh Walpole, J. M. Barrie, Henry Williamson, A. E. Coppard, John Galsworthy and many others among the moderns. Among the authors of other days, I might mention Carlyle, Wilde, Lytton, Ruskin, Byron (several editions of his works), Wilkie Collins and George Eliot. A list worth getting, and the books are all guaranteed as in fine condition.



Frontispiece from La Follie (L. G. de)
Le Philosophe sans Prétention ou l'homme rare. Paris, 1775.
From Messrs. Maggs Bros.' Catalogue. No. 545.
Illustrating "The Evolution of the Airship and the Aeroplane."

Last month I referred to a very interesting catalogue that had been issued by Capell. More thought than ever before is being given to the preparation of catalogues relating in general to old and new books in what one might call the antiquarian class, and one of the most intelligent lists may be always found in the shop of Capell. A day or two since I received from this firm quite an excellent catalogue. Not a very long one, but an exceedingly good one: good in two ways. It contains a few hundred very choice items, and—this is always a fascination for me—it is very nicely produced. I am always a little disappointed with a list that contains a lot of good things offered us in a poor manner. This does not often happen, and certainly Mr. Capell has excellent taste in list production. In this recent one of his he includes the first editions of many of those authors who have arrived, or are about to arrive or who will arrive, as the saying goes, in the near future, and of whom I have been writing in the past issues of The Bookman. If you have not seen the list, do get one.

It is, alas! never possible to write at as great length about the antiquarian catalogues that reach me as I would wish. Many readers have asked me to devote more attention to the catalogues. Almost I am persuaded, but the hard problem of space forces me to abandon my desire. At the moment of writing, two copies of Mr. Herbert Tremayne's capital catalogue have reached me: one at the office and one at my flat. They are not wasted. Never throw a catalogue away when you have finished with it. Pass it on. You may discover a great book-lover this way. Many of the lists that come to me are kept for reference. The Tremayne list is a really valuable one. It includes all first editions; "First and Second Jungle Books," "Just-So Stories," the "Crock of Gold"—a wonderful story—some D. H. Lawrence books and a crowd of others really too numerous to mention. One thing I notice always about Mr. Tremayne's lists are the modest prices. And bear in mind, the market is low these

days, and now is the time to buy. But be wise in your selection. If you have any doubts, write "The Collector" a line, and every help possible will be given.

A new catalogue has arrived from Quaritch. You know how highly I regard these lists. The one before me is devoted to rare and valuable books of all sorts. Being something of an association book maker for my own delectation, rather than for the pleasure of others—which is really very selfish,—I revelled in the section devoted to association books. No less than thirteen pages are given to such works. It is a worthy list, and most desirable for every kind of book collector. Plenty of books of a bibliographical nature are to be found in it, besides books on bookbinding, political economy and sports and pastimes, all very scarce and valuable, many at prices that are well within the means of most of us. Quite a lot of books in English literature, works from famous English presses, Oriental literature and no end of other kinds of volumes.

I am not much of a flying man myself. I'm more happy among my books. But I have been up in the R 100! So, naturally enough, the Maggs descriptive catalogue of books and engravings and medals illustrating the evolution of the airship and the aeroplane have appealed to me greatly. It is not only a useful list; it is a most valuable one. And in a manner it is unique. Anyhow it is the most comprehensive of its kind that has come my way. Even to non-flying people—of whom I am one—it is vastly interesting. I shall not let this copy out of my hands. We reproduce an illustration from this catalogue.

Many kind readers of this section write and say no end of nice things about it, which makes me feel that it is serving a good purpose. Often they ask me from what direction they may look for information about forthcoming fine editions. In a general and modest way we try to give this information, or rather the cream of it, in these desultory notes about catalogues, or in "The Market" column. You might well however ask Miller & Gill to send you regularly their list, which is always full of the most up-to-date information. I always use their catalogues; they are so reliable. Here I am looking at their recent list entitled "Fine Editions" issued by modern private presses and other publishers. A well printed list; and I wish I could write more about it.

Not all the entertaining catalogues arrive by way of the office. Often they come to my home. Sometimes I wonder whether the postman thinks I am gathering as many lists as I can for the rag-and-bone man, or if I have some other nefarious scheme up my sleeve. I try to receive *all* the antiquarian catalogues, so that I may make these notes as comprehensive as possible. The Export Book Co. are ever ready to send their catalogues to those who are interested, and naturally, when I asked them to send them to me, they came by return. And I hope they will continue to do so. I have two on my desk. One is called "Rareties," containing a number of very valuable rare books of the past, and a considerable number of modern first editions; the other

gives in detail the contents of a valuable library, purchased privately. This latter list comprises a number of Dickens first editions. I like the note on the front page of this list (which is perfectly true): "Notwithstanding the repeated American crashes, Dickens first editions have actually advanced in value during this critical period."

Francis Edwards Ltd. have issued a catalogue of books, pamphlets, engravings and other things relating to South and Central America; J. S. Billingham, a short catalogue, No. 149, of books of a varied and interesting character; William H. Robinson, List No. 30 of English and Foreign Literature, containing a great number—something over a thousand items of a most attractive kind, and is as good a miscellaneous collection as I have seen for some weeks; another very readable catalogue from J. D Miller, comprising an interesting collection of modern first editions, association copies, autograph letters, etc., including a really nice copy of Arnold Bennett's "Old Wives' Tale" for £75; and short lists from G. T. Lines and Reginald Atkinson—many firsts and a number of excellent autographs; besides some longish lists from Smith & Son of Southport, Messrs Baxendine and Low's Bookstalls.

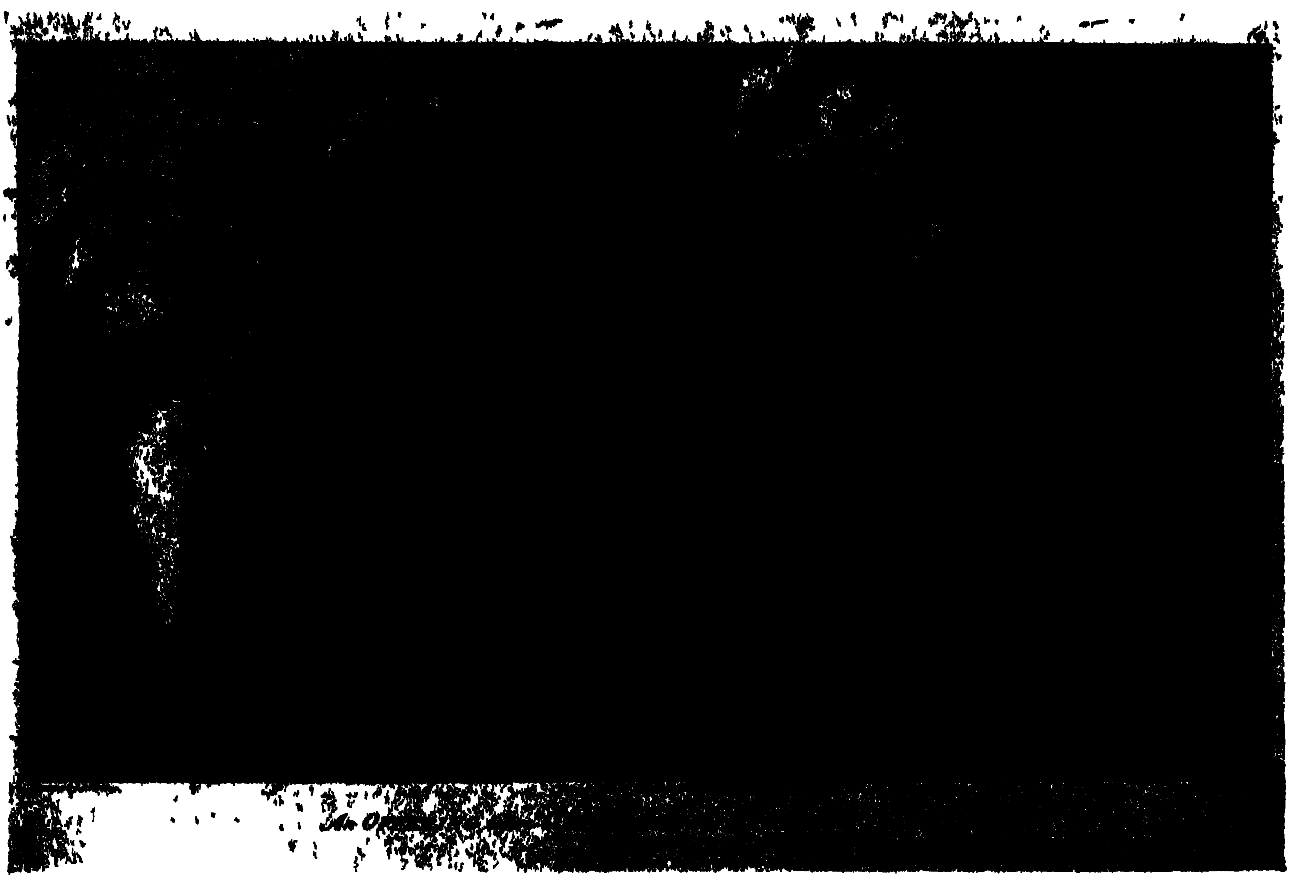
All of the catalogues I have mentioned above are worth the most careful perusal, even though some may be short ones. It does not follow of course that these are not interesting; often they are very readable and generally contain books that are scarce

THE MARKET.

In spite of the fact that prices in the English market continue low for first editions, it is not always the case in America. Those early books by Mr. Galsworthy, "Jocelyn," "A Man of Devon" and "From the Four Winds," are all maintaining their high figures on the other side of the Atlantic. His first book, "From the Four Winds," published in 1897, of which only five hundred copies were printed, sold at auction last year for £154, and a copy was offered to me the other day for £70. I saw a copy in an American list recently, marked at $1,000—roughly £200. Similarly I suppose it would be possible to buy a first edition of "Jocelyn," which was Mr. Galsworthy's second work, for $1,000 in New York. Here the current price is considerably less than £100. Not so long since a copy was auctioned for £50, while a couple of years ago it sold for something like £210 No less than $1,200 is being asked for "A Man from Devon." I dare say you could buy a copy for something less than £100 these days, although one was sold a year or so since for £155

Messrs. Gumuchian & Cie, of Paris, whose fine catalogue of bindings we have mentioned elsewhere, are issuing next month a catalogue of Children's Books of all ages and languages We shall look forward to this. It will be in two volumes; the text will carefully describe something like 4,000 books in English and French, while the second volume will contain many illustrations, some of which will be coloured. In due course we shall give a detailed review of this catalogue.

"The Georgian Confession Book," which Mr. Gilbert



From Captain James Cook's "Three Voyages Round the World."

From Messrs. Francis Edwards's Catalogue of Early Navigators and Their Voyages, Shipbuilding, Log Books, Pictures, etc.

H. Fabes has compiled, is worth getting. It is published by Foyles at 7s. 6d. net. Mr. Fabes writes an introduction, and there are confessions from Mary Agnes Hamilton, M.P., A. E. Coppard, Rhys Davies, "A Victorian Girl," "A Georgian Girl," Gilbert H. Fabes and many others.

Dana's "Two Years Before the Mast" costs about $200 nowadays in America; the limited "Forsyte Saga," $125; Graves's "Good-bye To All That," $25—which suggests that prices are not so low on the other side of the Atlantic. In the same catalogue were included: "Echoes," by Two Writers—a Kipling item—$3,000; "This Book-Collecting Game," a delightful work, by A. Edward Newton, $40; Shaw's "Androcles," $60; Stephens's "Crock of Gold," $125; the first edition of Stevenson's "Father Damien," privately printed for R. L. S. at Sydney for private circulation among his friends, $750. We feel convinced that there is a great likelihood of distinct improvement in the market for rare books and modern first editions before long; in fact we already see a tendency towards an improvement in prices. Incidentally the latest entry in a catalogue of "Jocelyn" that we have seen, was marked at £85, and this was not a particularly good copy. We have every faith in the market improving.

A revised edition of "The Sea and the Jungle," by H. M. Tomlinson, is being published, with a foreword by the author. Clare Leighton has illustrated it with nineteen woodcuts. There will be five hundred copies signed by the author. This is Mr. Tomlinson's earliest book, first editions of which are scarce, and the price sometimes reaches to £50 and more for a good copy. A signed copy is even rarer, and commands very much more. Duckworths are publishing the new edition, and also limited signed editions of Mr. Galsworthy's "Loyalties" · Mr. Osbert Sitwell's "Dumb-Animal Stories," and Mr. Evelyn Waugh's "Labels."

Here are some limited editions for the careful attention of collectors. Some are signed, but all are limited in numbers. Here and there one or two are already out:

- "French Romanesque Sculpture (Eleventh and Twelfth Centuries)." By Paul Deschamps.
- "Elegy." By Rebecca West.
- "Early Indian Sculpture." Two vols. By L. Bachhofer.
- "Moby Dick." Three vols. By Herman Melville. Illustrated by Rockwell Kent.
- "Undine." By F. H. K. de la Motte-Fouque. Illustrated by Allen Lewis.
- "Dostoievsky's Legend of the Grand Inquisitor." With an introduction by the late D. H. Lawrence. Translated by S. S. Koteliansky.
- "One Hundred Lyrics." By Eden Phillpotts.
- "Mackerel Sky." By Helen Ashton.
- "Blind Man's Mark" (previously announced as "Adrian Glynde"). By Martin Armstrong.
- "St. Christopher's Day." By Martin Armstrong.
- "Dewer Rides." By L. A. G. Strong.
- "The Flying Horse." Illustrated by Ceri Richards.

"Chelsea Way." By André Maurois.
"Two Stories." By Richard Aldington.
"My First Play." By Lady Gregory.
"English Sculpture from 1530 to 1800." By Katherine Esdaile.
"Angel Pavement." By J. B. Priestley.

CLEGG'S INTERNATIONAL DIRECTORY.*

We have been waiting for this new issue of the famous "Clegg's Directory" for a long time, and we are glad that at last it has come. It is doubtful if there is anything more complete. In the old days it was an indispensable reference book; and to-day the new issue will be equally useful. Of course it has a first appeal to those who are engaged in the making and distribution of books in some form or another; but the general interest in books has expanded so much in late years that there must be many people, outside those specially interested, who will find this volume of much help to them. The work provides us with lists of booksellers in all parts of the world, and all those other firms who have so much to do with the making of a book. There is also a list of literary agents, and a longish list of book-collectors in the volume, as well as a list of antiquarian booksellers from whom the collector may secure a catalogue.

THE MODERN FIRST EDITION MARKET—ITS PAST, PRESENT AND FUTURE.

By Gilbert H. Fabes.

By the end of the year 1929 we had reached the finish of a definite period in English Literature which will become known as the "twenties," and this year of grace has seen an undoubted change in the attitudes of the collectors of modern first editions.

The English collectors who had tried to compete against the high prices paid by the American speculators have found themselves in possession of first editions of modern authors which have dropped to one half of the prices paid, and the American speculators, or rather the speculative type of book collector has lost a little of his faith in the cash securities of his rare modern books. The English booksellers who catered for the speculators did not have time to free themselves of their burdens of high priced auction-room purchases of 1929, and many have vainly sought to obtain the averages obtainable before the Wall Street crash. It will take a few months yet for them to have the courage to alter their opinions and adjust prices to the new standards, but I foresee by the middle of next year a steady revival and demand for the best modern first editions. Since the beginning of the demand for moderns, which came two years or so after the War, and actively continued during the "twenties," the English modern book trade has flourished, and America possesses an enormous number of the best first editions of our great contemporaries.

For many of these, judging them by present day standards, they have paid heavily, and the reactions are likely to make themselves felt by a comparative mistrust of the soundness of our books as investments. There is evidence of this in the stronger demand at present for the American "high spots," being the first editions of their own best authors.

However, there will not be too many of these to go round, and it is safe to predict a long delayed rise in the prices of these books.

* "Clegg's International Directory of Booksellers, Publishers, Binders, Paper Makers, Printers, Agents, Book Collectors, etc.: 1930-31." New Series: No. 2. £1 15s. net. (Gravesend: The Librarian, Windmill Street.)

Now it is certain that the average American book collector has an undoubted preference for the English modern first edition for, peculiarly, America has few modern authors of merit, and England has a very long list.

We have in Shaw, Barrie, Galsworthy, Kipling, Wells and Bennett, six authors who form the backbone of the modern book market, and there are probably twenty others who can be reckoned worthy of serious consideration. At random I would mention Siegfried Sassoon, H. M. Tomlinson, A. E. Coppard, J. B. Priestley, Aldous Huxley, the Sitwells, Hugh Walpole, R. H. Mottram, John Masefield and Henry Williamson.

This is a fine list, and each writer has produced one or more books which are likely to be read and sought after in twenty years time.

The strength of English literature depends a great deal upon the support of the English reading public, and in this present year there have been too many pessimists among the ranks of the collectors, booksellers, publishers and authors.

I do not believe that there is any real reason for pessimism, for my faith is in the work which is being produced by the authors and publishers, and in the appreciative qualities of the English bookbuying public, collectors and readers both, and in the sound common sense of the booksellers. That is why I believe that during 1931, the staggering effects of the fall in prices will have worn off, and more sanity will be introduced into the fine hobby of book-collecting.

This can be done by a firm co-operation on the part of all interested in our literature. I would suggest first that those authors who now realise themselves to be among the "collected" should refrain from forcing themselves to write as many books as possible in order to satisfy the craze for their first editions, and from lending their names to signed and limited productions of presumed masterpieces on hand-made paper.

I suggest that publishers should become alive to the needs of the first edition market, but that they do not attempt to exploit it by manufacturing "rarities."

The booksellers, coming into direct contact with the collectors, may advise the purchase of the best new books by authors of merit, eliminating the fantastic high-priced volumes made for the exhausted "collectors' market," and introducing more sanity into the valuations of older first editions to meet the new standard of price which is arriving. The collectors, being last but not least, may be relied upon to appreciate the opportunities which now present themselves for obtaining good and reasonably rare, or important, books at prices freed from the overwhelming and damaging influence of the power of the dollar.

Beyond this point of criticism and suggestion I do not wish to go further at present, but this article is written for the purpose of supporting one branch of the English book trade in particular, for the benefit of all who may be interested in it.

Undoubtedly one of the outstanding features of the present year's publishing has been the evident increase in the demand for the new first editions of our best writers. Advance orders for such books as Priestley's "Angel Pavement" and Masefield's and Sassoon's new books have been very heavy. The over-subscription of one thousand sets of Shaw at thirty guineas is a sign of good health, for it is evident that the number of book collectors has increased, and that they are not perturbed by the fact that a rare Shaw or Barrie has brought thirty or forty pounds less than the highest auction-room price of this time last year.

It is interesting to note, too, the steady rise in the values of the first editions of such books as Priestley's "Good Companions," Sassoon's "Memoirs of a Fox Hunting Man," Blunden's "Undertones of War" and other comparatively recent books.

These books are being bought by collectors who have gained much wisdom by their experiences through the years, and I believe that the works of the Poet Laureate will rise steadily and calmly, an evidence of the new sanity of book collecting.

MODERN BRITISH AUTHORS.*

Every now and then someone tries his hand at making a bibliography that will serve as some sort of guide to those modern authors whom people should collect; but it is almost a hopeless task at the outset. For the simple reason no such bibliography can be complete. Some author, of more or less importance, is bound to be left out. And that author is sure to be the very one in which we are particularly interested. But we would not decry the efforts that are made to give us some sort of a guide in the peregrinations of our collecting. The wise collector will always decide to add these helps-by-the-way to his shelf of books about books.

The book before us is an extremely helpful volume for all collectors, and the authors—B. D. Cutler and Villa Stiles—have done their work well. They knew at the beginning of their task that it could in no sense ever be complete, and are honest about it: " We make no explanation for the authors included. Except that most of them were chosen because of their importance to the furtherance of English literature and because of their commanding place in the collector's esteem. And we admit quite candidly that a certain few names point to the creeping in of our own fancy . . . " So, with such words before us, how can we cavil because of the volume's incompleteness? But we do not want to. Book collectors are people of friendly minds, and to the authors of this valuable work —for it is valuable—we give thanks for so willingly attempting a piece of work that is, as they so happily put it, " the result of a hobby."

There are many English authors of whom " The Collector " has written since his section started and has advised us to collect, who are missing from this compilation. All the same, you will agree that it is a most useful volume, and I advise collectors to get a copy. The list of authors is too long to give here, but it includes a list of the writings, up to the present year, of no less than forty authors. The compilers disclaim that it is in no sense " a perfect contribution to bibliographic lore," and I much like their readiness to receive suggestions from " booksellers and collectors in regard to points and omissions," as most assuredly they will!

In this work there are included more than two thousand titles of famous books by dead and living authors. The list of the Kipling items contains some editions not before described in book form; a list of Conan Doyle books includes some not generally known; and there is a long list of H. G. Wells's books. These are special features among many others. The compilers are well known American collectors. At one time they were actively engaged in the rare book business; so in no way may we look on their excellent work as an amateur effort. Some two years were spent in the preparation of it. In their lists of Barrie and Kipling apparently the compilers were fortunate in having access to important collections of these authors' works. The Kipling list extends to twenty-five pages, which will give some idea how thoroughly the work of this bibliography has been done. The Wells list runs to eight pages. At the end of the volume is a two-page reference list of biographies.

I wish that so useful a volume had had some blank pages inserted, so that the collector might be in a position to add later publications. My copy is going to the bookbinder for this purpose. That is a small detail. The volume is largely intended for the layman, although I suspect that even the expert will find it well worth using. " In many places we have disregarded the technique of the bibliographer in order to attain to the simplest method of explanatory description. The book is intended to be a 'tool' which will make clear the features and points of first editions and other collected items."

* " Modern British Authors: Their First Editions." Compiled by B. D. Cutler and Villa Stiles. 21s. net. (Allen & Unwin.)



Perspective View of the City of Bath, in Somersetshire, 1760.
Engraved for the Modern Universal British Traveller.

THE NEW BATH GUIDE.

This is a delightful little book to secure, and not too scarce for a modest purse. Although it was first published in 1766, five or six editions rapidly appeared, and each is materially as good as the other, though the editions of 1804 and 1807 have charming illustrations as well. "So much wit, so much humour, fun and poetry, so much originality never met together before," said Horace Walpole in commending it to George Montagu. And we might well ask why the author, Christopher Anstey, and his book found such immediate popularity.

The *Guide* declares in his Preface that this is "a Collection of Letters written by a Family during their Residence at Bath." And in fact each letter is an exquisite and finished piece of writing, depicting with playful irony the many distractions and conventions of sophisticated society at Bath during the "season." The leisured classes of London, flaccid with the demands of a round of gaiety which grew more and more reckless each year, fled each autumn to Tunbridge Wells, or to Harrogate, or Bath, to "take the waters" and generally to rusticate and recuperate. At least that was the intention. Ostensibly these lively folk listened to the wise doctors like Guidott and Bayne, who spoke of the wonderful cures of the gout, vapours, and "English malady" effected by the chalybeate waters. But in reality they brought all their wicked little diversions along with them and opened a "small season" at their chosen "spaw."

Bath was luckily favoured early in the century, in the first place by the royal visit of Queen Anne in 1703, and in the second by the appearance of Beau Nash some years later. In his "Life of Richard Nash of Bath" Oliver Goldsmith relates how this erstwhile broken gamester raised the humdrum city of Bath into "the capital and most publick and gay Place in Europe."

Nash was the first "King of Bath," master of the public ceremonies, and generally responsible for arranging the entertainments and convenience of visitors to the city:

> "But alas! he is gone and the City can tell
> How in Years and in Glory lamented he fell; . . .
> In Reward of his Labours, his Virtue and Pains,
> He is footing it now in th'Elysian Plains."

It is with Bath after the time of Beau Nash that Anstey deals, while the city still revelled in the afterglow of his scintillating comet. Let us meet his family (the Blunderheads) on their arrival from London. They have jolted for a day and a half in the stage-coach along the great Bath Road. As they enter the streets of Bath the steeple bells are set pealing. This was a custom introduced by Nash, an instance of the ostentatious civility which Anstey pitilessly derides:

> "I thought, like a Fool, that they only would ring
> For a Wedding, or Judge, or the Birth of a King;
> But I found 'twas for Me, that the good-natur'd People
> Rung so hard that I thought they would pull down the Steeple;
> So I took out my Purse, as I hate to be shabby,
> And paid all the men when they came from the Abbey."

The last lines incidentally strike at the system of exorbitant tips and subscriptions which every visitor was expected, nay often required to pay, before entering the social circle of Bath.

The travellers having settled themselves at the Bear Hostel are serenaded early the following morning by the Town Band (another of Nash's institutions, and a further call on the visitor's purse). They are quickly surrounded by touts of all kinds, but especially by the quack-doctors and their accessories, the nurses.

> "The Doctor advis'd me to send for a Nurse;
> And the Nurse was so willing my Health to restore,
> She beg'd me to send for a few Doctors more."

The Blunderheads soon find themselves involved in a regular weekly programme of diversions, each item of which, together with the fops, beaux, belles, gamesters and canting ministers who made up the assembly, feels the tingle of Anstey's lively pen.

So the parading and masquerading begins:

> "For persons of Taste and true Spirit, I find,
> Are fond of attracting the Eyes of Mankind;
> What Numbers one sees, who, for that very Reason
> Come to make such a Figure at Bath every Season!"

Each morning the visitor wrapped himself in a blanket and was carried by "chair" to take a dip in one of the four different baths. He or she then visited the Pump-room to drink the waters and indulge in the morning's tattle. As we can well imagine, the baths soon became the pretext for the gossiping-club.

Anstey knew their foible:

"I take every Morning a Sup at the Water
Just to hear what is passing, and see what they're a'ter."

Of the scene in the bath he also has a comical picture:

"How the Ladies did giggle and set up their Clacks
All the While an old Woman was rubbing their Backs!
Oh, 'twas pretty to see them all put on their Flannels,
And then take the Water like so many Spaniels.
And tho' all the while it grew hotter and hotter,
They swam just as if they were hunting an Otter;
'Twas a glorious Sight to behold the fair Sex
All wading with Gentlemen up to their Necks,
And view them so prettily tumble and sprawl
In a great smoaking Kettle as big as our Hall."

So they disported while the orchestra blared away noisily in the gallery above. After the baths, the company formally paraded the town:

"O the charming parties made!
Some to walk the South Parade,
Some to *Lincomb's* shady Groves
Or to Simpson's proud Alcoves."

And after an early tea everyone prepared for the playhouse, or the public ball which was held twice a week, or the inevitable card-parties and tea-tables. Gaming ran high in Bath. Anstey's Captain Cormorant is typical of the many sharpers who came here in scores to fleece the brainless young fops of fashion:

"All eminent Men who no Trade ever knew
But *Gaming*, the only good Trade to pursue."

Beau Nash himself had set the pace; in fact, his own fortune was taken at the gaming tables. The rigorous anti-gaming laws passed in 1745 were disregarded by these pleasure-seekers. It is in fact the strain of the tables which causes Anstey's dupe to quit Bath:

"How wretched am I! what a fine Declamation
Might be made on the Subject of my Situation, . . .
For my Means are so small, and my Bills are so large,
I ne'er can come Home till you send a Discharge."

Upon the devotees of "loo" and "lansquenet" Anstey is particularly severe. Equally full of jaunty satire is his picture of one of the public balls, and of a public riverside breakfast given by one of the local celebrities, when, as Anstey laughingly comments:

"I never as yet could his Reason explain
Why we all sallied forth in the Wind and the Rain!
For sure such Confusion was never yet known;
Here a Cap and a Hat, there a Cardinal blown;
While his Lordship, embroider'd and powder'd all o'er,
Was bowing, and handing the Ladies ashore;
How the Misses did huddle, and scuddle and run;
One would think to be wet must be very good Fun;
For by waggling their Tails, they all seem'd to take Pains
To moisten their Pinions like Ducks when it rains."

We should like much to dilate further upon his many sly innuendoes, his picture of the ladies at hazard, of the conversation in the Pump-room, his unmasking of the hypocrisy of the clerical parasites of Bath, the whimsical effusions of dressing, of dancing, and eating at the famous bakery of Mr. Gill, of the sharp tongues ever at work:

"One would hope, my dear Mother, that Scandal would spare
The tender, and helpless, and delicate Fair;
But alas! the sweet Creatures all find it the Case
That Bath is a very censorious Place."

Although Anstey claims that his men and women are universal, and that—

"Sir Boreas Blubber and such stupid Faces,
Are at *London*, at *Bath* and all public Places";

yet he writes so spontaneously and acutely that many of his characters, in spite of their names, must have come under his special observation. Many of the names themselves are triumphant strokes of invention. Who can forget Mrs. Shenkin-ap-Leek, the Duchess of Truffles, Tabitha Runt or Miss Fubby Fatarmin. And although the book is essentially a "period piece" in its matter, it is so shot through with the weft of human laughter that it will never cease to entertain lovers of piquant verse and freakish humour.

PHILIP PARKER.

MARLOWE'S LIFE AND WORKS.*

The appearance of this new edition, in which both scholarship and popular appeal are attempted, of Christopher Marlowe's works is sure to be welcomed by those who read the Elizabethans for intelligent pleasure as well as by the students who will find an up-to-date edition helpful. There are to be six volumes, and the whole set, under the experienced editorship of Professor R. H. Case, is modelled on the excellent Arden Shakespeare.

The Life, which precedes "The Tragedy of Dido Queen of Carthage" in Volume I, is the only up-to-date complete biography of the brilliant and impetuous poet available to the general reader. While it is fully—almost too fully—annotated, Mr. Tucker Brooke's version is intensely interesting. Marlowe's Life is indeed the most interesting one of any of the Elizabethan writers, for there is much documented material, and the poet's vivid career, untimely ended in a stabbing affray, has always been a fruitful theme of literary historians. And, unfortunately, of the old puritanical moralists. Mr. Brooke is able to expose the growth of the legend of the good-for-nothing ruffian and blasphemer overtaken by divine justice, by quoting from a sequence of theological pamphleteers, many of whose brutal outpourings he gives in appendices. Quite recently, of course, the American Dr. Hotson threw fresh light on Marlowe's death by unearthing the court documents referring to the trial of Marlowe's slayer for murder. Some of these documents are quoted in Mr. Brooke's appendices, including the pardon in Latin of the murderer, Ingram Frizer, signed by Queen Elizabeth.

Mr. Tucker Brooke is not inclined to adopt the more "sensational" theories about Marlowe's death, as that he was assassinated for political reasons, by the instructions of Sir Walter Ralegh or of somebody else in the sovereign's confidence. Only a student equally well informed could venture to express any opinion on the conclusions reached in this biography, though they seem to the present writer reasonable enough. Mr. Tucker Brooke examines all the contemporary documents, and the references to Marlowe's death by his fellow poets, and he concludes that the fatal stabbing was more or less accidental, during a scuffle with Frizer which, according to Frizer, began by Marlowe jabbing the back of his head with a poniard. It appears that Marlowe was holding Frizer's dagger, Frizer grabbed at the dagger, and during the struggle Marlowe received a wound over the right eye which proved fatal. Really more important than all this are the details about Marlowe's family, his education and his intellectual interests, for after all his superb poetry is what matters to us, and that could not have come from a shallow or a dishonourable man.

"Dido," which Mr. Brooke thinks is an early work, is certainly an attractive one for the first volume. Its eloquent and unsubtle blank verse is full of a wild beauty, though lacking the full splendour of the mighty (rhetorical) Tamburlaine. In this fine edition of the drama by which (apart from "Doctor Faustus" and the lyrical narrative of Hero and Leander, which the bold Chapman completed to his own satisfaction) Marlowe is best known to readers generally, the value of up-to-date scholarship is very evident. Not a little difficulty in reading Elizabethan metrical dramas correctly has been due to the horrible state of the punctuation. This is one of the problems which Mr. Ellis-Fermor has painstakingly tackled, so that what with the thorough introduction, the ample notes, and (for this relief, much thanks!) large, clear type, the reading of Marlowe should now be an untroubled delight.

Ease in reading has been increased, also by the wise decision of the general editor that this edition of the Works should be printed in modernised spelling. As he says in the general preface in Volume I, Marlowe's thought "will no less reveal and inspire, and the appeal of his music will be undiminished, whether he is animating us with high-sounding terms or bewitching us with unfamiliar harmonies or—strange mystery—moving pity and terror with the squalid detail of a foul dungeon."

R. L. M.

* "The Works and Life of Christopher Marlowe." Vol. I: "The Life" and "Dido, Queen of Carthage." Edited by C. F. Tucker Brooke. 8s. 6d. Vol. II: "Tamburlaine the Great." Edited by U. S. Ellis-Fermor. 10s. 6d. (Methuen.)

NOVELS OF THREE CENTURIES.*

Of these three books, all of which may be commended on the grounds of comely typography, the Verona edition of Thomas Nash's best-known novel should appeal particularly both to collectors and to students of Elizabethan literature. The text is a reproduction of the earliest edition of "The Unfortunate Traveller" in the British Museum. Both type and paper are fine and the illustrations, chapter headings, tail-pieces and initial letters from blocks designed and cut by Mr. Hayden Mackey have a particular distinction. In addition there is an admirable critical and biographical introduction by Mr. Philip Henderson. Thomas Nash is chiefly remembered perhaps as a combative pamphleteer and a collaborator with Marlowe. But Mr. Henderson has done well to remind us that he holds a unique and solitary place among the early progenitors of the novel. Unlike his contemporary, Robert Greene, there was nothing of the euphuist in his make-up. He had a considerable inventive talent, but he put it to the service of real life and in describing the boisterous adventures of his scoundrel-hero, Jack Wilton, he originated in England a style of fiction which is generally attributed to Defoe.

"Lady Julia Mandeville" is a novel of a very different order. It appeared in 1763, when an appreciative reviewer wrote of its author that "she is as sentimental as Rousseau and as interesting as Richardson, without the caprice of the one, or the tediousness of the other." Like Richardson's "Pamela" it is in letter-form, and the following description of its heroine will suggest the quality of its sentiment—"Her whole form is delicate and feminine to the utmost degree; her complexion is fair, enlivened by the bloom of youth, and often diversified by blushes more beautiful than those of the morning; her features are regular; her mouth and teeth particularly lovely; her hair light brown; her eyes blue, full of softness, and strongly expressive of the exquisite sensibility of her soul. Her countenance, the beauteous abode of the Loves and the Smiles, has a mixture of sweetness and spirit, which gives life and expression to her charms." Nevertheless, like so much eighteenth century writing, its excesses of sensibility are balanced by a considerable degree of sense and sententiousness, and its artificiality by a satisfying artistic unity, while the final fate of the "angelic pair," whose love is the story's central theme, displays a ruthlessness of which only a sentimental writer would be capable.

The two tales by George Sand, both of which are well translated, were written respectively in 1847 and 1873. Yet though they belong to different phases in her tempestuous life, they are alike in the simplicity and charm of their sentiment. "The Country Waif" was the second of an originally planned series of rustic tales. "The Castle of Pictordu" was one of thirteen tales written for and read to her grandchildren. The hero of the first story, like the heroine of the second, embodies all the Christian virtues at some sacrifice to character and probability. But both stories are better regarded as fables, intended at once to entertain and edify. As such they make very pleasant reading, and particularly "The Castle of Pictordu," in which fact and fantasy are very graciously interwoven and goodness invested with the charms of poetry.

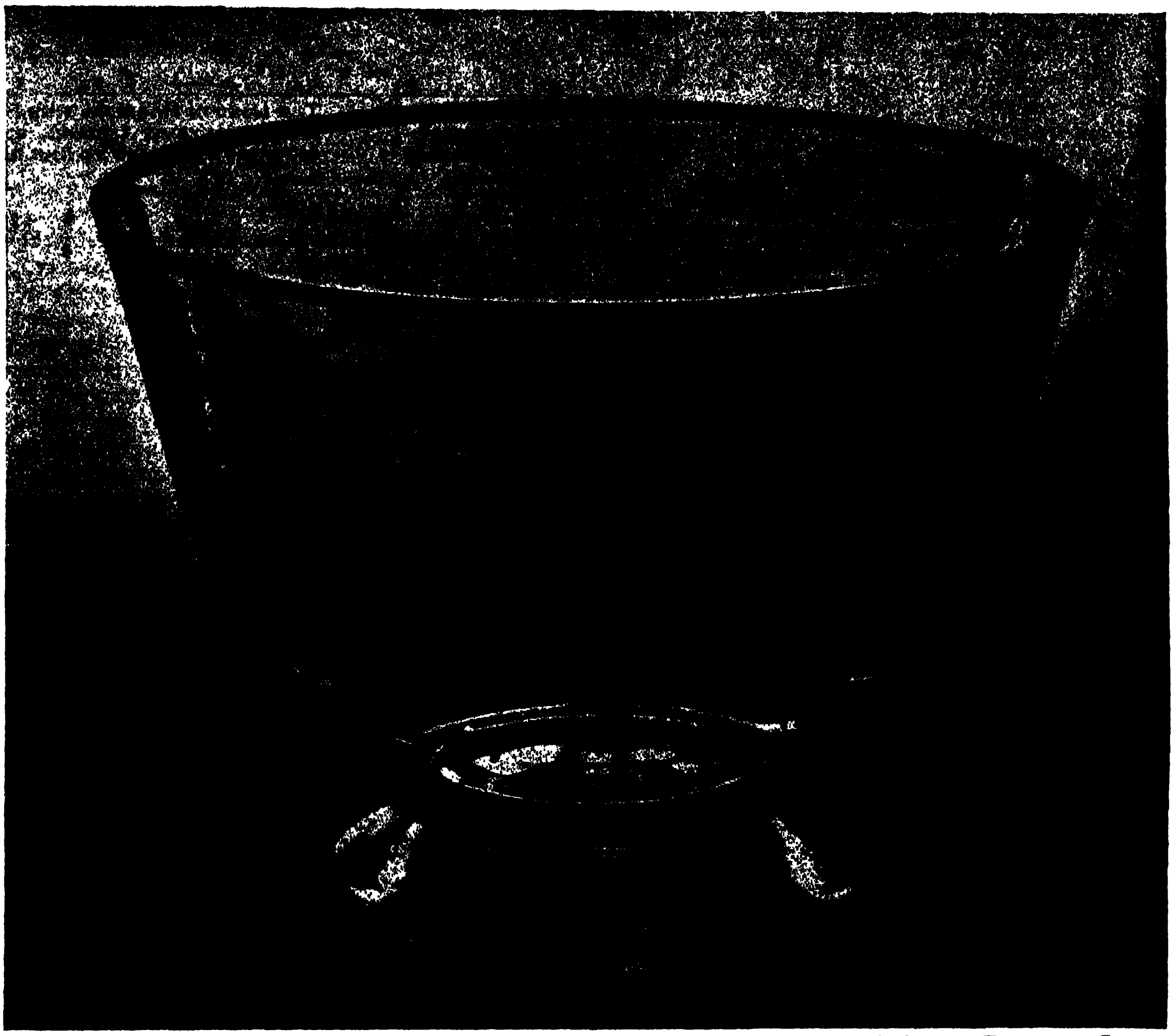
HUGH I'A. FAUSSET.

* "The Unfortunate Traveller." By Thomas Nash. Edited by Philip Henderson. Illustrated by Hayden Mackey. 18s. (Verona Society.)—"Lady Julia Mandeville." By Frances Brooke. Edited by E. Phillips Poole. 8s. 6d. (Scholartis Press.)—"The Country Waif." By George Sand. Translated by Eirene Collis. "The Castle of Pictordu." By George Sand. Translated by Philippa H. Watson. Introductory Note by Hamish Miles. 8s. 6d. (Scholartis Press.)

THE ARCHITECTURAL REVIEW.

5s. net. (Architectural Press.)

The Architectural Review for August is a special Number dealing with the present Exhibition of the Arts and Crafts at Stockholm. It is lavishly illustrated, apart from its eleven plates, and Mr. P. Morton Shand's reflections on Swedish art and culture deserve special mention. Incidentally there is in the Number an extremely interesting article, the last he wrote, by the late Mr. D. H. Lawrence on the English Contribution to Progress, entitled " Then Disaster Looms Ahead." It is not cheerful reading.



From The Architectural Review, Stockholm, 1930 (*Architectural Press*).

A VASE IN EMBOSSED GLASS. (Designed by Edward Hald and made by Orrefors.)

GREAT SHORT STORIES OF THE WAR:

England, France, Germany, America.

With an Introduction by EDMUND BLUNDEN. 8s. 6d. (Eyre & Spottiswoode.)

This is a remarkable book, and in spite of the passing interest in stories and books in general about the War, it should have a wide circulation. Almost the publication of this collection of " Great Short Stories of the War " seems to be a summing up of the vast concourse of novels and other books about the War that have been appearing during the past few years. The publishers had an inspiration when they decided upon the venture, and deserve every praise in their gathering between two covers no less than sixty-six stories. While the stories, in some instances, may not quite come up to the real meaning of the word great, they are all distinctive and well worth perpetuating. Moreover, when you realise that the editor of the volume is Edmund Blunden, whose book, " Undertones of War," stands right in the front rank of books of its kind and will, we venture to say, ever do so, each of the stories in the collection had to pass the rigid test of a mind that is highly critical, exceptionally human, and at the same time—which is very essential in such a circumstance—a mind that knew and saw and understood the War from many angles. It would perhaps be invidious to single out for special consideration any one of the sixty-six stories. They are all good. On the other hand, each could well justify a claim for attention. We doubt if there is a better collection anywhere—or that there ever will be a better collection. There are names in this volume that the War has made indelible in our minds. Many have written war stories that will last. In some instances there are names with which we are unfamiliar—but they have been worthy of appearing in this volume. The plan of the work is praiseworthy. There is Mr. Blunden's well-phrased and well-judged introduction. After that the stories are grouped as follows: " The Home Front," " Behind the Front Line," " In the Front Line," " Battle, Raid and Patrol," " The Lighter Side of War," " Strange Stories," " Soldiers on Leave," " In the Air," " At Sea," " Satires of Circumstance," " In Hospital," ' After the War." This division

of the interests covered makes it unique, and apart from the definite story-telling value in the stories, the volume will be essential, not only for those future generations of people who wish to know something of the whole gamut of the Armaggedon of 1914, but it will be, because of this aspect, necessary for all future historians of the War. Simply because it gives so fine, so real, so dramatic a composite picture of the War. H. C. M., who writes a prefatory note, says truly, "a great epic drama of the War like Thomas Hardy's 'The Dynasts' (an eagle's-eye view of a world at war) has yet to come." We may not say that "Great Short Stories of the War" is an eagle's-eye view, but by very reason of its thorough comprehension of every aspect of the War, it does come in its entirety precious near to it. What makes it so utterly complete is that, not only are actual short stories here reprinted, but we are given short extracts from novels, "stories within stories," that have surged over the world with a moving emotion, so that no angle of view might be omitted. Some idea of the importance of the collection may be gathered from the fact that it includes the work of such notable writers as John Galsworthy, H. M. Tomlinson, Edith Wharton, A. P. Herbert, André Maurois, Coningsby Dawson, F. Britten Austin, "Sapper," Martin Armstrong, Roland Dorgeles, Somerset Maugham, R. H. Mottram, Liam O'Flaherty, Henri Barbusse, Erich Maria Remarque, Joseph Conrad, "Taffrail," "Bartimeus," C. E. Montague, Fritz von Unruh, Ernest Hemingway, Gerald Bullett—and a host of others. Reading again some of the stories, we agree that the collection is unique, and comprises the best that has been written from the early days of the War up to the end of last year. It is a beautifully made volume, printed well on excellent paper, containing close upon 1,000 pages, and published at 8s. 6d. Readers of "The Collector" will be interested in noting too that there is an edition de luxe, limited to 250 copies, all of which have been signed by Mr. Blunden.



From The Romance of the British Voluntary Hospital Movement
By A. Delbert Evans and L. G. Redmond Howard (*Hutchinson*).

THE LONDON HOSPITAL WHEN IT WAS NEARLY OUTSIDE LONDON, SHOWING OLD FORTIFICATIONS TO THE RIGHT.



From English Monasteries in the Middle Ages (*Constable*).

CASTLE ACRE PRIORY, NORFOLK
SEAT IN PRIOR'S CHAPEL.

WITH THE "ITALIA" TO THE NORTH POLE.

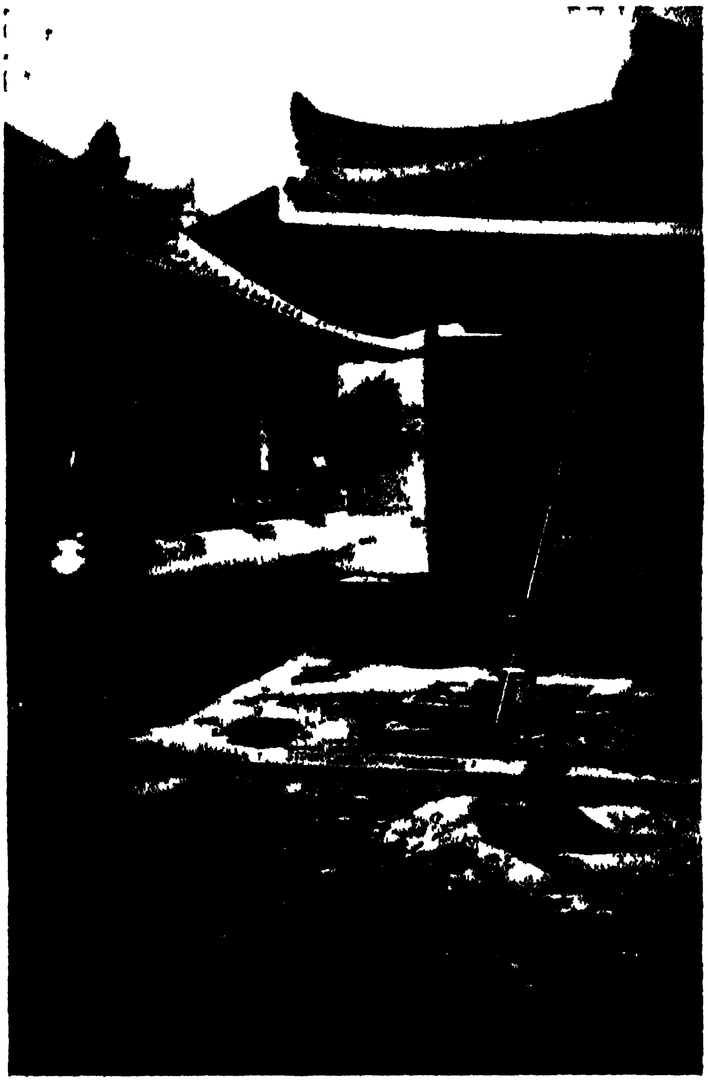
By UMBERTO NOBILE.
Translated by FRANK FLEETWOOD. 15s.
(Allen & Unwin.)

Whether we consider General Nobile was to blame or not for the *Italia* disaster, it is only fair to read his book. It is not a denial or a counter-attack on his critics: it is the full, ungarnished story of the expedition which proved so disastrous. The imputation of insufficient preparation is completely refuted. No flight could have been prepared with greater care or foresight for emergency. Yet when the flight to the Pole began—before it began—Malmgren seems to have virtually assumed command. It is impossible to say whether, if Nobile had waited till later in the year, or on the return journey from the Pole had steered his own course, the disaster would have been averted. Yet this instance of an otherwise inflexible commander submitting to advice, which was contrary to his own experience, seems rather to suggest that once more the volatile temperament of the South triumphed over common sense. The almost criminal inaction of the *Citta de Milano* seems to deserve the severest stricture, for surely no rescue expedition ever had to contend with so many self-invented obstructions. The large amount of space devoted to the preparation and weight of the stores and scientific instruments makes interesting reading. The book is certainly one of the best of its kind.

KOREA OF THE JAPANESE.

By H B Drake 12s 6d (Bodley Head)

"Is it spelt with a C or a K?" asked Mr Drake's friends when he told them he was going to Korea, and a good many of us might find the question disconcertingly natural in our ignorance almost of the whereabouts of this outpost of Asia But this book, the work of a competent novelist and sympathetic observer, answers not only that question, but a great many more It is a broad survey of Korea to-day, its people, its daily life, its history, its relations with the Japanese—who, according to Mr Drake, are in Korea for much the same reason as finds us in India Most entertainingly written and further enlivened with fine photographs



From Korea of the Japanese By H B Drake (*Bodley Head*) THE COURTYARD INN

THE ROMANCE OF THE BRITISH VOLUNTARY HOSPITAL MOVEMENT

By Dr Delbert Evans and Mr Redmond Howard 18s net (Hutchinson)

It is a curious fact that matters of the most vital importance are often taken for granted with no thought of the romance and wonder behind them The great hospitals of Britain mean far more to the average Briton than he realises and their history is a romance which must surely stir him to the depths The story of their growth from the "spytals" and "bede-houses" of monastic England to the huge institutions of to-day is one which no thinking person can read unmoved It is a terrible story, stained with the cruelty and wastefulness of the dark days of ignorance, yet washed clean by the heroic efforts of those who strove to lift England out of the slough of sickness and suffering After considering the magnificent achievements of the voluntary hospital system in the past it comes as rather a shock to read that in order to maintain their present efficiency the hospitals need a capital expenditure of from four to five million pounds The authors of "The Romance of the British Hospital Voluntary Movement" carefully avoid taking sides in the question, State Hospitals v Voluntary Hospitals, but they cannot avoid the question—are their finances to be left to semi-hysterical street raids by students in fancy dress, flappers with their flag days, newspapers with their ballots bazaars dances and jumble sales? Even allowing for the fact that the spirit of voluntarism has brought forth fine proofs of British generosity in the past is it not time that this generosity be no longer individual but national? The sick citizen is none the less a citizen, worthy of the help and protection of his State It is true that the voluntary hospitals do receive some State aid in the case of pensioners tuberculosis patients venereal cases, maternity and child welfare and grants for medical education and research In spite of this assistance fully seventy per cent is left to the voluntary principle With the growing realisation that national health is a national asset comes the idea of placing the hospitals the guardians of the nation's health above all forms of controversy. Sir Henry Burdett's ideal of a "Hospital City," on a site well away from the contamination of the town, would free the workers "from some of the most burdensome trials which now cripple their resources and diminish materially the happiness of their lives" This book is not mere propaganda, nor is it an appeal to the charity which has nobly responded to innumerable appeals in the past It is a clarion call to public justice, that hospitals shall no longer be crippled with debt and faced with bankruptcy, but free to continue their work of easing the burden of suffering humanity.



From The Romance of the British Voluntary Hospital Movement By A Delbert Evans and L G Redmond Howard (*Hutchinson*). THE LONDON HOSPITAL AS IT IS TO-DAY, SHOWING HOW SLUMS HAVE GROWN UP ALL AROUND IT.

MRS. BATTLE'S OPINIONS ON WHIST.

By CHARLES LAMB. 1s. (Dent.)

This is one of a delightful batch of booklets that has reached us from Messrs. Dent, the other titles including Washington Irving's "The Country Church," William Canton's "Kenack's Little Woman," "Brother Wolf" from "The Little Flowers of Saint Francis," Charles Lee's "A Question of Taste," etc. Familiar friends as they are, and tastefully produced, they should fill an often perplexing gap between a Christmas card and a gift. Moreover they are all thoughtfully provided with an envelope ready for use.



From Mrs. Battle's Opinions on Whist
By Charles Lamb
(*Dent*).

HER FAVOURITE TOPIC.

THE 42ND PARALLEL.

By JOHN DOS PASSOS. 7s. 6d. (Constable.)

The idea behind this very remarkable novel is reminiscent of that behind "The Dynasts": Mr. dos Passos is harassed by the conviction of convergence, struck by the apparent helplessness of human beings in the hands of some strange, incalculable power that does not direct, but diverts, thwarts, nullifies their lives. He sees the power working in the dark, planlessly planning, moving towards some monstrous, unescapable climax while men and women make their little plans, energise, dream and discuss about their motives, and then find the purpose and the poor achievement of their existences swept away in some gigantic cataclysm, such as the Great War. He tells us of the lives of Mac, an Irish immigrant's son, who learns printing and joins the I.W.W.; of Ward Moorhouse, the epitome of that school of thought which confuses prosperity with righteousness; of Eleanor Stoddard, fastidious, yet in her way esurient; of Janey, the girl who climbs from the lower middle-class to comparative comfort and riches as Moorhouse's stenographer; of her brother Joe, who remains "low," and more generous than his sister, who is a little ashamed of her common sailor brother; of Charley Anderson, also of the people, to whom the War is a release from living on the line that trembles between hunger and starvation. All these have their ambitions and their idlenesses; their private desires and dreams; their poor ambitions, their moments of kindness and enthusiasms. They are all working, consciously or unconsciously, with an end in view: and then the end comes, and it is not theirs. Whose is it? Who made the War that brings these people together in a common destruction, brings them together, only to sunder them apart? It is not the novelist's business to answer that, but Mr. dos Passos does not hide his own sympathy with the underdog, or his suspicion that wars could be prevented if selfish fools somewhere did not still believe the folly that there is something to be gained from them. He shows us, in a series that he calls "Newsreels," taken from the head-lines and the scare-headings of the newspapers, the extraordinary futility of the world as presented popularly to the workmen. He shows too, in a little series of thumbnail biographies, how the great men of the same period, the generation that ends in the War, have managed, in spite of the futility that rides in boastful view, in spite of this malign force that would spoil men's effort, to keep to their purpose, to remind their fellows that truth is, and beauty and righteousness. Luther Burbank, Steinmetz, Eugene Debs—these remain and their work, more significant than the selfish muddle most of us make of our lives. It is a powerful, uncomfortable, at times bitterly brutal novel; but it has beauty as well as force, and Mr. dos Passos, like Hardy, comes down however faintly in favour of the exultations, the agonies by which man proclaims his origin and possesses his inheritance.



From Artwork, Autumn, 1930
(*Dent*).

Horace Vernet.

BAGATELLE.

By GEORGE R. PREEDY. 7s. 6d. net. (Bodley Head.)

A collection of short stories, sketches and a play by the much discussed author of "General Crack" and "The Rocklitz." They take us back to Bohemia in the eighteenth century, to the Empire, Spain, Italy, the Spanish Netherlands and France; all are as deftly handled, as full of character-play and picturesqueness and out-of-the-way knowledge as Mr. Preedy's full-length novels.



From On the Edge
By Walter de la Mare
(*Faber & Faber*).

HEAD-PIECE TO "STORY OF THE GREEN ROOM."
A wood engraving by Elizabeth Robins.

MURDER IN STRANGE HOUSES.

By RICHARD PECKHAM. 5s. (Eyre & Spottiswoode.)

The publishers describe this criminal situation as a very complicated job to handle. It is also rather a complicated job to read. As in many other American detective stories, the sleuth is offensive and ineffective. "Spike" Harper, the policeman in this story, has little but tenacity to commend him to his job. The plot involves a dead man in an empty house, which has caught fire, also the remains of a woman killed previously in a motor accident and buried elsewhere. Everybody concerned lies and misleads as much as possible, and the final solution is brought about by a hurried recapitulation and rejection of the previous analysis. Frankly, this is hardly playing fair with the reader, but then we should be used to this sort of thing by now. We often complain of it, but still enjoy the story. This is the position with this book.

THE BROWN MURDER CASE.

By ROLAND DANIELS. 7s. 6d. (Harold Shaylor.)

Mr. Roland Daniels has already published several detective stories with complicated plots. We are not really sorry for Lilian Brown, who is found hanging by a strap round her neck, the end of the strap being caught in the top of the door which is locked. She is not real, but the cause of her death is the quarry and we are the hunters, with all a hunter's enjoyment. We go, not by fields and lanes, but through night clubs and dance halls, into London offices and country cottages; we hustle the caretaker and question the charwoman, and find poor Lilian's sweetheart, and interview dagos in low clubs and girls in flats. And we cannot stop until the hunt is ended and the solution found.

OPEN TILL SUNSET.

By D. M. LOCKE. 7s. 6d. (Nash & Grayson.)

If only the author had had a sense of humour this story would have been a much better one. As it is, Giles Westland, who is the central character, takes himself so seriously that what is meant for tragedy becomes in the end farce. In the begininng of the book he is intolerant of everyone but himself, at the end of it there is no one but himself. Yet the love story of Giles and Nadia Barovna, the beautiful film star, is quite pleasant, and fortunately it fills most of the pages. The incidents are not strained and Giles's happiness is complete until a tragic accident suddenly ends it.

DEATH IN A DECK-CHAIR.

By MILWARD KENNEDY. 7s. 6d. (Gollancz.)

This detective story is really a detective story for an unusual reason. There is a startling opening: an unknown man is discovered stabbed to the heart in a deck-chair at a holiday resort. The mystery must remain a mystery to the most experienced reader for well over two hundred pages. Clues and thrills abound, but the main interest of the book is that Mr. Milward Kennedy has decided to "write a detective story as it really happens." He has taken the essential features of a possible murder case and shown ordinary police methods at work to unravel the mystery. Scotland Yard and country policemen patiently discover the dead man's identity, the motive, the possible murderers. And so interesting is the excitement of the chase that even the sensational explanation seems dull in comparison. The chess problem proves more fascinating than the sudden checkmate. In brief, "Death in a Deck-chair" appeals both to the mind and to the nervous system. If the conclusion smacks of melodrama the very readable body of the tale more than compensates.

LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT.

By ELEANOR REID. 7s. 6d. net.
(Thornton Butterworth.)

It is a pleasure to come across a novel like this—an understanding picture of a lower middle class family. Lily Brown was secretly married but when her husband died and unexpectedly left her £20,000 with the injunction that she still kept silence, the trouble started. The family began to ask questions and suggest motives. This author knows a great deal about human nature with its pathetic failures and greed. Her character drawing alone justifies the story. The central figure, Lily, is especially well portrayed with her weak indecision but unexpected refusal to be engulfed in a vicious circle of piety and greed. Mrs. Eleanor Reid has written a good novel and one with unusual qualities.



From Chin-Wag
By A. Crossley
(*Christophers*).

OUR HOME-MADE TANK, CHRISTMAS, 1916.



From Athletics of To-day for Women By F. A. M. Webster (*Warne*). THE JAVELIN—MARIE JANDEROVA, CZECHOSLOVAKIAN RECORD HOLDER. The starting position for the run, old style.

ATHLETICS OF TO-DAY FOR WOMEN.

By F. A. M. WEBSTER. 10s. 6d. (Warne.)

Our author has set forth the history, development and training of athletics in this most comprehensive and admirably illustrated book. America is the pioneer of women's athletics in modern times, and was training girls in her schools in scientific play while we were still laughing at the feminine athletes in Britain. The War of course changed all that, and it was in France in 1917 that Mme. Milliat (whose provoking and charming countenance greets us from the frontispiece) founded the Fédération de Feminine Sportive. Austria instituted, it is believed, the earliest women's championship meeting ever held, and began international competitions. This delightful volume has sections on Running, Hurdling, Walking, Throwing the Discus, Putting the Shot, Throwing the Javelin, etc. Any girl who cares for games will hug the volume to her heart. The remarks on General Training are authoritative and helpful. ("Personally I prefer to see an athlete eat a hearty breakfast, a moderate midday meal and a light supper.") An Appendix of Women's Records in International Events is given at the end.

THE OBOLE OF PARADISE.

By AGNES MILLER. 7s. 6d. (Hutchinson.)

We begin with an exchange of telegrams between a newly-minted mining engineer, seeking fame and fortune in the frozen North, and his favourite aunt, "Miss Eunice McCreery; *Re* yours from Montlaurier Nov. 20, what in hades is an obole, have inquired here without result, rush reply to settle bet with my pal, William Gordon." And the answer is: "Obole probably rare Alaska this one being ancient French money no longer existing usually disapprove profanity but appropriate this connection who wins." Rather cryptically expressed, and we warn the lovers of "The Colefax Bookplate," Miss Miller's former book, that they will find the whole tale difficult to understand. We had to make three beginnings before we got the hang of it at all. When unravelled it is a rapid tale of crime. The characters are a group of people assembled in southern France where, at the Pension Dubois, adventures begin; and the curious gipsy tinker catches the cord on which he wears the lucky obole, on an awl. It drops in full view of a learned man from Bukarest; and the ball is set rolling.

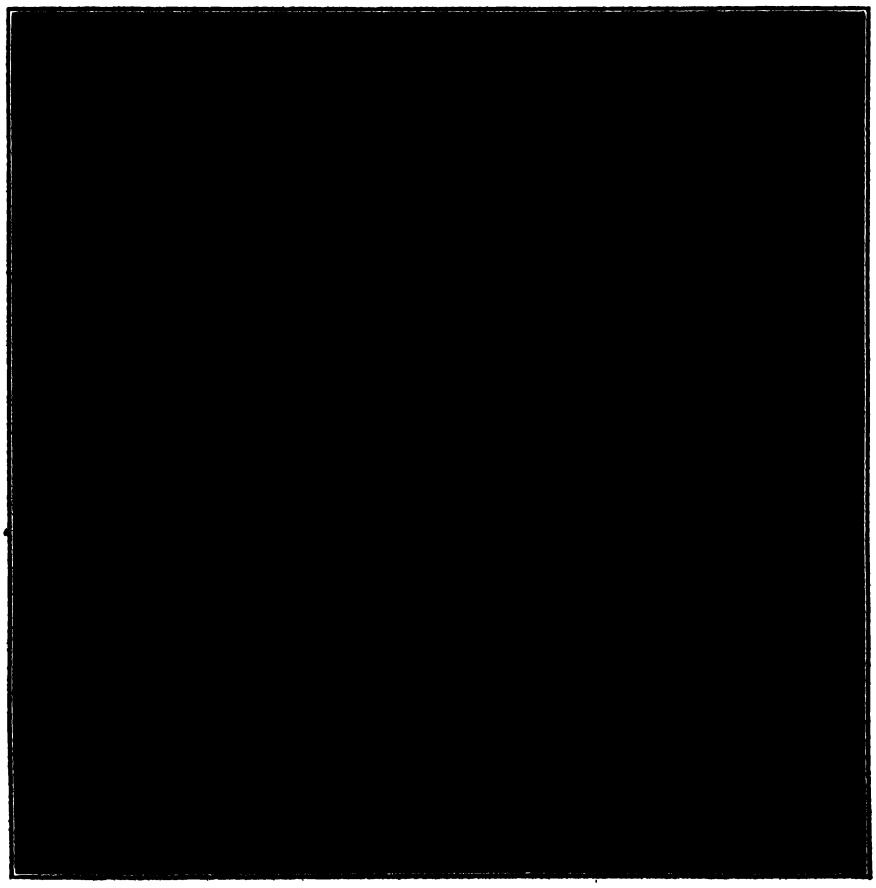


From Athletics of To-day for Women By F. A. M. Webster (*Warne*). THE JAVELIN—LADY HEATH FORMER BRITISH RECORD HOLDER. The Hop, old style.

THROUGH UNKNOWN AFRICA.

By WILLEM JASPERT. 12s. 6d. net. (Jarrolds.)

We started this book with a sense of disappointment because there are no pictures, and pictures surely are one of the chief assets in a book of travel. Two German brothers, Willem and Fritz Jaspert, accompanied by the wife and child of the former, set out to explore the part of Africa known as Angola. There is no doubt their journeyings were hazardous in the extreme. The calamities which befell them, including evil treatment at the hands of the Portuguese, were rather overwhelming, but the fault of this book is too much preoccupation with such things as lack of funds, sickness and "official" obstruction. This does not mean that the expedition was a failure—indeed there was a considerable measure of success. The whole party lived as guests of the blacks, shared in native feasts and witnessed many of the strange rites of cannibal tribes, and there was evidently more in the journey than this book conveys to the reader. It is too much of a dull itinerary, lacking in vivid description.



From Alice & Thomas & Jane By Enid Bagnold (*Heinemann*). LAURIAN JONES, JOINT ARTIST WITH THE AUTHOR.



From **Athletics of To-day for Women** By F. A. M. Webster (*Warne*).

THE JAVELIN—THE REVERSE. Lady Heath shows a well-balanced position behind the scratch line.

OUTSIDE HEAVEN'S GATES.

By IVY M. CLAYTON. 7s. 6d. (Stanley Paul.)

Miss Clayton has provided an entertaining interlude for those who enjoy following sheer romance through considerable difficulties. The long arm of coincidence and abundant wealth are well employed, but they are generously diffused by delightful descriptions, especially of Italian gardens, scenery, etc. Roma, a young and beautiful girl, was left by her dying father in the charge of a friend, a merciless, brutal despot. This in itself is rather difficult to believe, but it forms a useful foundation for the development of the story. As the romance, commenced in stolen meetings by the riverside, steadily grows, the perplexities accumulate. The scene shifts to the sunny slopes of the Italian Riviera and here the flaws in the apparently insuperable barrier begin to appear, and with unerring neatness the unravelling develops until a thoroughly desirable solution is found.

THE GOLDEN FOREST.

By EDITH HOWES. 6s. (Dent.)

Miss Howes' previous parables of parenthood have been warmly received. These, in several volumes, have aimed at telling girls, in tender fashion, the facts of motherhood. "The Golden Forest" is admirably planned to serve a corresponding purpose in giving boys a knowledge of life, creation and fatherhood. Mr. Morne, a rich naturalist, takes a piece of raw material in the shape of Jack Rendy, an ill-treated guttersnipe, and through him opens the eyes of all other boys who are fortunate enough to possess the book. "Golden Forest" was the name of the property in New Zealand where Mr. Morne kept a number of animals for the purposes of investigation. Surrounded by the teeming wild life of the district and under the kindly care of a real animal-lover, Jack revelled in the freedom of the out-of-doors life and imbibed much gently-conveyed knowledge as he fulfilled his own particular duties. There is no doubt of the book's appeal to boys and no parents could desire a more delicate handling of the subject.

THE CHILDREN'S CARGO.

Lady Cynthia Asquith's Annual.

With coloured plates. 6s. net. (Eyre & Spottiswoode.)

Like the delectable ship of the nursery rhyme—"And O, it was laden with pretty things for thee"—"The Children's Cargo" is almost below the Plimsoll line with the treasures it brings to the young people. "There are comfits in the cabin, And apples in the hold," and from the first poem, by Rose Fyleman, "Miss Brown," the nursery dressmaker, to the best story, by Adelaide Phillpotts, of "The Omnibus That Went Its Own Way," the cargo is full of appeal. Among those who have contributed to the good things are Walter de la Mare, Hilaire Belloc, Algernon Blackwood, A. A. Milne and Arthur Machen—we have not room for the other good names. There is a bit of entertaining guesswork by Denis Mackail; there are many full-page coloured plates, and there is an unusual, arresting story of a child-king and a protecting spirit-dog, by the editor herself. In fact here is a handsome volume of good literature, which children will merely recognise as "just right."



From **Athletics of To-day for Women** By F. A. M. Webster (*Warne*).

THE JAVELIN. Fräulein Hargus, German and World's record holder, showing the training method of throwing into the ground.



FRAU VICKI BAUM,
Author of "Grand Hotel" (Geoffrey Bles).

LEAVE IT TO SUSAN.

By K. R. G. BROWNE. 7s. 6d. (Cassell.)

A book of rollicking humour that contains all the ingredients of a first-rate comedy (including a butler with the embarrassing name of Darling), "Leave It To Susan" has a plot of love and mystery which never for a moment fails to be as amusing as it is exciting. Nicholas Durham, down in Essex to spend a week-end with an old school friend, falls in with a delightful girl, tries to catch her dog for her, lands in a house in which he has no business, and eventually finds himself involved in a mysterious affair concerning a Frenchman, his niece, an irate admiral who collects snuff-boxes and some others, including the girl herself and the lugubrious butler. A spirit of gaiety prevails throughout, and the story is as entertaining in theme as it is in the telling.

THE SECRET ATTIC.

By Frank R. Adams. 7s. 6d. (Stanley Paul.)

We cannot, it is certain, have too many mystery stories, and here is an excellent example of the sort of stuff that old and young England devours—on sea, on land, after work and at week-ends. Mr. Adams writes so pleasantly and clearly that we are grateful to him. There is none of that obscurity about his work which lurks in some subtler tales. Everybody can enjoy the dramatic opening, when Alan Long gets a job as caretaker of Stephen Cornewell's camp up at Tramping Lake, and on going to the station pauses to rescue a girl from drowning. He takes her along with him to be his housekeeper in that lonely hut to which he is going; and because she does not wish to make her name known to him he calls her Sylvia Waters. At the big house there is much mystery, a false door in the wall, a bloodstain under a rug. There are footsteps and rappings. No danger of the reader dropping the book at that; he will continue it to its fascinating close.



From **The Home of the Blizzard**
By Sir Douglas Mawson
(Hodder & Stoughton).

CORRELL ON EDGE OF RAVINE.

ADIOS!

By L. and V. S. Bartlett. 7s. 6d. (Murray.)

This historical romance records the adventures of Francisco Delfino, the gallant outlaw who, as a Spanish-Californian, was driven into rebellion by the tyranny of Yankee officialdom. A brutal assault, unavenged by American justice, sent Francisco to the hills, where he speedily formed a band of rebels, who practised the rough-and-ready justice of Robin Hood. On the other side, the forces of the law were represented by a band of rough-riders under Captain Howard, the finest representative here presented of an American gentleman. The elements of romance are woven by Howard's love for Delfino's sister, Anita, and by the affection that had formed between the two equally gallant men. This is a fine and unusual story, packed full of thrilling adventures, and includes a delicately told love-romance. Only one end to such a story is possible, and the authors do not seek to evade it. Delfino, the dreaded "Puma," utters his last *adiós* as he hurls himself to destruction beyond all reach of discovery.

RAIN BEFORE WIND.

By Frank Stafford. 7s. 6d. net. (Wright & Brown.)

Messrs. Wright & Brown make their bow to the public with this bustling story of love and adventure by an author who may be trusted to know his business from A to Z. It concerns the love of the beautiful Myrtle Farr-Johnson—Lady Gairloch as she becomes, in order to retrieve the fallen fortunes of the father—and Mark Chesterman, first officer on board one of the ships owned by Lord Gairloch. It is full of perils, thrills and hazardous exploits, leading finally, as all good tales do, to the happy pealing of wedding bells. A first-rate tonic for that post-holiday sinking feeling.

THE BACK-STAGE MYSTERY.

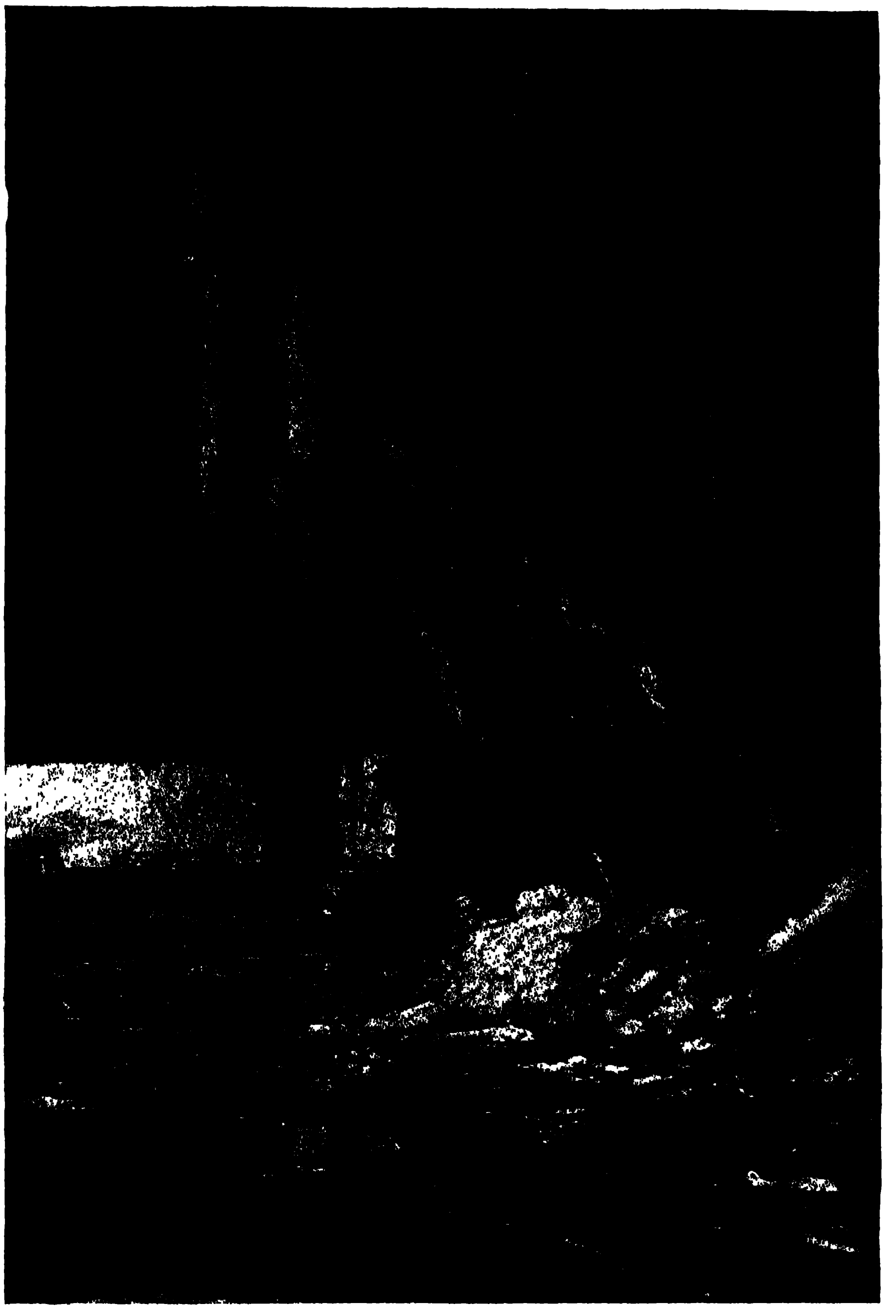
By Octavus Roy Cohen. 7s. 6d. net. (Appleton.)

Mr. Cohen nearly always gives us a good story, but we should not call this one of his best. It concerns the deductions of Jim Hanvey, a fat, indolent and benevolent detective on the track of murder and theft. The deceased, an objectionable actor, met his end in his own dressing-room at the theatre. Everyone who has come into contact with him has had the motive and opportunity to do him violence, including a property man, a leading lady, a jealous wife, a young Southern gentleman, his fiancée and her father. This results in some highly confused thinking on the part of the "official" police and some highly intelligent thinking on the part of the portly Jim Hanvey. The plot is good and some of the characters interesting, but the final solution of the mystery is a curious antithesis.

MARIO AND THE MAGICIAN.

By Thomas Mann. 5s. net. (Secker.)

When a German family went to an Italian seaside resort they found a curiously irritating atmosphere. They were refused the dining-table with the red-shaded lamp upon which the children had set their hearts at the Grand Hotel. Then there was the stupid panic at the vestiges of whooping-cough from which the little ones had but lately recovered. Even the burning sun became dull and slightly hostile; and finally there was the fracas about the action of the little daughter (eight years old) who stripped on the beach to wash her costume in the sea. Should they not turn their backs on the inhospitable place? Surely not! "Rather stay and look matters in the face, brave them out, perhaps precisely in so doing lies a lesson for us to learn." They stayed on: and reaped as the reward of their constancy "the unholy and staggering experience with Cipolla." This Cipolla was a travelling virtuoso, a conjurer. The bare announcement turned the children's heads, and all doubts due to the lateness of the performance were swept away by their enthusiasm. The family went. All the town, it appeared, had also gone. There was a delay in the appearance of the solitary performer, and when he appeared he proved slightly sinister. "A man of an age hard to determine, but by no means young, with sharp, ravaged eyes, compressed lips, black waxed moustache, and a so-called imperial in the curve between mouth and chin." When he divested himself of his cloak he appeared to be slightly deformed, and his physical deformity later proved to have warped his mind. His performance began strangely, and as it developed deepened in mystery. The children laughed, applauded and slept by turn. Should they not be taken home? No!—fascination, curiosity, an unwholesome spell held the parents, until their wills were liberated by the final tragedy. The change from the humorous irritation of the opening, to the developing mystery and horror of the climax in this "short novel or long short story," is as masterly as anything accomplished by Cipolla himself. The atmosphere is everything, and it is rendered with subtle skill and culminating force; and the briefness of the book, making it possible to sustain the atmosphere throughout, perhaps shows Thomas Mann to better advantage than his longer works. The illustrations by Hans Meid are in the spirit of the story.



From The Home of the Blizzard
By Sir Douglas Mawson
(Hodder & Stoughton).

GIGANTIC ICICLES ON THE CLIFF FACE OF THE SHACKLETON SHELF.

THE TICKER-TAPE MURDER.

By Milton M. Propper. 7s. 6d. (Faber & Faber.

Some of the most ingenious detective stories are all compact of boredom: their very ingenuity is a constant irritation. Mr. Propper's story has the great merit of holding the interest on every page. There are two detectives on the trail, acting each on his own conception of the finding of the dead body of the financier, Philip Nixon, on the railway track. Daniel Gilmore, the elder, is cool and dispassionate; Tommy Rankin is eager and anxious; both are equally thorough. The book is full of suspects. First we have the men who were liable to be ruined by their own rash dealings in Nixon's railway shares; second we have his private secretary, Donald Gardiner, whom Nixon would not allow to marry his beloved daughter, Eleanor; third we have the valet Parker; fourth, the Marley family, whose sister, Martha, has been Nixon's mistress. And there are others. It is amusing to feel the chagrin of the detectives when they have made out a perfect case along each line, only to realise that they are wrong. There is only one mistake about this really brilliant detective chronicle, and that is its name, which has little bearing on the novel.

THE ROYAL NAVY.

By Geoffrey Parratt 7s 6d (Sheldon Press)

THE AMERICA'S CUP

By Nigel Lindsay 6s (Heath Cranton)

Notwithstanding the many books that have appeared on the Royal Navy the public generally is badly informed, and one therefore welcomes Captain Parratt's book, as he gives all the salient points needed or desired The author is not a naval man (as a matter of fact he is the esteemed manager of that old society, the S P C K), but has made shipping and naval matters a life-long study and so, though writing with knowledge he is unbiased by naval tradition and free from technicalities The book is written in no spirit of jingoism, yet it is truly emphasised that the British Empire more so than any other nation depends for its very existence on a strong navy Commending the book in a foreword, Vice-Admiral J F. T Harper says Our great empire is an outstanding example of what can be created by sea power and by sea power it must be maintained In times of war a nation which exists by the sea must be strong enough at sea to ensure the safe transport of its own ships Captain Parratt points out how little realised even to-day are the great efforts of the Navy during the War and how every little disaster met with the cry, What is the Navy doing? We remember when there was a minor German victory and the usual cry went up, yet we (we were on the Thames at the time) checked in the Lower Hope seventy-five vessels inward bound that day There is a remarkable amount of information condensed in the book, which covers naval warfare a short history of the Royal Navy and its development The chapter on battle tactics with numerous diagrams showing formation, etc, will help the layman to understand many things that have perhaps hitherto puzzled him A number of full-page photographs of ships, past and present, together with pen-and-ink sketches, increase the value of the book, which is one to be read and retained for reference



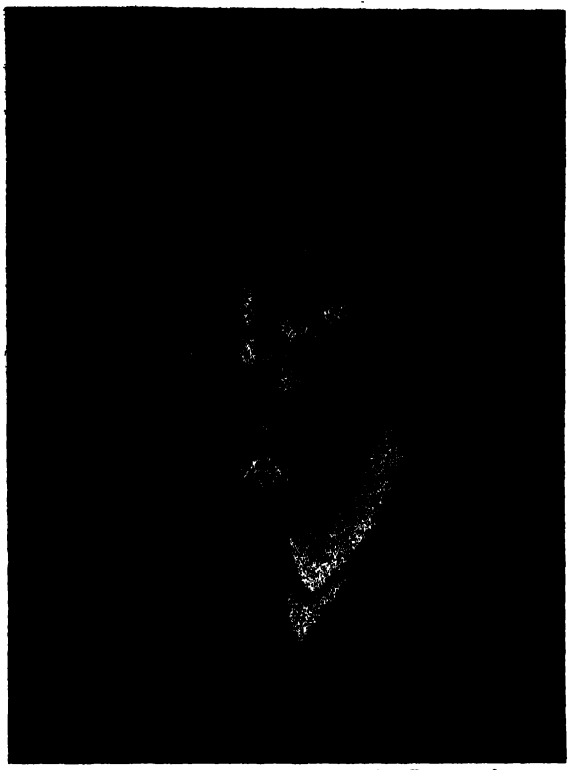
Cecil Freeman Gregg
Author of "The Brazen Confession (Hutchinson)

From naval warfare and its terrible consequences it is a pleasure to turn to a friendly rivalry on the sea the contest for that blue ribband of the yachting world—the America's Cup There is perhaps no one event in the world of sport that arouses such a world-wide interest, and its history as told by Mr Nigel Lindsay of the Royal Ulster Yacht Club comes at an opportune moment For its genesis we have to go back to the time of the Great Exhibition of 1850 when *America* a schooner-yacht and the first to sail the Atlantic came over on the invitation of British yachtsmen and took away the cup that has since borne the name of the yacht The author reminds us that she was not actually the winner as the American yacht did not complete the course, but in a generous gesture the British yacht did not press its legitimate claim Unfortunately that fine sporting spirit was not reciprocated in the years that followed and several of the races engendered bad feeling that however has passed away and the unsatisfactory conditions under which the races were once sailed exist no longer Up to the time of the Lipton era it is rather difficult to say which race caused the most interest but perhaps it was in 1887 when *Thistle* was the challenger As a lad we remember her lying off the New Thames Yacht Club at Gravesend, when King Edward, then Prince of Wales, came down We all took a personal pride in the yacht and were convinced the cup would come back, may Sir Thomas Lipton have the luck he deserves The very fine illustrations help one to realise the change in the design of the boats from the first challenger, *Cambria*, with her square topsail and foresail, to the cutter rig of the *Shamrocks*, though one regrets it was apparently not possible to include *Shamrock V* as she is the first to have Bermudian rig To yachtsmen the details of each yacht will be of special interest, whilst the maps of the racing courses and the conditions of the 1930 challenge will be helpful to all. Mr Lindsay has carefully compiled all that is of interest and, although he says no one but a yachtsman will be foolish enough to read his book, all who take an interest in clean, healthy sport will read it with pleasure.



From The Royal Navy
By Geoffrey Parratt
(*Sheldon Press*)

Lord Nelson about 1802
(After Beechy. Duke of Wellington Collection)



MR. PIERRE LOVING.

THE CAT OF HEAVEN.

By PIERRE LOVING. 7s. 6d. (Toulmin.)

With Baudelaire as its hero, this "attempt to interpret his mind and wit in relation to the circumstances of his life," in the words of the publisher, has a public ready made for it. What other public it will win for itself remains to be seen. It is undoubtedly a clever piece of work; but the Paris in which the scene is laid appears to us now a slightly silly Paris, and the artists and poets who inhabited it, for all their brilliance, a little futile as men. This background is, one feels, of rather greater concern to the author than a background should be; Baudelaire, whose genius should make him stand out from it, tends to sink into the position, invidious for a hero, of being merely one of a crowd.

ADVICE TO HIS SON BY HENRY PERCY,

Ninth Earl of Northumberland (1609).

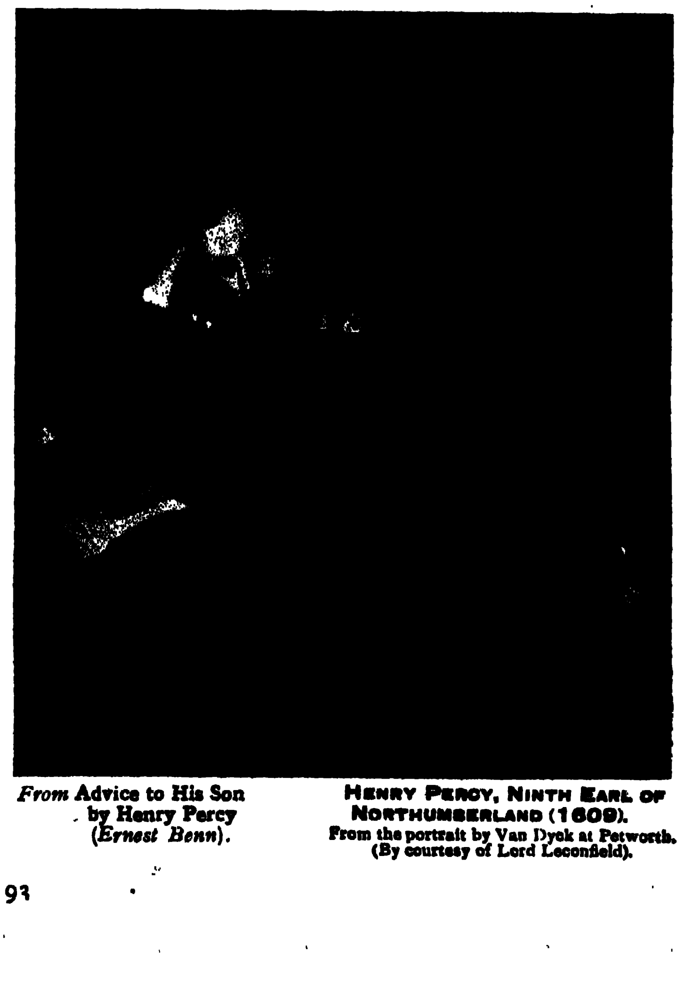
Edited, with a biographical introduction, by G. B. HARRISON. 8s. 6d. net. (Ernest Benn.)

For all he came of ancient family with vast estates, it was an inheritance of ill-fortune and sorrow that fell to Henry Percy, and misfortunes multiplied. His uncle died on the scaffold at York for his share in the rising of the north in 1569. His father—a prisoner in the Tower—was murdered in 1585. (The government made out that he committed suicide.) His mother pretended no love for the young Earl. Marriage with the widow of Sir Thomas Perrot and the sister of Essex, "a lady of strong personality and a bitter tongue," was a long clash of wills, for Northumberland—deaf and hot tempered—quarrelled with Essex and the Countess sided with her brother. Then came the Powder Plot, and since his kinsman, Thomas Percy, was in it, then must Northumberland be brought to trial; with the result that he stayed in the Tower for fifteen years. During that long imprisonment Henry Percy wrote the greater part of this "Advice" to his son, which Dr. Harrison has now given to the world, prefacing it with an exceedingly useful introduction. The "Advice" is in two parts. In the first part the author is more concerned to set out, with refinement of style, his own views on education. The second part is—as Dr. Harrison observes—"no longer a treatise on educational method, but autobiography with comments," and "autobiography of this quality is almost unique at the beginning of the seventeenth century." There is anticipation of Lord Chesterfield's worldly common sense in the proverbial philosophy of Northumberland. "It is a greater mishap to become poor than always to have been poor." Children learning to read "should rather be employed in books well written for the phrase than chosen for the matter." Education is to perfect a man "in four things specially, graceful manners, commendable exercises, tone studies and a well-fashioned mind." Of the commendable exercises, "dancing may be admitted to grace the carriage." The well-fashioned mind "is free from perturbations and unseemly affections." In the second part the reflections are on wives (of whom a low and mournful view is taken), servants, and the management of landed property. The author has become "a kind of cynical Prospero, contemplating his own failure from the confines of a cell." To historical students, and to a larger public this book—small in bulk—should be entirely welcome.

HOW TO MANAGE OUR WOMEN.

By HENRY SAVAGE. Illustrated by AUBREY HAMMOND. 7s. 6d. net. (Toulmin.)

We might easily accuse Mr. Henry Savage of poking fun at himself as well as his neighbour. He is frank enough to admit, on the title page of his new book, that it is a deception—devices and pretences offered to such a type as "the solicitor's clerk with an unmanageable wife." It is a sprightly excursion into a weighty subject and thoroughly appetising, being full of witty ingenuity and the ripe wisdom of experience. It is only fair to say however that it is more a handbook of evasion than of management. Mr. Savage, a cynical being I fear, knows quite well that the wise male does not attempt to manage women, but learns to avoid being managed by them. The "advice" is contained in letters from Mr. Savage to his friends, and Mr. Aubrey Hammond's bizarre drawings lay further emphasis on one or two points lest they be obscure. We guarantee the book as delicious entertainment

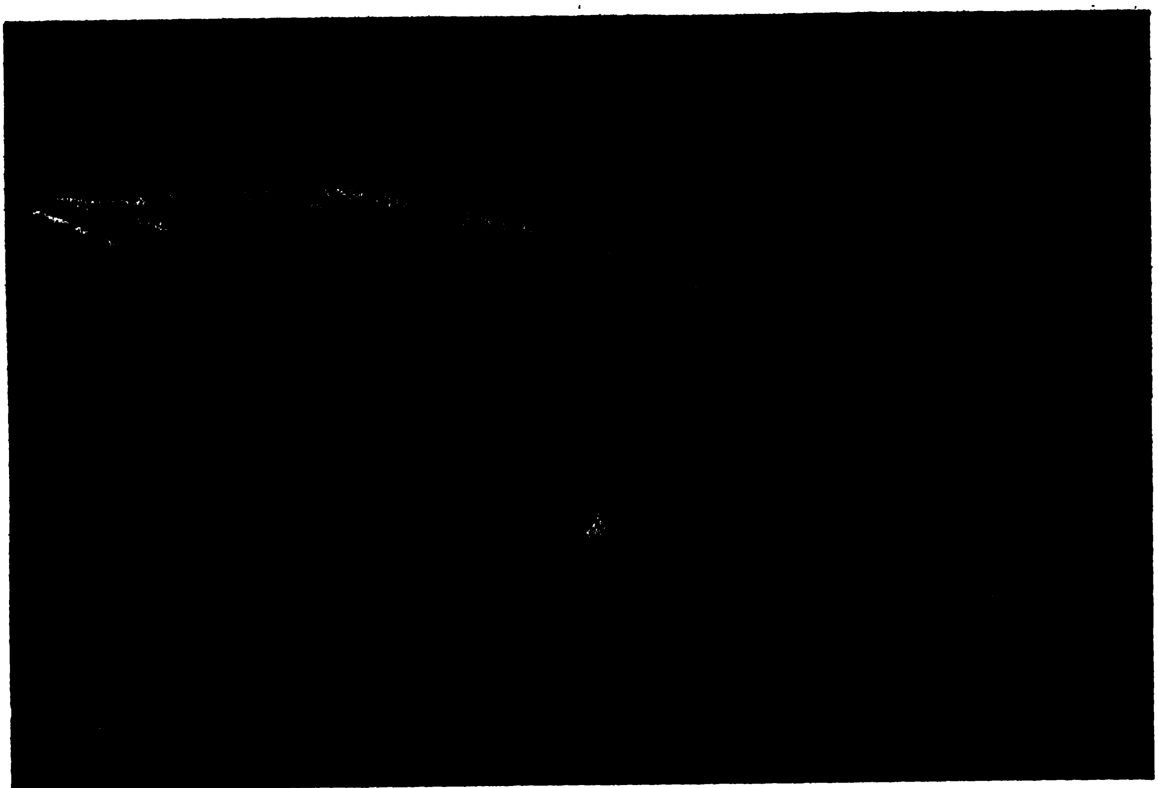


From Advice to His Son by Henry Percy (*Ernest Benn*).

HENRY PERCY, NINTH EARL OF NORTHUMBERLAND (1609).
From the portrait by Van Dyck at Petworth.
(By courtesy of Lord Leconfield).

FINE ANGLING FOR COARSE FISH.

Lonsdale Library. Vol. IV. 12s. 6d. (Seeley, Service.)



From **Fine Angling for Coarse Fish**
By Eric Parker and other Authorities
(*Seeley, Service*).

THE PIKE (ESOX LUCIUS).

Lord Lonsdale in an editorial introduction explains that the aim of this excellent "library of sports, games and pastimes" is "to help and instruct"; not only the beginner "who wishes to learn all that the written word can teach him of his chosen subject," but also "the more experienced sportsman." The purpose is amply fulfilled in the latest volume. Mr. Eric Parker writes engagingly and learnedly of the literature of coarse fishing. Mr. Edward Ensom deals at length with roach and dace, perch, bream, chub, gudgeon and pope. Dr. W. J. Turrell discourses on pike-fishing and the art of spinning. The clerks to the Norfolk and Trent Fishery Boards elucidate Broadland fishing and the problems of fishery management. Captain A. P. L. Bacon removes all doubts on the legal aspect of fishing. In fact nothing relative is omitted, and the volume is simply indispensable to all who follow the craft of old Izaak Walton. More than fifty admirable full-page plates and one hundred other illustrations—to say nothing of a full bibliography—add to the joy and comfort of the reader.

CHINESE ART.

By WILLIAM COHN. 10s. 6d. net. (*Studio*.)

Chinese art is a product of over three thousand years, and Mr. Cohn essays to sketch its history in a brief seventy-five pages. In one sense it cannot be done, yet in another Mr. Cohn does it very well. He clears the ground with a few general remarks upon the three large divisions, or periods, into which Chinese art falls—the Early (to 249 B.C.) Middle Ages (to A.D. 960), and the Modern—and then specifically surveys the fields of Architecture, Bronzes, Painting, Sculpture, Ceramics, and Jade, Lacquer, Textiles and Silver. Under each head he indicates the broad features, with a glance at structure and development, so far as these can be described. For Mr. Cohn's chief point is that our knowledge of the subject, judged by the requirements of modern scientific method, is only in its very infancy. His informing chapters, based upon an extensive acquaintance and profound understanding of the various arts, are made specially valuable by detailed references to the ninety accompanying plates, which reproduce mainly examples from German collections shown at the exhibition of Chinese art in Berlin last year, the author's external motive for preparing this volume.



From **Blowing Clear**
By Joseph C. Lincoln
(*Appleton*)

WRAPPER DESIGN.

BRIAND: MAN OF PEACE.

By VALENTINE THOMSON. 18s. net. (Hutchinson.)

The daughter of a former Minister of Marine, herself brought up in the husky atmosphere of politics, has built up an interesting monograph on a foundation of personal memories. Mme. Thomson's study in no way suffers from the contrast between her easy and straightforward manner and the stormy tale she has to tell, for she gives her narrative a crisp and attractive form by the shortness of her chapters and the neatness of her paragraphs. After all it is no slight tribute to the sitter when a woman-artist can enhance a living likeness by the delicacy of her strokes. We are too much accustomed to shrill invective in the politics of France—a country that, as has been said, celebrates even its school fêtes by singing the most bloodthirsty anthem ever known. If M. Poincaré is the Socrates of France (especially in looks), and the late M. Clemenceau was her surly Diogenes, M. Briand might well be classed as the Nestor or the Cato, if he were not much more the man of action than the mere oracle. Over and over again he has made himself the master in an international encounter by the breadth of his ideas and the moderation of his tone. He has been likened to Mr. Lloyd George because of his Celtic origin and humble birth, his emergence from party surroundings into an international figure, his powers of improvisation at unexpected crises, and even the Druidic amplitude of his hair. But when Mr. George came back from the Paris Conference he reduced the account of his stewardship to a petty wrangle with Lord Northcliffe, and wasted an historic opportunity. On the other hand, M. Briand came to London for the Locarno treaty, and no one who heard him is likely to forget the quiet speech in which, with the spokesman of the Germans facing him, he exhorted all present to be good Europeans. Few statesmen in history could have carried off so great a gesture with sincerity, but his hearers knew the sentiment was of a piece with his whole career, even where he had to use strong measures to save the State. Alas! it was his colleagues on this occasion who supplied the anti-climax, for M. Briand went back that evening to an all-night sitting of the Chamber and the politicians who should have honoured him strove desperately to turn him out. Mme. Thomson brings out the best of her subject's life and character without flattery and without the "schoolboy love of antithesis." Her best chapters are the early ones because they forsake the beaten track of the familiar, and make his childhood live—the struggle of a Breton lad who fledged his imagination by reading Jules Verne, and brought himself back to realities by a contemplation of the sea. When his uncle was carried ashore, the relic of a wreck, the lad could look at nothing but the corpse's heavy boots; the cruel belongings that had sucked the hapless victim down to his death. Only those who have tried are aware of the many pitfalls for a writer who attempts the biography of a living celebrity, especially one who has been nearly a dozen times Premier. There is always the scuffle of controversy, cross-sectioning by party, the dust of misrepresentation and the danger of spoiling the result by a varnish of gush. Mme. Thomson has avoided all this, and made us her debtors to the extent of a convincing study of a profoundly human being. She makes us perceive that the "brav' Aristide" has increased his stature during the War and since, and of how many other statesmen can the same be said?

J. P. C.



From The Red Lily
By Anatole France
(*Bodley Head*).

"IT WAS QUITE CLEAR SHE HAD A LOVER. SHE WAS WRITING TO HIM."

ORDEAL BY AIR.

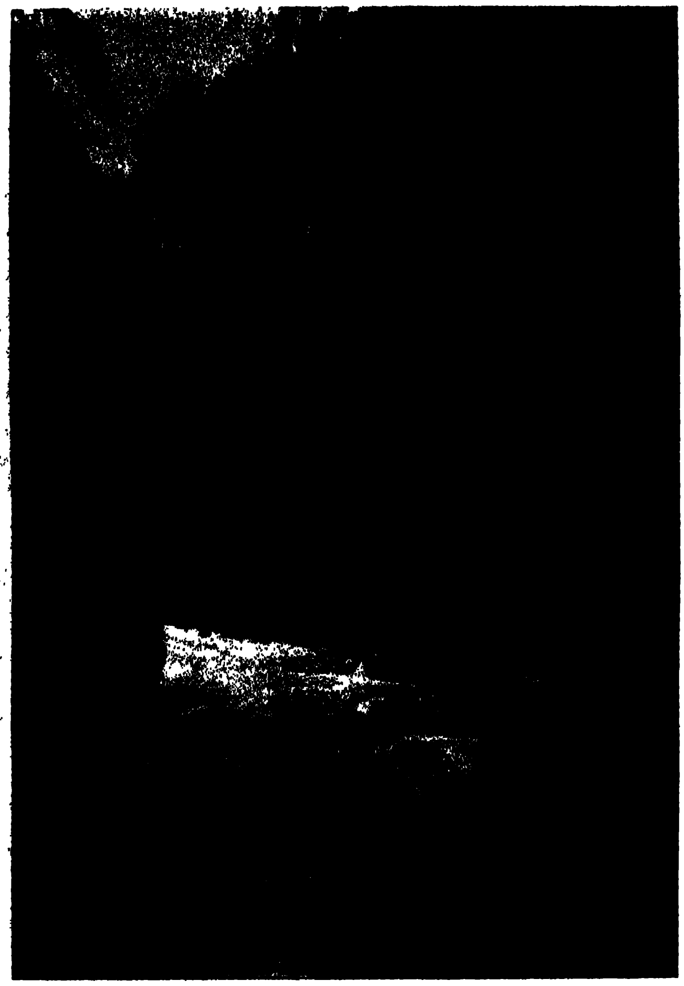
By JOHN SCOTT HUGHES. 7s. 6d. net. (Longmans.)

The biographical particulars about Mr. Hughes which appear on the jacket of the book make one wish he had given us a straight book of experiences. As it is he has woven these experiences into a melodramatic novel. He is well qualified to write about flying and certainly conveys vividly the emotions and sensations of a pilot during a forced landing at sea, bombing and sinking a submarine, and other war exploits of the old R.N.A.S. I mean that Mr. Hughes is all right "in the air," but when he comes to earth and wades about in espionage, making his hero the victim of a fool commander and very nearly the victim of a German spy, the tale loses strength and vigour. Nevertheless, a readable book, with good things wrapped round a wellnigh worn out plot.

ETRURIA PAST AND PRESENT.

By M. A. JOHNSTONE. 7s. 6d. (Methuen.)

To the library of books about Italy there seems no end; to them Mr. Johnstone's volume is by no means the least welcome, since it provides in compact and readable form a mass of information about some of the most captivating people and towns of the country. Mr. Johnstone does not write for trippers, but for intelligent travellers who are willing to absorb a certain amount of hard fact and steer their way through conflicting theories. Yet he is never dull, and his book is made the more valuable for its ample illustrations and diagrams.



From The Harz Mountains
By Christopher Marlowe
(Bodley Head).

VALLEY OF THE BODE NEAR THALE.

THE HARZ MOUNTAINS.

By CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE. 8s. 6d. (Bodley Head.)

Before the War the Harz Mountains were comparatively little known by English visitors, who kept to the line Hanover-Brunswick-Magdeburg and did not venture southward to such lovely little spots as Halberstadt, Goslar, Wernigerode and Quedlinburg —still less to the fantastic Brocken with its grim stories of Walpurgisnacht. Now that Germany is again welcoming tourists, Mr. Marlowe should find himself in great demand as a guide, philosopher and friend to those contemplating a trip to this district —a trip which, as the present reviewer can testify, will remain conspicuously in their memory. Mr. Marlowe writes easily and entertainingly, managing to cram a great deal of information into a volume that can comfortably be slipped into the pocket.

RAMBLING KID.

By CHARLES ASHLEIGH. 7s. 6d. (Faber & Faber.)

Semi-illiterates are the favourite figures in contemporary American fiction. Mr. Theodore Dreiser, Mr. John dos Passos and Mr. Ernest Hemingway are finding shoals of imitators. It would perhaps be unfair to Mr. Ashleigh to say that he has copied these transatlantic writers, especially as he has given his hero an East London birthplace; but certainly his picturesque yarn of the life of Joe Crane, called by his proletarian associates, " London Slim," on tramp through America, approximated in its telling to the immediate popular American model, which disdains all elegance. Like Mr. Upton Sinclair, Mr. Dreiser and Mr. dos Passos, Mr. Charles Ashleigh has evidently strong sympathy for America's revolutionary Labour movement. Joe is early made a member of that formidable organisation, the I.W.W., and is henceforward hailed as a " Wobbly." He becomes a hobo, jumps trains, and every now and then does a job of printing, but he gets right into Red politics wherever he goes: his one love affair is with a Communist girl. One of his comrades who believes in taking money from the rich to retain for the poor, involves Joe in a hold-up of wealthy townsmen. Though he is entirely innocent, he is lodged in the county jail. This is all to the good for the book as it enables the author to present a startling view of American prison life. Joe gets a lucky release and is smuggled out of California disguised as a sailor.

DOWN TO THE SEA.

By B. ALEXIS MACANDREW. 7s. 6d. (John Murray.)

" I mean to be beautiful and seductive," is Leone Lombard's decision when her parents ask her to choose a career before she leaves school. Then a miracle happens, an uncle dies and leaves her five hundred pounds a year till she is of age, and a fortune after that. She gets a little flat in London, looks up her school friends and learns her profession. In spite or because of its note of modernity, its clipped phrases, its cocktail loving girls and boys, we have here the old story of beauty, youth, love and rivalry; the sense and nonsense of the young. They all seem able to sport motor-cars, and kisses are popular, almost as frequent as cocktails, and so somewhat cheap. These young people are however much more self-reliant and more sensible than the sweet maidens of past years. The end of the story is marvellously hidden until the last paragraph.



From A Wayfarer in Wales
By W. Watkin Davies
(Methuen).

Reviewed in last month's BOOKMAN.

DYFFRYN MOELFRE.
(Photo by Judges, Ltd.)

THE HEAVENS AND THE UNIVERSE.

By OSWALD THOMAS, Ph.D. Translated by BERNARD MIALL. 7s. 6d. net. (Allen & Unwin.)

Dr. Oswald Thomas is a professor at Vienna and the late director of the Uraina Observatory. For many years he was accustomed to conduct parties on astronomical night excursions. "We observed the stars; we imagined ourselves transported into the space of the universe; and often I continued my talks until the sun rose to greet us." It is those tales, illuminated with the professor's sketches and diagrams, that are now given to an English audience in this eminently readable book. We can imagine nothing more helpful to all who would know something of the constellations of the heavens, of the movements of shooting stars, of the limits of the milky way and the glory revealed by the telescope. To the plain man, conscious of ignorance in the presence of nightly wonder, a book like this is invaluable. Ignorance can be dispelled without the telescope and knowledge extended, thanks to Dr. Oswald Thomas and his translator.

BY THE WATERS OF BABYLON.

By "ANONYMOUS." 21s. net. (Hutchinson.)

The author of that much-debated book, "The Pomp of Power," here renews the hubbub as to his identity, but with rather less frankness and attack. For instead of flaying other people he mounts the pedestal of reminiscent monologue, and gives us a series of anecdotal recollections rather than a matter-of-fact autobiography. He has a pen that is eminently suited to the lighter task—allusive, diverse and free from misgiving. He has watched life at many points—Canada, the law, society, politics, journalism (ownership included), and a round of "good men's tables." This perhaps is what lends the book its "clarety" flavour and zest, and eliminates the trite, the tumid and the stale. The author gives the palm to Brussels in respect, not only of fine Burgundy, but certain lines of cookery, but it is an agreeable relief to find that he devotes his book, not to victuals and kitchen-lore, but to the people he has met and the things they had to say:

"A few months ago I happened to be dining one night at a foreign Legation in a Continental capital. The French, Belgian, Dutch and Hungarian nationalities were represented amongst the twelve persons around the table, who also included three English-speaking people—two Americans and an Englishman. Yet at a certain moment my neighbour and myself happened to notice that all the conversation—and the conversation was not general—was being carried on in English. Twenty years ago that would never have been seen—or rather heard."

Perhaps it would justify a higher complacency if the English-speaking guests had been as competent in other languages as their neighbours evidently were. Elsewhere, as one might expect from his previous book, the author dips his pen pretty freely into politics. He tells how Mr. Lloyd George asked Mr. J. M. Keynes once at dinner his opinion on his financial policy, and got the answer: "All nonsense"—one that must have made an ice course needless. The book is decidedly entertaining, and is full of that essence of interest—little known things about well-known people. Nothing has been better said, for instance, about Lady Astor than somebody's comment quoted here—that she differs in one important respect from Lady Randolph Churchill—that she is interested in movements, whereas her compatriot has known no interests except "Randolph and Winston."



From Mrs. Grundy
By Leo Markum
(*Appleton*).

THE MAY-POLE.
After a painting by J. Nash.

THE ORDEAL OF MARK BANNISTER.

By A. COMPTON RICKETT and PATRICK LEYTON. 7s. 6d. (Herbert Jenkins.)

One moral of this absorbing story is not to evince an interest in crime in the presence of literal-minded busybodies. That is what Mark Bannister did in his dryly humorous way, and when his aunt died suddenly in his flat, leaving him all her wealth, some people began to talk about his curious interest in weed-killers. Rumour grew and grew until Bannister's life became haunted, and there was a guilty secret in his mind which lent force to the false suspicions. This situation is very orginally conceived and handled, and the story is driven almost to the verge of tragedy. The method of Bannister's escape from this thraldom will come as a complete surprise to the reader. Murder had been committed, but it was only by a detective's clever use of a dictaphone that the real criminal was convicted by his own recorded conversation. This book will take a high place among the detective stories of the year. Its writing and its characterisation give it distinction among its kind.

PEARLS, ARMS AND HASHISH.

By HENRI DE MONFRIED. Written down by IDA TREAT. Illustrated 18s. net. (Gollancz.)

"The Sea-Wolf," we are told, was the name given by the British Admiralty to M. Henri de Monfried, otherwise

Abd el Hai, a Frenchman of New English ancestry who went native, and became slave-trader, pearl-fisher, gun-runner and hashish-smuggler in the Red Sea and Indian Ocean—a picturesque background for adventures some of which M. de Monfried's ingenious *apologia pro vita sua* does not quite succeed in making commendable. There is a half-veiled reference to Colonel Lawrence which throws a curious light on our relations with the Arabs; the account of the pearl fisheries is interesting; and some vivid pen-pictures are given of life among the Somalis and other natives. We notice, by the way, that the old story of the Essex men who cut off the calf's head to extricate it from a gate seems to have its counterpart in Somaliland. One is inevitably reminded of the old African ivory trader, whose reflections and adventures were recorded in a similar way by a woman novelist. The book has no index, and one wishes that some of M. de Monfried's water-colour sketches had been included among the illustrations; but the story he has to tell is an unusual and interesting one, and it has been admirably set down.

GOD IN THE SLUMS.

By Hugh Redwood. 1s. net paper; 2s. 6d. net cloth. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

If the Salvation Army did no other work, its work in the slums would command the attention and admiration of the world. In this record of the Slum Posts there is no trace of hysteria and false emotion. It is the work of a prominent London journalist, Mr. Hugh Redwood, who by the accident of the Thames flood two years ago discovered the slums and discovered the "Army." There is a marvellously thrilling "story within a story" told here as to how this book came to be written. This is one of the most romantic and inspiring stories we have ever read. A band of young women are bringing in the Kingdom of God as part of the day's work. Here is a noble answer to religious scepticism and vain questionings as to the reality and power of the Unseen. In this book we feel the glow of the primal fire of early Christianity. It is impossible to underestimate the magnitude of the slum task. Rat-ridden, obscene hovels and their ghoulish inhabitants are cleansed and renewed. The hungry who seek bread are sustained, the weak are defended, sometimes at the cost of life itself. Self-effacement is a simple instinct with the devoted slum staff of the Salvation Army. Their first duty to themselves and to the community, they would say, is the practice of the presence of God. The Slum Officer stops murder, rescues girls and women from the streets, and mends everything from broken heads to broken hearts, and it is all in the day's programme and always the officer is "led by God." Do not argue for or against miracles, do not philosophise about prayer—read this book! If God is not in this work we need not trouble about Him. This is a book of miracles as up to date as the morning paper. Men and women are being made new and old things are passing away. Mr. Hugh Redwood quotes this unemotional but typical report of a Slum Officer—note the significance of the last sentence:

> "I thought I would prowl around, and just make friends where I could. So I entered a yard. The houses were all broken and empty, but something led me to peep into one of them. I thought at the time it was curiosity, but I afterwards knew it was God. Huddled up in a corner was a young woman with a wee baby. There was no bed for them, and she was black with bruises. She had lived with a man who had turned her out after ten years, during which time she had borne him nine children. To-day she has died from exposure and inattention at the birth of the baby. The man, since he is not married to her, goes free. Of course I am fixing up the children."

It is not too much to say that here is another "Broken Earthenware," and it has qualities that make it of more universal appeal. In the face of the facts and romance of this book, questions of theology fade into insignificance. It is the work of Christ, the remaking of men and women.



From God in the Slums
By Hugh Redwood
(Hodder & Stoughton).

Wrapper Design.
From a drawing by Frank Brangwyn.

THAT WILD LIE.

By Naomi Jacobs. 7s. 6d. (Hutchinson.)

A really good yarn with a genuine grip upon character. Emmanuel Gollantz, the Jew who came to England to found a family and a fortune, is a magnificent figure, kindly and hard, worldly and simple, and with constant and great integrity of purpose. The story itself presents little that is arresting; but the telling of it makes the book very much worth reading.

NIGHT RAIDERS OF THE AIR.

By A. R. KINGSFORD. 7s. 6d. (John Hamilton.)

This book has two defects. It is overburdened with slang, and its author is too much inclined to follow the war-books of the "women and wine" school. This is a pity because he has a good story to tell, and his sense of the dramatic enables him to tell his story extremely well. The "I" of the story is an artist whom we first meet as a soldier with New Zealand troops on their way to the War. He has adventures, which make good reading, before he is transferred to the Flying Corps. We are given a useful insight into the flying training organisation in England from the schools at Denham and Oxford, through reserve and home defence squadrons, to the fighting school at Turnberry. After a spell as an anti-Zeppelin pilot at home, the narrator joined No. 100 Squadron in France. This was in January, 1918, and he is at fault when he describes the squadron as a unit of the Independent Force which was in fact not formed until June, 1918. But this is a small slip, and the account he gives of the night-flying exploits of the F.G. 26's is authentic and exciting. The illustrations are first class.



From **Night Raiders of the Air**
By A. R. Kingsford
(*Hamilton*).

"HE RELEASED THE BOMB FROM THE RACK AND CALMLY CLIMBED BACK"

HEIRS.

By CORNELIA JAMES CANNON. 7s. 6d. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

Here is a quiet, worth-while book. Its characters may be a little dull, but they are flesh and blood. Miss Cannon's heroine, Marilla Lamprey, has nothing improbable about her except her name. Marilla comes to the little manufacturing town of Lovell, in New Hampshire, as a school teacher. It is not long before she falls in with a worthy admirer, Seth Walton, a millowner, a man of some culture, a little burdened by his own shy reserve. Marilla keeps on with her teaching after marriage, as she is intensely interested in her pupils, who are for the most part the children of Polish workers. The author indicates how so fiercely a national race as the Poles became rapidly merged in the body of American citizenship. Marilla is especially concerned with the progress of Ewa Zabka, the worst girl in the school. She teaches her self-respect, which develops into extreme vanity. Ewa however later settles down into a model mother. In the meantime things have been going badly in the Walton household—Marilla, who sees the young wives around her happy with a plenitude of children, is denied that motherhood which she longs for. Estranged from Seth, she goes to Europe and is later recalled by news of his serious illness. Seth is crippled for life and Marilla finds her vocation in mothering a helpless mate.

I LIKE A GOOD MURDER.

By MARCUS MAGILL. 7s. 6d. (Knopf.)

And it was a magnificent and justly deserved murder! A few moments after Molly Sullivan, who read altogether too many lurid novels, had uttered the words "I *like* a good murder," Peter Read's dead body was discovered in the back room of the little Brompton Road restaurant where Molly had spoken. It is Dr. Middleton, the Harley Street specialist, who really guesses the murderer's identity from the first and sets the trap which clears seven out of the eight suspects. In the interval one has a most thrilling pursuit, false clues, love interest, shots, humour and much vivid characterisation. There is, moreover, a sporting chance of spotting the winner before Dr. Middleton stages the last surprise, but as Marcus Magill has written two previous thrillers the chance is only a sporting one. The quickness of the hand deceives the eye and the delighted reader has to own himself beaten. "I *Like* a Good Murder" is well written, well constructed, and one of the most competent thrillers to date.

EXIT.

By HAROLD BELL WRIGHT. 7s. 6d. (Appleton.)

This author has an enormous vogue in America as a purveyor of romantic sentimentalism. "Exit" is not a favourable specimen of his art. The play within a novel, dealing with the characters of the novel itself, is a method of writing for Gide or Pirandello, not for a master of extended novelettes like Mr. Harold Bell Wright. "The people in the play," as Mr. Wright calls them, are Antonio Latour, an old actor with a heart of gold; Harriet Noel, the great actress, also sterling; Roy Donovan, the worthless actor whom she marries; Pierre Donovan, their son, an embryo David Garrick, and his callous half-brother, Bruce Carey, who somehow married the exquisite Ann, who loved Pierre. The aged Antonio says he will make them into a play and he does, much to the detriment of Roy Donovan and Bruce Carey. Bruce deprives Pierre of the money which was to educate him for the stage, and Pierre's father, Roy, becomes a murderer. It is all cleared up in "After the Play," leaving Ann and Pierre still very unhappy. Pierre's creator has handicapped him with a dreadfully facetious form of speech. The book is badly constructed and totally unreal in its characterisation.



AXEL MUNTHE.

(From a pastel by Countess Feo Gleichen.)

Dr. Munthe has just written a new preface for the twelfth impression of "The Story of San Michele"
(*John Murray*).

ORIENTAL MEMORIES OF A GERMAN DIPLOMATIST.

By FRIEDRICH ROSEN. 15s. (Methuen.)

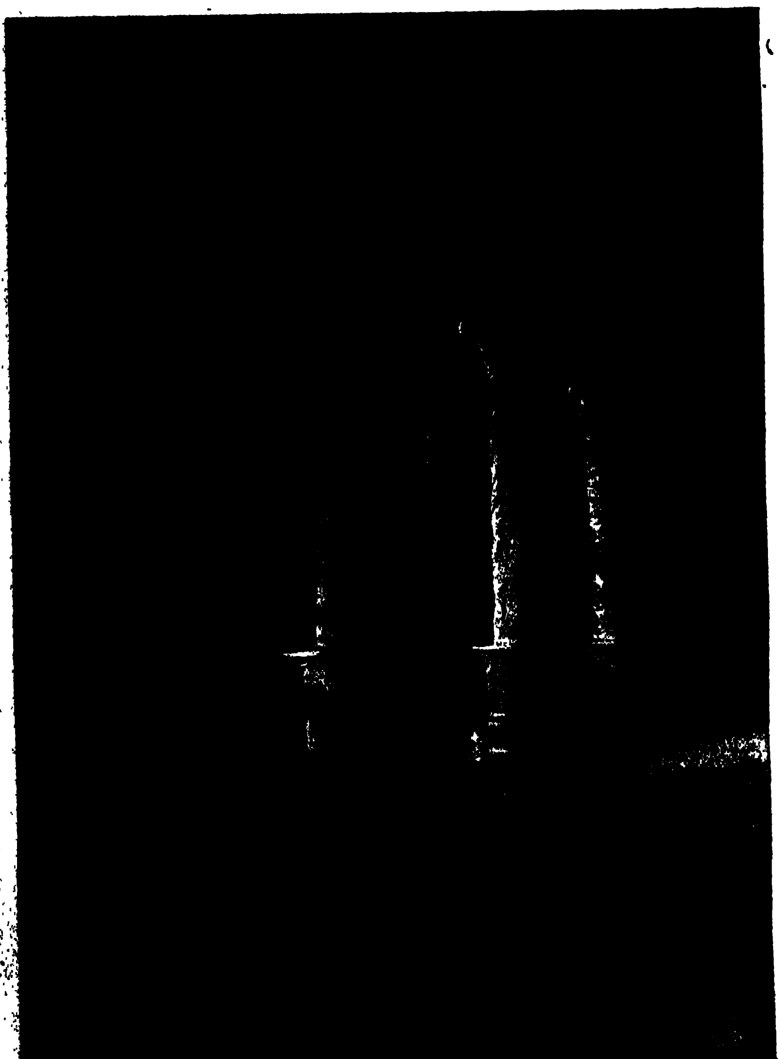
Dr. Rosen has shown his affinity with Persian literature in many scholarly renderings of its poets, but some dread attached to the prospect of what he would have to say about the conflict of European policies in Western Asia. There he writes with even more authority, for his father was Consul in Jerusalem—an office to which he himself succeeded — and nearly the whole of his long career has been spent in Persia, Syria, Bagdad and the Holy Land, with big loops into India, Egypt and Arabia. But from the very opening this book dispels any fears, and even in his most patriotic moments the author makes one feel the presence of a travelled scholar with a delightful sense of humour, and a sense of racial psychology that is all too rare among his countrymen. He had no sympathy with the all-important Bagdad Railway scheme, and although he is merciful to the ex-Kaiser, we learn that when that turgid monarch paid his celebrated visit to the Holy City (and made a breach in its precious walls to admit his caravan of pomp), he did not even ask the identity of the German savant who showed him round. In after years he showed that he thought it was Dr. Rosen, and our author admits he knew his man too well to contradict. What a sidelight on Imperial infallibility! But the best part of the volume has no taint of politics at all, and the Herr Doktor is never more himself than when he is discoursing of Eastern poetry and humour, or describing the luscious hospitalities that bring them back to life. No one has better told the story of the insistent English dame who got an audience of the Sultan through a grand vizier's guile. When the "Shadow of Allah" ordered her out, the royal imprecation was interpreted into a gracious permission to view the royal gardens. There is genuine laughter also in the stories of the fat postmaster, the ambassador who did his own cooking, and the ways of native servants. Though Dr. Rosen resented the Teutophobe views of the late Sir Valentine Chirol, he recounts some excellent anecdotes illustrating the latter's marvellous knowledge and bonhomie. Also he pays a profound tribute to the quiet dignity and energy of the British diplomatic service, as well as to the personal charm and courtesy of the Hardinges, the Nicolsons, the Lascelles and other families who have left their memory fragrant throughout the Near East. He declares his conviction that India's diversity of races and religions must banish the hope of her self-government for generations to come. He argues for a non-racial and non-political reservation with regard to the Holy Places, and he repeatedly laments the fate that has dashed his hopes of an Anglo-German alliance. But where we feel regrets, it is that Germany never listened to the old regime of culture that he adorns — broad in spirit, keen for knowledge, and appreciative of merit wherever it occurs.

J. P. C.



MR. LIVIU REBREANU.

Author of "The Forest of the Hanged"
(*Allen & Unwin*).



From Oriental Memories
By Friederich Rosen
(*Methuen*).

BAGH-I-FIRDOUS, GARDEN OF PARADISE, PERSIAN COUNTRY HOUSE IN SHIMRAN.

YEARS OF GRACE.

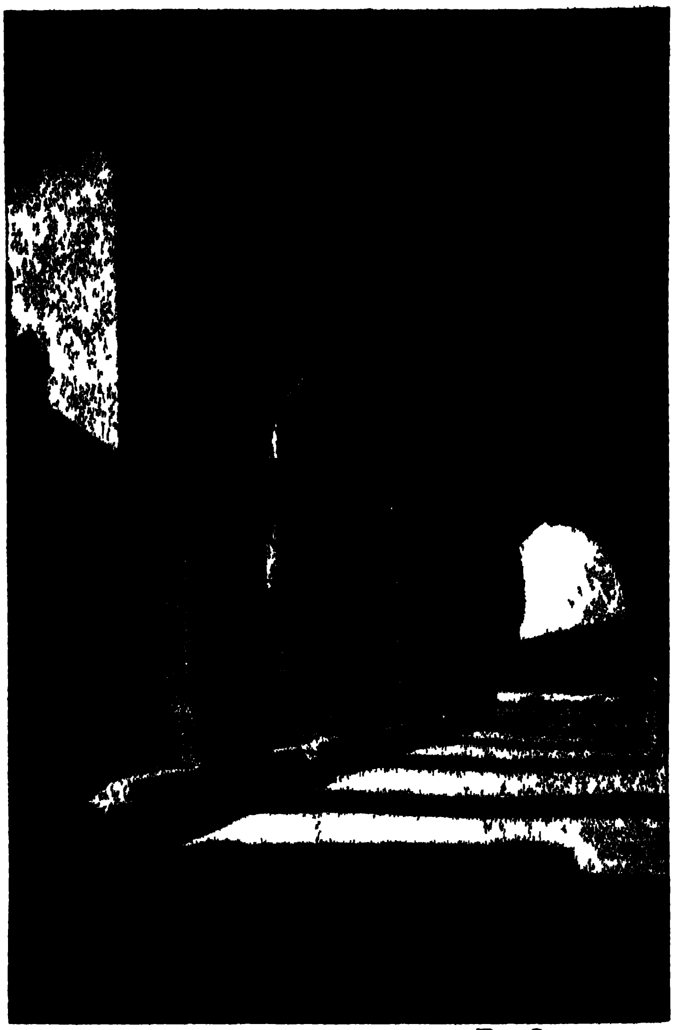
By MARGARET AYER BARNES. 7s. 6d. (Constable.)

Here we have a long and polished domestic novel about American people of the upper middle class. It stretches over five hundred and eighty pages. Jane, the heroine, is for ever struggling with the problems of life. At the end, when we leave her in middle age, she thinks things over once more. "To what end do you struggle to live with dignity and decency and decorum? Was it only to cultivate in your own character that intangible quality that Jane, for want of a better word, had defined as grace?" This is a careful study of a tired and anxious woman without the consolations of religion. The book with its large canvas passes the supreme test: "Is it readable?" triumphantly. But it is predominantly a study of the emotions rampant in a large family observed from a feminine angle; so we do not recommend the average man to read it.

SIR JOHN MAGILL'S LAST JOURNEY.

By Freeman Wills Crofts 7s 6d net (Collins)

This is good workmanship and a highly credible story Our old friend Inspector French is tackling the job of his career Sir John Magill set off for a certain place in Ireland but never reached his destination Apparently there was a good reason for this journey and one which suggested the motive for crime, but the good reason and the obvious motive clothed a deeper and more diabolical intention The outstanding quality in the work is that there are no loose ends left ungathered Every possibility is explored thoroughly in the sort of painstaking way we might expect of Scotland Yard when dealing with an actual major crime But the ingenuity of this case does not rest there, for the criminals involved are not given superhuman qualities they remain what the average criminal is, a misguided (even if clever) fool It is the competence of the story which carries this book, the writing is quietly effective without being brilliant



From The Handbook of Cyprus By Sir Ronald Storrs and Bryan Justin O'Brien (*Christophers*)

The Cloisters of Bellapaise (Foscolo)

A VOYAGE TO PURILIA

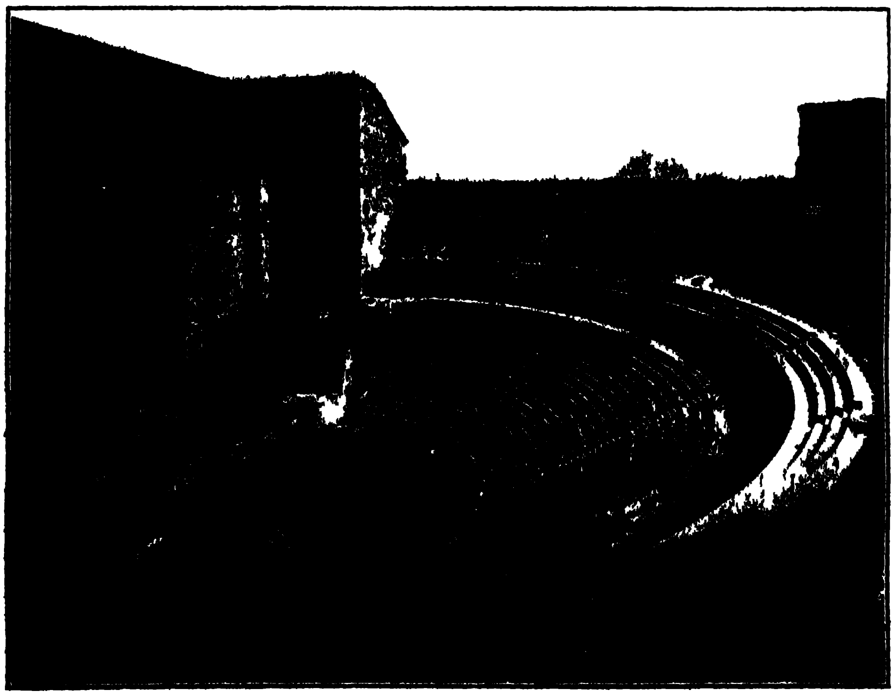
By Elmer Rice. 7s 6d (Gollancz)

An ethnologist and an aeronaut set off in quest of the fabled planet, Purilia, where they duly landed after a momentous voyage through space Purilia they found to be strangely similar to the earth, but the difference was even more striking For life and conduct in Purilia were a realisation of all the accepted conventions of cinemaland The air was somewhat difficult to breathe, the atmosphere throbbed with continual music, figures unaccountably swelled up to such gigantic proportions that the falling tear of a heroine resembled a golf-ball, and ever and anon monstrous platitudes echoed through space uttered by The Presence Readers may be assured that this is a most diverting and searching satire There does not seem to be a single cinema convention that is not delightfully burlesqued In a gay book nothing is funnier than the utterances of The Presence which recaptures perfectly the fatuity of the cinema caption Mr Rice is to be congratulated on his clever and diverting use of the Utopian framework The subject called aloud for satire and Mr Rice has filled the gap

THE THREE R'S

By Ganpat 7s 6d (Hodder & Stoughton)

We often wonder why Ganpat is not even better known as a writer His books are those of a seasoned traveller and soldier his wide experience of men in strange places, and his keen wise outlook on life illuminate and enrich his pages and if anybody who reads this review does not know his Magic Ladakh we are sorry for them In The Three R's he is perhaps not being over-serious it is a light tale of villainy and horror The three R's are a band of notorious criminals (One is Rykins, a Russian chemist) They do away with that skilful secret service agent Jules Guichard They used a woman to do it at least so I imagine it She would only be a tool—a pawn in a chess-player's hands There are some strong scenes in this romantic novel One of the most thrilling is when the hero goes eavesdropping on an insecure parapet The noose holds, he hears the plotters say, "and in ten days we shall leave England Once in Caucasia we're safe, the girl will be in good hands then" We cordially recommend "The Three R's" but we want 'Ganpat' to write about Central Asia next time



From Nero: Emperor of Rome By Arthur Weigall (*Thornton Butterworth*).

Roman Theatre at Orange

HUNTSMAN IN THE SKY.

By Granville Toogood. 7s. 6d.
(Heinemann.)

The huntsman, we may as well say at once, is Orion. Bart Garrison saw it at the end " burning clear, white and lustrous." He recognised it in the heavens " with a deep stirring of the heart: Orion ! " The author of this long and not by any means immature first novel tells us : " It is broadly a study of the creative mind struggling for realisation in the face of cloying influences." But the reader must not be put off by that. For there is much fine writing in the book, and there are descriptions of the country at dawn and dusk, in sunshine and moonlight, that are amazingly well done. And the chief characters are drawn vividly. There is no getting away from Grandfather Lloyd. The scene is Philadelphia, and it is to Philadelphia Bart has returned from the study of music in Paris. We follow the workings of his mind, and his adventures until the day when his friend the little Jew from Geneva conducted Bart's great piece in New York. It is a great achievement to have written so powerful and so clean a book as " Huntsman in the Sky."

THE YELLOW CYGNET.

By Harold Redcliffe. 7s. 6d.
(Cecil Palmer.)

The first part of this book about Australia concerns itself with a rather theatrical crime ; the second—and best—part with life in the Bush and the hunt for gold ; the third with politics and the elucidation of the crime. The author has interesting material at his disposal, and can describe picturesquely the scenes he obviously knows so well, but his characters are unreal, and their conversations are intolerably long and stilted. No one alive holds forth at such length.

LEVON WEST.

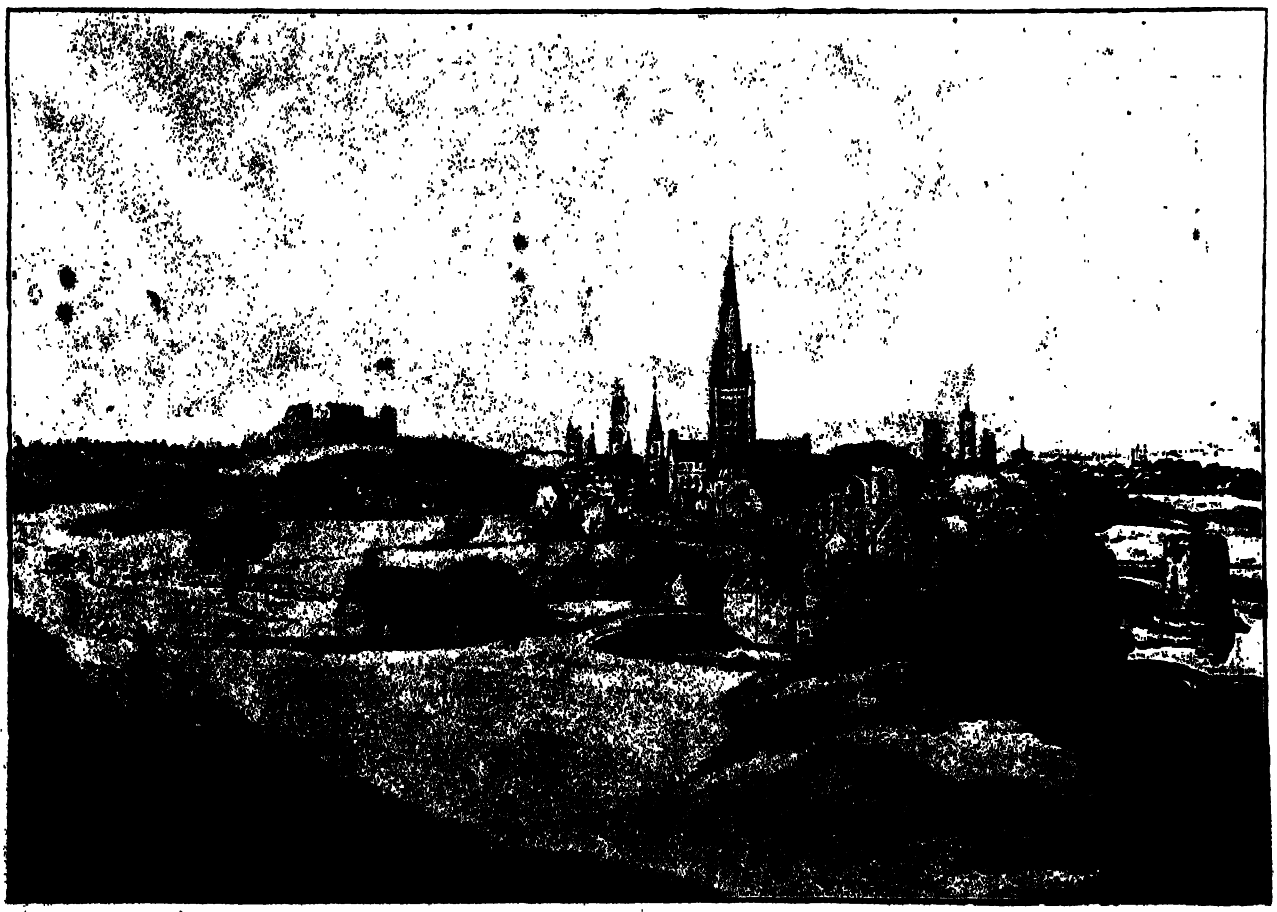
" Modern Masters of Etching " Series.
(*Studio.*)

Mr. Malcolm C. Salaman is remarkably expert in the art of the Introduction. This volume on Levon West is the twenty-fourth on the Masters of Etching for which he has provided a preface, and it might be the first, so freshly does he state the biographical facts and comment on the artist's plates. Mr. West is an American etcher with a picturesque career ; Mr. Salaman relates it pleasantly, and is admiring, but judiciously so, of his etchings, of which twelve are reproduced here. They illustrate mainly the artist's love of and success with the lonely spaces of the Rockies.

VALLEJO KITTY.

By Ann Knox. 7s. 6d.
(Constable.)

Kitty, too pretty for her own safety, never had a chance to lead a respectable life, and was immersed in the immoralities of San Francisco while still little more than a child. It was only when love came her way that she craved for something better, escaped from the atmosphere of glittering evil and started afresh in England, posing as a young American widow. A natural simplicity in her, unharmed by all her experiences, won her friends and brought her the security she yearned for ; and many years later, when driving in Hyde Park, she encountered again the man she had loved in San Francisco—the man who unknowingly had caused her to change the whole tenor of her life. Miss Knox's new book is a vivid and powerful piece of work ; some readers will find it too outspoken, but the characters are amazingly alive ; and the unpleasantness of its theme is modified by subtle humour and a rich understanding of humanity.



From An Introduction to the Rolls of Norwich Cathedral Priory
By H. W. Saunders
(*Jarrolds*).

NORWICH.
(From an etching by Thomas Rowlandson.)

The Bookman

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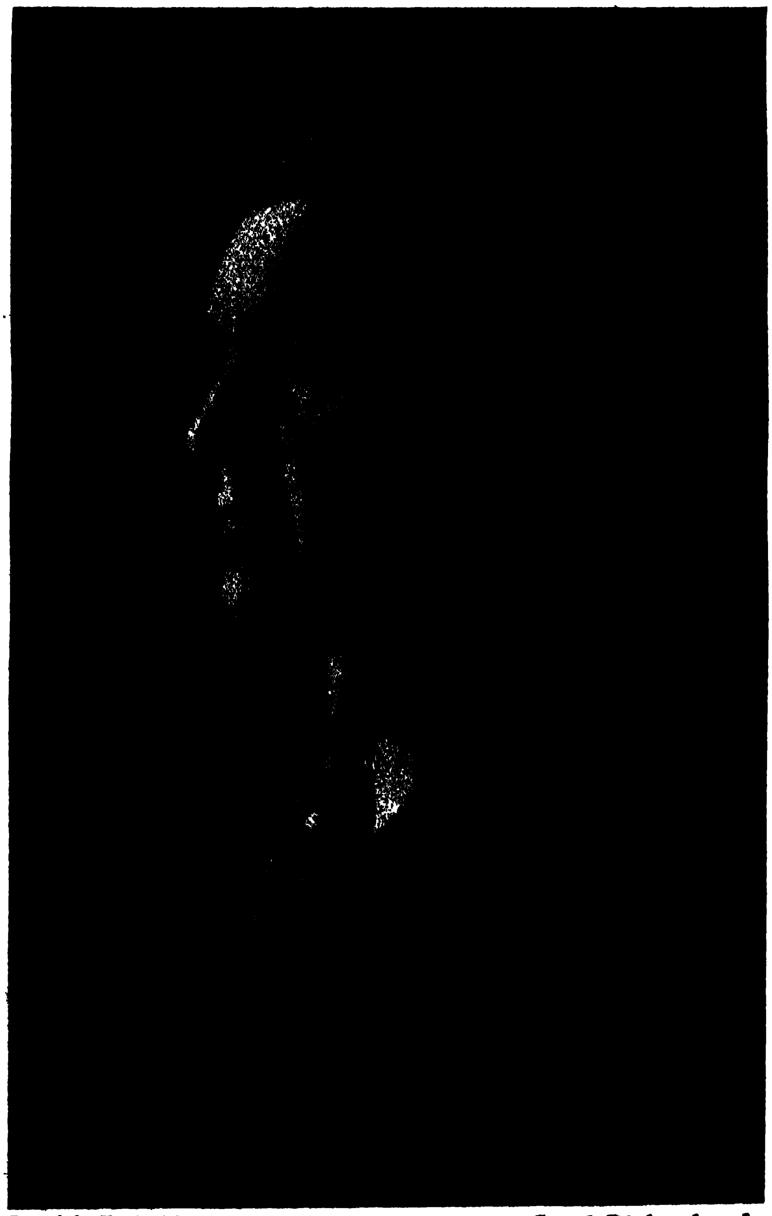
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LORD BIRKENHEAD AS A WRITER

By J. P. Collins

ANY estimate of Lord Birkenhead as a writer must be a subordinate one, for we must bear in mind his legal eminence and his astonishing political career. The marvel was, not that he should write as easily and forcibly as he did, but that the strain he put upon his energies left him time to write at all. Perhaps it was impossible for a man of his versatility and impulse not to exercise his pen. Self-expression on paper came as naturally to him as hard riding or a smashing game of tennis. He needed all such outlets for venting his love of action and ideas, and his intense enjoyment of personal encounter.

He resembled Johnson in his resolute habit of flying at the extreme mark, and striving manfully for the victory. Gibbon and Burke were the lasting influences on his style. Too often he ignored Burke's condemnation of the orator who relied on ingenuity for winning applause. In the same way he may have relied as a writer too much on his notorious facility. In any case it is difficult to say of many a passage taken at random, whether it was written, or spoken, or both. But having chosen his models, he never deserted them, so that from first to last his style remained curiously consistent, perhaps because he never quite outlived the atmosphere of the Oxford Union.



Portrait by Hay Wrightson. **Lord Birkenhead.**

That style of his lay half-way between the Bar and the forum. With its array of Latinistic terms, and "long-tailed words in -osity and -ation," it was less impersonal than it seemed. It had more of the eighteenth than the nineteenth century in its composition, but lent itself all the more to the purposes of invective, controversy, exhortation, irony. If it had a fault, it was the common fault of the Ciceronian school—that it lacked the vital element of idiom. There is always a risk of its practitioners mistaking the positive for the accurate, and resonance for infallibility. But he never debilitated his utterances by amplification, as Dr. Parr said, or "encroached on eternity," as was said of Cockburn. If he was sententious he was never florid. He never "spoke essays" or "wrote debates."

What is more to the purpose, he usually hit the mark, and hit it hard. He could clinch his characterisation of Mr. Lloyd George in a sentence: "He is not very easy to grip." And he could put a subtle flash of humour in a frank, crisp dictum like the one about the late Lord Curzon:

> "We have the highest authority for believing that the meek shall inherit the earth; though I have never found any particular corroboration of this aphorism in the records of Somerset House. Lord Curzon is not meek; nor do I know of

"Turning Points in History." By the late Earl of Birkenhead. 21s. (Hutchinson.)

any particular reason why he should be. But personally I dislike meek men."

Parliamentarians who chain themselves to the chariot of Fleet Street have been known to regret it. Lord Birkenhead had no reason to complain so far as remuneration was concerned. He said that his first two books brought him £60 apiece; and they say that before he had finished with publishers and agents he was receiving as much as £500 an article. But the whirligig of journalism has had its revenges, and much of what he wrote at high pressure, with such facile execution and with more indebtedness to others than he could always remember to acknowledge, may not be worth reprinting in his "Collected Works."

But let us judge him at his best. Many of his admirers, if asked to name a favourite and typical piece, would probably vote for the rectorial address he gave Aberdeen a couple of years ago, when he spoke up earnestly for intellectual honesty, plus the cultivation of a charm of manner. This, coming from such a quarter, may have given pause to some of the budding Aberdonians, and their opportunity came later.

And now we come to "Turning Points in History," a posthumous book that, like Esau, lacks its father's blessing and, what is more, his final supervision. Yet with all its imperfections on its head, it contains some of his ripest historical criticism. From Salamis to Dantzig, its twenty essays cover the salient crises in twenty-five centuries, and handle them judicially, humanly and with the breadth of a man of affairs. They combine the virtues of Froude without his errors, Bagehot without his prejudices, and Boyce without his professorialism. It should certainly rank as the best among his books.

Even a Benthamite with a disdainful visage may have senses, affections, passions, and nobody ever doubted Lord Birkenhead's sincerity when it came to the basic facts of life and human relationship. This man, so little given to wearing his heart upon his sleeve, paid a brief and memorable tribute after his mother's death which could not have been improved. But he surpassed it in the elegiac essay which concludes the volume of his "Contemporary Personalities." After a chain of superlatives that are easily excusable, he speaks of having, within six months, to stand at the graveside of two brothers younger, alas, than himself. He proceeds:

> "Of my brother, Captain Sydney Smith, I say nothing in this place; but I have written this of Harold because it grieves me that such an injustice should be done to his memory as to suppose that he was some faint re-echo of myself. He was, on the contrary, a man who gave strength himself; and had need to derive it from no other. My own life is indefinitely weakened by his death. I am a poorer man in virtue of it."

May we not all say the same of him and his passing, a decade or two before due time? If he ever had enemies, it was not because of his faults, but because of his candour and his courage. And even they may own they could have spared many a milder critic, if only for the Homeric laughter he could wring on occasion out of a biting retort or a devastating phrase.

W. PETT RIDGE

The Chronicler of the Cockney

By
Almey St. John Adcock

LONDON is haunted by the ghosts of men who have loved and written about her. Doctor Johnson is everywhere up and down Fleet Street; there and elsewhere you find Lamb, mingling in the surging life of the town; Dickens wanders all over London and makes it his own; Gissing has coloured Clerkenwell with drab romance for ever. And now another who, no less than these and such as these, knew and loved the great city and its people, has gone from our sight, though to most of us he and they will always seem more real and alive than the unknown living multitudes who throng past us in the busy thoroughfares.

The London Mr. Pett Ridge came to half a century ago was still very much the London Dickens has immortalised in his novels. It had no easy means of communication, no electric light, traffic was horse-drawn, many of the streets and buildings remained exactly the same as when Dickens had been familiar with them, and poverty went ragged and barefoot. To the majority of people in those days London was Dickens's London; the comedy and drama of his stories had touched it with magic, and a young man coming up from a Kentish village to be a clerk in the Continental goods office of a big railway company, at the modest salary of twenty-one shillings a week, must have felt he was walking into a story, moving among the very stuff of which stories are made.

He had, and retained all his life, an intense admiration for Dickens, and, like Dickens, he got to know London by tramping its streets, and in this way discovered its poverty and was filled with compassion for the children who played and scuffled on the pavements of its slums.

When he first arrived he joined the Birkbeck Institute, and in a very short time was acting as joint secretary of the debating society; but it was ten years before he began to write. The success of a fellow-student in having a turn-over accepted by the *Globe* induced him to attempt to do a sketch himself; he wrote "A Dinner in Soho," and sent it up to the *St. James's Gazette.* Sidney Low, the editor, not only printed it, but asked for more. The result was that he ventured into fiction under the pseudonym of Warwick Simpson and for a considerable while contributed to various periodicals, using that name as well as his own. He tells you in his autobiography, "A Story Teller," how "one glorious Saturday afternoon" he pulled off a double event—"the *St. James's* printed a sketch by W. Pett Ridge and, in the same issue, a story by Warwick Simpson."

Many men, thus encouraged, would have been tempted to abandon office work straight away. But to the young writer who asked him for advice in procedure, Pett Ridge always recommended caution, and adds, "I can truthfully say I have ever practised it." It is, after all, the imaginative man who is cautious; the self-respecting who will not risk being beholden to others. You will realise too in reading his novels that

he ranks common sense at a high level and finds vanity amusing; besides, he had seen in his goings about too much of the discomforts and humiliations that attach themselves to the scarcity of money to dispense rashly with a regular salary. Not until he had published his first collection of short stories, "Eighteen of Them," and two or three other books, and was earning by his pen three times as much as he was earning at the goods office, did he decide to devote himself entirely to fiction. And no doubt that time spent in an office supplied him with much valuable copy for use in after years.

His first novel, "A Clever Wife," came out in 1895, and he continued to publish a book every year, sometimes two, from then on. "Mord Em'ly," which appeared in 1898, made his future as a novelist secure, and brought in royalties to the day of his death.

Always he had much in common with Dickens; like Dickens, he relied on character rather than plot, and his characters usually belonged to the hard-up section of the community and were very real people. Nor did he travel far outside London for the interest of his story. He was very conscious of the realities of life, of its squalor and hardships, but no less of its humour. In one particular I think he scored over Dickens. It is true that in Dickens's day the nicer a woman was the less character she was supposed to possess, and Dickens was influenced by the fashion of his period. To-day we have learned to pay tribute to the woman who can earn a livelihood and think for herself, and you will find in Mr. Pett Ridge's books some of the finest types of the modern girl—Florence Mackenzie in "The Two Mackenzies," Sydney Hayward in "Hayward's Fight," practical Aunt Bertha in "Just Like Aunt Bertha" are but three examples of his competent, up-to-date, intelligent business woman who, while revealing forcible personality and a strong spirit of independence, contrive to be as charming and feminine as any Dickens heroine.

With the conceit and bombast of youth he had a twinkling sympathy; he understood so well the self-importance of the young man in his teens who hoped passers-by would notice he owned a latch-key; the pride of a lad in obtaining his first situation; the London urchin's glibness at repartee. Robert Mapleton, in "The Slippery Ladder," hands out a lively impudence to his elders, and Mr. Pett Ridge says, "Nothing gives so much exhilaration to a London youth as a successful encounter in words with the mature." Perhaps his fullest, most entertaining picture of a young cockney is in "Well-to-do Arthur." Some people consider he was at his best in his short stories and sketches of London life; his humour was crisp and droll, and the short story served as an admirable medium for it. He was an excellent clubman, and the fund of anecdotes he stored in his memory helped to make him a popular platform and after-dinner speaker; the grave face he kept in telling a tale adding greatly to the zest of it. But he could speak earnestly and movingly enough when appealing on behalf of the slum children, for whom he did so much.



W. Pett Ridge.

From a drawing by Raphael Nelson.

Most men, writers especially, seem to tune their lives to some prevailing idea. Hardy could never escape the ironic; Gissing was obsessed by the futility of human existence; the key-note of Pett Ridge's life and work was courageous cheerfulness. For the quality of cheerfulness he had unbounded admiration. "Cheerfulness," he wrote somewhere, "is the gift of which the gods are most jealous, and he who possesses it has no right to keep it to himself." We are told that to a great extent man creates the world out of his own temperament, and one is inclined to believe this when one remembers that in their books both Gissing and Pett Ridge used much the same material, describing the same sort of people living under similar conditions; yet Gissing saw little save gloom and hopelessness in the mean streets of London, while Pett Ridge found a gay heroism and as much cause for laughter as for tears.

This was not because he was less sensible of the darker side of things; he did too much to alleviate it not to have been acutely sensible of it all the time.

London is richer and happier to-day because, fifty years ago, a young clerk came up out of Kent to work in one of its innumerable offices. And I like to think that the city, through all its many changes, keeps some spirit counterpart where those who have loved it and gone from it may walk in its familiar shadows, may find again the old courts and alleys they knew in their youth, and meet other kindred souls who, with them, would rather tread the well-known homely ways than dwell in some far-off golden heaven that holds no memories.

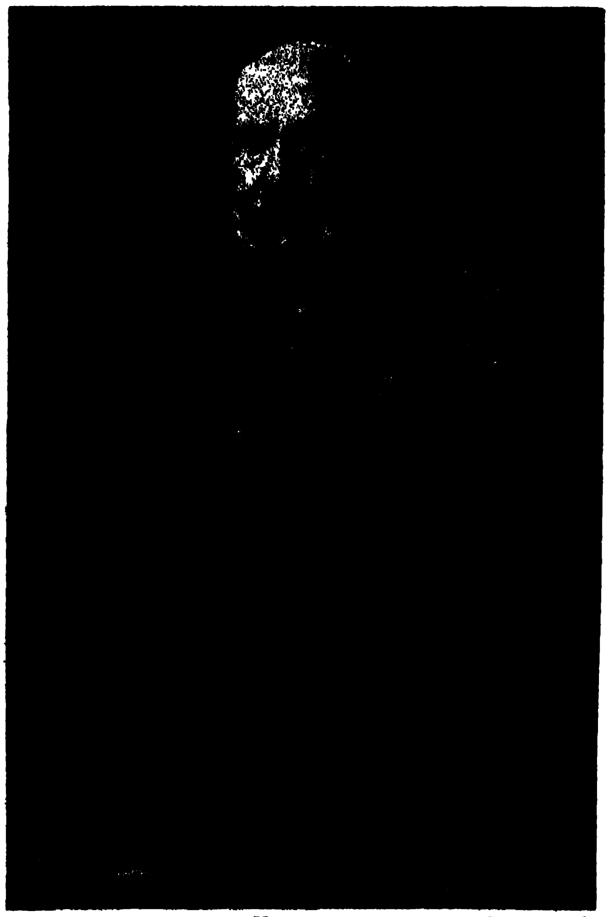
THE END OF AN EPOCH

Seven Pictures of Pre-War Europe

By Collin Brooks

"Chapters of Autobiography." By the late Lord Balfour. 10s. 6d. (Cassell.)
"Kaiser and Chancellor." By Karl Friedrich Novak. 21s. (Putnams.)
"Philip Eulenburg: the Kaiser's Friend." By Johannes Haller. English version by Ethel Colburn Mayne. 2 vols. 30s. (Secker.)
"The World I Used to Know." By Frau Marie von Bunsen. 18s. (Thornton Butterworth.)
"The Collapse of the Austro-Hungarian Empire." By Edmund von Glaise-Horstenau. 25s. (Dent.)
"Nearing the End in Imperial Russia." By George T. Marye. 18s. (Selwyn & Blount.)
"Makers of Modern Europe." By Count Sforza. 21s. (Elkin Mathews & Marrot.)

Was it Talleyrand or another who said that those who were not adult before 1780 were incapable of knowing what life can mean? A realist in politics, Talleyrand was at heart a great romantic, and we have it on the best authority that the habit of the romantics is to cry "our king was with us—yesterday!" Those of us who remember an adolescence before 1914 are apt to fret the patience of our juniors by post-dating by a hundred and thirty years the charmed chronological line. If the epoch which ended in blood and flame between 1914 and 1922—between the murder of the Archduke Franz Ferdinand at Sarajevo and Mussolini's march on Rome—was not the age of gold, it was at least the age of tinsel, and no less so because the pageant of Europe was composed around certain dominant figures clad in sober broadcloth and sombre fustian. When emperors to the east, kaisers to the centre, and kings to the west dominated the scene; when material progress had advanced so quickly and so far that armies no longer marched on their stomachs, but had (so to speak) their stomachs brought after them along lines of communications that were railway-lines; when a leisured caste was able to play the great diplomatic game inherited from eighteenth century ancestors at a pace incredible before the days of steam and electricity; when massed populations, enjoying or demanding the benefits of popular education, played at being or becoming democracies without realising the truth of Jowett's remark to the young Belloc, that you cannot have democracies without democrats, which meant that you cannot in a single gesture acclaim democracy and adulate monarchy; when great ladies, a little more dowdy as wives than their prototypes had been as mistresses, still swayed the destinies of kingdoms by their whimsies or their petulances—when, in short, the continuity of feudalism and aristocratic government had begun to respond to the forces of a democratic modernism but had not been broken thereby, then life gained a glamour from the machinations of the great which could be enjoyed by the onlooking humble. Von der Goltz had written "A Nation in Arms," but not even the conscript nations had realised that, as Count Sforza says, when one has "*sa geurre*," one must pay for it, and that the cheering crowd of to-day, when rival monarchs meet amicably, is the cannon-fodder of to-morrow, when they meet in enmity.



Emperor Francis Joseph I.
From "The Collapse of the Austro-Hungarian Empire," by Edmund von Glaise Horstenau (Dent).

Well—the kings, if not the captains, have departed; the emperors are ended or exiled; the kaisers, by a last touch of irony, have been most vulgarly "kicked out." Here, in eight volumes, like the eight scenes of a pageant play, we have an almost complete picture of the end of the epoch which, to a *Talleyrand de nos jour*, must seem in retrospect as delectable as did that earlier time to the French cynic—and which, in actuality, and to a modern mind and imagination, was as utterly deplorable.

Here, first, is Arthur Balfour, the very flower of the aristocratic culture of his time, recalling a life of infinite intellectual resource between 1856 and 1886, and being himself recalled by Count Sforza as the last of a great type contrasting sadly with its modern successor. "The present generation in England, even its younger members, still feel the difference between the two types of leaders . . . because Balfour is but recently dead. . . . The link, however, will be broken some day. Nobody will ever realise that the pure light has gone. And this will be the saddest and surest proof that one of the best among the individualistic human types has disappeared for ever."

Only in a world arranged as our world was arranged before the onslaught of democracy and the last desperate sally of the despots could such a personality be brought to its full florescence. How spacious the leisure and how protective the environment needed for his growth, Balfour himself, with all his old charm, almost naïvely reveals. He went in youth to the Congress of Berlin and met there old Prince Bismarck, who, through the pages of "Kaiser and Chancellor," looms over Europe not so much as the consolidator of the new German Empire, but as the incalculable factor at the court of the new Kaiser, Wilhelm II, each of them orientated not by the ordinary political stars in their courses but by a detestation of the young Kaiser's mother, the Empress Frederick, Victoria's daughter, tragically robbed by her husband's untimely death of the liberalising reign of power to which she had looked forward and for which, in her womanly way, she had quietly conspired. The young Kaiser, accused by his father of "a tendency to vanity and conceit," abandons Bismarck, and, in "Philip Eulenburg," appears in mature life as a faithless friend permitting his intimate, and one of his chief agents of State, to be hounded down on a charge of perverted morals. There are moments when the Court at Potsdam shrinks to the dimensions of one of Theodore Powys's vicious villages; just as there are moments, especially in Frau Marie von Bunsen's memoirs, when it becomes expansive to the limits of a musical-comedy display.

It was not however upon the Court at Potsdam that the life of Europe turned, but upon the Court at Vienna. "The

dissolution of the Habsburg Empire and the creation of the new states upon its ruins, next to the collapse of Russia, ranks among the most tremendous results of the World War," writes Colonel von Glaise-Horstenau. It would surely be no perversion of history to invert that sentence, and write that the most tremendous result of the decadence of the Habsburg Empire was the World War. In the two books, " The Collapse of the Austro-Hungarian Empire " and " Nearing the End in Imperial Russia," we have vivid sidelights upon the inability of the older diplomats to calculate the effects of their actions. The quarrel over Serbia was not a quarrel over the responsibility for a murder, but over things impalpable and profound. As Ambassador Marye, in a preface to his contemporary jottings on his tenure in Russia, ingenuously admits, with an air of pained surprise, " no one foresaw or dreamed of the Bolshevik revolution in Russia . . . another event of the first magnitude which was wholly unexpected at the time these notes were written is the disappearance and passing of the empire of Austria." Yet Russia had for generations seethed with revolt, the Red Sunday of 1905 was fresh in men's minds; Austria-Hungary had always been rent by racial discord. But the two emperors, Nicholas and Franz-Joseph, had been trained in a school of politics which firmly believed, as even President Lincoln's advisers had believed, that an external war could not fail to reunite internal factions. Austria, prompted and supported by Potsdam, seized upon, if she did not negatively provide, the murder at Sarajevo; and from causes " unforeseen " and " undreamed," " the Tsar's magnificent court " and the power of the Habsburgs ended with the epoch they had so largely filled.

Arthur Balfour, in England, the statesman-philosopher watching with detached mind and wise eyes the flux of events; Nicholas of Russia, indeterminate and swayed by a rascal monk and an hysterical wife: Franz-Joseph, and his luckless heir, bereft at last of the divine right of kings to govern wrong: Wilhelm II, neurotic and flamboyant, quarrelling with his mother, with Bismarck, with his son, with his most intimate personal friends, and driven always fiercely by the demon of megalomania: and about them all a society of shared traditions, prone to order the destinies of peoples from country houses and mess-rooms, from clubs and chalets, and to mistake, most tragically, the significances of the changing times, forgetting—or never realising—that serfs were becoming literate, and that of their literacy a new race of Jacobins was taking advantage. The menace the Emperors faced was not mutual, but common: for the menace was Marxism. And when their epoch ended, that menace was still unmet.

It is left to Count Sforza to show us for a moment, like an inspired peripatetic with a peep-show, the men who wrote the epitaph of the dead epoch, and tried to deliver without mishap the new. It is significant that among his portraits of " The Makers of Modern Europe " he does not formally include the master whom he refused, as Italy's ambassador, to serve. Discussing representative types of the older and defeated Europe, the Empress Eugénie, Popes Pius X and Benedict XV, and representative figures who at Paris, Lausanne and Locarno shaped our present political structure, discussing even Lenin and Sun Yat Sen, he does not discuss, save by inference and impingement, Mussolini. As the older diplomats did not foresee the Russian revolution and the break-up of Austria-Hungary, the newer diplomats at Paris did not foresee the Italian revolution (for it was that) and the break-up in Europe of the democratic ideal as it has embodied itself in Parliamentarianism. Reading this remarkable collection of character studies one feels that, though with the War an epoch ended, with the Peace a new one did not come to birth. Europe is still in the throes.

But of one thing even a superficial observer may be certain—that where the old epoch was dominated by personalities, petty or great as fate permitted, the new will be dominated by forces. Of those forces the political successors to the deposed or diminished emperors and kings will not be the directors, but the symbols, and to our grandchildren it may be a genuine bewilderment that a tragic old gentleman with mutton-chop whiskers and a farcical young poseur with a showman's moustachios once meant so much to the comfort and security of a thousand million people.

CHINA IN TRANSIT

A Princess and Her Circle

By
Lady Hosie

" Kowtow." By Princess Der Ling. Illustrated. 15s. (Chapman & Hall.)
" The Golden Phœnix." By Mrs. Alfred Wingate. Illustrated. 7s. 6d. (Herbert Jenkins.)
" In the Chinese Customs Service." By Paul King. 7s. 6d. (Heath Cranton.)

Princess Der Ling has painted an attractive picture in her latest book, " Kowtow," of her early life as daughter of a high-born Manchu official and diplomat. Her hero is her father: and she takes tender pride in depicting him. He was amongst those liberal-minded aristocrats who, true to China's best traditions, gave ready attention to any who brought increase of knowledge, even though exponents of a strange civilisation. They were fine souls; they tried to navigate their country and its rulers through much tumult into sane and wide seas. They strove intelligently and with a courage that might shame us: for, as the author shows, they were in constant peril of betrayal by their own secretaries and of subsequent decapitation.

We first see " Lord Yü Keng " in his yamen, as a *likin* official in Central China: then promoted, and living in Peking: and finally as his country's representative in Tokio and Paris. In these last two cities he sought to win understanding of and friendship forChina by his sincerity and sociability. He genuinely liked the foreigner, and this helped China's cause greatly, although it aroused the suspicions of certain of his own countrymen who denounced him to the Throne. All through the book runs a note of cheerful family affection which is very pleasant to read. This Manchu daughter dearly loved her father: and it is fitting that her son should in his turn pay her a tribute in a delicate little foreword.

People have wondered if Princess Der Ling is to be relied on as to her facts. No foreigner of course can answer, as none has moved in her particular circles. But in every detail for which I can vouch, she must be credited with having given a faithful representation of Chinese life. This confidence in her fidelity is strengthened by her references to various people in her book whom one has met in real life. Her vignette of Sir Ernest Satow, that very learned and very English gentleman, is a case in point. Her pages are full of the sights, scents and sounds of China, whether good or bad.

One smiles in remembrance while reading of the chair-bearers hasting with the mandarin in his sedan-chair, lined with green broadcloth, through the jostling crowds of the narrow streets: of the " rhythmic *spat-spat* of the bare feet " of the boat-coolies on the river journey, made into a naval occasion by Chinese " gunboats " which flew white flags and pounded drums at sunset: of the lady caller who ate one mouthful in half an hour and in reality came to ask His Excellency if he could please spare twenty dollars a month for a poor relative of hers—to which request he had by Chinese etiquette to accede, though he never saw the gentleman in question. Like the author, I too have ridden through a great gate into Peking on a donkey, under the disapproving eye of a scandalised entourage. In her days the Princess ought to have been secluded in a Peking cart. In my days I was avoiding overcrowding in a motor-car.

Her anecdotes of her father took me back to the salt and savour of a beloved mandarin of my earlier days, Kung Ta Jen, who also was unafraid of examining into Western ways.

This enjoyable book is the work of a kindly and charming woman of sense, such as China can and does produce. It is written in amazingly good English.

Mrs. Alfred Wingate calls her essays "The Golden Phœnix" after the mythical bird which embodies the idea of Womanhood in Chinese art. She holds strong opinions, with which one cannot always agree. Some of her premises are disputable, such as when she affirms that the introduction of opium by Europe (she ought to have included America) caused the decadence of Chinese art. I fear China was already ripe for the poison. She is fiercely on the defensive for all Chinese culture and religion. She points out that, of the Eight Immortals, two are females, and draws the deduction that Woman has never been held for naught in China. Every modern writer on China would agree with her in this: but a caviller might counter-argue that out of Eight Immortals, no fewer than six are male!

Yet such an attitude of mind as the author displays, of respect for other cultures, willingness to believe the best of them and to learn, is indeed more commendable than self-complacency about one's own achievements. There is however a middle way, a "Doctrine of the Mean." Some of the Christian missionaries, whom Mrs. Wingate specially flagellates, were the first and the most sympathetic of learned translators and interpreters of Chinese literature and religious writings.

Mr. Paul King was for many years a member of that remarkable body of loyal servants of China, the Chinese Maritime Customs. His book, "In the Chinese Customs Service," tells of life at many ports and outports, from early days to modern, during the administration of Sir Robert Hart.

ALL SORTS AND CONDITIONS OF MEN

By Winifred Holtby

Reminiscences and Creations

"Impressions and Recollections." By Brigadier-General F. P. Crozier. 21s. (Werner Laurie.)
"Idle But Happy." By Vere Ker-Seymer. 18s. (Chapman & Hall.)
"A Different Drummer." By Lady Dorothy Mills. 8s. 6d. (Duckworth.)
"Laments for the Living." By Dorothy Parker. 6s. (Longmans.)

In a strange way Brigadier-General Crozier, Vere Ker-Seymer and Lady Dorothy Mills are kindred spirits. They are men of action—if one may use the term "man" in its human, not its sexual sense. In spite of the fact that Lady Dorothy Mills has earned her living as a professional writer, that Brigadier-General Crozier is already famous as the author of a best-seller among war books—"A Brass Hat in No Man's Land"—and that Mr. Ker-Seymer proudly boasts of his emulation of the lilies of the field, their three autobiographies concern events and actions rather than the development of character or the achievement of a philosophy. These three are extroverts, objective, engrossed in the passing show of life.

Brigadier-General Crozier was the child of an army officer, destined to become an army officer, and after one bitter disappointment when he was found to be too light and small for the Army, he fulfilled his destiny. He joined the South African War as a trooper who could not ride. From the first chapter then, this is a soldier's book. It concerns fighting in South Africa, in Sir Frederick Lugard's West Coast Force, in the Great War, in Ireland. The Brigadier-General enjoys fighting; it is his profession, his opportunity. When he had finished with the West African Frontier Force and had had a period of pioneering in Canada, he joined the British League for the Defence of Ulster and the Union, and nearly saw fighting in Ireland before the War. He is perfectly frank, and he is also—a rarer merit—perfectly unsentimental. He states his case with a candour that commands respect. "I believe that every man who saw the War, put up with the War and hated or enjoyed the War, according to his ideas and tastes and circumstances. I know my war was different to everybody else's war because I am different to everybody else. On the whole I loved my war. Why not? I had been brought up to it from my earliest days; I had heard men talk of nothing else; I had prepared for it and it suited my temperament. But I detest war for my country's sake."

That is a perfectly honest and comprehensible position. Brigadier-General Crozier states that he saw his war differently because he himself was "different to" everyone else. We are all different; but the Brigadier really is more different than most. His sturdy, obstinate, contentious courage is the mark of an independent mind as well as a sound nervous constitution, and this book is more than a record of military campaigns. It tells of a heavy drinker who became a teetotaler, a man who loved war who became a speaker and worker for the League of Nations Union, an Ulsterman who protested, almost at the cost of his whole career, against the outrages perpetrated by the Black and Tans. It draws a vivid picture of a dogmatic, robust, adventurous, likeable personality.

Mr. Ker-Seymer shares something of the Brigadier's tastes and temperament; but how differently has he used them! He too was trained for one career—the diplomatic service—and then shipped abroad for another. He too is a patriot. He too has ample physical courage, but he chose to demonstrate his on the Cresta Run, on ballooning and on motor racing in its early days. His scattered reminiscences, written with engaging gusto and humour, concern yachting and motoring, racing and boxing, Gaiety girls and Paris nights, South America in its lotus days, and London Society when it really was an "enclosed order." I have often wondered what the beautiful young men who adorned the illustrations of Edwardian numbers of *The Ladies' Realm* were really like. Now I know. For one chapter alone this book is worth publishing—for the salvaging from oblivion of the memory of "The Little Book," that enchanting Anglo-Portuguese conversation book which diverted the court of Napoleon III.

Lady Dorothy Mills confesses herself born the unwanted daughter of a noble house, who cut herself off with a shilling to marry the man she loved. She became a journalist of travel—an apt journalist. She knows that Sheikh stories will amuse the public; she knows that the daily papers demand news of chivalry; and with humour, observation and a splendidly opportune superficiality, she gives the public what it wants. The result is an eminently readable volume, lively and entertaining.

"Laments for the Living" is quite different. Dorothy Parker is what none of the other three writers are—an artist. Her men and women are not herself. They are displayed in lightning sketches, vivid, assured and revealing as close-up photographic snapshots taken in a clear northern light. Here is Mr. Durant, who could always make things comfortable for his own soul; here is a trunk call from a girl in New York, a girl in desperate trouble, to her indifferent lover in Detroit; a woman drinking, to find that her friend whisky has betrayed her; a snobbish white woman betraying her ill-breeding to a coloured singer. It is all done with swift and delicate precision, cruel, yet not malicious. Miss Parker has been compared to Katherine Mansfield. I think she has not the English writer's profound and luminous simplicity; but she has a deft and blazingly effective technique of her own. The men and women of her tales are even more real than the living authors of the three autobiographies.

THE FIRST OF THE DARWINS

Sidelights on Doctor Erasmus

By
Geoffrey Grigson

"Doctor Darwin: a Biography." By Hesketh Pearson. 10s. 6d. (Dent.)

I bought my copy of "The Poetical Works of Erasmus Darwin, M.D., F.R.S. (with Philosophical Notes and Plates)" for one shilling in a little dark bookshop in Lewes. The three volumes (says a book-plate) belonged once to the Abney Chapel Library: the time for reading them was two weeks, which cost twopence; the fine if kept beyond that time, one penny per day; but the pages are perfectly clean, so that few twopences, let alone pennies, can ever have been paid; which is a pity, for if any of the Abney Chapel congregation appreciated bathos (the Blackmore kind of bathos of which "Martinus Scriblerus" treated) they could have found no richer mine.

The stock quotation relates to the generation of oysters, but it is not exceptional and I must give one or two other specimens of his style. Fish, in Doctor Darwin, are "scaly tenants of the main," and tea, "the steamy treasure." Nothing can appear unchaperoned by an epithet. Comedy becomes

"The tittering Nymph, that tries her comic task,
Bounds on the scene, and peeps behind her mask."

All his celebrations in elaborately hammered conventional couplets of the mysteries of science and nature and the amorosity of plants are good, but none are better than his description of Lot's wife:



Erasmus Darwin.
From a print after the portrait by Rawlinson of Derby.
From "Doctor Darwin," by Hesketh Pearson (Dent).

"She turns, unconscious of the stern behest!—
'I faint! I fall!—ah, me!—sensations dull
Shoot through my bones, my shuddering bosom thrill!
I freeze! I freeze! just Heaven regards my fault,
Numbs my cold limbs, and hardens into salt!—
Not yet, not yet, your dying love resign!
This last, last kiss receive!—no longer thine!'—
She said, and ceas'd—her stiffen'd form he press'd
And strain'd the briny column to his breast."

It is not prejudice that makes me emphasise the poetical pomposity of Dr. Darwin as an overture to reviewing Mr. Pearson's book. I do it to restore the balance, for though he must know how it reflects the character of this strange man, it is just the one aspect that Mr. Pearson passes over in tactful silence.

Erasmus was a very able doctor; a ruler of a provincial culture at Lichfield which Dr. Johnson heartily disliked (and with reason); a man of good sense (a very different thing from common sense); a pattern of kindliness and generosity. He was curious about the world he lived in, given to philosophical theorising and to foretelling all sorts of modern developments and discoveries from the doctrine of evolution to aeroplanes; he had as friends many of the great men of his time, and he was the grandfather of Charles Darwin: so far so good, but he was something else. He was to some degrees a pompous, dabbling, self-satisfied, yet most attractive ass—and this Mr. Pearson (a descendant) does not admit.

Consider the Doctor's friends. Some were fellow members of his Lunar Society; the great engineers, Boulton and Watt; Priestly, the chemist—all three of whom knew more about engineering and science than literature, for they thought Erasmus Darwin a great poet. Another was Josiah Wedgwood, the potter (his daughter was the mother of Charles Darwin), and another James Keir, the chemist, who said with unconscious cruelty that "the works of Dr. Darwin are a more faithful and more true mirror of his mind than can be said of those of most authors."

Except for their powers of literary judgment, these can be placed on the credit side; but there were others. There was, to begin with, Anna Seward, the "Swan of Lichfield," who (according to Mr. E. V. Lucas) "was not only one of the last things before the rebirth of poetry; but she was also one of the last things before the rebirth of humour." She wrote the first and most preposterous memoir of Darwin, in which she records how "in September, 1780, a playful correspondence passed between Dr. Darwin and Miss Seward in the name of their respective cats." Nearer the heart of Darwin, I suspect, and resembling him as curious hybrid links between two ages, were "Sandford-and-Merton" Day, Richard Edgeworth (father of Maria Edgeworth) and his son-in-law, Dr. Thomas Beddoes, father of the Beddoes of "Death's Jest Book." Day (witness any page of his masterpiece) was the most extraordinary mixture of prig, pedant and reformer. Edgeworth, like Darwin himself who was always devising new inventions, pottered ceaselessly with new mechanical toys, and he was, on the authority of Byron, "the worst of all bores, a boisterous bore." Fat, little Beddoes (whom Mr. Pearson does not mention at all) was another ingenious, eccentric, pseudo-scientific ineffectual, chiefly famous for taking a cow up to his patient's bedroom to make the atmosphere more healthy and for his views on the medical use of "factitious airs," as he called them, which led to the founding of his unlucky "Medical Pneumatic Institute" with the support among others of Darwin, Edgeworth, Boulton and Watt.

Darwin and most of his friends held liberal enough views. He knew and corresponded, for instance, with Rousseau; he praised the French Revolution; he was all against slavery and all for prison reform. Yet in his poetry and everywhere else he seems quite blind to the dawning spirit of a new age. I wonder sometimes if he ever saw a copy of "Lyrical Ballads," and what he thought of them. His preferences in poetry (which, he held, should be entirely a form of word painting) and in literature appear to some extent in the "Catalogue of Suitable Books" appended to his "Plan for the Conduct of Female Education in Boarding Schools," which again Mr. Pearson hardly mentions. The poetry includes Addison, Pope's Iliad and Odyssey, and his own "Botanic Garden," but not even the most elegant extracts of Shakespeare.

His forecast of evolutionary theory Samuel Butler has made familiar (and has exaggerated) in "Evolution Old and New" and "Unconscious Memory," but it should not be forgotten that Darwin attached no great importance to it himself. He tucked it away in a corner of his vast and curious hotchpotch "Zoonomia, or the Laws of Organic Life," which reminds me of Sir Thomas Browne's "Pseudodoxia Epidemica" translated to the eighteenth century. Mr. Hesketh Pearson's remark that "it is his conception of evolution that has survived, not that of Charles" deserves angry exclamation marks. Philosophically there may be some truth in it, but there is a world of difference between a vague speculation (even if a line can be traced from it via Butler and "The Way of All Flesh" to vitalism, G. B. S. and "Back to Methuselah") and a reasoned theory based on scientific grounds.

The kindest critic in short could praise Mr. Pearson's industry in providing new material, but not his discernment in using it. Erasmus Darwin's mediocrity shines on every page of his biography, but Mr. Pearson does not or will not see it; nor does he see the significance of Darwin as a mark of transition to a new age. His true life therefore still waits to be written.

THE TRAGEDY OF GENIUS:

Michelangelo, Rembrandt and Beethoven

By Herbert Thompson

"Three Titans." By Emil Ludwig. 15s. (Putnams.)

The names which Ludwig has associated in this biographical trilogy are admirably chosen for the purpose. Michelangelo, Rembrandt and Beethoven are not only outstanding figures in their respective arts, but in their characters and careers they had much in common. Though they achieved great success in their lifetimes, they were lonely figures, their lives were embittered and they suffered vicissitudes which were no doubt due in some measure to themselves, but were the outcome of their exceptional personalities. Since their time their reputation has grown and has never been greater than now.

Beethoven has no doubt had a slight setback because of the present-day revolt against emotionalism and romance in music, but one has confidence that this is no more than a passing phase of fashion. In these days of flux and experiment in art it steadies one's judgment to turn to these immortals and consider their achievements. In the space of 357 pages Ludwig has contrived to give us a series of three vivid portraits. He does not seem to have undertaken any fresh research, but has accepted the recognised authorities, and culled from them just what served his purpose. His keen instinct for character has enabled him to provide his readers with a far clearer impression of the remarkable personalities of these great men than they would be likely to derive from the average biography. One realises their weaknesses, but is able to look upon them with sympathy and understanding.

Michelangelo and Beethoven had much in common: a suspicious, distrustful nature, a pride which was based on a realisation of great powers, making them stand far above all their contemporaries. In Michelangelo's case this took also the form of pride of family, which to us must seem rather ludicrous, as when we read of his satisfaction in discovering that he numbered an alderman among his ancestors! So, too, Beethoven insisted upon the "van" before his surname, though that did not imply noble birth, as did the German "von." Beethoven has indeed, in view of the family origin, been described as "a Dutchman," but the author rightly calls attention to the fact that of his four grandparents only one was not of German birth, so that there was far more German than Dutch blood in his veins. Both he and Michelangelo had so assured a position that they could afford to treat the grandees who were their patrons "*de haut en bas*," and it is amusing to see Michelangelo breaking his contracts with popes and princes—a dangerous proceeding in those days—and Beethoven writing rude letters to archdukes and cardinals. Beethoven was indeed often gratuitously rude, and it is a sign of his exalted friends' real greatness that they condoned his rudeness because they realised his genius. The oft-told incident at Teplitz, when Beethoven and Goethe met the Emperor and his Court, and "Goethe stepped aside politely, hat in hand, while Beethoven, his head covered, his hands behind his back, went tramping onward through the group with truculent gait and expression," is dismissed by Ludwig as "pure invention," and he reminds us that it rests on the unconfirmed authority of Bettina von Arnim, who is discredited by her proved falsifications. One is glad to believe this, especially as there has been a disposition to tell of this gratuitous piece of bad manners as if it made Beethoven a hero, and Goethe by comparison a mere sycophant.

Rembrandt was of a different type from the other two. His sensuous love of beauty was the dominating feature in his personality. It was this that led him into an excess of luxury, just as it did Wagner in a later time, and made him spend his money lavishly on the collection of things of beauty. His reckless expenditure when he earned money easily led him into bankruptcy, and, when the two women who had loved and cared for him had died there was nothing to prevent him from sinking into a penury so absolute that he was glad to serve as a witness for the sake of the half-gulden fee. It was his keen love of beauty that made him, in the famous "Night Watch," consider the portraiture a matter of less importance than the making of a great work of art. His experience and that of Michelangelo would seem to have coincided on the question of likeness—so important to the sitters, so irrelevant to a later generation. Thus "A Portuguese refused to take the portrait of a lady which he had commissioned, because it was not like her, and demanded the earnest-money back," and, when we turn to Michelangelo we read: "If anyone happened to ask him sceptically whether the two Medici in San Lorenzo were like the originals, he asked in reply, 'Who is going to come forward a thousand years hence and prove that the two Dukes were not like that?'" A comment which bears upon the recent controversy as to Earl Haig's statue! Admirers of Epstein, by the way, will point to the treatment of Michelangelo's "David," when first set up in Florence, as an instance of 'history repeating itself."

Turning to some points of detail, it may be pointed out that the cause of Beethoven's deafness is not generally accepted as suggested by the author. The incident of his leaving a note on Salieri is not quite accurately given: Ludwig's version is: "When the renowned Salieri once kept him waiting, he received a sheet of paper on which was written in enormous capitals: 'Your pupil Beethoven is here.'" The version as told by Moscheles is that when he found Salieri not at home, he left a visiting card inscribed "Der Schuler Beethoven *war* da."

PENN AND FRANKLIN

Fathers of American Civilisation

By
J. D. Griffith Davies

"The Making of William Penn." By M. R. Brailsford. 12s. 6d. (Longmans.)
"Franklin." By Bernard Faÿ. 15s. (Sampson Low.)

For more than a century the printing presses on both sides of the Atlantic have poured forth a steady supply of biographies of William Penn and Benjamin Franklin. Their friends have pinnacled them on the heights of Olympus; their enemies have besmirched their names with calumnies of the foulest kind; and still there is much to know about these men. Consequently we turn from the existing biographies to the works of Mrs. Brailsford and Professor Faÿ in the hope that they will reveal that something which which has so long been hidden from us—the complex motives behind the actions and policies of Penn and Franklin. We hope to discover the real explanation of Penn's "convincement" and of Franklin's sudden friendship for France. Was the one merely an expression of neurosis and the other the mysterious working of Freemasonry?



Bury Farm, Amersham.

From "The Making of William Penn," by M. R. Brailsford (Longmans).

Despite the excellence of these biographical studies, the reader will still find it well-nigh impossible wholly to understand Penn and Franklin. He gets nearer truth, it is true, but somehow it continues to elude him. Old doubts give way to new difficulties as the authors throw new light upon their subjects.

Mrs. Brailsford, a writer who is not afraid to quote her authorities, reveals an aspect of Penn's life which has been seriously neglected by the majority of his biographers. With infinite pains she sketches the career of Penn's father, Admiral Penn, whose loyalty to the government of the day is symptomatic of his religious "experiences." A doughty seaman, a typical gentleman of the period, Admiral Penn knew what it was to "get religion," to use a common American expression. One moment he would be the relentless enemy of Prince Rupert, the next a weeping listener to the oratory of the Quaker, Thomas Loe. Yet when his son, after years of doubt, adopted the Quaker profession of faith he threatened to chastise him!

Mrs. Brailsford's sympathetic treatment of Admiral Penn's chequered career helps us to understand the son in a way which has not been possible before. Time after time we see the father's influence making itself felt; time after time we see William Penn acting just as erratically as his father. For example, one moment he is hobnobbing with cynical old Pepys in the pleasant garden before the Navy Office, and the next he is enjoying the "quietism" of Thomas Loe and Mary Pennington. The young gentleman of birth becomes the stern old Quaker; yet when his father's honour was challenged he could sit down to write a spirited defence of the Admiral's martial activities. Mrs. Brailsford has attempted to make her hero "the greatest Englishman and greatest European of his time." Frankly I think she has failed, because it was Penn's good fortune to be born in an age of great men. That age knew Hobbes and Locke, the philosophers, Cromwell and Louis XIV, the statesmen, Milton and Jeremy Taylor, the mystics. William Penn, great man though he is, cannot claim priority over these.

Professor Faÿ too displays the same zeal and enthusiasm, and consequently seeks to convince his readers that his hero dominated the life of his times. He calls Benjamin Franklin "the apostle of modern times," a title connoting much, yet explaining little. Franklin's contemporaries were veritable giants, and their influences have extended far beyond their own times. In philosophy there were Voltaire and Rousseau, in statecraft Frederick the Great and Mirabeau, each of whom was destined to effect profound changes in life and government. But this over-enthusiasm must be forgiven, for Professor Faÿ has succeeded in producing one of the most attractive and scholarly biographies it is possible to find on the shelves of any library. It is comprehensive; and what is more important, it is convincing.

These Lives of William Penn and Benjamin Franklin throw an interesting light upon the characteristics of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries Penn, the child of the seventeenth century, is the enthusiastic seeker after truth; Franklin, whose long life filled the eighteenth century, is the disciple of reason. Paradoxically Penn's enthusiasm took the form of Quaker "quietism"; whereas Franklin's rationalism took the form of democratic enthusiasm. Penn was a staunch believer in the colonial theory; Franklin shattered that theory by his staunch support of a war of independence. Penn, the aristocrat, was a theocrat; Franklin, the prosperous business man, was a democrat; and there is nothing to be gained by stating the obvious truth that Penn was often more democratic than the rabid followers of democracy, and Franklin more aristocratic than the worshippers at the altars of caste and privilege.

PRACTICAL IDEALISTS: THE TAGORE FAMILY

By E. O. Hoppé, with photographs by the author

WHILE the future of India looms largely in the public mind in terms of warfare, a silent but pacific force is being aimed at the heart of Indian youth by one of the most remarkable families in many generations. Sir Rabindranath Tagore's name is known throughout the world, and shorn of his many academic titles by admiring disciples, his exquisite writings have earned for him the simple designation of "The Poet." So bright is the light of his literary fame that it tends to obscure the brilliance of his relatives, who themselves have achieved national and international recognition.

First there was Marashi, or "The Great Saint," Devandranath Tagore, father of the poet, who was himself a philosopher and thinker of considerable reputation. It was he who conceived the idea of converting the wastes of Bengali moorland, then the haunt of highwaymen, into the cloistered beauty which he named Santiniketan, "The Abode of Peace"; a place where men might withdraw from the turmoil of cities and material things, to the contemplation of nature and the inner life of the spirit. His illustrious younger son, Rabindranath, developed the idea further by opening the doors of this forest home as an educational institution for the youth of India, extending its influence far beyond the borders of its origin.

Here, East and West may meet, the most advanced theories of the day having their place in a curriculum that embraces as a fundamental principle the preservation and resuscitation of traditional culture; most of the classes take place in the open, in shadowed groves of sal trees, for Nature herself is considered as important a factor in the educational scheme as the professors of academic learning who come from all parts of the world to impart and acquire knowledge.

There is the brother of the poet famous throughout India as a philosopher; his sister Devi Sunayani, a gifted painter; another brother, the late Nabendra Nath Tagore, was an artist, and the poet's nephew, A. N. Tagore, is the founder of the Revival of Art Movement in India. His work is of special interest for its hyper-modern tendencies. There is also Surendranath Tagore, editor of *Visva Bharati*, India's most intellectual quarterly.



Dr. Rabindranath Tagore and group of International Students.

Among the international students who come as visitors to Santiniketan was, a short time ago, a young Danish girl and so greatly did the ideals and life there appeal to her that she eventually became Hindu and married the brilliant secretary of the college, Mr. Chakravarty. In a published letter to her friends she describes the atmosphere of this practical conception of a poet's mind. "Rabindranath Tagore, in his illumined vision of reality, sees the world as one, and it is his belief that by dispelling the mutual ignorance of nations, they can be brought together in spirit. He has therefore opened his 'Guest House of India,' where men and women, irrespective of differences of race and caste and colour, can meet on a plane of cultural co-operation. . . . You will find a famous European scholar studying Bengali from a mere boy, you will also be surprised to find the best minds of India keenly taking language-lessons from visitors from Europe, or following the lectures of young European students on themes like that of the newly organised 'Youth Movement.'"

The three distinct sections of academic life at Santiniketan correspond to the school, the college and the university, and the student is given every opportunity to exercise his individual talents, although he is expected to take his share of the responsibilities of communal existence—whether it be gardening, carpentering, weaving or road-repair. In view of social customs in India this was a startling innovation.

Speaking of early stages the poet says, "The Brahmin was supercilious, the non-Brahmin pitiable in his shrinking self-abasement. They hated to do any work of



Dr. Tagore dictating to his secretary.

Under the direction of Abindranath Tagore the Art Section has developed a school of vigorous painting with definitely individual characteristics and its work is finding a place among the art collections of India and Europe. In its æsthetic code it adheres to the traditional forms, blending with them modern tendencies in clear visioned harmony, and the fresco decorations carried out by the students at Santiniketan are sufficient evidence of the originality of conception of these young artists.

Vidyabhavana, the section for higher study, has for its primary objective the centralisation of the differing ideals of art and civilisations derived from Asiatic influences.

Already the Research Institute has an international standing and students from the whole world avail themselves of the riches of its wonderful collection of classic and modern literature of the East.

The moving force of Visva-Bharati, " where the whole world finds its shelter," may be summed up in the poet's courageous refusal to believe that " the twin spirits of the East and West, the Mary and Martha, can never meet to make perfect the realisation of truth."

common good lest others besides themselves should get the least advantage. They sulked because they were asked to do for their own benefit the kind of work that, according to their idea of fitness, should be done by an ordinary coolie or by a paid cook. They were not ashamed of living upon charity, but were ashamed of self-help. Possibly they thought it unjust that we should gain the merit and they should pay at least a part of the cost.

" It might have been thought that this meanness and selfish jealousy, this moral lethargy revealed in the utter want of beneficence in them, were inherent in their nature. But within a very short time all these have been changed. The spirit of sacrifice and comradeship, the disinterested desire to help others, which these boys have developed are rare even in children who have had better opportunities."



Dr. A. N. Tagore,
Artist and Founder of Bengal Art School.

LITERATURE TO THE RESCUE

The Menace of the Machine

By
Hugh Ross Williamson

" They talk of the triumph of the machine
but the machine will never triumph.

" Out of the thousands and thousands of centuries of man
the unrolling of fern, while tongues of acanthus lapping at the sun,

' for one sad century
machines have triumphed, rolled us hither and thither,
hardened the earth, shaking the lark's nest till the eggs have broken.

" Shaken the marshes till the geese have gone
and the wild swans flown away, singing the swan-song of us.

" Hard, hard on the earth the machines are rolling,
but through some hearts they will never roll."

SO protests D. H. Lawrence in one of his last poems,[1] and in the protest voices the uneasy cry of the age. Standardisation ; mechanisation ; a soulless efficiency ; the mass stifling the individual ; machines eating men —these are the ideas which colour the art of to-day, inspiring it sometimes to denounce them in savage satire, sometimes to avoid them in elegant sophistications, sometimes to portray them in vivid realism. The manifestations are many, but the central problem is one. How is Life to escape the menace of the machine ? And Literature, engaged in finding a solution for Life, must be judged by the sureness of the truth and the sensitiveness of the vision it can bring to the task.

The responsibility is heavy, heavier perhaps than ever before, because of late years the public for the

[1] " The Triumph of the Machine." 1s. The Ariel Poems. (Faber & Faber.)

written word has increased so vastly. And this very extent of it has led some who most love literature to despair of it and to doubt whether, after all, it is equal to its task. In a biting pamphlet,[2] F. R. Leavis notices some of the dangers with which it is beset. He reminds us that culture itself is at a crisis, and that the voices of the traditional guardians of that culture are being drowned by the clamour of the "criticism" which, in the columns of the cheaper newspapers, "gives the public what it wants." Critics and readers of sensibility who once might have been honourably described as "cultured" are now dishonourably derided as "high-brow." Their influence on the reading public, never great, is now almost negligible, and their place is taken by the immensely influential pontiffs of the Press. "To compute how many bad books a year, on the average, Mr. Arnold Bennett has turned into literature would hardly be worth the labour." Having catalogued a few of that writer's more obviously silly remarks, Mr. Leavis asks: "How is it that he can go on exposing himself in this way without becoming a byword and a laughing-stock? . . . It is that there is no longer an informed and cultivated public."

And without the reader, of course, the writer must in time fail. Great literature can be produced only in an age attuned to its message. Hostility it can meet and emerge strengthened by the shock, but indifference and neglect spell death. The consistent laudation of the fifth rate (the constant repetition for instance that the dreary futilities of the Cocktail School are genius of a high order) results in the increased production of the fifth-rate. And a dominating criticism which connives at this false standard of values strikes at the heart of literature.

If it is thus menaced from within—and Mr. Leavis deals equally justly with that other disastrous influence, the various "book societies"—it has to fear from without the competition of the films which, with their atmosphere of cheap emotionalism, their background of tawdry ostentation, their repertoire of infantile plots, mould the outlook of a far larger public than books, even at their most banal, can touch. The cinema is a deadly narcotic; it offers its devotees an escape from life; and, like other drugs, it sets up a craving. The film-mind, when it turns to literature, seeks there the prescription as before. The invigorating sanity of true art it fears and dislikes. Instead it demands—and is given—endless translations of films into print.

A desperate plight! And help seems very far away. Nothing more tangible, in fact, than hope and a belief that "what we value most matters too much to the race to be finally abandoned; and that the machine will yet be made a tool."

But there is another and a brighter side to the picture. If Mr. Leavis has all the pessimism of a prophet, R. L. Duffus[3] has the optimism of an investigator. He sets out to survey the place of reading in American life, and although he finds that "the American public buys approximately two books per capita each year, and that it pays for books certainly not more than one half of one per cent. of its annual income," he does not lose heart. For he notes what is so often forgotten—that it is unfair and misleading to judge the potentialities of the masses for literary appreciation by their immediate response to things which, until a generation or two ago, were enjoyed only by a small instructed minority. What is apparent to-day is that many more people do read than did fifty years ago, and that the general standard of books in demand is steadily rising; that in fact there is a desire for better quality as well as increased quantity.

If that is so in America, where admittedly the average cultural level is lower than in England, there is surely in this country every reason for hope. Mr. Duffus lightens the darkness of Mr. Leavis's sky, even if the flash throws more deeply into the shadows those self-appointed leaders who mislead.

Thus far we have approached the problem from the outside. From their points of vantage these two writers have surveyed the battle below them. Hugh I'Anson Fausset[4] takes us into the heart of the fight. He shows us why we cannot escape it. "The chief problem before a sensitive mind to-day is to achieve an inner simplicity which will enable it to master the distractions of a complexity unexampled in the history of the world." This simplicity, he thinks can be attained surely in but one way—by that disciplined exercise of the imagination which comes from the experiencing of great art.

The old sanctions of organised religion have, as he sees it, broken down because they can no longer satisfy us intellectually. The new sanctions of science have no power to answer to our emotional needs. We wander "between two worlds, one dead, the other powerless to be born," and we can escape only by finding something which shall embrace the whole of our nature and satisfy every side of us. And it is the poet—in the widest sense of the term—who has "the secret for which we are seeking, of living in the whole, of being completely responsive to experience." By learning of him, by understanding what it is that he does and in what manner he sees, we too can come safely through and share his triumph.

We may disagree with parts of Mr. Fausset's thesis, but there can be no doubt that in his main plea for the necessity of imaginative literature as a means of disciplining our imagination he has come to the heart of the matter. And, by implication, he narrows the issue down to something quite personal. It becomes an individual matter. Each of us must make our own the resolve:

> "Hard, hard on the earth the machines are rolling,
> but through some hearts they will never roll."

Each of us, independent and alone, must pursue art for life's sake.

These two approaches, then, reveal the present problem of literature in its entirety. On the one hand we need a great reservoir of vital literature from which to draw strength to master the difficulties of the machine-age. On the other, we see considerable forces, both external and internal, at work to hinder its formation—the chief ones being results in one form or another of the mechanical trend itself. And the constructive solution of it all lies to the hand of the individual. We cannot all be great writers, but we can at least encourage

[2] "Mass Civilisation and Minority Culture." 1s. 6d. (Cambridge: Minority Press.)

[3] "Books: Their Place in Democracy." 8s. 6d. (Allen & Unwin.)

[4] "The Modern Dilemma." 2s. 6d. (Dent.)

them by being great readers. That is our duty and our privilege.

To put the matter in a sentence—we must save literature in order that literature may save us.

But how? First and foremost, I repeat, by the constant exercise of an individual judgment. That is the most important thing. Individualism may be an unpopular creed at the moment, but what we most need is not less of it but more—particularly in literature. For sufficient of it would rid us of the menace of mass-made criticism. It is essential to get rid of the attitude which approaches a book: "'So-and-So' in 'Such-and-Such' praises it, so it is bound to be good," or "'This-and-That' Society recommends it, so it is sure to be worth getting," or "The author is of the school of 'Thus-and-Thus,' so he will certainly have something important to say." There are cases of course where a trusted critic's recommendation or a favourite author's name may be a valid reason for *reading* a book, but none where it can be a valid reason for *accepting* it. That is a matter of individual judgment, and one must have the courage to disagree.

More than any other form of courage, this seems wanting among the majority of us. Rather than label ourselves eccentric by confessing that we found the last best-seller dull and unreadable, we join in the general chorus of praise. Rather than admit that we have not read "the book that everybody is reading," we adopt the dicta of a fashionable critic and air his opinions as our own. Rather than brave the sneers of a clique by suggesting that the latest "brilliant and penetrating" study is so much pretentious rubbish, we hold our peace and perhaps secretly reproach ourselves for our dullness. We suffer in fact from that form of cowardice called snobbery.

But when this is overcome and we realise our duty as independent critics, where are we to seek some standard of judgment which shall be more than a personal caprice? This consideration opens up a subject—the canons of criticism—far too vast to be dealt with here. But I would suggest that one question above all others should engage the mind of the reader: Is the book alive? Does it, in its own way, face life as we have to live it to-day? Does it dare the machine? Then weigh it well. Or does it seek to escape the age by ignoring it? If it does that, however brilliant it may be, however learned, beware of it. It is on the side of the machine, for tacitly it admits the machine's triumph.

But the machine must never triumph. . . .

BONÆ SUB REGNO VICTORIÆ:

A Further Instalment of the Queen's Correspondence

By T. Earle Welby

THERE is probably no truth more often forgotten by critics, whether of books or of public persons, than the truth that achievement depends, in quite other than the moralist's sense, on character no less than talent. It is not a question of whether a man or woman called to great responsibilities has or has not a particular bundle of virtues; it is a question of whether he or she has the virtues (and vices) which assist the employment of the talent, and is free from the vices (and virtues) which would impede its employment. It is in fine a question not of excellence or defect on a general view of human society, but of adjustment to the particular task or rôle.

Well, reading "The Letters of Queen Victoria: Third Series" (25s.; Murray), I am once more thrown into a state of wonder that she should ever have been criticised by anyone in a hostile spirit. She had limitations? She certainly had a great many. For all her shrewdness, she was quite often wrong in policy and prediction. Morally and æsthetically, she belonged not to an aristocracy always by its very nature more or less antinomian, but to the bourgeoisie. True; and what did it matter? Her every quality and defect did but fit her for her *métier*, as she conceived of it. Nothing in her impeded any other thing in her. Her autocratic impulsiveness took her up to the very limit acceptable in a limited monarchy, but not beyond it; and her scruples, though they prevented her from going too far, never or very seldom prevented her from going hard till then. Her unity, energy and trenchancy were not weakened by considerations which would have weighed heavily on a subtler nature.

All this is very evident in Mr. Buckle's admirably edited volume, which covers the period 1886–90, and which is to be followed by two more volumes bringing the scheme to an end with Victoria's life. To the political historian the chief interest of the present volume must be in the long section concerned with Mr. Gladstone's Irish Home Rule policy, and in those pages which show the Queen and the future King, Edward VII, recoiling from the Kaiser's treatment of his mother and of them.

Mr. Gladstone is very plainly informed in May, 1886, that "her silence on the momentous Irish measures which *he* thinks it *his duty* to bring forward, does not imply her approval," and that she can *only* see danger to the Empire in the course he is pursuing. "The Queen writes this with pain, as she always *wishes to be able* to give her Prime Minister her *full support*, but it is impossible for her to do so when the union of the Empire is in danger of disintegration."

As for the Kaiser, the Queen's warmth of affection towards him as a member of her family can be seen in these pages swiftly altering into colder and colder astonishment, at his treatment of his mother, at his eagerness to be paying diplomatic visits abroad and holding reviews of troops at home before mourning for his father is over; at his amazing demand that in private conversations the Prince of Wales should treat him as an Emperor and not as a nephew. "*Perfect madness*" is her summary in 1888 of his conduct. The political relations between the two countries, she agrees with Lord Salisbury, "should not be affected by the miserable personal quarrels," but "the Queen much *fears* that, with such a hot-headed, conceited and wrong-headed young man, devoid of all feeling, this may ANY moment become *impossible*."

The reader of that passage will not fail to appreciate the latent humour in Mr. Buckle's preliminary acknowledgment that the Emperor William II has kindly agreed to a selection of his letters being included in the volume.

Notes at Random

NOTICES

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor of THE BOOKMAN, ST. PAUL'S HOUSE, WARWICK SQUARE, LONDON, E.C.4.

A preliminary letter of inquiry should be sent to the Editor before any manuscript is submitted for his consideration.

The Christmas Number

The Christmas Number of THE BOOKMAN needs no introduction. It is indeed by now an institution whose fame has reached many who never see THE BOOKMAN month by month. It is—to use an overworked adjective because it happens to be the only one which applies—a unique publication, and this year it will of course contain those supplements, with notes and illustrations of the season's books, which make it so valuable as a guide to readers.

Some of the artists included are: Clare Leighton, Eric Fitch Daglish, Harry Rountree, Lionel Edwards, Augustus John, G. L. Stampa, George Morrow, C. E. Brock, Donia Nachshen, G. K. Chesterton, Arthur Rackham and William Nicholson.

The theme of the number is the Laureateship. There will be articles on the present Laureate from various angles—as a poet, as a prose writer, as a dramatist. There will be a series of critical revaluations of the Laureates of the last hundred years—Bridges, Austin, Tennyson, Wordsworth—each written by a specialist in his subject. There will be a gentle reminder of Homeric noddings in an article on the bad verse of the early Laureates. The competitions will be in harmony with the theme; they will all, in some way or another, be connected with the Laureateship or its holders. And there will be a "John Masefield" Crossword.

The second section will be devoted to some of the literary figures who have died during the year. Very little has been written (or known) of Scott-Moncrieff, the famous translator, and I am fortunate in having secured an article on him and his work from a personal friend and fellow translator, Mr. de V. Payen-Payne. Mr. Collin Brooks is presenting Conan Doyle in a new light—as the chronicler of the *real* London of the nineties, of which Holmes, far more than the Yellow Book or the Yellow Press, was the typical figure. Bridges is treated in the Laureate section by Professor Lascelles Abercrombie, and I hope to write a consideration of D. H. Lawrence as the last of the Puritans.

The third section will be concerned with the two outstanding centenaries of the month—Christina Rossetti and Benjamin Constant, creator of "Adolphe" and friend of Madame de Staël.

The fourth section—which will coincide with the "Collector"—will be devoted to Book Illustration and will contain many fine illustrations. One of the articles of this section concerns "Children's Illustrated Books of the Nineteenth Century"; another discusses the work of the great illustrators of this century.

Eric Gill

Among these the name of Eric Gill stands high, although he is best known perhaps for his Stations of the Cross in Westminster Cathedral. But few know his far finer Stations (executed, I believe, after the Westminster ones) hidden away on the little church of St. Cuthbert, on the outskirts of Bradford. Father John O'Connor, who is the priest at St. Cuthbert's, is a friend of Gill and he is writing a personal pen-picture of him for the Christmas Number.

—And "Father Brown"

I am giving away no secret when I say that Father O'Connor himself is known to a far wider circle of literary people than Eric Gill, the illustrator. But not as Father O'Connor; as Chesterton's "Father Brown." Personally I must confess that, keen admirer of that priest-detective as I have been these many years, I began to lose interest in him after I met his "original." You will remember that G. K. C. dedicated his last Father Brown volume to "Father John O'Connor, whose truth is stranger than any fiction" (Father O'Connor received Chesterton into the Catholic Church). So I may say that Father John O'Connor himself is far greater than his shadow.

Mr. Evelyn Waugh

I see that Mr. Evelyn Waugh is the latest recruit to the ranks of the literary Roman Catholics. His conversion is, as the newspapers see it, a literary "event," and they remind us of those who have trod the path before him—G. K. C., Ronald Knox, Alfred Noyes and Sheila Kaye-Smith—as though these writers formed a kind of secret society. One must admit that a certain discipline and direction is discernible in the work of all of them since their conversion, though none has become so vigorous a pamphleteer as G. K. C.

A "Roman à clef"?

The other "sensation" is the suggestion that in his latest novel, "Cakes and Ale," Mr. Somerset Maugham has drawn an unfriendly picture of Thomas Hardy. Mr. Maugham has protested that nothing was further from his mind, and that his Victorian novelist (O.M. and all) might just as well be Meredith. It might. And it might equally be a purely imaginative portrait. At least it must be accepted as that.

A Word on Crosswords

The brilliant crosswords of "Torquemada" in the *Observer* are in a class apart. They are the very kings of their kind. But I think that "Procrustes," whose first "Bookman Crossword" appears on the cover of this number, will run him very close.

As many competitors dislike cutting a corner from one of the pages of the magazine for the coupon—and it certainly does detract from the appearance of the bound volume—the coupon, together with the crossword, will in future be printed on the back cover. And the crossword will also be printed in a smaller form on the ordinary competition page, so that the bound volume may contain a complete record. H. R. W.

The Booklovers' Circle

LONDON

Wednesday, October 1st.—The opening meeting attracted an excellent attendance. Mr. Gilbert Thomas, who took the chair, alluded in feeling terms to the many-sided genius and charming personality of the late Mr. St. John Adcock, and to the unfailing and stimulating interest which he always took in the Circle. By a happy reference to his literary activities, Mr. Thomas introduced Mr. Hugh Ross Williamson, editor of THE BOOKMAN, who was unable to be present, to the audience, extending to him a very hearty welcome as president of the Circle, and wishing him all happiness and success in his new work.

The lecturer of the evening, Mr. S. P. B. Mais, in the course of a brilliant address, trenchantly attacked the obsession of so many modern novelists with sex. Unlike villagers, miners and others whom he met in real life, their characters were conspicuous for marital infidelity, promiscuity and even, in some cases, unnatural vice. He illustrated his points by allusions to several popular writers of the day, analysing the characters in one recent novel with great pungency. The free use of profanity in novels was another practice which was untrue to life. At the same time Mr. Mais is opposed to a censorship. After Mr. G. B. Burgin and Mr. Clive Holland had spoken, a brisk discussion arose, in which Miss Irwin, Mrs. Blanckensee, Miss Russell, Dr. Mullins, and others took part.

J. D. M.



Westminster College.

From Little Dean's Yard.

Programme

November 12th.—Reception to meet Mr. Hugh Ross Williamson.

November 26th.—Miss Joan Temple: "How I Came to write 'Charles and Mary.'" Chairman, the Hon. Gilbert Coleridge.

Other lecturers for the present season include Mr. Sidney Dark, Mr. T. W. Hill, Mr. Harold Monro, Mr. H. M. Tomlinson, Mr. A. E. Coppard, Mr. W. R. Calvert, Mrs. Champion de Crespigny and Mr. W. Francis Aitken.

Saturday Programme

VISIT TO WESTMINSTER SCHOOL

Saturday, September 20th.—Standing back from Westminster's busy thoroughfare of Victoria Street is the collegiate-like quadrangle known as Dean's Yard, to enter which is to leave the turmoil of the street for the quietude of a haven of rest. On the east side of the quadrangle is the entrance to a still quieter spot, called Little Dean's Yard, where under the shadow of the Abbey Church stands the ancient and historic College of St. Peter, more familiarly known as Westminster School. In this time-consecrated spot the Booklovers' Circle met to visit the school, under the guidance of Mr. Lawrence E. Tanner, M.A., one of the masters and author of "Westminster School, its Buildings and its Associations." There is but little of the history of the foundation not known to Mr. Tanner, who, in his unique position as Archivist, is acquainted with the history, veritable as well as traditional, which has gathered round the school, where his name and that of his father are familiar "as household words" to past and present Westminster scholars.

The Circle first visited what is known as the Great School Room, which although no longer used for teaching purposes, is the heart of the school, where prayers are daily read, where Election Examinations are held and all important assemblies meet. Resting awhile in this venerable schoolroom, the Circle listened to a brief account of the history of the school from its foundation in the fourteenth century to modern times. Leaving the Great School Room, with its memories of many famous names in our literature, the Circle proceeded to Ashburnham House, where the library, pictures and innumerable objects of interest were seen. The grass plot forming the garden of the house, it was explained, occupied a part of the monastic refectory. Mr. Tanner vividly recalled some of the striking historical scenes enacted in the Refectory, of which only a portion of the north and east walls are now standing.

The old College Hall was next visited; this building, formerly the Abbot's State Dining Hall, is now no longer used as the College Hall, but as the dining hall solely. It contains a musicians' gallery, probably of late Tudor construction, and here the Annual Westminster Play was acted from the days of Queen Elizabeth to the middle of the seventeenth century. The musicians' gallery and its approaches formed an ideal background for Mr. Tanner's final address on the production of a play in those far off years.

At the conclusion the Rev. J. D. Mullins fitly expressed the grateful feelings of the Circle to Mr. Tanner for his interesting and instructive addresses on one of the most famous schools in England.

E. J. F.

Saturday, October 18th.—Visit to the London Museum, conducted by Mr. E. G. Crowsley. Report next month.

All applications for membership should be addressed to the Hon. Secretary, Mrs. Sophie Hine, 48, Lee Park, Blackheath, S.E.3.

BRIGHTON AND HOVE

The Circle started its meetings on October 20th with a lecture by Mrs. Hobman (Daisy Adler) on "The Influence of the Cinema on Literature and Life."

Lieut.-Colonel Wylde is giving two lectures on Radium—(1) "The Mystery of Creation: Discovery of the Clue"; (2) "The Inner Secret of Matter."

In November Mr. F. Mott Harrison gives "A Talk on John Bunyan." Mr. Harrison's Life of Bunyan will probably be familiar to many.

In 1931 Dr. Marie Stopes has kindly consented to lecture once again to the Circle, and in February that much valued, consistently kind friend, Mrs. Champion de Crespigny, will give an address on "Psychic Science and Modern Thought." Mrs. Curtis-Willson will speak on "Kipling's Poetry" in March, and a Social Evening and Debate will take place in January—the last of which was an outstanding success.

The subscription for members is now five shillings (instead of seven shillings and sixpence). Non-members are charged threepence admission.

AWAITED APPEARANCES

Some Books to be Published in November

This Decade

The nineteen twenties have at last found a chronicler, and in A. C. Ward's book of that name (Methuen) there is a record of the changes and revolutions in literature, ideas and ideals which have impressed themselves on the mind of the writer during this last decade. Mr. Ward considers critically the younger writers on both sides of the Atlantic, and while it is certainly too early to come to a final opinion on their work, it is quite time an analysis was begun.

A Standard Work

The Cambridge University Press are issuing their eighth volume of the Cambridge Ancient History, entitled " Rome and the Mediterranean, 218–133 B.C.," and their third volume of " Plates " to illustrate volumes seven and eight of the History. The volume treats of the rapid advance of Rome to a position of predominance over the older great powers of the Mediterranean world. It begins with the struggle against Hannibal and ends with the tribunate of Tiberius Gracchus, when the revolutionary epoch was said to begin. There are chapters also on Syria, Thrace, the Bosporus and Rhodes.

Laud, Archbishop

Mr. Tristram Coffin will give us a new study of Archbishop Laud, " the shepherd in purple who handled his crook like a sceptre and wore a prelate's cap like a crown." The book will be published by Eyre & Spottiswoode.

Spain

Professor Altimara's " History of Spain " is a large and exhaustive work in four volumes, but he has now made an abridgment of it, and as " A History of Spanish Civilisation " it is to be published next month by Constable. Its main value lies in the fact that it avoids well worn topics and devotes much space to pre-Roman Spain and the colonisation of Latin America. There is also in the last section an account of the political factions of the nineteenth century, which will help many in understanding the present situation.

History in Cartoons

The most pleasant way to learn contemporary history is certainly by the agency of the cartoonist, and many will welcome " The Best of Low " (Jonathan Cape), which contains one hundred of the social and political cartoons, selected by David Low himself as the best of his *Evening Standard* work. Each cartoon is annotated by the artist, partly I believe by way of justification !

An Inspiring Autobiography

Thomas Okey, Emeritus Professor of Italian at Cambridge, is an acknowledged authority on Italian history and literature. He was born seventy-eight years ago in Spitalfields, the son of a poor basket-maker, and his life, the story of a slum boy's triumph over almost insuperable difficulties, is told by himself in " A Basketful of Memories " (Dent). The same firm is publishing a new edition of Professor Okey's " Venice and Its Story," illustrated with forty colour plates.

Mr. Robert Graves Again

Many of us who read " Good-bye to All That " hoped by the time that we came to the end of the volume that it really was a farewell. Mr. Robert Graves however is publishing an " appendix " to the book under the title of " But It Still Goes On " (Jonathan Cape). One of the chapters is actually entitled " A Postscript to Good-bye to All That," and the book also contains " a brief autobiography of the Divine " (!) called " The Alpha and Omega of Baal."

School Reminiscences

Major O. F. Christie, in " Clifton Schooldays " (Shaylor), gives an account of life at Clifton thirty-five years ago which should appeal to a wider circle than that of old Cliftonians, for the Major was a contemporary of Sir Henry Newbolt, Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch, and other now famous figures in the world of art and letters, and he has amusing anecdotes to relate of all of them.

Knight and Traitor

Roger Casement, who was executed for high treason during the War, is one of the most mysterious figures of modern times. In " The Life and Death of Roger Casement " (Jonathan Cape), Denis Gwynn gives us a full account of his life, partly based on Casement's own diaries and letters, partly incorporating much new material. He traces Casement's career from the time when he gained a knighthood for his chivalry in exposing at great personal risk King Leopold's barbarous treatment of the rubber slaves on the Congo, to his entrance into Irish politics which finally led to his death. Casement, distrusted in Ireland, hated as a traitor in England, and suspected as a British spy in Germany, is an ideal subject for Mr. Gwynn's graphic treatment.

Wordsworth

Mr. Herbert Read is publishing in book form the lectures he delivered at Trinity College, Cambridge, during his tenure of the Clark Lectureship, 1930. Although " Wordsworth " (Jonathan Cape) is primarily biographical, there is an acute analysis of Wordsworth's poetry.

Scotland's Golden Age

" A Scottish Man of Feeling," by H. W. Thompson (Oxford University Press), though in part a biography of Henry Mackenzie, the friend of Scott and the author of " The Man of Feeling," is rather an attempt " to account for the literature of that Golden Age which produced David Hume, Robert Burns and Sir Walter Scott." Mr. Thompson says in his preface : " I think that no previous author has attempted to explain how, within the lifetime of one man, the sentiment, intellect and faith of Scotland found expression in works of such consistent and enduring beauty."

A New England Poet

The work of Robert Frost, one of the most popular of the American poets, is not, outside a small circle of admirers, sufficiently known in this country. One hopes that the publication of his collected poems (Longmans) will draw more attention to him in England, for he is that very rare phenomenon—a poet who is both for the poet and for the " average man."

Selections from Blake

Mr. Laurence Binyon has edited selections from the poetry of William Blake (Macmillan), in which he has endeavoured to present the best of Blake's poetry, including selections from all of the prophetic books. Mr. Binyon supplies an introduction in which he is mainly concerned with Blake's central ideas and his symbolic presentment of them, but there is a separate essay devoted to an examination of Blake's metrical experiments.

A Lennox Robinson Play

Mr. Lennox Robinson's new play, " Ever the Twain," which was produced for the first time in the Abbey Theatre, Dublin, last year, is to be published next month by Macmillan.

Mediæval Pictures

Miss Joan Evans found many admirers for her work, " Life in Mediæval France," which, while based on sound scholarship, recreated the mediæval scene in popular language. She has now written " Monastic Life at Cluny " (Oxford University Press) in which she covers roughly the period 910–1157, and touches upon every aspect of life in a great monastery. Also she examines in some detail the artistic and literary work of the Cluniac monks. It should be the more worth reading because Miss Evans has no thesis to maintain, and is concerned neither to attack nor to defend the monastic ideal, but merely to draw a picture from contemporary material.

A Journey to Paris

From Constable comes a hitherto unpublished diary of the Rev. William Cole, a schoolfellow at Eton and a life-long friend of Horace Walpole. It is called " A Journal of My Journey to Paris in the Year 1765." The diary reveals a Paris that Walpole himself never saw, and the journal is alive to-day as a guide-book for as much of the older city as has survived the Revolution.

Afterthoughts

All admirers of Logan Pearsell-Smith's work—and they must be many—will welcome his new volume, " Afterthoughts " (Constable), which should be as successful as " Trivia " and " More Trivia." I understand that the provisional headings are " Life and Human Nature," " Age and Death," " Other People," " In the World," " Art and Letters," " Myself."

The Nineteenth Century Theatre

" A History of Early Nineteenth Century Drama, 1800—1850," by Allardyce Nicoll (Cambridge University Press), is a further instalment of the Professor's most valuable history of the drama from 1660 onwards. The same general method of treatment is employed as in previous volumes. Both the theatrical tendencies and the dramatic activities of the period are covered, and the appendix contains a list of some ten thousand plays produced between 1800 and 1850.

The Cinema

Mr. Huntley Carter has a unique position among theatrical annalists. His books on the European Theatre, and the Russian Theatre, and the Russian Film have become source books for the student of contemporary drama, and his new book, " The New Spirit in the Cinema " (Shaylor), should be sure of as wide a public. It is illustrated, as the previous books have been illustrated, with a number of excellent photographs.

A Child Author

Another addition to the list of very young authors is Miss Moyra Charlton, daughter of Brigadier-General Claud Charlton, formerly Military Attaché to the British Embassy at Washington. At the age of twelve she has written a book about an Irish hunter, called " Tally-ho," which Putnams are publishing. It is illustrated by Mr. Leonard Edwards, and Lord Lonsdale has written a delightful prefatory letter. The book is said to be another " Black Beauty," and should certainly appeal to all lovers of that classic.

A New Series

The first four volumes of Harold Shaylor's new series of " Modern Writers," edited by Thomas Moult, will be ready this month. The titles are " George Moore," by Humbert Wolfe; " Alfred Noyes," by Walter Jerrold;

Continued in next column

Continued from previous column

" James Joyce," by Louis Golding; and " André Maurois," by David Glass Larg. The aim of the series is to bring present-day authors " to life," and the volumes will contain specimens of unpublished prose and verse, letters, and in some instances reports of actual conversations between the author and his critic.

READER.

OTHER PEOPLE

Notes on some Periodicals

The Adelphi

The Adelphi has now gone back to its original form, title and price under the editorship of Max Plowman and Richard Rees, but Mr. Middleton Murry, released from the " humbler duties " of editorship, will be a more frequent contributor than ever; in the October number he writes on " Northcliffe as Symbol," and gives a further instalment of " Reminiscences of D. H. Lawrence." Roger Clarke gives us the first of four articles on the Public Schools, and Max Plowman, in " Beauty and . . . Freud " estimates the psychologist in a manner at once penetrating and sane.

In an editorial foreword the policy of *The Adelphi* is restated—" the first principle we desire to see governing the contents of this magazine is the apparently very simple one summed up in the phrase ' a sense of reality.' " All those who have watched the magazine through its seven years of life will agree that, whatever it may have lacked, it has not been wanting there: it has always stood for " a sense of reality " which has given it a very definite personality among periodicals of the day. And we wish it continued and increasing success.

The Criterion

This quarterly review, so far removed from *The Adelphi* in its general line of thought, contains a new estimate of D. H. Lawrence by J. H. Thomas, an illuminating article on Christina Rossetti (whose centenary is celebrated next month) by Geoffrey Rossetti, some poems by Stephen Spender, and an article by Montgomery Belgion on " Criticism," which is written to a large extent round Mr. I. A. Richards's recent book. The other articles and the reviews are up to their usual high standard.

London Mercury

Of the articles in the *London Mercury* many will like best Forrest Reid's picture of minor fiction in the eighties. Dennis Arundell contributes a criticism of the production and stage setting of " The Ring " at Covent Garden, and John Metcalfe has a powerful short story entitled " Judas."

Life and Letters

The first and best article in *Life and Letters* is " Death's Jester," Mr. F. L. Lucas's estimate of the work of Thomas Beddoes. With the increased interest in the metaphysical school of poetry, Beddoes is steadily coming in to his own, and the reader who is as yet unacquainted with his work could find no better introduction than this charming essay. J. M. Robertson contributes an article on " The Efficiency of FitzGerald."

The Author, Playwright and Composer

In this quarterly Ashley Duke's article on " Play Translation " and R. Ellis Roberts's remarks about a Ministry of Arts are of general interest. John Galsworthy writes a note on the P.E.N. Club Congress of 1930, and Theyre Lee-Elliott has an illustrated article on " The Art of the Book Jacket."

The Bookshelf

"I MAKE BESEECH"

Mr. Rudyard Kipling's Latest Book

By
Thomas Moult

"Thy Servant a Dog." By Rudyard Kipling. 5s. net. (Macmillan.)

One thing is certain about this "new Kipling": Mr. John Galsworthy, long famous as another human being who cannot resist the four-legged, tail-wagging creature that "can sit up, and put paws over nose—it is called 'Making Beseech,'" will be just as unable to resist "Thy Servant a Dog." Another famous dog-lover, Jack London, is already in the land to which all good dogs surely follow their masters, or he too would find it irresistible—although when one thinks the matter over perhaps he will do even as it is. But again, when one thinks the matter over, the numbers of dog lovers, famous or unknown, who will lose their hearts to Mr. Kipling's quartet of stories are countless, especially as it is the most charming and lovable book he has ever written.



"One time I saw Tags in Wood Edge. I told about Ravager."

From "Thy Servant a Dog," by Rudyard Kipling (Macmillan).

Boots, the sturdy terrier who is the canine hero of it, and who has "no-dash-parlour-tricks, Master says," will rank with Buck and White Fang in Jack London's dog stories and with Mr. Galsworthy's jolly little animal among the classic dogs of literature. There is not the least doubt about it. Boots takes us for his own, as a good dog always does, before he has been in our company more than a moment. Why, his very introduction to us does the trick, and it comes on Mr. Kipling's very first page:

> "Please may I come in? I am Boots. . . . This is Flat-in-Town. I live here with Own God. I tell: There is walk-in-Park-on-lead. There is off-lead-when-we-come-to-the grass. There is 'nother dog, like me, off-lead. I say: 'Name?' He says: "Slippers.' He says: 'Name?' I say: 'Boots.' He says: 'I am very fine dog. I have Own God called Miss.' I say: 'I am very fine dog. I have Own God called Master.' There is walk-round-on-toes. There is Scrap. There is Proper Whacking. Master says: 'Sorry! Awfully sorry! All my fault.' Slippers' Miss says: 'Sorry! My fault too.' Master says: 'So glad it is both our faults . . .'"

It will be observed from this brief snatch out of the opening page of the first story that Mr. Kipling has made another of his gallant attempts in technique to overcome the peril which faces all who seek to convey in human language the utterance of animals. The most successful writers of dog stories hitherto have avoided making a dog speak. They have given their analysis of the dog's mind in descriptive form. But Mr. Kipling goes boldly out for dialogue. His Boots speaks in a vivid staccato that resembles to a remarkable extent the snappy bark of a Highland terrier in particular, and he has succeeded. For long periods we are under the spell: we feel that this is the authentic voice of a dog—or rather that it would be a dog's speech if it could speak in human terms. He has also been wise to dovetail the doings of men and women along with the doings of his animals. Thus the stories have their brilliant relief and contrast—especially as they are stories with genuine human interest. Indeed we conceive an affection for the "Two Own Gods" as we watch their movements through the dogs' eyes. And the growth from babyhood to boyhood of the "Smallest Peoples" becomes a sheer delight.

But the dog is the thing, after all. We are privileged to join with him and his four-footed friends in the most gorgeous and yet the most natural doggy adventures, such as that of chasing a rat, or foxes, or (grave offence that earns them more "proper whackings") calves in the field. We are with them when they kill a hedgehog—"There were hedgehog in ditch. He rounded up. I said loud. Hunt Terrier came out of bushes and pushed him into a wetness. He unrounded. Hunt Terrier killed. I said: 'You are most wonderful, wise, strong, fine dog.'" We share their emotions about the Sabbath—"There was Bell Day, when Master comes black-all-over, and walks slow with shiny box on top and 'don't-you-play-with-my-brolly.'" And finally (for quotations cannot go on for ever, although we could go on for nearly ever) we are with the little creatures when they formulate their ideas about work:

> "Ravager said: 'What are your dirty game?' He said: 'Rats.' *And* he said he held rat-records at three pubs. We said: 'What are pubs?' He said: 'Lummy! You make me ache!' And he said pubs were where E went after 'is job. Slippers said: 'What are E?' Toby Dog said: 'Im, which is Own God.' I said: 'What are job?' He said: 'What gets you your grub.' I said: 'That are at Adar when bell goes for Own Gods' Middle-eat, which are Lunch.' He said: 'You know fat lots, you do!'"

It is gratifying to see that Mr. Kipling's hand has lost none of its old mastery.

A LAWYER'S HUMAN SIDE:

Sir John Simon's Speeches

By
Hamilton Fyfe

"Comments and Criticisms." By the Rt. Hon. Sir John Simon. 8s. 6d. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

At first sight this book did not attract me. The table of contents showed that it consists for the most part of speeches and addresses, some delivered on controversial, others upon honorific occasions. They were brought together by Sir John's secretary, Mr. Rowland Evans, in the hope, says the chilly foreword, "that some passages may be worth perusal." Not a promising start, I thought! However, I was agreeably put in the wrong.

Sir John Simon has won fame and a vast fortune at the Bar by his gift of clear expression and by untiring industry in getting up his cases. He says there is no need for an advocate to be eloquent. "For every sort of tribunal it is forcible and orderly statement far more than rhetorical elaboration which induces belief and effects persuasion." This being so, no one would expect Sir John to make political speeches full of either fireworks or flowers. His method of addressing the House of Commons or a meeting of his (or anybody else's) constituents is the method employed by him in addressing a jury. He prepares carefully; he marshals his arguments and illustrations in an orderly, logical manner. He is earnest, yet not insistent; forcible, but never passionate; he might induce you to side with him, he would never swing you off your feet and set you vehemently applauding. That is why he cannot be a political leader. He is too intellectual, too reasonable, too detached.

Yet all this has a compensating advantage. His speeches read well. The orations that call forth thunders of applause are, when they appear in print, like the remains of a gay garden fête next morning. The decorations that seemed so brilliant are seen to be tinsel, the lanterns with their light extinguished have a garish look. These calmly composed and quietly delivered speeches of Sir John Simon's are as good to-day as they were when he made them, although one goes back twenty-four years and another eighteen. They still glow with the steady light of reason; they illuminate not only their special subjects (Home Rule, Disestablishment, the General Strike and so forth), but the general mundane movement, the problems of all ages, the working of an acute analytical mind.

Further than this the book has a claim on our gratitude. It reveals Sir John in a new character. No one thinks of him as a humorist; most people would say he was the last public man they would suspect of a sense of fun. Yet here we have ample evidence that he enjoys a joke as well as anybody. His criticism of Portia's speech for the defence in the case of "Shylock *v.* Antonio, Bassanio intervening" is delightful:

> "Of course she was a lady barrister and it was her first brief; so on both grounds we must speak with indulgence and consideration. But I don't greatly admire her performance as a matter of advocacy. No doubt that was a very fine passage, all about the quality of mercy, and it would have been a most admirable way of addressing the Court in mitigation, supposing that Antonio was going to be convicted. But since she had got in reserve that point about the pound of flesh, I must say I think she ought to have brought it out immediately. If I had been the Duke of Venice, though I should have decided in Portia's favour, I should have made her pay the costs of the first half-hour of the hearing."

Of games Sir John speaks with zest and jollity. The suggestion that a fourth cricket stump should be added prompts the remark that most of us find three quite enough and not infrequently one too many! Mention of golf in India reminds him that the "greens" are usually mud" and the greenkeeper often a gaunt individual, very scantily clothed, who spends his time squatting on his heels as though he were perpetually considering the line of a putt, and whose tools consist, not of a mowing machine and a worm eradicator, but of a watering pot and a plasterer's trowel."

Even in a speech on such an occasion as that of the Oxford Union centenary he can make fun of other distinguished guests. "Stern disciplinarian as our Alma Mater is, she had not forced us all into the same mould, as anybody can see who compares the outline of Mr. Belloc with the appearance of Viscount Cecil." Even about his profession he can joke and call it a game. "For the game of advocacy one wants a good digestion, a good temper, and a good clerk; and of these three the greatest is a good clerk."

A very human, pleasant, wise book.

AMERICAN POLITICS

By Hamilton Eames

"The Strange Death of President Harding." From the Diaries of Gaston B. Means, as told to May Dixon Thacker. 15s. (John Hamilton.)

In "The Strange Death of President Harding" the first sentence of the foreword is: "If Gaston Means should talk!" And for some three hundred pages he does so, bluntly, slangily, and to a mild citizen even shockingly, but his tale is one of absorbing interest. He is apparently well qualified to expose the brutality, the cynicism, the sordid background of the notorious Harding administration, for he held the position of "Department of Justice Investigator" and, as well, a confidential position under Mrs. Harding for the primary purpose of unearthing to the drabbest detail the President's affair with Nan Britton, the mother of his only child. It is not a pretty story, but for those who stand in awe before the hypnotic ruthlessness of American graft it is singularly revealing. The major thesis of the book—that Harding was murdered by his wife—is startling, and, as Mr. Means presents the evidence, all too plausible.

One cannot help feeling a little sorry for Harding; his mental, moral and spiritual equipment fitted him only for a mildly responsible post in a very small country town where he could misbehave without serious social consequences. But he was driven, driven, driven by a wife who lusted for power, by astute, cold-blooded politicians who saw in him the puppet quality so necessary to their financial success and he never seemed to awaken to the difference between the White House in Washington and his own humble house in Marion, Ohio. He was probably honest enough; he was far less of a politician than have been his successors to the high office of President; he never seemed to fathom the unplumbed, salt, estranging seas of political intrigue, and, finally, he was so sentimental that he could not conceive of a base motive in a professed friend. But where one feels a certain pity for this incongruous figure, one can feel only contempt and loathing for his associates. They recognised no standards of conduct; when expedient—if Mr. Means is correct—they resorted to murder; their greed was unquenchable.

Mr. Means, not long ago released from the Federal Penitentiary at Atlanta, told his story to May Dixon Thacker for publication. The manner of the writing is frequently irritating and somewhat humourless. For example, Mrs. Thacker in her preface says of Mr. Means's revelation: "The story is in no way a reflection on the American political system. On the contrary, it is a vindication of this system. It clearly reveals how a Great Party (the capitals are Mrs. Thacker's) was tricked and how it has extricated itself with a dignity and poise and surety of purpose unexcelled in history." These trumpeting, starry-eyed words must bring a wan smile to the lips of many an American who is, at the same time, a staunch Republican.

LONDON, TO-DAY AND YESTERDAY

The Varied Sights of a Great City

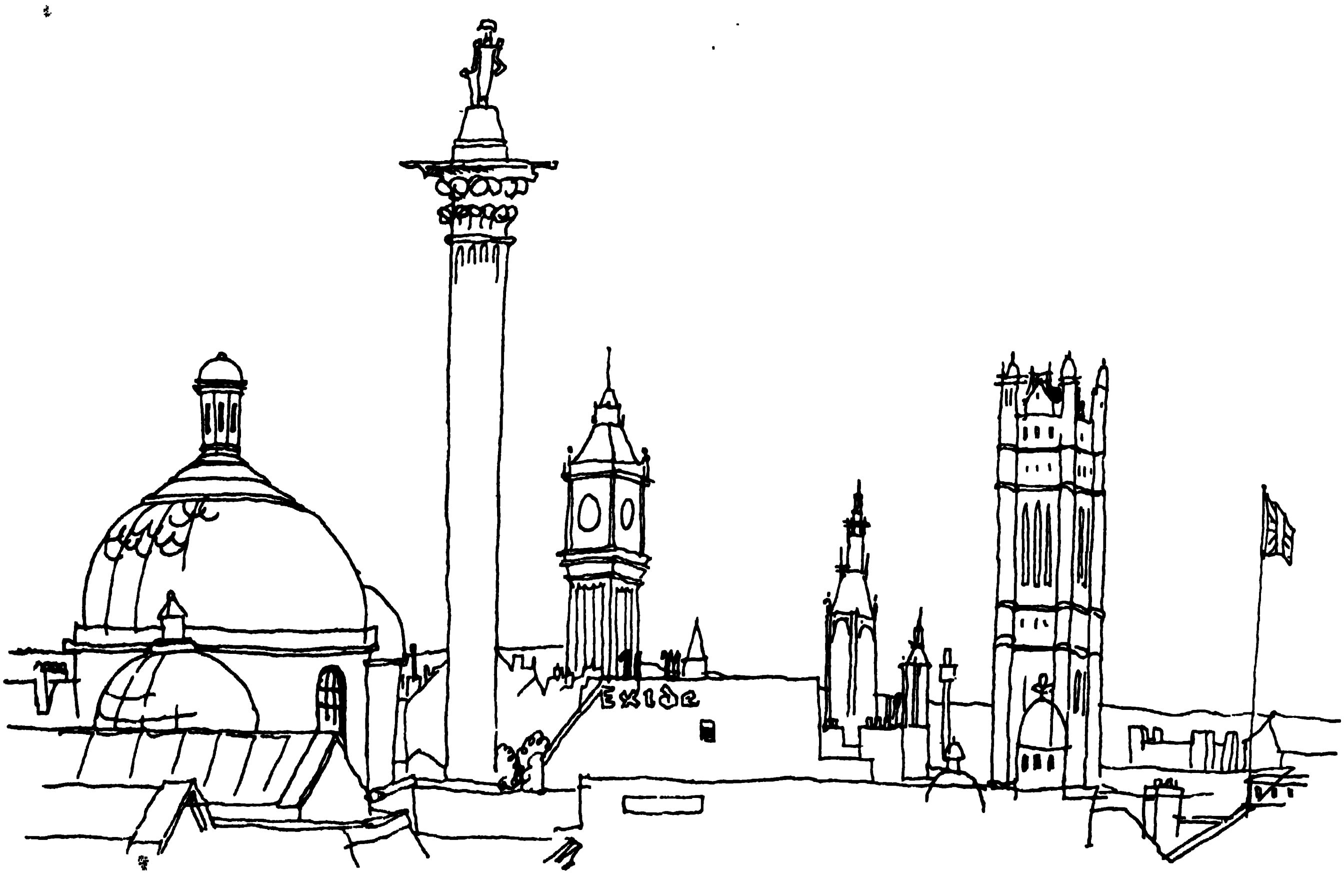
By
E. Beresford Chancellor

"London Promenade." Written and illustrated by W. Gaunt. 25s. net. (*Studio.*)
"London Lanes." Written and illustrated by Alan Stapleton. 15s. net. (Bodley Head.)

Of the making of many books about London there is no end. Nor indeed, while the city continues to expand and when new generations succeed one another who knew it not even as their fathers knew it, is there any likelihood of there being any cessation in the almost daily outpouring of such things. Those who are acquainted with the manifold ramifications of the city, both in its historical and topographical aspects, and how many who know very little about it save what they glean from the labours of others, throw themselves with a sort of bloodthirsty zeal on the well-worn topic; until one is inclined to cry "Hold! Enough!" But here and there, fitfully emerging, as *rari nantes* from the *gurgite vasto*, there come to the surface books on London which are yet really worth attention, and are welcome contributions to the mass of sound work which has preceded, and will in due course, no doubt, follow them.

The two works under review differ from each other in most respects, but have the common interest of dealing with aspects of the great city in an original way. The first is a *mélange* of the topographical and the social, as it were, and presents us, by its vivid and often amusing text as well as by its illustrations (both by the author), with a picture of that London which the older among us knew so well, and something of which still lingers in secluded fastnesses to the evident wonderment of a later generation.

It is a book which is as original in intention as it is in execution. To the author the ordinary guide-book landmarks, as they may be termed, are by no means alluring. Indeed I am inclined to think that such things as the Tower and the Abbey, and so forth, have ceased to be very attractive to those bright young people who have perhaps, in their childhood, heard of the things, and in their mature youth have determined not (in their own sprightly phraseology) to give them the glad eye. Mr. Gaunt at any rate will have none of them. To him the Empire and the Alhambra, the old Café Royal (with such an excellent drawing of the place one knew so well, *Consule Planco*, and such a really Manet-like rendering of its typical habitués) and all the purlieus of Leicester Square, where Ciro's discreet frontage deadens the sound of the tub-orator nearby, and Shakespeare in stone looks and muses on so many and such wonderful changes, are the attractive spots.



Silhouette of London.

From "London Promenade," by W. Gaunt (*Studio*).

Indeed, in the "London Promenade" you are seldom far from the garish lights of this centre of night-life, with that raffish air that it has worn for so long, and which, even in these more sober days, has not entirely deserted it.

To turn to the second of these London books is to emerge into a region of pure topography and history. Those who remember Mr. Stapleton's delightful book on "London Alleys, Byways and Courts," published some six years ago, will know with what charm of draughtsmanship he illustrates his subjects. In the present work his technique has improved, and a certain quality of hardness which characterised some of the pictures in the earlier book (but only some of them) is here absent. There are, Mr. Stapleton tells us, no fewer than nine hundred lanes in London, and he appears to have something informative to say about them all. When one thinks of the vast area to be covered and the intricacies of a great city, of which these lanes form the tiniest of arteries, one can realise what a labour has been entailed in merely tracing them, apart from that of describing them and the historical facts attached to so many of them.

TWO DISCOVERIES OF ENGLAND

Through Austrian Eyes

By O. M. Green

"England, the Unknown Isle." By Paul Cohen-Portheim. Translated by Alan Harris. 8s. 6d. (Duckworth.)
"Rough Islanders." By Henry Wood Nevinson. 7s. 6d. (Routledge.)

It is a consolation for us English, resigned to thinking of ourselves as the most unpopular people in Europe, to find that those who take the trouble to know us are generally complimentary. Among the many recent discoverers of England—Spanish, German, French, Czechoslovak—none has been a closer, more detailed observer, more penetrating and sympathetic, than this Austrian, Mr. Cohen-Portheim. That he was interned in England during the War has not made him less—perhaps it made him more—enthusiastic; and his occasional shafts of wit have ever a kindly touch, as when he writes:

> "To a foreigner the word 'Englishman' calls up a picture of a rich tourist, but to an Englishman the word 'foreigner' suggests waiters, hairdressers, organ-grinders and small shopkeepers."

He admires our manners immensely—even an official opens a conversation with a courteous "What can I do for you?"—which he ascribes partly to our climate—which "has the same antipathy to anything immoderate or extreme as its product the Englishman has"—partly to that ideal of repression which is the key-note of our best education. But this ideal makes us much misunderstood. We are anything but the unimpassioned beings we appear:

> "It is just because the Englishman is a man of very strong impulses that his education aims at subduing them, and because the unregenerate savage within him is still pretty strong that he keeps him chained up."

Mr. Cohen-Portheim thinks that the Saxon predominates most strongly in our mixed ancestry and thus explains our passionate love of the country, which is for him the motive of all our actions. Well, the Saxon distrusted towns and shied off them. Having starved out Augusta he left it to fall derelict, so that London preserves scarcely a trace of the Roman city. "The idea of the town as a work of art is nothing to us," says our author. But while we agree with him here in respect of provincial manufacturing towns, he seems to push his theory too hard in London; his chapter on the great City is so vivid, so appreciative of its splendours, that one wonders he does not see that these are the product of an enthusiasm equal to his own. One knows many Londoners who can hardly be induced to sleep a night out of London. One old delusion (as it seems to us) Mr. Cohen-Portheim retains. He defends our foreign policy against the common charge of treachery and hypocrisy: we are no worse than any other nation. But he none the less implicitly believes in the far-reaching and astute nature of England's plans—such as, he says, she is now pursuing in Asia. "Europe" has been defined as a "group of wicked old men sitting round a table in secret." Can England be the same? It does not accord with our popular theory of "muddling through." But how should foreigners understand our policy when we seldom understand it ourselves?

Where the Teuton analyses and explains, Mr. Nevinson is content to observe and report. The Crown, the aristocracy, gentry, middle and working classes pass in successive review, described in that beautiful, easy English which makes all Mr. Nevinson's writing so pleasurable. But one wishes he would not sneer at those who, presumably he thinks, would consider themselves above him. Such jibes not only distort the picture; their unfairness is revealed again and again by Mr. Nevinson's own observations only a page or two farther on. The later chapters are far more congenial. Among peasants, mechanics, miners and fishermen, in slum dwellings and the deadly monotonies of "mass production," Mr. Nevinson is wholly at home, and he writes with deep insight and sympathy. These are fine, moving pages, to be read not with much comfort; but at least we may thank Heaven things have moved since the days of "Sybil," "Mary Barton" and "Ralph Rashleigh." In pleasanter mood the chapter on English humour, which Mr. Nevinson claims as the base of all that is best in English nature (a hundred stories of the War support him), is delightful.

Mr. C. R. W. Nevinson's accompanying illustrations are vigorous and effective, but one feels that they would accord better with a different style in the writing. Rather like putting a piece of new cloth on an old garment.

IN THE HEART OF LONDON

"The Annals of Covent Garden and Its Neighbourhood." By E. Beresford Chancellor, M.A., F.S.A. With 16 illustrations. 18s. net. (Hutchinson.)

By Covent Garden and its neighbourhood Mr. Beresford Chancellor means the area bounded by Long Acre, St. Martin's Lane, the Strand, and Drury Lane. This area comes into history as a garden and burial ground of the monks of St. Peter's, Westminster. Henry VIII made it a pasture for his sheep. After being the property of the Protector Somerset, it was granted to the first Earl of Bedford, in whose family it remained for as many years as there are days in a year. The Cecils wanted it; bu the fourth earl declared he would "impoverish" himself if he sold it—a reason strange to modern ears. The fourth earl laid out the square and engaged Inigo Jones to build the famous Piazzas and St. Paul's Church. And so Covent Garden became a fashionable quarter. The patent for the market was granted to the fifth earl of Bedford in 1671. The golden age of Covent Garden was the eighteenth century, when it was remarkable for the men and women eminent in literature, art, music, and the drama who lived or forgathered in the tributary streets and by-ways. It is with these, and some others more notorious than famous, that Mr. Chancellor is chiefly concerned. The list is a formidable one. In rather less than 300 pages he has packed the essence of material for a thousand. The result is a work of fascinating interest and permanent value.

Francis Aitken.

COUNTRY BY-WAYS

"Green Fields of England: A Book of Footpath Travels." By Clare Cameron. 12s. 6d. net. (Constable.)

This is another addition to that rapidly increasing series of books whose motive is to discover "the England that is England," by the simple expedient of taking England unawares and going round to the back door when she is expecting you to arrive at the front. Miss Cameron visits the Chilterns, the Thames Valley, the Cotswolds, East Anglia, some Yorkshire abbeys, the Welsh Border, Central Wales, and, of course, Sussex. She goes to most of the obvious places in those districts but arrives at them by devious footpath routes. The footpaths are her chief concern. Rather than forsake one she will leave Castle Howard a mile away to the right and follow it hot-foot for the nearest ruin.

But such is the infinite diversity of the English scene that one can usually find the sort of thing that one sets out to find, and such is its kindness that that which is sought will not be long withheld from the seeker. What it cannot guarantee is that every such seeker who "seems to have a spirited kinship with Richard Jefferies and Edward Thomas" will, *ipso facto*, "capture the mood of the English pastoral." The process is more difficult than the mere abandoning of mechanised transport for a good stout stick and a haversack on a bright spring morning.

If we cannot all become Richard Jefferieses, many of us could become Richard Cobbets, and Richard Cobbet managed very well on his horse.

Reginald Pole.

THE LADIES OF LLANGOLLEN

New Light on a Quaint Friendship

By S. M. Ellis

"The Hamwood Papers of the Ladies of Llangollen and Caroline Hamilton." Edited by Mrs. G. H. Bell. 21s. net. (Macmillan.)

For over a hundred and fifty years speculation has been concerned with the motives which induced two Irish ladies of high birth, Lady Eleanor Butler and Miss Sarah Ponsonby, to "elope" together, in May, 1778, despite the efforts of their respective families to prevent them, from Ireland to Llangollen, where they lived, united in love and amity, for fifty-one years In their picturesque house here, Plas Newydd, they resided for forty-eight years, until death severed the partnership in 1829; the survivor died two and a half years later. Throughout all the long years of their residence at Plas Newydd, the Ladies of Llangollen were only absent for one night from their home, the occasion when they slept at Barmouth in July, 1827. Naturally they became a legend whose echoes extended far beyond the village they "squired," bullied, tended, and doctored. Many celebrated people stopped to visit them, for Plas Newydd was on the great high road from England to Holyhead and Ireland; their visitors included Sir Walter Scott, Wellington, Madame de Genlis and her daughter, Lady Edward FitzGerald, Miss Seward, and Wordsworth, who celebrated the friendship of the Ladies in the sonnet ending:

> "In ours the Vale of Friendship, let this spot
> Be nam'd, where faithful to a low-roof'd cot
> On Deva's banks, ye have abode so long,
> Sisters in love, a love allowed to climb
> Ev'n on this earth, above the reach of Time."

As they grew old, the eccentricities of the Ladies increased; they had from the outset adopted a masculine style of dress, and wore their hair short. They were in fact pioneers of those cultured and independent, but often eccentric, women who are to-day frequently met with as artists, schoolmistresses, and of a mode of life jestingly termed "bachelor." Lady Eleanor Butler, the senior of Miss Ponsonby by some seventeen years, was distinctly of a masculine type, and was the dominant member of the strange partnership; her friend, Sarah, was in youth more gentle, feminine, and vivacious. Lady Eleanor had the protective instinct strongly marked in her nature. She had "reached the age of thirty without having one lover"; but she had become the devoted friend of Sarah Ponsonby when the latter was quite a little girl.



Mrs. Tighe with her daughter (Mrs. Hamilton) as a child.

From "The Hamwood Papers of the Ladies of Llangollen," by Caroline Hamilton (Macmillan).

The real reason for the "elopement"—when Miss Ponsonby was twenty-three and Lady Eleanor nearly forty—now transpires in the book under review. Hitherto it had been believed that they—or one of them—had been crossed in love and, finding men base deceivers, had resolved to retire from the world of fashion, courtship, and unrest. But it now is clear from the interesting letters, and diary of Mrs. Goddard, quoted by Mrs. Bell, that Sarah Ponsonby, who lived with her cousin, Lady Elizabeth Fownes, fled in order to escape the illicit amatory advances of her cousin's husband and her own host, Sir William Fownes. So she "leapt out of the window" one night, and armed with a pistol and her little dog, "Frisk," she joined her beloved friend, Eleanor, in a barn, where they "lay two nights on straw." They walked six miles over the mountains, and eventually reached Waterford. Here they were tracked by the servants of their families and were betrayed by the barking of "Frisk." And so, in the flustered description of one of their relatives, "The Runaways are caught and we shall soon see our amiable friend again whose conduct, though it has an appearance of imprudence, is, I am sure, void of serious impropriety. There were no gentlemen concerned, nor does it appear to be anything more than a scheme of romantic friendship."

Lady Eleanor in disgrace was now threatened with incarceration in a convent despite her mature age, so she again disappeared and fled to the house of the naughty Sir William Fownes, where she was secretly admitted by Sarah Ponsonby, who kept her friend concealed in a closet opening from her bedroom. Food was brought up for her by a servant girl, Mary Carryl, who later accompanied the Ladies to Llangollen, where the brawny wench, who was known as "Molly the Bruiser," protected and served them for long years.

Finding it useless to frustrate the resolve of Eleanor and Sarah to go away and live together, their relatives no longer sought to restrain them, and so the twain settled at Plas Newydd, where the long years stretched before them full of peace and love and mutual interests after the agitations and storms that had preceded their arrival.

Lady Eleanor in particular rejoiced; for many years she kept a journal recording every incident of their joint lives —their visitors, their activities in the village, the management of their house, what they ate, and what their minor maladies. Often her entries were simply expressions of happiness in association with Sarah:

> " September 24th, 1785. Read Madame de Sévigné. My love drawing. From seven till nine in sweet converse with the delight of my heart over the Fire. Papered our Hair.
>
> " December 7th. Spent the evening without candles by the light of the Fire and faint glimmering of a pale Moon, talking over our affairs. My Sweet Love. A Silent Pensive Day."

In the journals quoted by Mrs. Bell those for the years 1786 and 1787 seem to be missing. I can throw some light on what happened to the volume for the latter year. Lady Bulwer Lytton, who was living in Llangollen in September, 1854, relates in a letter to A. E. Chalon, R.A.:

> " I have had the most joyous and genuine laugh I have had since the year before the Flood, when I was 15. Doubtless you have 'heard tell' of those misguided and romantic old ladies, Lady Eleanor Butler and Miss Ponsonby, who eloped (!) from Ireland, Miss Ponsonby dressed as a groom in top-boots and buckskin unmentionables, Lady E. as a peasant girl or some such *misérére*. Well, they came and settled down here at Plas Newydd, and in 1787 Lady Eleanor kept a journal, which I have been reading. It is written with a crow-quill in a very fine Italian hand and *looks* like poetry—but is the very prosiest of prose. Their *menus du diner* are minutely given, and as the dinners certainly were not such as Vatel would have achieved, they (the old ladies) appear to have been martyrs to indigestion, the attacks of which seem to have been as regular and relentless as the visits of the tax-gatherer, n'ayant rien de caché pour les amis. They also give minute descriptions of the emetics which they were in the habit of taking, but these latter, like a fashionable husband, did not remain with them long, and they, like ditto wives, appear to have been considerably relieved by getting rid of them. . . . The perusal of this priceless document I owe to a great ally of mine, the Old Parish Clerk, who was a protégé of the old ladies. . . ."

One must not forget to relate that the villain of the piece, Sir William Fownes, met with appropriate retribution a month after the second departure of Miss Ponsonby. He died of " a strangulation or gout in the stomach," and before the end admitted that it was " his own fault that he was punished for." Lady Elizabeth Fownes died a month later. But the Ladies of Llangollen lived on for over half a century; their house became a museum and their fame is great unto the present day.

A SUFFOLK DIARY

The Bungay gentleman whose diary makes " An Englishman at Home and Abroad, 1792–1828 " (10s. 6d.; Heath Cranton) is John Barber Scott. The diary is easily classed as something of a discovery and, as edited by Mrs. Ethel Mann, it gives us much of the best material to hoist the book well up in its class. The larger life of the period, as well as some pictures of the contemporary country-side, has its share in these readable records. For John Scott is one of those exclusive people who actually conversed with Napoleon and he does not forget to increase the importance of his document immeasurably by detailing his encounter with the great man at Elba.

THE PRINCE OF PICKPOCKETS

Mr. Richard S. Lambert has written a study of George Barrington, whose fame is partly made by several dictionaries of quotations as one of those

> " True patriots all; for, be it understood,
> We left our country for our country's good."

He entitles his book " The Prince of Pickpockets " (12s. 6d.; Faber & Faber), and deals adequately and thoroughly with the astonishing career of Barrington. At the same time we are not to conclude that Barrington wrote the famous Prologue with which he is commonly associated, and which contains the much-quoted tag. The fame of this incomparable convict rests more securely on the record which Mr. Lambert has now put together in attractive and readable form—a rarer story than a deal of fiction.

A SOURCE-BOOK FOR HISTORY:

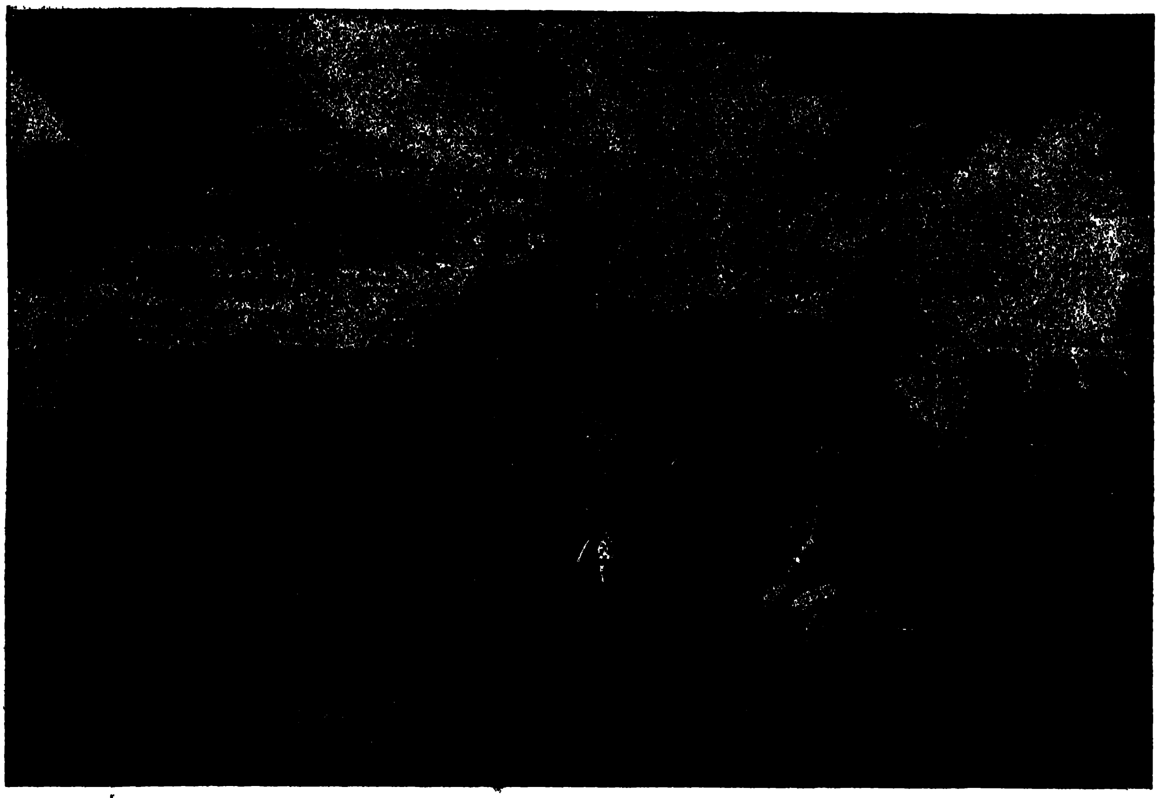
Diaries of an Equerry to George III

By George Knowles

"The Diaries of Colonel the Hon. Robert Fulke Greville, Equerry to His Majesty King George III." Edited with Notes by F. McKno Bladon, with a Foreword by Frances Countess of Warwick. 18s. net. (Bodley Head.)

These Grevilles are always important. Robert Fulke Greville, whose diaries are now given to us edited by Mr. F. McKno Bladon, was an equerry in waiting to George III, and a second cousin of that Charles Greville whose famous diaries have yet to be quite adequately exploited. They seem, these Grevilles, to be permanently on point duty in busy thoroughfares of life. Robert of that ilk comes to life in this presentation of his diaries, and he involves in his vital activities and machinations by Colonel Wellbred what time his royal master behaves either curiously or insanely or, very often, as cleverly as the best of those in the circle.

Madame D'Arblay's unsolicited testimonial, quoted by the editor, is also brought home to us—" there is something in Colonel Wellbred, so equal and so pleasing, it is impossible not to see him with approbation and to speak of him with praise." Robert Greville does not rank with the great ones nor with his contemporary cousin nor with his fellow servant of the Court who has so aptly nicknamed him. But his diary is an asset to a growing class of readers who, at the bidding of Lord Ponsonby, have been taught to revel in the literature of diaries.



H.M. King George III Returning from Hunting.
From the picture by Pollard Junior, engraved by M. Dubourg.
(By permission of Messrs. Fores).
From "The Diaries of Robert Fulke Greville," by F. McKno Bladon (John Lane).

jerky but pointed style a procession of desirable people of the period. He, it must be remembered, was Fanny Burney's Colonel Wellbred and the fame of his concurrent diarist at the Court of George III immediately guarantees the value of the new diaries. They could not fail to justify the text of a foreword which is written by Frances Countess of Warwick—the reminder that most of our history has been made by rulers who have paid more attention to the trivial than to the serious things.

The trivial things of this picture of the Court of George III are not always so trivial. They become important as one studies a remarkable period of British history. They are delightful entertainment for the unconcentrated reader but they are often what has been roughly called " the goods " for the professional historian. There is indeed still much that is mistaken to disperse about the life and habits of Farmer George. Robert Greville in his simple, forthright way helps us to a proper atmosphere in an English crisis—a short thirteen years of eighteenth century life at a point which needs all the light that can be shed upon it. A great deal of the history of this period may not have been made by the monarch. But it was made all round him and the people who made it march in and out of this diary, observed in small and

The monotony of a great deal of life in the royal circumstances of the time is no discouraging feature of Robert Greville's jottings. He has other things to discuss as when the famous harpsichordist comes to Court and he admires " some of his compositions played as I have heard them by Lady Hamilton." So we are reminded of a famous lady, that friend of Charles Greville who was Emma Hart and who lives in the foot-notes to history for a greater friendship still. In another but not less entertaining class is Robert Greville's story on the first importation of merino sheep into this country. Farmer George, Sir Joseph Banks and Greville are the prime movers in this movement after that " accidental conversation I had with the King in Richmond Gardens," and here is the conversation as reported by Greville.

Robert Greville's diary, like all good diaries, improves on acquaintance, partly perhaps because the king himself improves with the passage of time. Ultimately we are taken to Weymouth where the third part of this diary was written and where the king found life to suit him. It is this part of the diary which carries the pleasant scene of His Majesty's return from hunting in a picture probably painted after the beneficial stay at Weymouth.

THE AMERICAN REVOLT

"England in the Age of the American Revolution." By L. B. Namier. 25s. (Macmillan.)

In the history of North America the 8th of September, 1760, is a date that stands four-square as a landmark. At Montreal on the morning of that day Vaudreuil, the French viceroy of Canada, sent through the British outposts a letter accepting the stern demands of his opponent, Jeffery Amherst, the British commander-in-chief. New France had fallen; and with the capitulation of Canada there was surrendered to the British Crown more than had ever been surrendered to any Crown before. It might have been expected that this triumphant culmination to the efforts of British regulars and American provincials would have led to a continued and firmer union of interest and effort. Actually it might be said with truth that on that September day of 1760 the first rift, soon to open to a fissure and later to yawn to a chasm, developed in the solidarity of the victorious side.

After the Treaty of Paris in 1763 the defence of an empire which had received such substantial accretions in Asia and America necessarily occupied the attention of the British Government. It implied the maintenance of a standing army in America, a project to which the colonists were bitterly opposed. Nothing would convince them that France was merely scotched, not killed. Curiously enough in less than a fortnight after the signing of the Treaty of Paris the colonists were to realise that there was an aftermath of trouble in the discontent of the pro-French Indians whose lands had been sequestrated. Pontiac's war was remarkable as throwing up an Indian leader of remarkable powers of organisation, and as revealing an unexpected skill, tenacity and concert among the Indians themselves. Some of the colonies suffered terribly, but it was, in the main, by the efforts of English soldiers that the tide of rebellion was at length rolled back. To Great Britain, crippled with the cost of her share in the Seven Years' War, it seemed unfair that she should be called upon to undertake the entire cost of the defence of the American colonies. She was ready to bear the whole naval cost, but for the land forces she expected the provincials to pay a part. There were in existence laws of navigation and trade—to which the colonists had never raised objection—which, had they been observed, would have obviated all difficulty. But smuggling was carried on by the colonists to a staggering extent—worse still, there had been much scandalous illicit trade with the enemy in the late war. The famous Stamp Act was introduced merely to obtain from the American colonists, in the least objectionable way possible, one-third of the £300,000 required annually to maintain a garrison in America to protect the colonists from the Indians, from future European aggression, and from the land speculator and the landgrabber within their own borders.

If we wish to understand how England reacted to the attitude taken up by her colonists in North America it would seem that we ought to be given a picture of the circumstances which have been very briefly summarised in the preceding paragraphs. Mr. Namier however tells us practically nothing whatever about them, and this being so, we feel that the title of his book is not a happy one. For he deals not with "England," but entirely with the House of Commons, and 'The Age of the American Revolution" is a little misleading.

The opening sentence of his volume provides the key to the whole: "The social history of England could be written in terms of membership of the House of Commons." This is a statement with which we profoundly disagree. We really do not come to grips with America in Mr. Namier's book until page 265, where in Part IV he gives the names and the sentiments of the members, by classes, with a knowledge of, or an interest in, America—the West Indians, the Merchants, the Army Officers, the Naval officers, the land speculators; and this is followed by an extremely useful survey of the question of the proposed retention of Guadeloupe instead of Canada. In its limited specialised scope this book, which is most admirably documented, will be a useful companion to the works of Alvord, Beer, Channing, Hinkhouse, Howard and Van Tyne. F. E. WHITTON.

NERO FOR THE LIBRARIES

By Hamilton Fyfe

" Nero, Emperor of Rome." By Arthur Weigall. 21s. (Thornton Butterworth.)

History is almost always wrong in details and right in a general way. We often praise men for virtues they did not possess, we often blame them for crimes they never committed. But we may feel confident that they were virtuous or criminal in some other fashion. The verdicts of History, though they may not be supported by evidence, seldom err.

Thus the world has long execrated the name of Nero as that of a despot, bloodthirsty and inexcusable, more than half crazy and vicious to a degree unexampled in the annals of depravity. Partly because it suited later emperors to blacken his character, partly because the Christians represented him as Belial, Antichrist, the King of Unrighteousness, the Man of Sin, the Beast whose number in the Book of Revelation was 666, Nero became, as his best English biographer, Mr. Bernard Henderson, put it, " a type of inconceivable wickedness and unnatural horror." It was Mr. Henderson's task to dissipate that legend and to substitute for it a portrait more like the truth.

It is surprising therefore to find the claim put forward that Mr. Arthur Weigall's book " for the first time " shows Nero in a light less unamiable than that of tradition and popular fancy. All the more surprising in that Mr. Weigall in certain passages follows Mr. Henderson's narrative very closely. This is especially noticeable in such passages as those which relate the deaths of Nero and his tutor, Seneca. It may be said that no doubt both authors took the facts from the same sources, and we may leave the matter at that. Nothing however can explain away the statement that the view of Nero taken by Mr. Weigall is a new one.

To scholars and persons who read history for knowledge this book offers nothing new. To the general reader it will give a very fair notion of the character of the Emperor and of the age and of life among wealthy and leisured Romans in the first century of the Christian era. Some discount must be allowed on the stories of lust and cruelty, treason and greed, which may make readers unacquainted with Roman literature suppose that decent people were very rare. They were no rarer then than at any other period of human history. But they were in the background; the front of the stage was filled by their opposites, and it is these with whom Mr. Weigall is concerned. Also it is upon the sensational rather than the solid that he lays the more stress. He might have made more of Nero's talent for choosing men, of his good sense as a ruler during the earlier part of his reign, and less of his appearances as " artist " in public. But no doubt it is the Emperor on the stage as a singer who intrigues the popular imagination and if this book is not popular it will miss its mark.

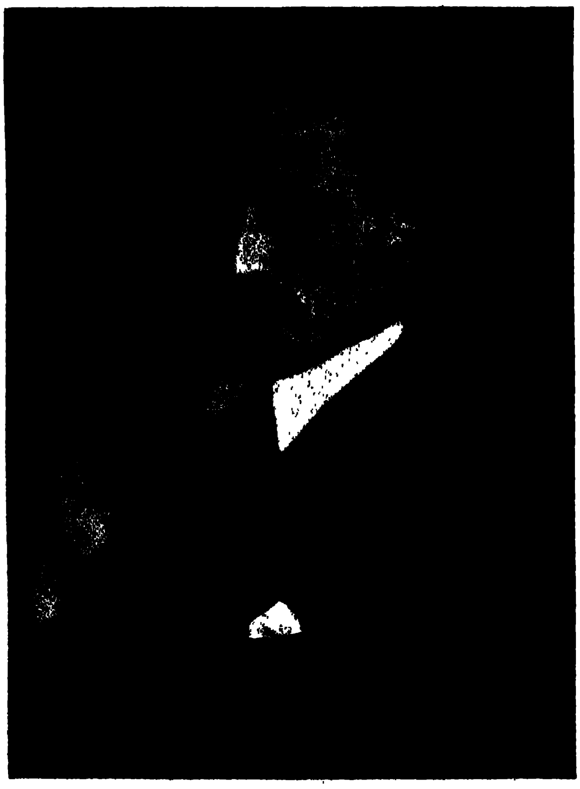
A GREAT REVIVALIST

" George Whitefield, The Awakener." By Rev. Albert Belden, B.D. With an Introduction by Rt. Hon. Ramsay MacDonald. 12s. 6d. net. (Sampson Low.)

Biographies of Whitefield are fairly numerous, but there will be a welcome for a new one so vividly wrought out as Mr. Belden's. It is fair to say however that while the biography necessarily occupies the larger part of the present book, Mr. Belden has more than a biographical aim. He longs for a revival of Whitefield's spirit in a form applicable to modern conditions, and in two or three concluding chapters he indicates what in his view that form should be. It would be outside the scope of this journal to attempt an estimate of Mr. Belden's idea as to the way the theological ideas and methods of the eighteenth century should be translated for to-day. As to his ultimate contention—that the evangelistic spirit is to find its modern expression in bringing about a better social order by means of political activity—that too is outside our scope. One may perhaps suggest that from Whitefield, the flaming apostle of individual salvation, to this doctrine is rather a far cry whether the doctrine itself be right or wrong. And the whole topic is, we fancy, rather more complicated than Mr. Belden has realised. However that may here be put aside.

The story of Whitefield is in itself a fascinating one, and loses none of its magnetism in Mr. Belden's telling. In its main outlines it is of course fairly well known. Mr. Belden has a certain number of fresh facts, specially in connection with Whitefield's " Bethesda," the orphan home he founded in America. But new or old, the tale holds us. This man, who anticipated John Wesley in the practice of " field-preaching," deemed so undignified then, who spent his years in hurrying to and fro between England and America as a missionary of the Gospel, who could sway multitudes by the power of his oratory and at the same compel aristocratic rakes to seriousness, who died almost on the pulpit steps—this was a man whom a just judgment must pronounce with a greatness something like that of St. Paul. Mr. Belden tells us of his journeys; of the churches he founded; of the adulation, varied by hostilities of the mob; of his unceasing labours and his undying passion for souls—and we live with Whitefield and in him as we read. Once again, a very great man.

There have been other verdicts. We are glad to see Mr. Belden's faithful dealing with Dr. Johnson, who saw in Whitefield nothing more than a religious demagogue. Even more recent writers have belittled his fame, or tried to. Mr. Arnold Lunn, in a Life of Wesley, talks of Whitefield's " vanity," because the preacher sought the countenance and help of the Countess of Huntingdon. This, and other criticisms of the kind, have been part of an effort to set Whitefield on a lower plane than Wesley—a futile procedure, in all conscience. The difference between a height of a thousand feet and one of nine hundred and ninety-nine is surely negligible. Both men are so great in their own sphere that any difference, if it exists, is of no account. Of course a conventional religiousness, to-day no less than previously, will have little admiration for a man who refused to have his missionary zeal cramped by formal bonds. But any impartial judge will rate Johnson's " coffee-house gossip " at its true value, and will declare, as Lecky (certainly no religious enthusiast) declared, that the appearance of Whitefield and the whole movement of which he was one of the protagonists, marked one of the really great formative events of our history. H. W. C.



Brig.-General Spears

whose book, " Liaison 1914," has just been published (Heinemann).

THE PRINCE OF ORANGE

By Marjorie Bowen

"William III and the Defence of Holland." By Mary C. Trevelyan. 21s. (Longmans.)

It was, in the year 1672, part of the design of Louis XIV, in his aspirations towards a revival of the Empire of Charlemagne, utterly to conquer the Netherlands, that "valiant sandbank" which the French monarch haughtily claimed to be no more than the muddy deposit of French rivers. The real enemy at whom the King of France aimed was the Habsburg, that shadowy but immovable Cæsar, the hereditary foe of the Bourbons and their pretensions; the immediate annihilation of the United Provinces seemed easy enough. Louis XIV had the best generals, the finest army, the most perfect war organisation in the world; his martial display, his wealth, the huge resources of the absolute monarchy built up by Richelieu, his personal renown (he was then at the zenith of his flamboyant manhood) were such as to alarm even a mighty foe; England was his pensioner and the rest of Europe ill-prepared to withstand his presumptuous pretensions.

Nor were the Dutch in a condition to meet any manner of attack; twenty years of a parliamentary oligarchy, under the rule of John de Witt, an idealist, a pacifist and a man shortsighted by reason of his own prejudices, had enervated them into a nation of traders and pamphleteers; their barrier forts were in ruins, their men had been discouraged to train for arms; the military, aristocratic classes had long been powerless and, though they had maintained their ancient pride in their sea power, their land forces and defences had been completely neglected; added to this their clumsy and complicated machinery of government was disjointed by discontent and party spites, for John de Witt was only popular among his own peculiar following. Such was the position of the Netherlands when the King of France hurled at them the full terror of his Jovian thunders. The result was chaos, despair, revolution, the instant loss of all the provinces save Holland, Zeeland and those farthest north. In this desperate situation, which led directly to the fall and murder of John de Witt and his brother, the most unlikely event occurred. The young heir of the ancient House of Orange, born during the bitter eclipse of both his paternal and his maternal house, hitherto deprived of all the offices and honours worn so brilliantly by his illustrious ancestors, sprang to the rescue of his overwhelmed country, rallied what seemed her useless resources and roused a fervour of patriotism that in two campaigns drove the redoubtable enemy from the Netherlands.

This youth was William III of Orange, a frail, elegant, austere and inexperienced prince of whom it was afterwards to be said: "For thirty years he had the honour of being the foremost personage in Europe." He spent his life in battling with France and in the end won, though he did not live to see the rout at Blenheim or the English flag flying over the rock of Gibraltar.

It is the opening years of this extraordinary life that Miss Trevelyan has attempted to write in the book under review. She has brought patience and learning to the task but has lost her central protagonist in a mass of unimportant detail; she goes, too, over a good deal of ground, overfamiliar to English readers, in her accounts of the politics of Charles II and Louis XIV. Her style is pedestrian and the subject can ill bear this; a bibliography is a grave lack, as also is any acknowledgment of the numerous recent works on the same subject. The maps are excellent and most useful, the illustrations seem carelessly chosen; they are, at least, poor. It was a pity to give the wretched etching of John de Witt with the De Baan portrait and the Dordrecht bust available. A careful, praiseworthy compilation, but one hardly likely to rouse much enthusiasm for a most remarkable man. The notes are an irritation; the scholar will not need them and the ordinary reader will find them unintelligible.

CABBAGES AND KINGS

"Traveller's Luck." By E. V. Lucas. 6s. (Methuen.)
". . . And Such Small Deer." By E. V. Lucas. 3s. 6d. (Methuen.)
"Come To Think Of It . . ." By G. K. Chesterton. 6s. (Methuen.)

A windfall of three books of essays has just occurred, two from Mr. Lucas and one from Mr. Chesterton. Of Mr. Lucas's one is a light and graceful animal anthology compiled from his published books, and the other is a collection of recent essays. Mr. Lucas has lost nothing of his dexterity and charm. His relish for quaint out-of-the-way things is unfailing, and in reading his commentaries on such subjects as "Arnold's Fyfield," "Bear-Meat" and "The Names of Apples" we realise why he is a perfect anthologist. He is interested in everything; nothing is too small for him to notice, and no one else can use so little to such purpose.

There is probably no living writer of essays so unlike Mr. Lucas as Mr. Chesterton. If Mr. Lucas is a connoisseur exhibiting his trifles with ease and polish, Mr. Chesterton is a born fighter, heedless of detail and careless of form, but exulting in the joy of battle. There is an air of inspired impromptu about all that he writes. And if Mr. Lucas is interested in little things for their own sake, Mr. Chesterton certainly is not. All things are symbolical to him. Where Mr. Lucas, for instance, would write about a mince-pie, Mr. Chesterton would write about the mystic idea of a mince-pie. No doubt in actual life he would give a mince pie his separate and serious attention, but when he takes a pen in his hand he cannot touch the smallest thing without shooting off into the cosmos.

In the present book he surprises us as usual by his ingenuity and insight, his humour, his dogmatism, and his immense capacity for enjoying himself, even at the expense of the reader, who appears to be a minor consideration. We might add by his inability to come to the point, for while he can put a thing perfectly in a sentence, he is apt to bury it under a heap of what he would call explanations which do not explain. Nor has he lost his habit of indulging in literary eccentricities, which hinder the progress of his argument, like a schoolboy stopping to play leap-frog on the way to school. But, as he suggests in his introduction, the times have changed, and he has been compelled to sober down a little, for he is no longer an individual fighter, but a soldier in an army; and while he has always been essentially a defender of the faith, using his medium as a weapon (though no one ever more heartily enjoyed its mere tricks and flourishes), his latest book of essays is more directly controversial than his former ones.

YORKE CROMPTON.

FOLK-LORE SPREADS ITS WINGS

"Myths and Legends and the Australian Aboriginals." By W. Ramsay Smith. 21s. (Harrap.)
"Folk Tales of a Savage." By Lobagola. 5s. (Knopf.)
"Greek and Roman Mythology." By William Sherwood Fox. 12s. 6d. (Williams & Norgate.)

Charabancs run through Avalon: and English fairy lore is securely—though so neatly!—bound between cloth boards. Our mythologists now make for the ends of the earth if they are to find fresh and freer ways in legend. Now, as if in challenge to the many, and recent, statements on the wretchedness, the barbarity and the general hopelessness of the Australian aboriginal (who in all our geography books was understood to serve second place to the kangaroo), comes Dr. Ramsay Smith's "Myths and Legends." Neither the title nor the unassuming preface does justice to the scope and value of the book. Mythology leads Dr. Ramsay Smith—as it has led so many others—to anthropology; anthropology to sociology.

Directly and modestly, he gives of the knowledge gained during thirty years' friendship with the fleeting tribes of Central Australia. He tells with rare sympathy their wild, hearty, friendly fables; of the Creation, of the "Land of Perfection," of Nurunderi, the great leader of the aboriginals: he describes their social order, their strict moral code, their daily round, their hunting and their sports; he devotes the whole of an eerie, fascinating chapter to their witchcraft and their potent mental suggestion.

The days of the black are numbered in Australia. Dr. Ramsay Smith has given a work of the greatest importance to anthropologists.

"The Folk Tales of a Savage," by Lobagola, are not so much tales as we know them as engaging little pastorales on which the curtain falls so soon as the stage is fairly set. They have no plot, these happy tales from the simple, childlike mind of the true bushman; no malice, no envy. Writes the artless Lobagola in his preface, "I hope some time to write still more folk stories of West Africa." The reader will find himself hoping so too.

Professor W. Sherwood Fox, of Ontario, treads hard beaten tracks, and we must be neither surprised nor disappointed if we find little that is essentially new in his book. He sets out to stress the importance of myths as vehicles of religious thought; but many of his pages are devoted to rather curt précis of the original legends; bedizened with an occasional Americanism. "Herakles," we read, "was 'big business' personified." But the book is very thorough.

IVERACH MACDONALD.

CHRIST LEGENDS: The Imaginations of Piety

"Christ Legends." By Selma Lagerlöf. Translated from the Swedish by Velma Swanston Howard. 8s. 6d. (Elkin Mathews & Marrot.)

The human race has always possessed, as one of its outstanding characteristics, an insatiable appetite for wonder. No doubt this began in its earliest gropings: when it first became aware of the stars, the trees, the flowers, the ocean; and it is wondering still. It has been said that it is evidence of the eternal child in all of us; but one would like to believe, rather, that it is an integral part of maturity: one with an acceptance of maturity's privileges, a sense of high responsibility and a questing idealism.

Like all other appetites, it grows with what it feeds on. If the collection of marvels, with which the universe is so prodigal, is not sufficient for the more eager among us, then new marvels must be invented, and fresh combinations of the existing ones arranged. The mythologies of all countries show this industrious improvement on Nature; and, since the institution of Christianity, the lives of the various saints and martyrs show it as well. It is not, of course, enough that a holy man was holy: he must undoubtedly also have worked miracles and been familiar with unfamiliar marvels. And this being so with apostles and disciples, then how much more so with the Master Himself?

The present collection—or perhaps it would be more correct to say, selection—of Christ legends, by Madame Selma Lagerlöf, is admirably compiled. Eleven in number, they are told with a simplicity of style and economy of diction which are eminently suitable to the subject-matter. The gleam of true poetry is in them all. The first ten deal progressively with the birth, early childhood and Passion of the Saviour; and perhaps one might select for especial mention "Robin Redbreast" as an example of the best and true elements of a legend in their right and beautiful proportions. The final story, concerning Christ only very indirectly, could well have given place to the fine (and, surely, strangely omitted) legend of St. Christopher, or to that quaintly beautiful one of the boy Jesus healing His playmate of the serpent's sting. But in a book of this kind, it is always difficult to refrain from exalting one's own personal predilections.

VERNON KNOWLES.

SHORTER NOTICES

The Call of Adventure

WINGS AROUND THE WORLD. By Baron Koening Warthausen. 6s. net. (Putnams.)

The title is rather sweeping considering the large distance the Baron traversed by boat, but this does not in any way detract from the merit of his performance and the long distances flown in his tiny 20 horse-power aeroplane are a tribute to the courage of the pilot and design of his plane. The book deals chiefly with scenes and incidents in the countries over which he flew and with his stay in America—a stay which nearly became permanent as a result of a serious taxicab accident. The book has been written in the hope that it will interest the young who have ambition to fly, and it should certainly succeed in its object.

PARACHUTING. By Charles Dixon. 12s. 6d. (Sampson Low.)

Mr. Charles Dixon has here given us a history of the parachute. Of all things connected with aeronautics, parachutes have received the least attention. We have come to accept them in much the same way as lifebelts. The dangers faced and lives lost in the air have occasionally brought parachutes to the notice of the public, but their proper place in the development of flying has been ignored. This book therefore is the more welcome.

The author deals with the whole history of parachuting from the early attempts of Garnerin and Hampton to the hairbreadth escapes of Lindbergh and others. The book is fully illustrated with excellent photographs from the air, and it will appeal to everyone who has the slightest interest in flying.

DANGER RIVER. By Clyde Eddy. 18s. (Skeffington.)

The successful navigation of the famous Colorado River is the story dealt with in Mr. Clyde Eddy's book. Though it may be difficult to regard the navigation of a river as an affair of life and death, the realistic photographs and vivid descriptions of Mr. Eddy impress on the reader the dangers that attended the expedition. Setting out with a crew of thirteen men—nearly all of whom were students —Mr. Eddy arrived at his goal, the Needles, after six weeks' battle with the two hundred perilous cataracts of the Colorado. As on many expeditions there was a certain amount of discord between the members, but the author does not dwell at any great length upon the unpleasant incidents of the trip. The navigation is the thing, and like a good story teller he realises it. And he tells the story well, especially the narrative of the descent of the rapids.

ALL ABOUT SHIPS AND SHIPPING. 7s. 6d. (De La More Press)

This handy pocket-sized volume contains an astonishing variety of nautical information, besides illustrations and diagrams, all packed into a very small compass. There is a list of the ships of the Royal Navy with a brief description of the more important units, also a short history of the Service and the mechanical side of its development. Another useful feature is a list of the principal shipping companies' fleets with their house-flags and the distinguishing marks on the funnels. The articles on yachting, navigation and seamanship, though compressed, are well-informed. Historical sketches, useful tables and lists of nautical events, make this an invaluable little book to all who are interested, professionally or otherwise, in maritime affairs.

Among other things we learn that there are sixty-nine sailing ships, wholly or partly square-rigged, still afloat and in commission. Unfortunately, only three of these are British, the majority flying the Finnish flag. The veteran of this romantic flag is the *Diego*, built at Sunderland in 1868; the newest is the German barque *Padua*, built in 1926.

Recent Fiction

EXPERIMENTS IN TECHNIQUE: Vicki Baum and Arnold Zweig

By Hermon Ould

"Grand Hotel." By Vicki Baum. 7s. 6d. (Geoffrey Bles.)

"Claudia." By Arnold Zweig. 7s. 6d. (Martin Secker.)

"It is quite a mistake to suppose that hotel chambermaids spy through keyholes. Hotel chambermaids feel no interest whatever in the people behind keyholes. Hotel chambermaids have a lot to do and are tired out, and they are all a little disillusioned, and besides they are entirely occupied with their own concerns."

Thus Vicki Baum, the author of "Menschen im Hotel"; and she ought to know, as before writing her novel she took a situation as chambermaid in a large hotel in Berlin and kept it for six weeks while she gathered impressions. But "Grand Hotel" (the English title of her book) gives evidence of more than a power of observation, though that is plentifully evident: she has the rare faculty of seeing beneath surfaces and discovering the humanity concealed by appearances. "Grand Hotel" has all the elements of a thriller, and at times it thrills as thrillers thrill; but the characters are interesting for their own sake as well as for the part they play in a complicated patchwork of events. The little provincial clerk, Kringelein, who, having been condemned by his doctor to early death, throws up his past, his nagging wife, his irksome employment and environment of pettiness, gathers together all his available resources and decides to have one glorious bust-up in Berlin, is a Wellsian character drawn with something of Mr. Wells's deftness. The tragedy of the ageing Russian dancer—ageing though scacely middle-aged—whose public, callous as all impersonal forces are, is growing cold, is also told with sympathy and freedom from sentimentality. For although there is more than a dash of bitterness in Vicki Baum's attitude towards modern life, there is no cynicism and therefore no sentimentality.

The technique of her book is an interesting specimen of work influenced by the "talkies." The reader is hurried from one room of the hotel to another; he is permitted a glimpse of the events behind those doors which leave chambermaids blasé—the dancer's lonely tragedy, relieved by one episode of unexpected love; the middle-aged business man awakened to desire; the handsome nobleman turned crook, but so attractive that everybody wept at his violent death; the perky little typist whose beauty of person left no man unmoved; and above all, the clerk Kringelein, the down-trodden worm which turned and rent its trampler! Interlocking adventures, a little too easily linked perhaps, flit from screen to screen and the life of a great hotel with its shifting population is convincingly portrayed. "Grand Hotel" is imaginative journalism, with a background of pity. Mr. Basil Creighton must be praised for the translation, which has the spriteliness and somewhat slangy fluency which no doubt distinguish the original. The book is bound to be popular.

Arnold Zweig's new work, "Claudia," is also an experiment in an unusual technique. It is not a novel. The original is called "Die Novellen um Claudia," and the difficulty of rendering that phrase in neat, compact English probably led to the adoption of the present makeshift. Claudia is the subject of seven short stories, told by several characters who figure in the narrative, one of them by herself. The purpose of the method is presumably to obtain a sculptor's view, so to say, of the central character as seen from all sides.

Mr. Zweig writes fluently and with conviction, and spares no pains to convey the psychological processes by which he and his characters reach their conclusions; and yet Claudia does not quite come to life. Take each of these stories separately and you will have as vivid a portrait of Claudia as you could expect; your own imagination will fill up the hollows and delve behind the shadows, but it is not easy to dovetail the different views of Claudia as seen by different eyes. It is a jigsaw puzzle of which some pieces are missing; and a jigsaw should leave nothing to the imagination, its essential virtue being its completeness.

Claudia is a beautiful woman, intelligent and cultured, and is one of a small group of friends, all men except herself and her mother, who are the narrators of the tales. There would be no object in attempting to outline the story here: its value lies not in the events recorded, but in the psychological insight displayed by the author in explaining them. The first story is dull, only acquiring significance in the light of later stories, but the others are always interesting and sometimes absorbing.

Perhaps the most masterly is the one called "The Album," an almost terrifying realisation of the approach of old age written by the mother of Claudia; but "Nuit Blanche," which tells with delicacy and reticence the story of Claudia's fear after marriage, runs it close. Mr. Eric Sutton's translation reads so easily that one accepts it, as a whole, unquestioningly.



Mr. Collin Brooks.

Author of "Account Paid" (Hutchinson).

FOOT-NOTES TO A SAGA

More Forsyte Stories

" On Forsyte 'Change." By John Galsworthy. 7s. 6d. (Heinemann.)

It is easily understood that, as he tells us in a quite unnecessary note of apology for offering us a score of " apocryphal Forsyte tales," Mr. Galsworthy finds it " hard to part suddenly and finally " from that notable family whose chronicler he has constituted himself. He has, as he also says, lived with them so long, and they must have grown almost more real to him than his friends in the flesh. As the years go by most of us tend to become a little garrulous about our family histories, relating, to ears not always willing, little incidents remembered or handed down to us by household tradition, and these tales strike just the note of a casual and spontaneous functioning of the memory, have just the air of unstrained intimacy which belong to such fireside anecdotage. But Mr. Galsworthy has one advantage over the rest of us : when he talks of his Forsytes he is never tedious.

A knowledge of the double trilogy is taken for granted in the reader of these stories. All of them however belong to an earlier period than the " Modern Comedy " and the majority of the events which they record took place before that unfortunate affair of Irene and Bosinney which was the theme of " The Man of Property," the first book of the Saga. Arrayed in chronological order and exactly dated, they cover almost a century, from the day in 1821 when " Superior Dosset " Forsyte brought his numerous and motherless family from Bosport to London " in two post-shays and the Highflyer coach," to that November morning in 1918 when Soames, a man of sixty-four, sought refuge in St. Paul's, " because it was big and old and empty, and English," from the noises of a London gone suddenly delirious, and stood beneath the dome " with his hands folded on the handle of his umbrella and his left knee flexed as if standing at ease." The notation of Soames's reactions to the War is one of the things which Mr. Galsworthy has done most delicately in this book. One feels that he started by disliking Soames, but that he has come to be fonder of him than of any of the others. Certainly, in all that vast gallery, his is the most deeply studied and most carefully finished portrait.

Between those two extreme dates there are stories from almost every decade, and with unemphatic skill Mr. Galsworthy indicates the changes which the advance of years brings, so imperceptibly that when they are realised it is with a shock of surprise, in fashions and points of view and human, especially family, relationships.

Relations between parents and children naturally play a considerable part in these episodes. There are two companion pieces in which figure those most attractive of the Forsytes, old Jolyon and Young Jolyon—their last evening together before the boy goes to Eton, studied in Mr. Galsworthy's tenderest mood, and a more tragic day some years later when the father hurries to Cambridge to get a son who has been trying to live like a Whyte-Melville young man out of the clutches of a moneylender. Two pieces in lighter vein are that in which Francie and Eustace, aged twelve and eleven, go into open revolt against Roger—another sign of changing times—because he insists on sacking a butler who is bibulous but their particular friend, and that in which June, aged eight, with the results which would have been disillusioning to anyone less certain of the innate goodness of humanity, encounters her first lame duck. This volume must certainly go on the shelf which holds the Saga and the " Comedy."

FRANCIS BICKLEY.

NOVEL NOTES: Mr. Dreiser, Mr. Graham and Two "Firsts"

TWELVE MEN. By Theodore Dreiser. 7s. 6d. (Constable.)

"Nearly every turning-point in my career," says Mr. Theodore Dreiser, "has been signalled by my meeting some man of great force, to whom I owe some of the most ecstatic intellectual hours of my life." In his new book he has gathered together twelve such men, one of them his own brother, others men he has encountered in the way of business, or has gone out of his way to meet. In these studies he has material for more than a dozen novels; for character is the raw material of the novel, and not only the chief subjects of his miniature biographies, but wives, mothers and casual acquaintances who hover in the background are strangely real and, as seen through his eyes, suggestive of countless stories. Life is rich in ideas for such a man as Mr. Theodore Dreiser; one realises this when one notices how quickly he responds to vital temperaments. He gloried in Peter, whom he met in the art department of the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat*, because Peter had such enthusiasm in living; he was attracted too to "De Maupassant Junior," who contributed to a magazine he was editing, and forgave the young man's arrogance because he had such a zest for life and work, and along with it such genuine ability. Charlie Potter was a very different type, simpler, less intellectual but no less interesting; he was reputed to be that rarity, a contented man, and Mr. Dreiser, having the indefatigable curiosity of the born writer, went to inspect him. Other studies concern "A Country Doctor"; Culhane, "A True Patriarch"; Rourke, the mighty; a mayor, and W. L. S., who died with his dreams unfulfilled. "We toil so much, we dream so richly, we hasten so fast, and lo, the green door is opened!" The author penetrates those lives with a wonderful understanding, and can discover and reveal in his human fellows what, unaided, most of us might fail to see, or be powerless to interpret.

BROTHER TO BERT. By Charlotte Haldane. 7s. 6d. (Chatto & Windus.)

"Brother to Bert" rings true to life, of a sort, a life of low music-halls and "drunks," free loves and the frenzied workings of the "artistic temperament," so-called. A book so brilliantly written that it skims successfully over the very thinnest of ice. From perambulator days on Bert and Len live in the blinding glare of the limelight. Their hearts and their heads are as light as their heels. They are miserable apart. They share their sorrows, their joys, their loves. Feverishly they dance through life, the pace growing hotter and hotter, till the dancing ends up on death's dark precipice. Lil, Len's better angel (rather a "teazy" angel at times, and with good reason), wrenches one twin back from its edge while helping to shove the other over.

None could blame her! There is hardly a pleasant character in the book. Lil has the kind of "sweet" nature that easily develops into that of a shrew under the lash of extreme provocation. A harrowing book about sordid people, and yet life blows through it and carries the shrinking reader along on its breeze.



Miss Jolliffe Metcalfe.

FINISHED ABROAD. By Jolliffe Metcalfe. 7s. 6d. (Jarrolds.)

This novel is the record of Nancy Drew's experiences in Madame Domini's finishing school at Lausanne. To call it a school is something of a misnomer; for the instruction was farcical, and the sole purpose of the institution was what may be euphemistically called self-development. The girls and young women, cosmopolitan and of very different ages, were engaged not very successfully in killing time. It is hardly necessary to describe the tone that existed in such a place. To call it morbid and neurotic were an understatement. What interest there is in the story is in the contrast between Nancy, a normal English girl, and her companions, whose thoughts did not extend beyond love and dress.

The author's intention was doubtless satire, but in this (her first) novel it is imperfectly realised. To satirise morbid silliness without being dull requires a very skilful hand, and the author's imperfect success causes no wonder.

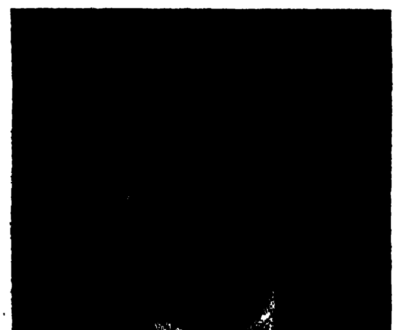
ST. VITUS DAY. By Stephen Graham. 7s. 6d. (Ernest Benn.)

For long enough before the Archduke Franz Ferdinand of Austria made his fatal entry into Sarajevo the younger generation of Serbs had been talking about his destruction. It was all in the air that he should be shot or bombed, and youthful revolutionary spirits met in secret and discussed ways and means. Six lads, some of them mere schoolboys, awaited his coming on June 28th, 1914, all of them fully armed. That other revolutionaries who assisted them in procuring arms and explosives were using them for their own ends, they did not suspect. Their own motive was simple enough—revenge against Austria and anxiety to free Serbia from slavery. They had no idea that their action would plunge Europe into warfare, but this it did and, in the end, achieved their dream of freedom, though not one of the six lived to see that achievement.

Mr. Stephen Graham describes, through the medium of fiction, the events which led up to the assassination and the characters concerned in the plot. He must have made exhaustive research to recreate so dramatically the preceding years.

THE SECRET IMAGE. By Laurence Oliver. 7s. 6d. net. (Harrap.)

From the rectory tower Mabel Penrose, the rector's wife, looked across the sea and saw Trevean ablaze. Trevean was one of the small islands of "the Scillies," and on it, in its one house, Charlotte Blair and Jack Irskine had lived together for several years "in sin." And while the fire still raged, Charlotte, hurt and unconscious, was brought to Mabel's door for shelter. Thus begins a moving story of love, passion, tragedy, told with force and skill with touches of humour and unusual insight. Charlotte gradually recovers strength, but not memory. And here Mr. Oliver's quiet force is almost startling. He writes as if from experience, and as Charlotte drifts back to consciousness, and wonders, and tries to understand, and recalls nothing, not even her own name, the effect is most impressive. At last some words of an old friend quicken the numbed brain, the past lives again, and in the following chapters we learn Charlotte's story from girlhood to marriage, and on through the dull, repressed years as the wife of Sir Edward Blair. Then came the War—and Jack Irskine, and "the life of sin," so beautiful, so happy, on Trevean. There memory stops. But, later, there is a second shock, and to Charlotte comes, with torturing clearness, the memory of the rest of her story, and the final tragedy. "The Secret Image" is, we understand, a first novel. It is certainly a distinguished piece of work.



Laurence Oliver.

A GALLERY OF WOMEN: Six Diverse Studies

"The Natural Mother." By Dominique Dunois. 7s. 6d. (Jarrolds.)
"Heirs." By Cornelia Cannon. 7s. 6d. (Hodder & Stoughton.)
"Spleen." By Olive Moore. 7s. 6d. (Jarrolds.)
"Masquerade." By Mrs. Alfred Sidgwick. 7s. 6d. (Collins.)
"The Office Wife." By Faith Baldwin. 7s. 6d. (Sampson, Low.)
"The Woman in the Wilderness." By Constance Smedley. 7s. 6d. (Methuen.)

As Mr. Wells long ago reminded us, there are at least two sorts of women. One might be tempted to consider this pronouncement of Otto Limburger an underestimate, but it is probably true that the most impenetrable of all barriers is that which divides the woman with maternal instincts from her sister who lacks them.



Miss Clare Leighton,
whose book, "Woodcuts," is to be published shortly (Longmans).

The first two novels are concerned with the problems of childlessness. In the case of Georgette, the heroine of the *Femina* Prize novel, desire to become a mother is intensified by fear of losing the farm which she and her husband hope to inherit. This, to the French peasant landowner, would be the direst of tragedies, and the desperate measure adopted by Georgette to save the land makes a moving story, well and simply told, though the book loses a great deal by clumsy translation.

It is a personal and introspective sorrow that troubles Miss Cannon's ex-schoolmistress Marilla, a far more complicated individual. Having married for children, she can neither forgive herself nor her husband when the marriage proves sterile, and this attitude bids fair to spoil both their lives. Miss Cannon has too sure a sense of character for ready-made remedies; she is content to handle the situation with understanding, and while never losing hold of her central theme gives us delightful pictures of life in modern New England. Some of the liveliest chapters depict the difficulties and humours of the Polish post-war immigrants to Lovell with their efforts to placate the original settlers and become "good Americans."

With "Spleen" we come to the other side of the picture. The idea of child-bearing is abhorrent to Ruth. In her own words, "What to them is such a wonderful thing is to me fuss and ugliness . . . and meaningless too, and dull and hopeless. . . . A boy is born. Or a girl. . . . And you know beforehand every possibility of its life, and like a litany the answer is unalterable and as assured. Birth. Adolescence. Marriage. Birth. Old age. Death." Ruth's story is revealed through the medium of her thoughts. Sometimes the thread is disconnected while we watch the peasants of the Island of Foria—silent Mario plaiting his long scarlet garlands of tomatoes, the crested women water-carriers with nereid-swinging hips—or listen to the artist Uller discourse against priests, marriage, musicians and the English nation, but all is experienced through the consciousness of this tormented, eternally questioning woman. "You who have wisdom but no peace," wrote Uller. There is wisdom and beauty, and horror too, in this highly imaginative novel written with an emotional intensity that accords well with its subject.

"Masquerade" is a rather far-fetched tale of plot and counter-plot revolving round the English country house of Somerton. The improbabilities however are easily overlooked in enjoyment of the entertainment provided. The situations are neatly contrived, the dialogue witty, and there is a caustic humour in Mrs. Sidgwick's descriptions of people and events that provides piquancy. Two at least of the characters, the German wife Magda, and her husband's grim stepdaughter, remain unforgettably in one's mind.

Miss Faith Baldwin takes a New York typist for heroine in her endeavour to state some of the difficulties of modern business life. Though lacking subtlety in portraiture or creation of atmosphere, it is competently written and will no doubt be popular with many who like an eventful novel with plenty of love interest.



Miss Dorothy Parker,
author of "Laments for the Living" (Longmans), reviewed in this issue.

A Welsh enchantress moves through the pages of "The Woman in the Wilderness," a lively, sympathetic story in which the author has succeeded in conveying some of the charm of Elise's tortuous personality. The rather wholesale changes of heart demanded by the happy ending entail some sacrifice of naturalness in an otherwise attractively spontaneous book.

E. S.

LOVE IN AMBUSH. By Barbara Willard and Elizabeth Devas. 6s. (Gerald Howe.)

The love affairs of two young ladies of the 1840's are amusingly unfolded in a series of letters to each other. Selina, an inmate of her aunt's uncongenial home at Richmond, and Henrietta, bored by the rusticity of Midhurst, find relief in pouring out their feelings, recounting their amorous adventures, describing their clothes and railing against the tyranny of their elders to a sympathetic audience. The atmosphere of the period, which is particularly suited to the epistolatory form, is well sustained, and the book is generously illustrated with pen drawings by one of the authors.

Of the two Selina perhaps shows the sprightlier wit and her letters are more indicative of character, her modesty being reinforced by a good deal of self-knowledge.

THE REMORSE OF MONSIEUR LE CURÉ. By Helen Mary Boulnois. 7s. 6d. (Shaylor.)

Monsieur le Curé de la Roche is a saintly St. Francis-like figure beloved by all who know him. A breakdown in health causes him to forsake his work in a poor quarter of Paris and accept the hospitality of his cousin the Marquise in her old home on the sunny shores of the Mediterranean. Here comes an innocent troubler of the peace in the shape of a young English chauffeuse who recalls a romance of the Curé's youth. Through his grief, which after all is founded on a misapprehension, the Curé gains a deeper sympathy with his flock and settles down to a tranquil old age much to the joy of his cousin, whose generous heart is for ever occupying itself with plans for the happiness of others.

There is considerable charm in the telling of this simple story with its pictures of Provençal life, the gay chatter of the Marquise and her entourage throwing into striking relief the picturesque asceticism of the old priest.

A MEDIÆVAL ROMANCE

"The Flame on Ethirdova." By Hector Bolitho. 7s. 6d. (Cobden-Sanderson.)

Mr. Bolitho's vagaries in literature have been interesting, not because his work till now has possessed any great intrinsic merit, but because it has always seemed to be clearing the way for something bigger and more successful. One picks up his latest work eagerly; is this a valuable book, or are we to be treated to more sweepings, entertaining perhaps in their way, but falling short of the finished workmanship of a well-constructed novel?

It is gratifying to find in "The Flame on Ethirdova" a more ambitious project than the author has attempted before. The pomp and circumstance of a mediæval monastery give scope to both the satirist and the romantic; Mr. Bolitho approaches his subject reverently and has written a story which at times is genuinely beautiful.

The story is charmingly told, and it is remarkable how sharply every character lives, so long as Mr. Bolitho will let it. Unfortunately he sees in death the most solemn and moving moment of life and he can seldom resist killing a character off almost as soon as he has created it. As a result the book is episodic and constructionally weak, the author's interest (and no author delights in his own characters more) hopping from person to person, until fifty pages from the end a shock is provided by the introduction of a new character whose part is nothing else but the working out of a suitable conclusion.

It may be that Prince Hubertus, whom we should have much enjoyed meeting earlier, was Saint John reincarnate, but that is at the best a makeshift, and still leaves a feeling of dissatisfaction. The only real thread holding the book together is the rhythm of Mr. Bolitho's style, which perhaps just carries the reader through two hundred pages. But it was a heavy and needless burden to have laid upon it.

J. E. F.

YOUNG LESLIE. By R. J. White. 7s. 6d. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

"Young Leslie" is an historical novel dealing with the Rebellion of '45; the story is staged in the Midlands and in Italy. On the death of his father (shot in the back by one of the Hanoverians) Young Leslie is chosen leader of the gang. The Black Dragoons, a band of people living in caverns in the wild region of Dovedale, outlawed on account of their unswerving loyalty to the Stuart cause, have become the terror and scourge of the country-side and of all those who now own allegiance to King George.

Prince Charlie and Young Leslie meet in Rome and swear undying friendship. Dangers abroad, disappointment and bitter disillusionment become their daily portion. Adverse winds and the English fleet drive them from England's inhospitable shores. Together they face the final desperate hope and at the head of the leal clansmen and a small undisciplined army of English followers they march on Derby, only to retreat. The book is well written and the characters live.

OLD PATCH'S MEDLEY. By Marjorie Bowen. 7s. 6d. (Selwyn Blount.)

These stories of eighteenth century London reflect something of the ironical spirit of Old Patch, the favourite jester of Cardinal Wolsey. They concern various parts of London, "mainly the London of which some traces yet remain, the London of two hundred years ago, which has to some of us the familiarity of a recurrent dream." Nobody is more skilled than Miss Marjorie Bowen in evoking an atmosphere of things past and gone, and in her tales, with their fascinating romance and covert satire, the character of period and place is strongly marked. You have stories of Lincoln's Inn Fields, of Covent Garden, of a house near Hampstead Heath, of St. James's, Soho, Drury Lane, Islington—neighbourhoods haunted with memories of the eighteenth century, and haunted too, no doubt, by Old Patch in the days of his quips and banter, perhaps still by his mocking ghost.

THE DORSET OF T. F. POWYS

Some Fine Short Stories

"The White Paternoster." By T. F. Powys. 7s. 6d. (Chatto & Windus.)

Mr. T. F. Powys is not without his imitators; but they who trespass into Powysian fields soon get lost. His art is not to be imitated. His world is all his own. Topographically it is reputed to be somewhere down Dorset way; but as a matter of fact there is no map that will reveal the Dorset about which Mr. Powys so exquisitely writes. Americans may go on conducted tours round the Hardy country; but when it comes to Tadnol and Dodder and Maids Madder (if Americans ever take up the cult of Powys), they had better stay at home. For the truth is that the Dorset of "Mr. Weston's Good Wine" and "Innocent Birds" and "Kindness in a Corner" lives only in Mr. Powys's mind. Not that it is any the less vital for that; only they do foolishly who criticise it for being too rude, or too fantastic, or too given over to the wiles of the Evil One. The only just criticism one can possibly apply to Mr. Powys's tales is whether they are convincing as works of art. Judged on that score it must be confessed they usually come through singularly unscathed.

Take for instance the short stories that make up this newest book from his pen. They are uneven—it would be too much to expect them not to be—but at their best what a perfect art they betray! One of the finest stories in the collection is the title story. To nail it down to any kind of précis would be like attempting to tell someone what "Full Fathom Five" is all about; it cannot be done. Here is a tale of country credulity, of virginity mysteriously protected, of an old man's simple love faithfully rewarded. Considered as photographic art it is monstrous, absurd; countrymen do not talk to God as Mr. Moggs did, nor, even in Dorset do mothers bid their daughters hang a white paternoster over the doorway to "keep naughty ones away at night-time." Considered however as life transmuted into art, it creates a perfect illusion. To enjoy Mr. Powys's books, in fact, one must be as willing to yield oneself up to "that willing suspension of disbelief which constitutes poetic faith" as if one were reading "The Ancient Mariner" itself. If you complain that you ought not to be expected so to do when reading prose, that is another matter: Mr. Powys demands it of you. Denying his demands you will miss some of the loveliest prose-work of our time. After having published twelve books, Mr. Powys is at last sinking into the public consciousness as a writer worth reading; but not until readers cease to apply to his work the critical standards that are usually applicable to novels and stories will he be at all widely read—and perhaps, so standardised are our conceptions, in our time that will never be.

"The White Paternoster" is his second collection of short stories, and a few of them, even if we had not already read them in reviews and magazines, we should have no hesitation in dating a considerable way back; but even so, some of the best tales he has ever written are here. Especially do we single out "Old Men," a fable of the craftiness of rural old age; "The Bride," a swift and terrible tragedy; "What Lack I Yet?" a tale of cruelty brought at last to unrepentant knees; and "A Pretty Babe," an almost legendary story of a faithful shepherd. And here, as in all of Mr. Powys's books, is a prose as limpid and clear as cool running water. There are three fine masters of the modern short story now writing in England, and one of them (and perhaps the best of them) is T. F. Powys. For his style alone he would deserve our highest praise; so undefiled does he keep the well of English prose.

C. Henry Warren.

THE BACK-TO-BACKS

Grim Realism

"The Back-to-Backs." By J. C. Grant. 7s. 6d. (Chatto & Windus.)

Only an angry man could have drawn such a grim, brutal picture of a mining village in the north of England. Throughout his book we feel that Mr. Grant is a very angry man—a man who sees black instead of red. He is infuriated that human lives should be reduced to such squalor and misery, that human bodies should be broken and wasted with toil, and writes of these things in the heat of passion. His story is the shadow of truth rather than the substance, a distorted and misshapen shadow, but holding the image of truth nevertheless; you cannot get away from its realism, even if you protest that there must be a lighter side to the ugliness he draws so convincingly; that there must be humour as well as suffering around the pits; idealism as well as sensuality. He is conscious of the beauty that haunts even the most desolate lives, of the affection that binds heart to heart, but he is less conscious of the humour and tolerant good-humour that are to be found everywhere among human creatures; that is why his book strikes a note of unrelieved harshness.

He paints his village in stark black-and-white down to the smallest detail; he is nauseatingly frank; he shows you without reticence the lives of the Shieldykes—Geordie and Jane, their two sons and adopted daughter. Incidentally the lives of other mining families mingle and intermingle, and for background there is the sordid village of Hagger with its pit and its swamp and its mountainous slag-heap. Among other horrors we get a vivid description of an accident in the mine which makes Tom Shieldyke a cripple for the remainder of his life.

Mr. Liam O'Flaherty, in his preface, calls it "a terrifying novel." It is more than that; it is a novel that jars and hurts at almost every page, but contains notwithstanding passages of wistful beauty.

Almey St. John Adcock.

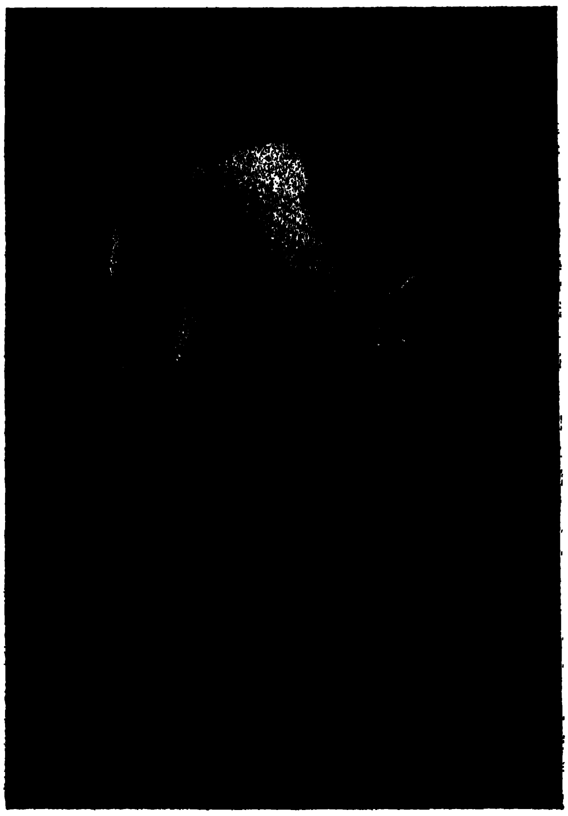


Photo by Elliott & Fry. Mr. Hugh I'A. Fausset, whose new book is reviewed in this issue.

THREE POPULAR NOVELISTS

UNCLE SAM IN THE EYES OF HIS FAMILY. By John Erskine. 7s. 6d. (Putnams.)

Mr. John Erskine has borrowed the "cartoon figure" of Uncle Sam to fill the rôle of hero in his latest novel. "I have long believed that this figure might be filled out into a complete character, endowed with an inner as well as a public career. Our national temperament, that is, might have a biography. Since no one else has attempted it, I here try my hand." So says Mr. Erskine in his foreword. "Uncle Sam" is the kind of book with which to settle down in an arm-chair, with the curtains drawn, the fire burning red, and a November fog blasting the world outside. Its satirical humour turns a grey world gay. It is like a visit to the pictures—the silent ones—with an organ playing softly in the distance. Picture after picture glides swiftly across the screen, too swiftly. They are there and then they are gone, the transit has been so swift, the captions flicker on and off again. Uncle Sam is a convincing symbol of the best American spirit, its push, its resourcefulness, its bulldog grip. Uncle Sam is so deliciously human, the reader sorrows when he is sad and laughs when he rejoices.

Here is a new friend to be added to the list of fiction affinities. Uncle Sam lingers in the mind like a pleasant dream. One would hate to forget him. The dramatisation of "some European opinions of our country" alone makes the book worth reading. They are rich with dry humour.

BELSHAZZAR. By H. Rider Haggard. 7s. 6d. (Stanley Paul.)

"Belshazzar." Glamour of Egypt; glitter of wandering queens; visions of pavilions hung with priceless carpets, warmed by scented braziers, crowded with vessels of silver and of gold. Clash of battles; triumphs of victory; pawns of fate; these gauds decorate the pages of "Belshazzar." Sais, Salamis, Memphis, Thebes, Babylon—such names as these drift across the pages, calling up visions of days of splendour long since past and gone. Amasis, Pharaoh of Egypt, Belshazzar, King of Babylon, Daniel the Prophet, stalk across the stage, fighting, plundering, cursing, interpreting, judging. And a love story set among all this splendour. The scenes set in Babylon are the most effective in the book. The heart of the reader must warm to Nabonidus, aged King of Babylon, weak but kindly, his false beard of ceremony hanging loose upon his neck, his golden crown awry, his "jewel-encrusted" cloak slipping from his shrunken shoulders, gloating over the images of the gods he had filched from the people to add to his collection of the gods of his empire.

After many adventures true love runs smooth, the lovers are united and Belshazzar meets the end he so richly deserved, but not quite so painful a one as was surely his due.

STORM DRIFT. By Ethel M. Dell. 7s. 6d. (Hutchinson.)

Miss Dell's latest hero, Tiggie Turner, who appeared as a subsidiary character in "By Request," is of a dove-like mildness compared with some of her earlier creations. Until on the deck of a steamer he encounters a young girl apparently deserted by her husband, he is an ordinary agreeable young man more popular with his own sex than with women. This meeting and its ensuing complications however transform him into a determined though always chivalrous lover whose faith in the lady survives a good deal of evidence about her decidedly eventful past.

If Tiggie is far from being the strong passionate man we know so well, Viola is the essence of femininity. A successful career as a child dancer in Paris was followed by three years of married life with a drunkard in the East. She is an inspired bridge player, a skilful instinctive nurse, yet she manages to retain the sort of helpless innocence that causes little children and young men alike to compare her with an angel. Miss Dell drags hero and heroine through incredible adventures with her usual gusto before the inevitable happy ending is reached.

LONGITUDE AND PLATITUDE
A Dull Travel Book

"Labels." By Evelyn Waugh. 8s. 6d. net. (Duckworth.)

When, on the fourth page of "Labels," one finds Mr. Evelyn Waugh giving a detailed description of what it feels like to fly from London to Paris, one is at once assailed by horrible fears; and a further study of his book only serves to show that these fears were well founded. In view of the reception accorded to Mr. Waugh's two novels it was reasonable to expect that his first travel book would make some pretence to originality; but those who seek



Mr. Evelyn Waugh.
From a portrait by Henry Lamb.

for original thought or material in "Labels" will be sadly disappointed.

After a chapter on Paris which adds nothing at all to the ordinary person's knowledge of that city, Mr. Waugh proceeds to Monte Carlo, Naples, Port Said, Cairo, Valetta, Constantinople, Athens and Ragusa, returning to England by way of Mallorca, Gibraltar, Barcelona and Seville; and although his comments on hotels and his guidebook-like notes on the principal "sights" may be useful to people who are thinking of taking a similar trip, they are hardly likely to enthral the general reader. And yet Mr. Waugh has a kind of talent: his description of Gaudi's architecture is neat and cleverly written, and it makes one regret the space which he has wasted in describing deck-games, in drawing a conventional picture of the life of the British colony in Port Said, in quoting from Baedeker, and in mentioning such personal details as that he had his hair cut in Constantinople and that he stayed in Athens with two friends called Mark and Alastair.

Mr. Waugh's farrago of longitude and platitude strikes one, in the end, as being the material on which a book might eventually be based, rather than a book itself. Any traveller could produce his own "Labels," but few, perhaps, would take the trouble to do so; fewer still would have the assurance to send it to a publisher; and even fewer—perhaps no one but Mr. Evelyn Waugh—would have the luck to get it published.

EDGAR HOLT.

THE LIGHTER SIDE
Taxis and their Habits

"Taxi." By Anthony Armstrong. 7s. 6d. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

For a *Punch* author to write a treatise on taxis is certainly unexpected. Indeed a treatise on taxis at all would not, at first sight, commend itself to the general reader. But that is only because the general reader knows nothing about taxis. He is however not to be blamed on that account, for until Mr. Anthony Armstrong made them his subject, nobody else appears to have thought of doing so.

Now because Mr. Armstrong is—will he forgive the term?—a professional humorist, there may be a temptation to dismiss this book of his with an airy: "Oh well, you can be funny about anything if you try." But did Mr. Armstrong set out to write a funny book about taxis? The answer, we feel, is in the negative. He found himself interested in taxis, and studied their history, and made friends of their drivers, observing their characteristics both at home and abroad—and found them funny. He didn't manufacture the fun; it was ready made. But how fortunate it was to find so facile a pen as Mr. Armstrong's to interpret it! That Scotland Yard requires the back seat of a taxi to measure 16 inches by 20 and the front seat 14 by 17 probably leaves us unmoved; it needs an "A. A." (I don't mean an Automobile Association) to point out that Scotland Yard thereby displays a recognition of comparative anatomy since, in a mixed party, men take the front seats and women the back.

Two chapters are devoted exclusively to the London taxi-driver. "During the Christmas season a lorry was taking a stack of holly from Covent Garden to a big florist's and the driver, feeling in the spirit, had decorated the bonnet with various sprigs from his load. At the corner he was nearly run into by an elderly taxi-driver and so, leaning out, proceeded to tell him what he thought of him in blistering terms. The old driver listened till it was over, then shook his head reproachfully and said: 'What's the use of 'aving 'olly in yer bonnet, if you ain't got 'olly in yer 'eart!'" Laced with stories like that, Mr. Armstrong's chapters on the London taxi-driver soon pass. As for the Parisian driver, what does he think of his London counterpart? "They march at slowness," he says scornfully, "my God, at a slowness; they have it always in the head to avoid the collision, they conduct the carriage as if pedestrians were worth the trouble and, see you, monsieur, thing formidable, they never horn!"

There is a chapter on taxi law—and very curious it is—as when a man who has hired a cab with three friends drops two of them half-way and picks up two others, he is only required to pay the "extras" for two; there is a chapter on taxis and crime, and another on cab shelters and standings. Continental taxis are dealt with, and New York taxis, and taxis during the War. Who, but for Mr. Armstrong, would have supposed that in one type of the apparently simple taximeter there are no fewer than 900 separate parts (and well over 1,000 in another type); and to him must go the credit of perpetuating the historic tip of £20 and a diamond tie-pin. This last fact appears in a chapter on taxi "records," where it is mentioned that men who drive for some companies have to hand in a report of any defect that their taxis may develop. This report of a broken taximeter now lies in the archives of a South London company: "Sir, Having picked up a gent in Piccadilly, I took him to Hammersmith. The meter went wrong and at the end only registered 8d., much to the delight of the old —— inside." The *naïveté* of the report lies in the fact that the missing word was written in full, but, as Mr. Armstrong points out, this not being a War book, it cannot be reproduced.

F. A. RICE.

TENNYSON RECONSIDERED

Georgian Verdicts

"Tennyson." By Humbert Wolfe. 3s. 6d. (Faber & Faber.)
"The Poetry of Alfred Tennyson." An Essay in Appreciation. By C. H. O. Scaife. 5s. (Cobden-Sanderson.)

Each of these little books represents an attempt to restate the case for Tennyson in terms of the thought and feeling of to-day, and both start from the same position. Mr. Wolfe describes his purpose as being to prove "that much recent criticism of Tennyson was the result rather of reaction against Victorianism than of reading the poet"; while Mr. Scaife asserts that "in our time at least we shall never do justice to Tennyson, the poet, until we separate our judgment from Tennyson, the Victorian."

Mr Wolfe indulges in much characteristically pretty writing, and admirers of it will enjoy reading that, in "Come into the Garden, Maud," "the great wings have taken the air and are beating with a steady, faultless rhythm for the stars," or that, after seeing Tennyson's early play, "The Devil and the Lady," "the Muse of English verse must have taken a deep breath, laid her hand on the boy's hair, and with her slow adorable smile have whispered in his ear, 'Well then!'" But while writing such as this may adorn a case, it does not advance it, and we lay Mr. Wolfe's book down with the feeling that he has evaded the central issue. What he has done is to concentrate on "Maud" in the belief that "if it could be demonstrated that one considerable poem, written in his middle years, was more passionate than Swinburne, more various in execution than 'Lollingdon Downs,' and as great an innovation as 'The Ancient Mariner,' it would not be necessary to attempt a further examination of the 'Idylls of the King' or of the Plays to support my contention that Tennyson, so far from being the muffled poet of domestic horizons, was as lonely and as wild as his own eagle." And certainly on this ground he makes out a very good case.

But to claim that Tennyson is "the poet of passion in a way that Swinburne never achieved," is not to prove the reality of his passion or to convert those who feel that the passion of "Maud" is unreal in a different way from that of "Dolores." That Tennyson suffered all his life from "some dark undercurrent woe," and that this found intense expression in "Maud" cannot be doubted. But it was because this neurotic distress prevented him from making true contact with reality that his love poetry no less than his muffled domestic poetry has a taint of falsity. While therefore Mr. Wolfe's appreciation of the metrical originalities and felicities of "Maud" is admirable, if a little effusive, his treatment of the emotion which underlay it, and indeed of Tennyson's emotional history as a whole, strikes us as often fanciful and sentimental.

Mr. Scaife, on the other hand, resolutely avoids indulging either fancy or sentiment at his subject's expense. The central point of his appreciation is "In Memoriam," which, he writes, "is a kind of biography; the record of an emotion. At first numbing, it grows to a feverish agony, and then gradually subsides and passes into the general tissue of the author's life. Tennyson was equipped by nature to embody such an experience in poetry, for those poems in which he had already achieved excellence are all marked by a quality of painful melancholy, a morbidity of desolation which gave him his moments of greatest poetic beauty."

The morbidity in short which Tennyson expressed and with which he wrestled in "In Memoriam," has a reality which it lacked in "Maud." In the one it was centred upon a friend whom he had passionately loved and lost; in the other it was artificially associated with a melodramatic love-story which, however well he handled it, never touched the depths of his being.

Mr. Scaife's appreciation of "In Memoriam" deserves therefore careful consideration, and I find it in many ways convincing. But the same may be said of his book as a whole.

HUGH I'A. FAUSSET.

Poets' Corner

MR. PREEMBY AND MODERN POETRY

The Writers of 1930

By
Wilfrid Gibson

"The Best Poems of 1930." Selected by Thomas Moult. 6s. net. (Jonathan Cape.)
"Collected Poems, 1920–1930." By Alfred Gordon Bennett. 8s. 6d. net. (Duckworth.)

"'But perhaps you don't like modern poetry?'

"'I don't *mind* it,' said Mr. Preemby genially." Does not this bland reply on the part of Christina Alberta's father to the question of Mr. Crumb admirably express the cheerful indifference of the great public, and even of the smaller reading public, to the indefatigable activities of the World's Worst Sellers? It is an indifference to be deplored; yet I am afraid none of the poets in the books under review sounds a clarion note that will rouse the great public, or even unduly excite that small but optimistic clan which is ever on the alert for the sound of a new note. Mr. Moult claims indeed that he has gathered together in his anthology the "Best Poems of 1930"; but if his claim has any justification, all I can say is (to



Mr. Alfred Gordon Bennett.

mix my metaphors) that 1930 was not a vintage year. Of course any volume that contains work by A. E., Davies, de la Mare, Blunden, Chesterton, Laurence, Noyes, Sturge Moore, Watson and Wolfe cannot be altogether without distinction; but though the poems by these poets are all characteristic, not one of them gives us its author at his best, with the exception perhaps of Laurence's "The Triumph of the Machines."

Nevertheless there is one poem of outstanding merit in the book, a poem that seems to me on an altogether different plane from anything else in the collection, and this is Roy Campbell's superb "Horses of the Camargue." I should like to have the pleasure of quoting it here for the pleasure of my readers; but I should have to give it as a whole, as I could not bear to mutilate it by amputating even its most magnificent lines. For the rest, in their humbler way, I consider Richard Church's "Museum Piece," Helen Choate's "Resurrection," Michael Colley's "Order of Service" and Monk Gibbon's "Being But Men" the most notable poems in the volume. I take the liberty of quoting the last, as brief as it is beautiful:

"Being but men, not gods, we'll need take pride
In all that gives the lie to mean estate;
All moments borne beyond the common tide,
All littleness of heart made briefly great;
All beauty vouched with sudden indrawn breath,
A word, a turn of head, a lovely look,
A gesture grave, a phrase defying death,
Or a chance sentence in an unsought book."

I suppose I should be too modest even to mention my own contribution, but I only do so to point out a misprint which makes nonsense of the tenth line, in which "divine" should read "dwine." It is perhaps only fair to the printer to add that I accept responsibility for the rest of the poem.

Although many of Mr. Bennett's verses have been printed in periodicals, these periodicals were evidently either too obscure or too exotic, even for so diligent a researcher as Mr. Moult, for nothing from them is included in his anthology. Yet "Principal Poets of the World," in which Mr. Bennett tells us some of his poems have appeared, should be a notable publication! Unluckily in his note of acknowledgment Mr. Bennett does not satisfy our curiosity by indicating which precisely of his poems the editor of that momentous magazine (or is it a tome? I feel sure it *must* be a tome!) had the "discernment" (Mr. Bennett's own word) to include. But at all events we have the satisfaction of having gathered together in one volume all the poems that Mr. Bennett has written during the last ten years, and need not go searching for them in the *Dublin Mercury, The Mombasa Times, The Manchester Book, The Sunrise Annual, Pegasus (U.S.A.)*, or any other of the dozen or so world-scattered periodicals to which he contributes. Perhaps, after this mild chaff, the remark that Mr. Bennett is a poet of considerable accomplishment may sound as if it were meant to be nasty; but I honestly intend it as a tribute.

TWO ANTHOLOGIES

"Jewels of Song." An Anthology of Short Poems compiled by W. H. Davies. 6s. (Jonathan Cape.)
"A Victorian Potpourri of Verses, Known, Unknown and Forgotten." Collected and edited by Georgiana B. Abdy. 6s. (Bodley Head.)

There are so many anthologies nowadays that everybody who brings out a new one feels compelled to explain why. Miss Abdy frankly apologises, and Mr. W. H. Davies tenders as an excuse that his anthology is different from any other and none of the poems in it exceeds twenty-four lines. There are notable omissions, of course—was ever there an anthology without?—but Mr. Davies can always protect himself by saying that the poet whose work finds no place in his collection wrote no poem within the twenty-four line limit that particularly appealed to his fancy. His choice ranges from early anonymous poets to those of the present day. "The only poems I have included by living authors," he says, "are those that I am jealous of, and would be glad of the chance of stealing." Of the one hundred and twenty writers whose work is represented less than two dozen are living. Miss Abdy has gone entirely to the Victorian poets and notes how "they rather revelled in melancholy . . . and were also a little sentimental." The poems she has selected are typical of the period, and both her book and Mr. Davies's, while often using familiar material, offer something a little different from the ordinary anthology of verse.

A. A.

RICHARD CHURCH'S POETRY

"The Glance Backward." By Richard Church. 8s. 6d. (Dent.)

"The Glance Backward" is Richard Church's most important book so far. It is the book which many of us, who have watched his poetry with enthusiasm for the last four or five years, have been waiting for. It contains work which finally places him among the few really considerable English poets of to-day. The fine passion which informed his earlier lyrics, from the "Philip" volume to the "Theme with Variations," remains to inform these; but it is now a passion past mere flowering-time, and come at last to the harvest of fruit. In compiling his book it would seem that Mr. Church has had in mind the organic form of a piece of music—a concerto, perhaps—and so has divided his poems into three "movements": Allegro, Scherzo, and Penseroso. The first sets the key and states the theme; the second provides a momentary respite, a lyric repose; and the third, fuller, richer, bolder, completes the poet's point of view. Here, in this last section, you will find the climax of Mr. Church's genius, lyrics whose beauty and magic and inspired reasoning set them shining like stars in poetry's dark night of experimental rationalism. His passion is the flame of an intense imagination, illuminating with its fire every awareness of the senses. So fierce an imagination allows of no illusion, for it lights up all things, and reveals the spirit that informs them. In our feverish preoccupation with the material problems of the moment we may forget—

> "the single heart, the one
> And unimpeded purpose of the soul:
> The love that rises like the morning sun
> And sets upon a life made whole,"

but the poet does not forget, and, out of the torment of his remembering, he cannot help reminding us.

> ". . . Oh, music!
> Stream of paradisal milk, sustaining
> The night of time, the garden-birth of mankind,
> We hunger, we thirst, we are motherless, being rivals
> Of God; Prometheans, demons, something more than mortal,
> Surrendering the breast for prophecy,
> Burying our mother and our little selves
> Beneath our pride and childhood's fallen foliage
> We have set out upon the noon of triumph,
> But in our dust that banished music tortures,
> Mocks our male mouths that bleed with broken words."

Here is a poet, then, who so accepts life, that passion becomes an elusive and difficult gateway to the freedom of the spirit. Here is a poet who, like Donne before him, is concerned with the battle of the flesh and the spirit; but unlike the famous Dean he does not capitulate. He realises that, as long as life lasts, it is this very battle that gives life to the spirit: with every new rising of the sun he cries "A crown to win!" Leave peace for those whom D. H. Lawrence was wont to call "the grey men," those in whom imagination (Blake's synonym for it was the Holy Ghost) is dead. Your true poet, who has known what it is to stand—

> "A statue in moonlight, blotting some stars,
> Timeless, chipped with cosmic scars,
> And fabulous to human blood,"

does not want peace from such a remembering. It may be a torment, but it is a divine torment, a reminder of the spirit that informs us all. C. HENRY WARREN.

The Collector

"Let not the collector, therefore, ever, unless in some urgent and necessary circumstances, part with any of his treasures."—Burton

WHAT IS A FIRST EDITION?

Third Article

I HAVE tried, in a general way, to indicate exactly what a first edition is, but in other and more specific cases, there are many other things, as I have indicated, that must be remembered. One hardly knows just what to pick out from among the thousand and one cases as the best instances. As I write there comes to my memory a novel in which a certain paragraph, at the end of a chapter, was eliminated in subsequent printing. It was a novel published many years since, and was Lucas Malet's remarkable story, "Sir Richard Calmady." I don't suppose anyone of the younger generation has read it, and yet it is an excellent piece of fiction. I dare say the first printing may be a valuable book one of these days, because of the paragraph at the end of one of the chapters being cancelled in later editions.



Reproduced from a Coloured Sporting Print.
From Christmas Catalogue of Coloured Plate Books and Sporting Prints (Export Book Co.).

A matter that sometimes perplexes a number of earnest collectors is that of the wrapper. You may well ask in what way a wrapper affects first edition collecting. Rightly or wrongly, it affects it very much. A book may come out in its first edition form with a particular wrapper, and then the later edition with an entirely different one. Sometimes only a very few copies of a work will appear in a wrapper utterly different from the one that comes to be known. There have been many cases of this during the past few years. A wrapper has been used which, for some reason or another, is quickly discarded. A very special case that I have in mind at the moment of writing is that of Mr. Galsworthy's "Silver Spoon." A few were sent out on their journey with a certain kind of wrapper, but the author not liking it the wrapper was changed. Copies of the first edition which are wrapped in this rather precious jacket are much more valuable than the later editions.

We must remember, also, that there are such things as advertisements at the end of books. The dates of these advertisements decide whether a volume is, or is not, a copy of the first issue. The actual book may well be a copy of the first issue, but unless the advertisements, which were often dated years since, are the original ones, the book is of less value; the advertisements may bear a later date than those that were bound up with the book when it was published. This is another aspect of the first edition for which I have absolutely no sympathy. But these later dates do make a difference in the cost of certain first editions, to the extent of many pounds. It is all rather foolish. What happened was this: a few hundred copies of a book were bound up, and enough advertisements—actually a short catalogue of the publisher—were printed to go with them, and dated. Then when these were all sold, a new order was given for a further supply, and a new lot of these short lists were printed, with a later date. And although the book itself was an actual part of the first printing, because the fresh lot of the short catalogue had a later date on it, this copy of the book is not regarded as a first edition. Personally, I think this is carrying first edition collecting too far. Sometimes these advertisements were left out altogether; as in the case of Mr. Wells's "Time Machine." The so-called first edition has advertisements included, but a later portion of the edition has not. But there is a difference of many pounds in the cost of the two. It is the same with "Richard Yea and Nay," by Maurice Hewlett. There are different dates on the advertisement pages, and if by any chance you think you have a first edition, it would be as well to make sure that the date actually covers the first number printed, before deciding that your copy is really the first edition.

SOME INTERESTING LISTS

During the next few weeks I shall be looking forward to many good catalogues of all shapes and sizes, and even colours and styles. They will be full of the titles of books which every book collector is hoping one day to possess, and perhaps, in some cases, they are volumes so scarce and precious that only the rich can afford to buy. It is a wonderful thing to be a rich man, with a taste for books, but I am doubtful if he gets a finer joy out of his treasures than you and I do, as we count the pennies for the purchase of some much desired volume.

Suckling & Co. have been doing business for many years now. I seem to remember them beginning business many years before the War. I have seen their catalogues regularly, and I was looking through their 104th last night. And a very readable one it is. This one is a Catalogue of Portraits, and is described as "Chiefly of British Personages of National, Local and Family Interest," and it includes many engravings in mezzotint, line and stipple of the seventeenth, eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. This firm has always been noted for its collection of portraits, and I believe they have a great many more than are to be found in this catalogue. I hope I shall be receiving soon a copy of their catalogue of books.

Two catalogues on my table are from Messrs. Dobell. One is a list of rare books, chiefly in English literature, and the other, quite a late one, covers a great many excellent editions of modern books. The first list comprises a selection of books from the library of a Scottish gentleman, who had a fine taste in literature; while the second catalogue gives the titles of some splendid first editions that had belonged to the late Charles Whibley. Just as I am writing these notes, there comes, forwarded from my home address, a catalogue of rare books which had chiefly belonged to the Duke of Leeds. I notice among these William Congreve's autographed copy of Fanshawe's translation of Luis de Camoen's "The Lusiad," 1665, £25; and a set of Otway's Plays, which also bears Congreve's signature, £30. Other books in this list are first editions of Sir John Vanbrugh's "Æsop," 1697, and Goldsmith's Essays. I would certainly suggest asking for Catalogue 365 of modern books, containing works by Samuel Butler, A. E. Coppard, Lord Dunsany, Thomas Hardy, Aldous Huxley, Rudyard Kipling, D. H. Lawrence and others.

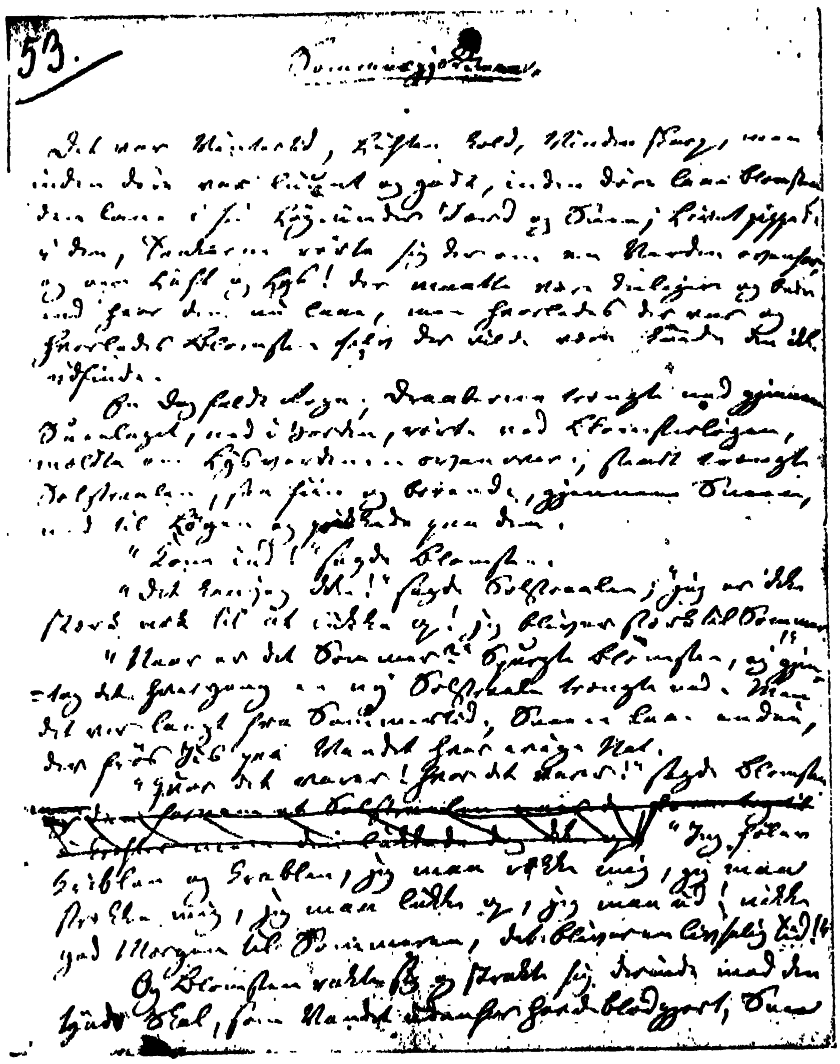
A well printed list, of a handy size, reaches me regularly from James F. Drake, a well-known New York firm. The latest one to come to hand is numbered 221, and is full of modern first editions. It has been instructive to go through this catalogue, and compare the prices with those that are obtaining in this country. Over there the prices of first editions are being well maintained, and I gave some instances last month. There are a great many collectors in U.S.A., and their numbers are increasing rapidly. I notice in the present list a number of W. W. Jacobs's books—an author to collect—varying in price from $6.50 to $15.00; many Masefields, including "The Tragedy

of Pompey the Great," $35.00; several O'Flaherty books, all quite moderate; and a number of Shaw items.

The Francis Edwards Catalogue (No. 529) that I want to call attention to this month, is an exceedingly entertaining list of general books, covering no less than eighty-one subjects. It is aptly described as "A large selection of books on most branches of literature, including notable works from well-known libraries and other sources" recently purchased.

From William Brown comes a well made list of books, including a fine set of Ayton & Daniell's "Voyage Round Great Britain undertaken in the summer of 1813," 1814–1825, £210; Burton's "Arabian Nights," £42; Boswell's "An Account of Corsica," £21; a first edition of George Eliot's "Felix Holt," 3 volumes, 1866, £6 15s.; Holinshed's "Chronicles of England," 1577, £32; and Kipling's "Jungle Book" and the "Second Jungle Book," £45.

A special autumn list of coloured plate books, sporting prints and pictures has been issued by the Export Book Co. These have been purchased mostly from a Yorkshire mansion.



Hans Andersen Manuscript
(actual size 10¾ by 8⅞ inches).
From Messrs. G. Michelmore & Co.'s Catalogue of Rare Books, Autographs, Manuscripts, etc.

copies. Major Hartley knows how to make his catalogues attractive. I have marked a great many items in this list No. 26—so many, in fact, that I think it had better be sent for, rather than I should curtail my own references.

Basil Hyman has sent an advance copy of his new catalogue No. 6. We were just finishing these notes when it came along. There are some most excellent things in it. Many of them very desirable. Not everyone would want the Dryden item, No. 8, "Annus Mirabilis" for £5, but there are some who would. Then there are one or two of Andrew Marvell's books, and several pages of first and rare editions of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries.

Mr. Herbert Tremayne's new catalogue is a clearance list covering a great number of desirable books at prices that strike me as very reasonable. I like the careful way Mr. Tremayne describes the condition of the books he has for sale.

Catalogue No. 20, issued by the Sign of the Huntsman, is a good and varied list, containing some 665 entries. It is well classified and well printed.

I am interested in the catalogue of W. M. Murphy & Sons. It is of a general character, and includes both old books and new. I see there are quite a number of Ainsworth items, of varying prices. It seems strange that so few people read him nowadays. Entry No. 204 in this catalogue is a rare association copy of "Veneres et Cupidines Venales Augustini Niphi," containing James Boswell's autograph, £50; and there are many good first editions of modern books. I notice one of Brett Young's "Portrait of Clare," 10s. 6d. An author, as they say on the Stock Exchange, "to lock up."

Major Hartley Clark's new list of rare books and first editions has just reached me. It includes a number of authors' MSS., autograph letters and presentation

Mr. J. D. Miller's new list of modern first editions and association copies is particularly good. And I have noticed a number of good Victorian items in it too. I don't think we are paying enough attention to these books. The "Forsyte Saga" is marked at eleven guineas, and some of A. P. Herbert's books at fair prices. People are collecting him. I notice two of Mr. E. V. Lucas's books: "Mr. Ingleside," 25s., and "London Lavender," 30s. These are rather costly, but I am perfectly sure *all* of Mr. Lucas's books will appreciate one of these days.

B. H. Blackwell, the notable Oxford house, has sent me three lists. The three are parts of a whole: No. 1, Classical, of second-hand and new books; Nos. 2 and 3, Educational. I found myself particularly attracted by

the first part, because it not only contains some excellent old editions of the classics, but also many standard and more recent ones.

Two other lists have just arrived. One from Pickering & Chatto and one from Frank Drayton. The first named is really Part X of a collection of old and rare books. There are still one or two parts to follow, and then it will complete an extremely valuable collection of catalogues. The Pickering lists are always worth the closest attention, for they include many famous works, numbers of which are often unknown to the general book-buying public.

In the enthusiasm for the moderns we are apt to forget some of the old books, but here in this Pickering list there is a galaxy of them, and a few pounds expended thereon will bring a rich literary and economic reward as time passes. There are a great number of first editions included, such as Puckle's "The Club," £10 10s.; Rawlins's "The Rebellion," £12 12s.; many of Edward Ravenscroft's books, and a great number of works dealing with Old Romance.

Frank Drayton's catalogue comprises an interesting collection of books mostly from the libraries of General Pitt-Rivers and Thomas Bodley, a direct descendant of Sir Thomas Bodley, founder of the Bodleian Library. It is a mixed but interesting collection of old and more or less modern books, although there are not many recent ones among them. But the two collections, and the balance of miscellaneous books gathered together from various sources combine to make a good list.

I don't know if there are many readers of the notes who know of the very good and readable catalogues that are issued by Galloway & Porter, a house that I have myself known for a great number of years. The present list that I am writing about is No. 132. It is a catalogue containing some 2,500 items—books in all branches of literature, covering almost every division of it. One could take up no end of space in writing about this capital catalogue, but it is just impossible. I have often spoken about the joy of reading catalogues, and the Galloway & Porter one is just one of this kind. The general part of this Cambridge bookseller's classified list contains a great many notable and famous works, and there are many that lure me as they will the reader. The English Literature and First and Limited Editions sections contain many good things.

The Little Bookshop—what an attractive name this is—has just sent out a nice catalogue; indeed, one that is very attractive. I like always their lists, and in this new one there are no end of first editions, in most excellent condition, of C. E. Montague—that writer of almost great prose—R. H. Mottram, H. M. Tomlinson who has a tremendous admiration for Montague's work—T. F. Powys, H. G. Wells, and Hugh Walpole.

There has been an avalanche of antiquarian catalogues, and during the last few days of October there has arrived an extraordinary number, many of which are too important to dismiss with a few lines. "The Collector" hopes to give full consideration to these in the next issue.

THE MARKET

Some of the first editions of books by G. B. Shaw have dropped in price during the past few months. But the drop is surely only temporary. There is no need for us to say that they are worth collecting, without any consideration for their economic value. Even so, they are also worth collecting because their prices will enhance again before long. Mr. Shaw's earlier books are of great value, but there are others that are not beyond the means of most of us. "John Bull's Other Island" may be bought for a pound or two nowadays, whereas not so long since it was fetching four and five, and even six pounds. A copy was mentioned in an American catalogue the other day at $35.00.

Yes: Mr. Kirby was right in his excellent article about H. E. Bates. He is a man whom, you will remember, we advised the reader to collect. Indeed we share our contributor's enthusiasm for Mr. Bates, and Mr. Kirby mixed his enthusiasm with the right measure of good judgment and helpful information. He mentioned things about H. E. Bates which we did not know, and the list of titles is useful. It is to be hoped that our readers made a note of them. Mr. Bates's books are going up, and some of his earlier ones are really scarce. He is an instance of what we are always saying about discovering an author for ourself, before the world finds him out. That is the way of true collecting. He is a young man with a great future. We choose the word deliberately. Mr. Bates's first novel, "The Two Sisters," was written when the manager of the office in which Mr. Bates was working at the time, was not looking! This is a book not easily come by, but it is worth a pound or so. According to our records, some of his other books, such as "Catherine Foster," "Day's End," "The Last Bread," "Seven Tails" and "The Spring Song," range in price from 15s. to 42s.

Let us remind readers that this month is to be published the first volume of "The Anatomy of Bibliomania," by Holbrook Jackson. As before stated, it is to be in two volumes. Anyone who has read Mr. Jackson's "The Eighteen Nineties" will know how excellent a work "The Anatomy of Bibliomania" will be.

Here are some limited editions to be noted:

- "The Epic of Jutland." By Shane Leslie.
- "Books and Business." By A. Edward Newton.
- "The Aloe." By Katherine Mansfield.
- "Robinson Crusoe." By Daniel Defoe. Introduction by Ford Madox Ford.
- "Street Haunting," By Virginia Woolf.
- "The Masque of Queenes." By Ben Jonson.
- "Poems and Verses." By John Keats. Edited by J. Middleton Murry.
- "A Collection of Articles." By George Bernard Shaw.
- "English Mediaeval Painting." By E. O. Saunders.
- "Bibliography of Italian Writing Books of the Sixteenth Century."
- "Intimate Journals." By Charles Baudelaire. Introduction by T. S. Eliot.
- "Three Black Pennys." By Joseph Hergesheimer.

RICHARD LE GALLIENNE

A Note

The Bibliography of Richard Le Gallienne is exceedingly complicated. I do not know of anyone who could pretend to compile it with complete accuracy; but the following notes—which are substantiated by copies in my collection —may be of assistance to collectors of an author whose first editions are rapidly appreciating in value.

MY LADIES' SONNETS. Privately printed, 1887.

An ordinary edition, and an edition limited to 50 copies and signed. The colophon in the limited edition is in Le Gallienne's own handwriting. The ordinary edition usually contains an errata slip; but in a presentation copy in my collection the slip is absent and the corrections are made in Le Gallienne's own hand. This is, I presume, one of the earliest copies. There is no slip in the limited edition, and the errata are uncorrected.

VOLUMES IN FOLIO. Elkin Mathews, 1880.

An edition limited to 50 signed copies; and, I presume, an ordinary edition.

THE STUDENT AND THE BODY-SNATCHER. Elkin Mathews, 1890.

Written in collaboration with R. K. Leather. There was an edition limited to 50 copies (unsigned), and I suppose there was an ordinary edition. But I have never seen or heard of a copy. This is the only book ever printed in Wallasey.

THE BOOK-BILLS OF NARCISSUS.

First published by Frank Murray of Derby in two editions—one of 100 copies, the other of 250 copies both unsigned—in 1891.

Reprinted from an entirely different type by the same publisher in 1892 in an ordinary edition, and an edition of 25 signed copies.

Reprinted from a third type in 1895 by John Lane, with a portrait and an additional chapter. Whether there was a signed or large paper edition of this issue I do not know. This is the book commonly described as the First Edition, although the fact that it is not is expressly stated on the verso to the dedication.

ENGLISH POEMS. Elkin Mathews, 1892.

In three editions. One of 800 unsigned copies; an extremely limited edition, signed; and an edition only of a few copies printed on vellum, and containing three poems not printed in the other editions. From a recent item in a bookseller's catalogue I gather that the leaves containing these three poems may be obtained separately from the book. The vellum copies were unsigned, and were I believe for presentation amongst the author's friends. The only copy I have seen, however, bore no presentation inscription.

LIMITED EDITIONS AND CONFESSIO AMANTIS. Privately printed, 1893.

There are at least two editions of this little pamphlet which was printed, I believe, as a Christmas card. The one is printed on hand-made paper in blue paper covers; the other on what I suppose is vellum in brown paper covers.

Most of Le Gallienne's other books are fairly well known in their several editions. A very rare but exceedingly interesting Le Gallienne item is the card printed at his first wedding. It appears in two states; the second, and the state in which it was ultimately issued, contains a correction in the quatrain. I have actually seen the card in both states, but all except one or two of the cards in the first state were destroyed. The correction is from "puny priest" to "holy priest."

J. WHITLEY NANCE.

A NEGLECTED ARTIST:

Baudelaire on Constantin Guys

" The Painter of Victorian Life." A Study of Constantin Guys, with an Introduction and a Translation of Baudelaire's " Peintre de la Vie Moderne," by P. G. Konody. Edited by C. Geoffrey Holme. £2 2s. (*Studio*.)

" Le public est, relativement au génie, une horloge qui retarde," wrote Charles Baudelaire in an essay on Delacroix. The saying might suitably be prefixed to the same critic's study of Constantin Guys, who received in his lifetime very little of the appreciation given him after his death. In the case of Guys, however, some of this neglect must be laid at the door of the artist himself, for never, surely, was any man of talent so self-effacing as he. He regarded it as a personal injury when Thackeray, one of his earliest admirers, mentioned him by name in a laudatory article, and it was at his especial wish that Baudelaire, in " Le Peintre de la Vie Moderne," referred to him throughout simply as " M. G." Only this remarkable shyness on the part of Guys can have prevented so fine an art critic as the author of " Les Fleurs du Mal " from making him personally famous.

The present *Studio* publication is described as a companion volume to the same firm's " London Promenade." The chief function of " The Painter of Victorian Life " would thus seem to be that of illustrating an earlier period. As a presentation of Victorian England and Second Empire France the 140 reproductions of Guys's work are fascinating. The ladies are authentic fashion-plates come to life; the gentlemen are dandies, beaux, *élégants*, or whatever you like to call them, to the very type. We are taken straight back to Thackeray and Whistler, to the days of great exhibitions, balloon ascents and the can-can.

As to the art of Constantin Guys, that too should appeal to modern tastes, for he received no training, owed allegiance to no school, and carried on no obvious artistic tradition. He was the best possible example of that eagerly-sought type, the spontaneous artist. Herein lies much of his greatness. He drew and painted for the same reasons, and by the same processes, as a child draws and paints. His delight was in movement—the disposition of the limbs rather than the character or emotion of the faces. Hence those agile dancers, stately ladies, and graceful horses and carriages. He must have had an extraordinarily perceptive eye, and there is never a line wrong in those beautifully-balanced chaises—it matters not that the wheels are not mathematical circles; they are definitely things that revolve and raise dust and support Quality. The horses are toy horses, with legs elegant almost to the point of disappearance, but they can rear beneath a cuirassier with all the vigour of the tubby pony that bears Velazquez's Don Baltasar Carlos.

As artist to the *Illustrated London News*, Guys was sent to the Crimea, and some of the plates reproduced from the journal show the appalling transformation which—necessarily, no doubt—the artist's vivid sketches underwent at the rapid hands of the engraver. These sketches, for the most part done on thin paper to assist the process-men, have unfortunately nearly all disappeared, but sufficient of Guys's work remains to indicate how well fitted he was to record military events. It is chiefly the colourful atmosphere of the parade-ground that attracts him, and the pageantry of reviews.

The "Review at Madrid" is typical of Guys's " toy parades." The cockaded ranks move with fascinating precision obliquely across, but entirely within, the composition. The dark, slightly-sketched frame of the crowd hems them closely about. The white obelisk immediately catches the eye, and leading it to the toy general beneath, indicates the presumable *raison d'être* of the parade. One imagines the soldiers turning smartly about (for there is no way out of the picture—a cardinal virtue) and performing their evolution again and again; and one wonders what the engraver, hurrying to press, would have made of this little masterpiece.

FRANCIS WATSON.

SWIFT'S LETTERS

An Eighteenth Century Classic

There is a story about Swift which few people have heard. One evening Pope and Gay called on him. They were both intimate friends of the Dean, and well acquainted with his paradoxical humours. Swift was a little sceptical when they said that they had left their lordly friends to visit " a poor scurvy Dean."

" But," said he, " since you are come in I must get some supper for you, I suppose ? "

" No, Doctor, we have supped already." they said.

" Supped already ; that is impossible. Why, it is only eight o'clock."

" Indeed we have," they assured him.

" That's very strange, but if you had not supped, I must have got something for you ; let me see ; a couple of lobsters would have done very well, two shillings ; tarts, a shilling ; a bottle of wine, two shillings ; two and two are four and one is five ; just two and sixpence apiece. There Pope, there's half-a-crown for you, and there's half-a-crown for you, sir ; for I won't save anything by you, I'm determined."

This was all said with such seriousness that, in spite of the visitors' protests, they were actually obliged to take the money.

The story is highly characteristic, for Swift was wayward and tempestuous in his moods. Everyone knows how he broke " Vanessa's " heart by a mere look and a gesture. Whimsicality and strident humour, white-hot rage and offensive vituperation were all part of him. But these qualities live mainly in his books and pamphlets.

There was another side of Swift, and for that we must go to the letters. It is perhaps a truer, certainly a more intimate side. Like Byron, Swift showed in his correspondence currents of feeling, desires and hopes, and unreserved affections, almost entirely alien from his public writing. Certainly his writings are charged with human feeling, but its utterance is shrill and indignant. He was the champion of the oppressed, and driven to use the brutal methods of the tyrants. In the letters, on the other hand, his kindliness is unfettered, and flows in lambent streams to the bosoms of his intimate friends. At the same time, his correspondence is full of sidelights on contemporary history under Queen Anne, and makes a choice possession for anyone who would " catch the manners living as they rise."

Luckily enough, Swift's writings are not the preserve of wealthy collectors. Apart from " Gulliver's Travels," most of the early editions are seldom overpriced. I lately saw a copy of the " Tale of a Tub," dated 1704 (the year of publication) going for eight shillings ; and you can always get Hawkesworth's first edition of Swift's letters (in quarto, 1766) for about thirty shillings—an investment well worth while.

It is with these two volumes that we are concerned, though there are other collections of his correspondence. An unauthorised edition was published by a piratical printer in Dublin in 1735, and caused Swift much annoyance. Another batch was gathered by Dean Swift and published in the collected edition of Swift's works. But Hawkesworth's edition is the interesting one, and contains the important letters to Esther Johnson (" Stella ") and to Esther Vanhomrigh (" Vanessa "), besides some delightful letters from Lord Bolingbroke and others of Swift's friends.

Horace Walpole, who seems to have had a word on everything that came to pass in the century, assured George Montagu that Hawkesworth's collection could not fail to amuse him : " His journal sent to Stella during the four last years of the queen is a fund of entertainment. You will see his insolence in full colours, and, at the same time, how daily vain he was of being noticed by the ministers he affected to treat arrogantly. . . . But what strikes one, is bringing before one's eyes the incidents of a curious period."

This "period" begins in 1703 and ends about the time that Swift became a hopeless and raging lunatic. A gallery of many characters moves upon the scene during that time, almost all of whom were leaders of politics, society and letters in their day—Harley and St. John, Pope, Arbuthnot and Gay, Prior and Addison. I believe Sir Edmund Gosse claimed Swift to be the dominant intellectual figure of the age before Johnson. Certainly these folk show extraordinary deference and attachment to him, to his unnamed but accepted influence upon their minds and motives.

We see him first as the spokesman in London for the Irish bishops who were agitating at this time for the "first fruits." This brought him to the court, to London society, and to the leaders of party faction, who soon discovered his abilities as a pamphleteer, and angled for the favours of his pen and person. When the rivalry of Harley and St. John was most intense Swift became the skilful confidant of both, and in him all partisans had a common confessor. But though politics and the machinations of the court play an important part in the letters, they are really matters for the historian rather than the student of human life. To-day the intriguing for place and favour, the wire-pulling to secure the good graces of great men is simply ennui. But there is a lively interest still in Swift's terror of the Mohocks, his playful petulance about his losses at ombre, his fulminations against the rigours of Lent, his comments on Steele's arrest ("He has been mighty impertinent of late in his *Spectators*"), or his contempt of the court which serves him merely for a coffee-house, and "abounds in dinners" in August. There are glimpses of him at a hundred tables and "sittings." He sees Prince Eugène who is "plaguey yellow"; he meets Trapp and dubs him a coxcomb. He meets Parnell and Pomfret and likes them; Lady Godolphin displeases him—"I'll pull her down"! He sits for an hour with the Duchess of Shrewsbury at her toilet. He belonged to the select company of literary benefactors known as "The Brotherhood," and became the familiar of Lord Ormond, and Lord Lansdowne, Sir William Windham, Lord Oxford, the Earl of Arran, and others of "The Sixteen."

He had a taste for the current humour. To Mrs. Dingley he recounts a new-fashioned way to outwit Stella which they called *a bite*. "You must ask a bantering question, or tell some d mned lye in a serious manner, and then she will answer or speak as if you were in earnest; then you say—Madam, there's a bite! I would not undervalue this, for it is the constant amusement in court." He has another sally about the craze for *if-puns*. "The Bishop of Clogher has made an if-pun that he is mighty proud of, and designs to send over to his brother Tom; but Sir Andrew Fountain has wrote to Tom and told him the pun, and desired him to send it over to the bishop as his own; and, if it succeeds, it will be a pure *bite*. I'll tell you the pun. If there was a hackney coach at Mr. Pooley's door, what town in Egypt would it be? Why it would be Hecatompolis; *Hack at Tom Pooley's!*"

Somehow the legendary Swift has become an austere and tirading figure. The bitter sarcasm and disillusions of "La Puta" and "Gulliver's Voyage to the Houyhnhnms' are probably responsible for this. But we must remember that these voyages were written late in life, and were the outpourings of a man of broken health and soured and shattered hopes. The letters of his latter years show him developing into a morbid and ego-centric melancholic, short-tempered and self-pitying. His brain-storms and deafness weigh upon his peace of mind. "The cruel disorder of deafness and giddiness" drives him into perilous solitude. His nature becomes embittered; he writes to a friend, "I will never value myself as a philanthropist, because it is a creature that I now hate more than a toad, a viper, a wasp, a stork, a fox or any other that you will please to add."

But this terrible mood was the pathetic outcome of many misfortunes—the loss of friends, of thwarted ambition, the hard complacency of rulers, the slothful indifference of

the downtrodden. It is not the true Swift. There is a letter of Lord Bolingbroke's which, I think, shows exactly how those who knew him best regarded him :

> "Dear friend" (he writes) "the last sentence of your letter quite kills me. Never repeat that melancholy tender word, that you will endeavour to forget me. I am sure that I can never forget you, till I meet with (what is impossible) another who's conversation I can delight so much in as Dr. Swift's; and yet that is the smallest thing I ought to value you for. That hearty sincere friendship, that plain and open ingenuity in all your commerce, is what I am sure I can never find in another man. I shall want often a faithful monitor, one that would vindicate me behind my back, and tell me my faults to my face. God knows I write this with tears in my eyes."

And these sentiments could be repeated from the letters of every other friend who knew Swift in his young and ardent manhood.

Nothing is more striking than his urgent efforts to better the lives of his friends either by money or influence, when, as he says, "his heart ran before his pen." Although not given to boasting his charity, he confessed to Lady Betty Germain, "When I had credit for some years at court, I provided for above fifty people in both Kingdoms, of which, not one was a relation." He found his way unerringly to the hearts of his real friends, and became in turn the recipient of all their woes and joys. The very depths of his soul were stirred when "Stella" Johnson lay dying in Ireland. He dared not, for weakness, come to her bedside.

"We have been perfect friends these thirty-five years . . . and the remainder of my life will be a very melancholy scene, when one of them is gone, whom I most esteemed, upon the score of every good quality, that can possibly recommend a human creature. . . . I would not for the universe be present at such a trial of seeing her depart. She will be among friends that will tend her with every possible care, where I should be a trouble to her, and the greatest torment to myself. . . . Let her know I have bought her a repeating gold watch, for her ease in winter nights. I designed to have surprised her with it, but now I would have her know it, that she may see my thoughts are always to make her easy. I am of opinion that there is not a greater folly than to contract too great and intimate a friendship which must always leave the survivor miserable.'

I have said nothing about the passionate letters of pursuant Vanessa, or of Swift's bantering replies. Nor is there space in this short discussion to say much about the famous Journal to Stella, which throws such bright illumination over the finest chapter of Swift's history. And still more remains to be unearthed—the jovialities of Gay and the Duchess of Queensberry, the lively and glancing epistles of Lady Betty, the tender and thoughtful letters of Lord St. John, Swift's interests in his Irish home, his comments on his own writings and the works of Pope and Gay, his vivid little pictures of court intrigue, his visits to booksellers, auctions and, *mirabile dictu*, the cinema!

Vive la bagatelle! was the famous motto of his life. It is best exemplified in the infinite variety which throngs into his letters. And it is the spirit which prompted his most famous poem—his verses upon his own death :

> "Receive the news with doleful dumps—
> The Dean is dead (Pray what is trumps?).
> Then Lord have mercy on his soul!
> (Ladies, I'll venture for the vole).
> Six deans they say shall bear the pall;
> (I wish I knew what King to call)."

PHILIP PARKER.

BAUDELAIRE'S INTIMATE JOURNALS

The Blackamore Press have issued a book which should appeal to collectors for a variety of reasons. In the first place it is the first English translation of the "Intimate Journals" of Charles Baudelaire, and is of great importance to all readers of that strange French genius. The English rendering is well done by Charles Isherwood. In the second place it is illustrated by reproductions of Baudelaire's own drawings. Thirdly—and chiefly—it has a long introduction by T. S. Eliot, which forms one of that writer's most masterly pieces of criticism. At a time when T. S. Eliot's literary future is the subject of much speculation, any contribution from his pen is eagerly seized upon by admirers anxious to discover whither "Ash Wednesday" points.

The "Intimate Journals" edition is limited to six hundred and fifty copies. Fifty of these, specially bound, are signed by T. S. Eliot; and three hundred and fifty more, unsigned, are for sale in England at 21s. each.

H.

MODERN TEMPERA-PAINTING

"A Manual of Tempera-Painting." By Maxwell Armfield. 6s. (Allen & Unwin.)

The revival of tempera dates only from the beginning of this century, but while the many modern movements have been spending their force in various directions experiments in this valuable medium have been steadily pursued, and now Mr. Maxwell Armfield has collected the results of those experiments and presented them in a compact form. Mr. Armfield rightly insists that tempera is not merely a means of laying on colour, but a language with a character of its own and demanding a special outlook and mode of thought in the artist.

The characteristics of tempera, since it is quick in drying and unchangeable when dry, are, in the execution, swiftness and precision, and, in the effect, a delicate exactness which no otiose eccentricity can compass. The artist, therefore, must know precisely what he wishes to do, and he must do it with methodical accuracy. A lucid and definite outline is essential.

Y. C.

Of the Theatre

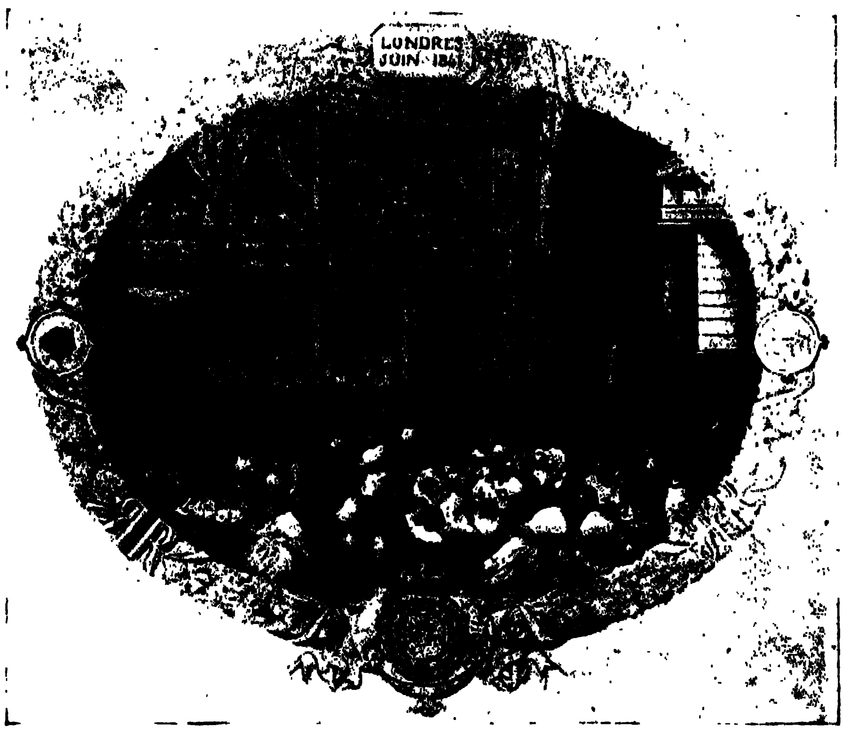
"LAUDATOR TEMPORIS ACTI"

Gordon Craig on Henry Irving

By
Christopher St. John

"Henry Irving." By Edward Gordon Craig. 15s. (Dent.)

IT was a wise Jesuit who instead or reproving his pupil for saying he couldn't "stand that prig St. Aloysius" told him to remember that "saints are at the mercy of their biographers." This is more or less true of all the eminent dead. Least true perhaps of the creative artist, poet, painter, or musician, who leaves behind him in his work an expression of himself which affords the reader of his life a valuable means of checking its writer's opinions of his character and genius. Although an actor at his greatest is reckoned by some, by Gordon Craig, for example, a creative artist, we are unable to refer to his works for confirmation or contradiction of his biographer's opinions. All we can do, if the actor lived too long ago for us to have seen these works for ourselves, is to refer to descriptions of them, and as these are usually more enthusiastic than illuminating, a kind of patchwork of faded raptures, we get no more than a vague inkling of what his performances were like.



Her Majesty's Theatre. Farewell of Mlle. Rachel at the close of 1841 Season in June.
From the water-colour by Lami.
By courtesy of the Victoria and Albert Museum.
From "Henry Irving," by Edward Gordon Craig (Dent).

It is the great virtue of Gordon Craig's study of Henry Irving that he has succeeded in reconstructing one of the actor's masterpieces in such detail that it speaks for itself, and provides us with the evidence we need for judging whether the assertion that Irving was the "greatest actor of his time, not in England only, but in Europe and America," is well founded. It is twenty-five years this month since Irving died, so to the young, and even to the middle-aged, for one must be well over forty to have seen him at all, he is but a name, a name surrounded by an aureole which his detractors have never succeeded in filching from it. This new generation of playgoers may have heard that this man called Irving, buried in Westminster Abbey, thrilled audiences long ago in "The Bells," and may have thought, as they have been taught to think by dramatic critics, that this was only because audiences then were composed of rather simple, stupid people with an old-fashioned Victorian taste for crude and theatrical melodramas.

That this is very likely I have evidence in an article in the *Daily Telegraph*, in which it is stated that "it is just as well that the famous players of an earlier generation cannot return, for we might be shocked and disillusioned." Well Irving returns in "The Bells," in Gordon Craig's pages, and we find that his art is as great as we who are old remember and we who are young have been told it was.

Irving had been acting for fifteen years when he created his masterpiece, busy (429 different parts once in 782 days) perfecting his mask, "a mask which could be a hundred faces in one," years of preparation, years of positive hatred (manifested in a peculiarly brutal way in Dublin) from the public.

> "There can be but one masterpiece, although we often hear of the thing in the plural. I had this from a connoisseur of pictures who explained to me that a masterpiece was that piece of work done by a painter when his tutor had no more to teach him, and which entitled him to be called a master. This piece, 'The Bells,' was Irving's masterpiece, and proclaimed him a master."

The text of the third act of Leopold Lewis's melodrama (an adaptation from the French) is given, demonstrating that an actor's masterpiece can be created out of the simplest materials. One hesitates knowing the wealth of their potentialities to call them "poor." The word does not fit them any better than the materials, three notes, out of which Beethoven fashioned that wondrous musical building, the second movement of the "Choral" Symphony. Gordon Craig's proposition that "actors of genius really prefer a play

that is not a great play" means no more than that they prefer unshaped, unworked materials.

"You must allow," he writes, "the actor of genius to select a rôle and a play which he can count on as offering sufficient *resistance*. The toughest, the least literary play does this—a play of mere bones, strung together, without subtleties or complexes."

Such a play was "The Bells." It left Irving more to do, to imagine, to invent than "Hamlet" or "King Lear," and to convince readers who never saw Irving of his creative powers Gordon Craig could not have made a better choice of a part in which to present him than Mathias.

Although he does not reconstruct Irving's performances in Shakespeare's rôles, he indicates very clearly what they were like, when he is analysing the actor's technique, vindicating his pronunciation of English as Chaucerian, his movements as a carefully designed dance, his method of speaking verse as one rhythmically cognate to Shakespeare's method of writing it. This vindication is not superfluous, for the stupid calumny that Irving spoke English badly, and walked awkwardly is generally believed because it has the sanction of the word of clever men like William Archer, Gilbert Murray and Bernard Shaw. I could quote many passages which show how curiously insensitive these men were to the beauty of Irving's style, but prefer to quote one in which that beauty is transfixed:

> "Every sound, each movement was intentional, clear-cut measured dance; nothing real—all massively artificial—yet all flashing with the light and the pulse of nature. A fine style. . . . His movements being measured, rhythmic, planned, it may be too obvious to state that the action of his face was part of all this, and was measured too; yet it may not have occurred to one or two of my readers that this control of feature till immobility was achieved constituted a mask. . . . A mask never fidgets; it endures, and at the slighest touch it becomes expressive. It lights up and speaks. Irving was all for these slight, significant touches. Anything sprawling was simply not Irving."

If you can't tell what kind of actor Irving was from this, it is your fault, not Gordon Craig's. And what kind of producer? What kind of manager? What kind of man? Read the book, and you will be in no doubt that these kinds have the common denominator "great." Great you will surely think was his attitude towards other actors:

> "He would look on other actors somewhat in the same way that St. Francis looked on the Franciscans. There before them lay their path—clearly indicated—and damme, hardly one of them following it. 'I found an Order' says St. Francis. 'I provide a roof to cover our heads; I go away to attend to the sick, and on returning I find everybody in feather beds and making themselves comfortable. What do you want to be comfortable for if you are a Franciscan?' And so it was with Irving. 'What do you want with approval or disapproval if you are an actor?' For it meant the whole of this world and the next with Irving to be an Actor, and in his innocence, his proud innocence, he supposed it meant as much to every other performer."

The elements are mixed up in us, so it is unreasonable to be surprised that the man who could write this noble book about Irving could disfigure it with some extremely ignoble references to Bernard Shaw. It is not what is said which creates an unpleasant impression—there is much that is true in the criticism of Mr. Shaw's plays, although the statement that "a good play by Mr. Shaw embraces all that is matter-of-fact" is rather absurd—but the way it is said, a spiteful "cattish" way, which lays Gordon Craig open to the suspicion that he is jealous of Mr. Shaw's position in the theatre. When I have added that his allusions to Henry Irving's "leading lady," his great mother Ellen Terry, are disappointingly scarce, and a trifle Miltonic in character ("He for God only, she for God in him") I have said all that I can say against the best book about an actor I have ever read.

DOMESTIC INTERIORS: Three Current Plays

There is a great deal to be said for the Victorians. You can see them at their worst, of course, at "The Barretts of Wimpole Street," in the grim person of Mr. Moulton-Barrett (magnificently acted by Cedric Hardwicke). Of this play Mr. Horace Shipp wrote at length in the October Bookman, and I do not intend to cover the ground again, except to mention that the more debatable episodes in the play as it was presented at Malvern have been removed for its London appearance. (In some quarters incidentally there still persists the opinion that the open adoption of the unpleasant view of Barrett's character is something rather modern—an evidence of the iconoclastic tendencies of this generation. "Elizabeth Barrett discovered at last that her father was in truth not a man to be treated with; hardly perhaps even a man to be blamed. She knew to all intents and purposes that she had grown up in the house of a madman." That is quite as severe as anything in the play. It was written in 1903 by G. K. Chesterton in his popular study of Browning.) But granted that Barrett was parental discipline run mad (if nothing worse), there is still a great deal to be said for the Victorians.

The Barrett household, terrible as it is made to appear in Mr. Besier's play, is not a whit more terrible than the modern households presented to us in Mr. Coward's play, "Private Lives" (published by Heinemann at 5s.), or in Mr. Somerset Maugham's "The Breadwinner" (2s. 6d. and 3s. 6d.; Heinemann). One only wishes that the characters in both had had to call Mr. Barrett "Papa." It would have improved them.

Mr. Coward's people are those we have become accustomed to in his plays. They drink and divorce and remarry; swear and fight; smash gramophone records on each other's heads; roll about on the floor kicking and screaming; and contribute generally to a happy and successful evening. "Private Lives" is not another "Hay Fever"; nor is it Mr. Coward at his worst. It is just one of his average achievements.

Mr. Maugham, satirist, in "The Breadwinner" holds up to our disapproval the modern generation. There have been few crueller pictures of the youth of to-day (asking "When was the War?") than in the opening scene of this play. The hero is a ruined stockbroker who, rather than save himself—as he can do by means of an offered loan—and rebuild his position, prefers to leave his wife and two children and go abroad to make a living as best he can. And the point about it is that we do not feel disposed to blame or despise him, but rather genuinely to hope that he gets safely away.

Here is a reversal, indeed. We watch the Breadwinner escaping from his children with the same sympathy as we watched Elizabeth Barrett escaping from her father. But we much prefer the Victorian tyrant, even in his madness, to the Georgian ones, with their belauded "sanity."

H. R.

DRAMATISTS' NOVELS
Maugham and Van Druten

"Cakes and Ale." By W. Somerset Maugham. 7s. 6d. (Heinemann.)
"A Woman On Her Way." By John Van Druten. 7s. 6d. (Putnams.)

From the novels of expert playwrights one expects, and one usually gets, a nicer sense of form and proportion than can be found in ninety per cent. of modern fiction. The neat handling of a story, the sharp definition of a character and the knowledge of the right moment for revealing a new essential fact are qualities which every successful dramatist must have; and they are qualities which stand clearly out in Mr. Somerset Maugham's new novel, "Cakes and Ale." His "sense of the theatre" is never far distant, as he reveals, through the mouth of one Ashenden, a middle-aged author, the tale of the first marriage of Edward Driffield, a distinguished novelist who had died before the opening of the story.

The action moves on two planes—one in the present day, showing Ashenden pestered by a literary friend for some first-hand reminiscences of Driffield, and the other in the past, as Ashenden recalls, for his own amusement, his memories of Driffield and his first wife. In his modern chapters Mr. Maugham has a good deal of airy badinage about literary fame and the way to achieve it, and in Alroy Kear he presents an amusing caricature of the kind of second-rate novelist whose pertinacity brings success; but the real charm of the book remains in the past, in its views of Victorian village life and of London in the nineties, and especially in its picture of Rosie Driffield, the charming, uneducated and unfaithful wife of the great Victorian novelist. Mr. Maugham has painted her well—so well that she quite overshadows her distinguished husband, as he advances from poverty and obscurity to an assured position in the world of letters. She is shown as a woman whose unfaithfulness was the logical outcome of a naturally affectionate disposition; she is a loyal friend and a good companion; and the reader who learns to see her through the narrator's eyes will find that a thrill of amused pleasure is awaiting him when he reaches the last chapter.

Mr. Maugham has been so much praised for his cynical and unsympathetic portraits that it is almost surprising to find him creating a sympathetic heroine; but his dexterous way of doing it gives colour to the theory that if you scratch a cynic you will find a sentimentalist.

Mr. John Van Druten is also a playwright, but he is not yet on the same level of accomplishment, either in drama or fiction, as Mr. Somerset Maugham; and the particular qualities which ought to be found in a dramatist's novel are sadly lacking in Mr. Van Druten's "A Woman On Her Way." His book will satisfy those who are not yet bored by accounts of liaisons and cocktail parties and by supposedly "smart" conversation; but sophisticated readers will feel that Mr. Van Druten has spoilt a goodish story by overloading it with details.

The character of Elinor Johnson, a rather fatuous woman-novelist, is quite fairly presented, and the account of her two disappointing love affairs and her final acceptance of RichardGilchrist is good material for a second-rate novel; but it is ruined by the introduction of pages and pages of tedious conversation. When he has learnt to prune his work, Mr. Van Druten may quite easily write good novels, for he has a fair descriptive talent and a certain power in the creation of characters.

Every reader of "A Woman On Her Way" will be delighted by Elinor's youthful secretary, Angela Lane, who makes gentle efforts to impose the nobility of her ideals on Elinor's novels.

It would not be a bad idea if Mr. Van Druten himself had a secretary like Angie. She would probably cross out some of the tiresome expletives which his characters are constantly using, and she might even advise him to put amorous relationships aside when finding a subject for his next novel.

E. H.

MISS GLASPELL'S NEW PLAY
An Omnibus Volume

"Six Plays." 7s. 6d. (Gollancz.)

A banned play, a big success and a notable "flop" are included here—though really "Badger's Green" deserved better luck. The big success, "Street Scene," is speaking for itself at the Globe Theatre, whither I commend my readers; they will find there a difficult production superbly done, with two outstanding qualities: the suspense maintained throughout it by sheer character interest, and the fierce zest for life (or for such happiness as they can extract from life) that these characters display.

"Down Our Street" should be the London counterpart of all this, but somehow falls short of it; its types are faithfully observed and their talk first-rate; only their author lacks the emotional intensity of Mr. Elmer Rice. "Socrates" provides a marked contrast to these two—a thing of cumulative nobility, based on the original texts, and rising steadily to a scene of great beauty and dignity at the philosopher's death. "Green Pastures" is a modern mystery play—the personality of God, seen through negro eyes. Its theme precludes performance here; but no one interested in the modern theatre can afford to miss reading it.

But the pick of the book is the new Glaspell play, "Alison's House." It has two themes: one (hardly more than touched upon) the bitterest lesson that man has to learn—to see his hard-won nobility stultified by forces outside himself; the other, a most intense awareness of old beauty faded. Another American play—Stark Young's "Colonnade"—had some of this second quality; and it is curious that a so much younger land should thus recapture the fine flower of life-in-the-past. The beauty of Miss Glaspell's treatment matches her theme. She has an exquisite tenderness—in her folk, in her dialogue, even in the atmosphere of the old house, which by some magic in her writing grows from the printed page, as surely as though the scene were being staged before us. A rare and lovely play.

G. S.



Miss Susan Glaspell.
From a drawing by D. Nicholson.

THE STRUGGLES OF A PIONEER
A New Life of Ibsen

"Ibsen, the Master Builder." By A. E. Zucker. 10s. 6d. (Thornton Butterworth.)

Controversy still rages between those who see in Henrik Ibsen a thinker of the first rank, a philosopher determined to influence the thought of the world, and those who maintain that he was a supremely skilful dramatist, quick-witted enough to fashion his dramas around ideas that were in the air. That he introduced new methods into the theatre is common ground between the disputants; whether his plays affected the human mind and humanity's ways of living is a question not likely to be answered with any certainty for a long time to come. Professor Zucker makes no attempt to decide this debatable point. Whether Ibsen had a "message," or believed that he had, this book does not discuss. It is a good straightforward account of him and his work with a certain amount of fresh material, chiefly recollections by people who knew the dramatist in his later years.

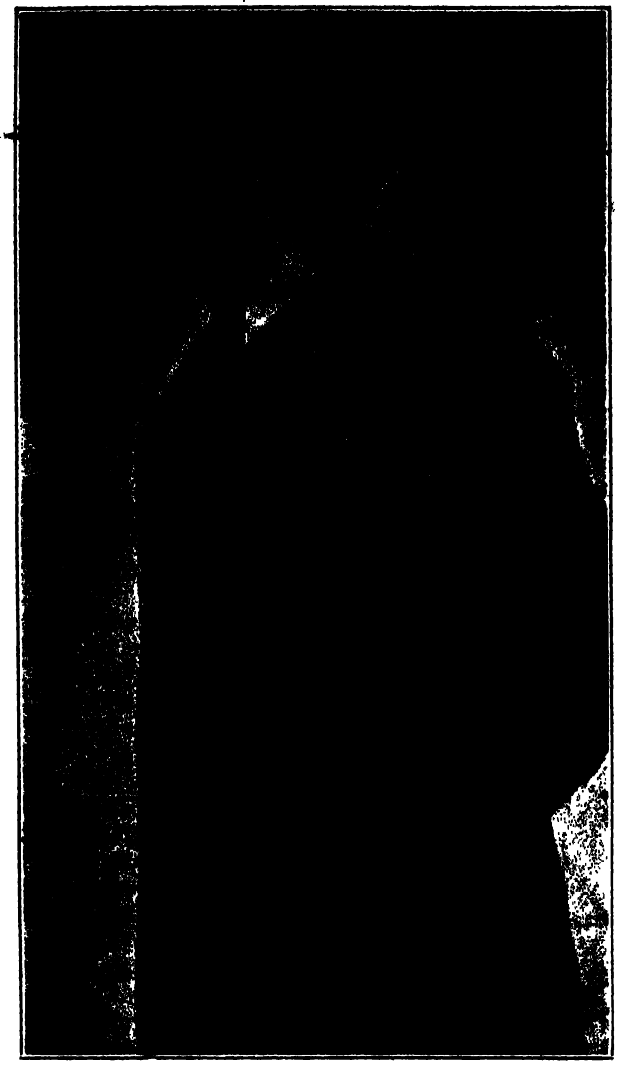
Although the author is American (he has a chair at Maryland University) he says scarcely anything about the treatment of Ibsen's plays in the United States and in England when they began to be performed just about forty years ago.

In his own country even there was hesitation in welcoming Ibsen. He had been given a State pension to enable him to write, but what he did write was not at first to the taste of the Norwegian *intelligentsia*. It was Germany which gave him encouragement; in Germany he lived for many years. Had he been born British, he would probably never have been heard of. He had the greatest difficulty in getting his early work acted and published; it was, first, the assistance of the famous violinist, Ole Bull, who got him a job at the Bergen Theatre as producer, and then the State pension, which freed him from the necessity of making up prescriptions in a chemist's shop all his life. It is scarcely possible that "Brand" and "Peer Gynt" which made him secure as a writer should have been produced in such scanty leisure as the drug-store allowed. The chance to travel, to settle for a while in Rome, developed his genius, allowed it to ripen and expand. As a Briton, he would have been given no help of the kind that made all the difference to him; we have only commercial theatres; we have no State fund for the support of young men and women who seem likely to do good work.

It is arguable that Ibsen's energetic character might have triumphed unaided. But this character seems to have been moulded chiefly by success. As a young man he was diffident, he was easily cast down. There were times when he contemplated taking "a subordinate position in the custom-house where he might have rotted away spiritually while for long hours each day he weighed bags of sugar and coffee." He thought of emigrating to Denmark to seek employment there. His sturdy Johnsonian assurance, his pride in being independent, grew only as he made money and found himself famous.

His eccentricities are not concealed by his latest biographer, nor even the interest that he took in clever girls when he was an old man, which caused difficulties with his wife. That was a pity, for she had been a constant encourager of his highest efforts. She understood him and believed in him. She may have had as much to do with his success as Ole Bull or the government which granted him the means to go abroad.

H. F.



Henrik Ibsen.

From "Ibsen: Master Builder," by A. E. Zucker (Thornton Butterworth).

SHAKESPEARE FOR ACTORS

"The Swan Shakespeare: A Player's Edition." With notes by C. B. Purdom and illustrations by Jean Campbell. 3 vols. 25s. (Dent.)

One foresees this edition having a great vogue among Shakespeare-lovers, and more especially among those societies whose love is expressed in action. Of interest to all students (it follows the standard Camrbridge text, complete with the poems, and has an exhaustive glossary) it is particularly addressed to the amateur producer. Not that it undertakes the producer's work: it is "merely a beginning" for him, Mr. Purdom says: but a beginning which will set him far on his road, giving him more various information in its neat bulk than he might glean from many an hour's research in the libraries. There are notes on each play—its costumes, staging, music, properties, and the age and appearance of its chief characters: with illustrations giving details of dress, ornaments, etc., and even instructions for making them.

Also a general introduction, which is both pithy and full of exact and compendious knowledge. This treats of Shakespeare's stage and the conditions of his task: gives a good short account of him, and of contemporary theatres and companies: some notes on the first texts, and a chronological table: a short bibliography of the standard works on, e.g., costume and music: besides some instructive and often challenging remarks on Shakespeare-production in general. It is all thoroughly well done and (not least important in a work of this kind) a triumph of ordered terseness. The volumes are separately obtainable at 9s. each; but few readers, and no society, will willingly stop short of the set.

G. S.

BROADCASTING FOR BOOKMEN

Some November Talks of Literary Interest

Selected by
J. D. Crawshaw

In the winter months, when the portable set is restored to its rightful place by the fireside and no longer breaks the stillness of garden or river, it is well that the speakers of the B.B.C. should occasionally talk to us of books. And surely enough in the talks arranged for November there is a fair sprinkling of talks of literary interest. It might be urged that the sprinkling is not sufficiently generous; and those who maintain with Austin Dobson that "Old wine, old books, old faces, these are best," will find some cause for complaint in the November programme, where old books are not very strongly represented. Apart from Mr. Basil Willey's final talk on the novels of Thomas Hardy (November 3rd, 7.25 p.m.) and Mr. V. C. Clinton Baddeley's weekly readings from "David Copperfield" (November 6th, 13th, 20th and 27th, 6.0 p.m.), there appears to be only one other concession to literature of the past. That is the series of talks on the Spirit of Adventure (November 1st, 8th, 15th, 22nd and 29th; London and Midland Regional, 8.30 p.m.), in which readings will be given from the lives and adventures of great explorers.

But perhaps, after all, the people who are really fond of old books would rather read them than hear someone else talk about them; and it may be true that the average listener finds an account of a new book more interesting than an appreciation of an old one. Those who like to hear about the latest publications can listen to Miss V. Sackville-West (November 3rd and 17th, 7.0 p.m.) and Mr. Desmond MacCarthy (November 10th and 24th, 7.0 p.m.), who will talk of books in general; or to Mr. A. Duff Cooper (November 13th, 7.0 p.m.) and Mr. Michael Sadleir (November 27th, 7.0 p.m.), who will review the most important of the new novels. The idea of alternating the book-reviewers is undoubtedly a good one, for it is a little monotonous to hear the voice of the same reviewer week after week.

Among talks of general literary interest there is Mr. J. C. Squire's final talk in his Enjoyment of Words series (November 7th; London and Midland Regional, 8.30 p.m.). Mr. Squire's talks have been designed to make people more appreciative of the words which they read and use, and his final talk is sure to be entertaining and instructive even for those who have not heard the rest of the series. For the lovers of modern poetry there is the weekly series of readings from notable modern poets (November 3rd, 10th, 17th and 24th, 6.0 p.m.); and for people who are able to listen to morning talks there is the continuation of Mrs. Oliver Strachey's series on "Reading for Fun." This month she is dealing with Books about Crime (November 7th, 10.45 a.m.) and Books of Everyday Life (November 21st, 10.45 a.m.).

By a new arrangement these morning talks are being given in the London Regional programme.

In addition to the talks which are directly concerned with books and literature, there are others which are likely to make a particular appeal to serious readers. Everyone who has read Canon Streeter's "Reality," and everyone who has been advised to read it but has not done so, should make a point of hearing his contribution to the symposium on Science and Religion (November 9th, 5.45 p.m.). Another notable contributor to this Sunday symposium is Sir Arthur Eddington (November 23rd, 5.45 p.m.), while the talk by Professor Samuel Alexander (November 30th, 5.45 p.m.) stands out as one of the most important features of the month's programmes. I do not know if Professor Alexander has spoken before the microphone before, but in any case no one should miss the opportunity of hearing the greatest English philosopher of the day. The other speakers in this symposium during November are the Very Rev. H. R. L. Sheppard (November 2nd, 5.45 p.m.) and the Rev. C. J. O'Hara, S.J. (November 16th, 5.45 p.m.).

Other talks which are likely to appeal to the general reader are those by Professor Ernest Barker on "What Is Liberty?" (November 13th, 20th and 27th, 7.25 p.m.), and those by Sir James Jeans on "The Stars in their Courses" (November 18th and 25th; Daventry only, 8.0 p.m.). And the many admirers of the Hon. Harold Nicolson's "Some People," and of his recent biography of his father will automatically switch on their sets for his Friday evening comments on People and Things (November 7th, 14th, 21st and 28th, 9.20 p.m.).

The talks mentioned in this article are in the National Programme, unless otherwise stated.

IN THOSE DAYS

(From THE BOOKMAN, November, 1895.)

We are informed, on what appears to be reliable authority, that Mr. Alfred Austin has been appointed Poet Laureate, and that the formal announcement may be expected about the middle of this month.

* * * * *

It is understood that Mr. Ruskin receives a minimum sum of £4,000 a year for his works, the sale of which continues unabated.

* * * * *

It is not often that the appearance of a new writer is heralded by the announcement of half a dozen books, but something like that has happened in the case of Mr John Buchan. Mr. Buchan, who is only twenty-one years of age, is a Scotchman, the son of a Free Church minister in Glasgow. Last session he took a scholarship at Glasgow University, where he worked hard at Philosophy and Classics; and he has just gone to Oxford, where he is entered at Brasenose.

While in Scotland, Mr. Buchan did a good deal of work for the *Glasgow Herald*, and he contributed articles to *Macmillan's* and the *Gentleman's Magazine*. One of the *Macmillan* papers was entitled "Scholar Gipsies," and that is to be the name given to the volume of collected essays to be published by Mr. John Lane. Several of these are descriptive of life in the drove roads, on the borders. Mr. Buchan used to make his holiday among the shepherds there, and his volume of Scotch stories, "The Face of Persephone," which may be expected in the spring, will deal with their life, in a less sentimental manner than several recent Scotch writers have employed. A volume of Fishing Verses is on the stocks, and we understand that a Covenanting Romance is nearly finished. Before coming south Mr. Buchan spent a few days with Mr. Crockett.

* * * * *

The competition among sixpenny general magazines of the *Strand* type bids fair to be unprecedented. About a year ago the *Windsor Magazine* was started, and it is to pass into the capable hands of Mr. David Williamson, and to publish the new story by Mr. Hall Caine. The *Ludgate Monthly* has been taken over by the *Black and White* Publishing Company, and is to have new life put into it. Mr. Pearson, of *Pearson's Weekly*, is to commence a magazine which is avowedly a rival to the *Strand*. Messrs. Harmsworth, of *Answers*, have long had on the stocks yet another periodical of the same kind. And of course there are rumours of more to come.

* * * * *

Mr. Rider Haggard is understood to be contemplating more than one journalistic enterprise at present—a daily newspaper, and a periodical specially devoted to serve Africa.

ADVENTURE TALES

A Postscript and a Comparison

"The Museum Murder." By John T. McIntyre. 7s. 6d. (Geoffrey Bles.)
"The Green Jade Hand." By H. S. Keeler. 7s. 6d. (Ward, Lock.)
"Mysterious Waye." By P. C. Wren. 7s. 6d. (Murray.)
"Man-Hunt." By L. A. Knight. 7s. 6d. (Sampson Low.)
"A Hair Divides." By Claude Houghton. 7s. 6d. (Thornton Butterworth.)
"China Seas." By Crosbie Garstin. 7s. 6d. (Chatto & Windus.)

I had in mind, this month, to sum up and conclude the set of articles in which I have discussed the technique of the crook-story—I hope not *ad nauseam*: for half the fun of reading thrillers is to compare the different ways of concocting them—but it turns out that the month's parcel includes two which are not crook-stories at all. This pair, "A Hair Divides" and "China Seas," are of such individual and fine quality that I postpone them for separate treatment: proposing meanwhile to turn over the four thrillers, and to see how far they conform to the best thriller type.

A quick start, and an early corpse: steady development; not too much light on what it is all about; and as much plausibility as possible, for Aristotle's sake—such we have found to be among the most important ingredients. "The Museum Murder" misses some of these essentials at first, though Mr. McIntyre manages to mix things up very prettily when he gets into his stride; but he is never very plausible—least of all in the licence which his hero enjoys, to investigate independently under the nose of the police. "The Green Jade Hand" and "Mysterious Waye" are quicker off the mark; also, their element of mystery is more strong—Major Wren keeping readers wondering what his man will do next and why; Mr. Keeler successfully exploiting a most ingenious red-herring. "Man-Hunt" employs three effective gambits which the others rather neglect—night-operations (crook stories ought to take place, like "Macbeth," mainly in the dark), plenty of good mixed fighting, and a cross-country chase at the end. The treatment is better, too; for Mr. Keeler comes to grief in the matter of dialects, and Major Wren's light relief is marred by a certain facetiousness which does not always come off.

To turn from these books to Mr. Houghton is to realise what a gulf separates the commercial thriller from the study of character, more especially since "A Hair Divides" is itself concerned with a crime; but the crime here is nothing, the psychological consequence all. It is the story of a second-rate talent, brought up short in impotent jealousy against genius. Mr. Houghton has gone far indeed since his early work of seven years ago; this latest book has an almost Dostoievskian range. Another excellent story is "China Seas"—character again, but this time with thrilling adventure in the Merchant Service for background, and with word-pictures of sea, wind and landscape which Conrad himself could not better. Two really notable books. In each the physical events, which would have formed the central theme of a mere adventure tale, are kept subservient to the keener interest of character. It is not that the events are scamped ("China Seas" holds thrill enough for three adventure-stories); simply that the author's main concern (and so the reader's, inevitably) is the reaction of his folk to their experience. Events here are incidental; they do not rule the plot; rather they seem themselves to be ruled by their victims, in the sense that they are subdued and forced into the task of helping to mould a man's soul. This surely is the way in which events should be used, on the higher level of fiction; it gives the measure of difference between thrill-making and literature.

Graham Sutton.

BOOKMAN COMPETITIONS

Results of October Entries

I.—The Prize of One Guinea for the best original lyric is awarded to Maiiquita Villard, 18, Half Moon Street, Piccadilly, London, for the following:

CORINTHIAN GULF.

We sailed from Corinth West one burning August noon,
Drowsily watching, till the coming night—
An interval the lovelier for the absent moon—
Stealthily broke upon our torpid sight.

Like an unearthly stream of gliding mercury
Turning with dusk as dim as lead in tone,
The slow, smooth water under us moved heavily.
Startlingly black beside it, rose the cone

Of one small island. In the ambient light's decline,
Bands, at first dull, of purple, gold and blue,
Grew clear and bright above the sea's horizon line;
While overhead the Milky Way burst through,

A branch whose sharp leaves lighted from their fiery maze
An arch so deep and dark, it seemed to us
That even they, joined with the hidden sun's last rays,
Could not have made it quite so luminous.

The silence of the pausing world swept stars and sea,
And like our breathing which in sleep becomes
Rhythmic and full, the silence beat unconsciously.
The thunder rolling from a thousand drums

With all the far reverberations of the sound,
Could not have held for us a power more strong
Than silence then; its majesty had drowned
Even the waves' slight, swishing, tuneless song.

Then, with the last oblivious fibre of our sense
Vibrant with outward beauty self-revealed,
We marvelled at our ecstasy, and we were tense
With the surprise of it. Though long concealed

From us, during the dead past's tedious spell,
Perfection yet had been; now we were hoping
Reason would be requited for its toil as well,
And by some sign from heaven, could cease its groping.

And yet we knew that we were asking this in vain.
Sufficient answer to the mystery,
Our quickened mood. The mind must nurse its doubt in pain;
No further revelation is to be.

We also highly commend the lyrics by Mrs. May Belben (Wimborne), Frank N. Jellicoe (Hounslow), Marguerite Allday (Birmingham), P. N. Freeston (London, N.W.), Frederick N. L. Poynter (Folkestone), Norah M. Butterfield (Westward Ho!), L. C. Lesley House (Christchurch, N.Z.), A. Doris L. Wilson (Bedford), Mary L. Lane (Victoria, Australia), G. M. Haines (Ringwood), E. M. Frampton (Wakefield), D. F. Larkin (Brighton), Edith M. Walker (Bournemouth), Dallas Kenmare (Barnt Green), Isobel M. Lillie (Bridlington), Melfin W. Jones (Cardiff), A. E. Saunders (Castleford), J. E. L. Fletcher (Nyasaland), Verna Loveday Harden (Toronto), Vera I. Arlett (Worthing),

II.—The Prize of Half a Guinea for the best quotation is awarded to the Rev. F. Hern, Rowland's Castle, Hants, for the following:

MY EARLY LIFE.

By the Right Hon. Winston S. Churchill, C.H., M.P.
(Thornton Butterworth.)

"Either a little Liberal
Or else a little Conservative."
W. S. Gilbert, *Iolanthe.*

We also select for printing:

THE UNCERTAIN TRAVELLER. BY JOHN FISHER. (Duckworth.)

"He knew not where he was, nor greatly cared."

BYRON, *Don Juan*, Canto 8.

(John E. Woods, 63, Mayfield Road, Earlsdon, Coventry.)

STAYING WITH RELATIONS. BY ROSE MACAULAY. (Collins.)

"Though this be madness, yet there's method in't."

SHAKESPEARE, *Hamlet*.

(A. Eleanor Pinnington, 70, Pitt Street, Norwich.)

III.—THE PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS for the best note on the heroine of fiction the writer would like to entertain at his or her table is awarded to Barbara Hughes-Stanton, Scarsdale Lodge, Wrights Lane, W.8, for the following:

HANNAH MOLE FROM "MISS MOLE."

BY E. H. YOUNG.

Hannah Mole would certainly be an ideal guest. Unlike most fictional heroines she is possessed of no dazzling beauty or still more dazzling deeds of prowess to make one feel distressingly inferior and obliged to listen humbly. No, Miss Mole would enjoy herself, and thus enjoying throw caution to the winds and regale one with stories. Stories which would bring stages of her life to you—that infinitely hard and mostly dreary life—but to her, with her gay humour and unquenchable love of it, a life worth living in spite of longings. Her delicious malice stripping all those people in her existence of their petty vanities—those people who only see her as a drab little person in her proper place—but avoiding mere "cattiness" by her obvious unconscious liking for those nine-pins which she so joyously knocks down with her rapier wit—What an amusing evening we should have.



Old Age.

Sculpture by a pupil of the Tagore School.

(See article on Page 112).

We also specially commend the replies from E. D. Bennett (Stockport), Mrs. E. G. Elton (Norbury), J. E. A. Gedge (Harlow), Margaret Owen (Whitstable), Jeanne Harrison (Canterbury).

IV.—THE PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best quotation from English literature applicable to the leaders of the three political parties is awarded to the Rev. Edwin J. Matthews, The Rectory, Calstone, Calne, Wilts, for the following:

"I'll do, I'll do, and I'll do."

SHAKESPEARE, *Macbeth*, Act I, Scene 3.

We cannot refrain from printing the reply from Mrs. Maude R. Fleeson, 26, Chatham Grove, Withington, Manchester, who has given three quotations instead of one, and to whom a consolation prize of THREE NEW BOOKS is awarded:

RAMSAY MACDONALD:

"Our dole more deadly looks than dying."

JOHN FLETCHER, *Dirge of the Three Queens*.

LLOYD GEORGE:

"The cynosure of neighbouring eyes."

MILTON, *L'Allegro*.

STANLEY BALDWIN:

"And in me there dwells no greatness, save it be some far-off touch of greatness to know well I am not great."

TENNYSON, *Lancelot and Elaine*.

We also select for special commendation the replies by Marjorie Darrah (Prestwich), S. Barrington McClean (Glasgow), Iris Ottaway (Bungay).

V.—THE PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best review in not more than one hundred words, of any recent book, is awarded to Lucy Malleson, 64, Gordon Road, Ealing, W.5, for the following:

NOVELS AND NOVELISTS.

BY KATHERINE MANSFIELD. (Constable.)

It is to be questioned whether Katherine Mansfield was really qualified to criticise the ordinary novel. Her own conception of life was so individual, her reactions so delicate, that she did not always realise that a more clumsy and blurred outline did not necessarily involve insincerity but merely imperception. The chief value of this book to her admirers will be the vivid examples it affords them of her keen powers of observation, her sharp and delicate wit, her knowledge of the heights of human nature, and her burning insistence on truth, that was her touchstone in all things.

We also specially commend the replies by Mollie Moore (Warnham), A. Eleanor Pinnington (Norwich), B. M. Beard (Bexleyheath), Dallas Kenmare (Barnt Green), M. K. McIntosh (Cheltenham), Ronald Kidd (London, W.), F. D. Young (Blaenau Festiniog), Joan Vale (Moss Vale, New South Wales), G. Pitt (London, N.), Evelyn Bamber (Wilpshire), Mrs E. G. Elton (Norbury), B. Noël Saxelby (Buxton).

VI.—THE PRIZE OF ONE YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION TO THE BOOKMAN is awarded to J. Macnaughton Smith, 41, Central Hill, Upper Norwood, S.W.19.

PRIZE COMPETITIONS FOR NOVEMBER

Answers to these Competitions (each on a separate sheet bearing name and address of sender) must be received by the Editor not later than December 12th. A competitor may enter for all the Competitions, but must cut out the coupon on the back cover and send this with each answer or group *of answers, and address envelope:*

"The Prize Page," THE BOOKMAN, St. Paul's House, Warwick Square, London, E.C.4.

Competitors must please keep copies of their MSS.; the Editor cannot undertake to return them.

THE PRIZES OFFERED THIS MONTH ARE:

I.—ONE GUINEA for the completion, in not more than twelve lines of rhymed verse, of Diaper Sandoe's "sentimental alliterative love-poem" referred to in Chapter I of "The Ordeal of Richard Feverel." It was composed during the time that the poet and Lady Feverel "played Rizzio and Mary together," and the only lines extant are:

"For I am not the first who found
The name of Mary fatal."

II.—HALF A GUINEA for a description by Mr. Samuel Pepys of Armistice Day, 1930, in not more than two hundred and fifty words.

III.—HALF A GUINEA for the best quotation from English verse of the twentieth century applicable to any book advertised in this number.

IV.—THREE NEW BOOKS for the best letter not more than two hundred words in length disagreeing with any review which appears in this number.

V.—THE BOOKMAN will be sent post free for twelve months to the sender of the best suggestion for a competition.

"THE BOOKMAN" CROSSWORD.

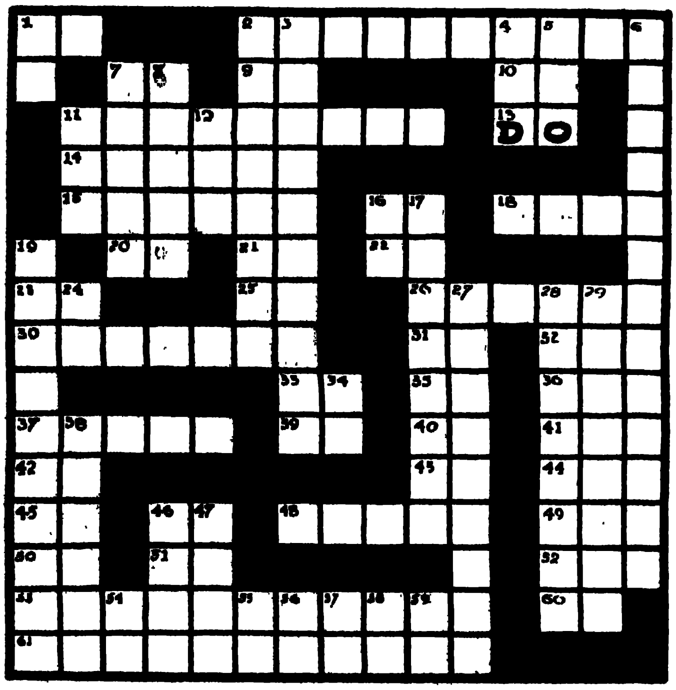
I.—CHARLES LAMB. BY "PROCRUSTES."

ONE GUINEA will be sent to the sender of a correct solution who provides the best clue to 13 across.

Competitors should use the crossword on the cover for their attempts. The one on this page is for reference in the bound volume.

CLUES ACROSS.

1. This relation of Elia "is the systematic opponent of innovation."
2. Where mendicants decay.
7. Brother and sister.
9. Indefinite article.
10. Behold.
11. Hither repaireth the Reader to secure a place for Dalston or Shacklewell.
14. When maidens such as Hester die there is none of this.
15. A 12-like tribesman.
16. Preposition.
18. Elia writes "d——d" rather than utter this.
20. Have a shot, though handicapped by lack of tail.
21. National Institute.
22. American State.
23. 1 across thought it a pity that fine Eton lads should become this.
25. Exist.
26. He is evidently upset by the present commemorations of his Roman creator.
30. Charles was too late to frustrate crazed Mary's this.
31. Distinguished order.
32. Girl's name.
33. Negative.
35. 23.
36. Vigorous request for silence.
37. "It was as if some of those disfigurements in . . . had seized upon" the schoolboy.
39. Elia's friend who "got me to think I understood the first proposition in Euclid, but gave me over in despair at the second."
40. 51 reversed.
41. More than one.
42. Preposition.
43. But (Italian).
44. Alas, *miserande puer*!
45. Another distinguished order.
46. Prefixed to historical fruits.
48. See 4.
49. Ahems.
50. 10.
51. Hail.
52. For the royal and ancient.
53. By these Lamb is chiefly known.
60. An authoritative signature.
61. She enjoyed the rigour of the game.



CLUES DOWN.

1. A schoolfellow of Elia's, whose departure disproved that death was wearing out ("Distant Friends").
2. He was Horace's. Lamb was too late to have one.
3. Form into a military body.
4 down and 48 across. Familiar, but Lamb found them sadly transitory.
5. Lamb was forty years 4 when this battle was fought with additional water.
6. "This was once a house of trade"—but now "a desolation something like Balclutha's."
7. Retain each till June.
8. May cause much pain.
11. Reverse French wireless.
12. There was this even in Heaven.
16. Preposition.
17. To Lamb the 2 across was all one (delete a 52 across).
19. This good master is welcome on "All Fools' Day."
24. Put and take away the tail.
27. Unnecessary to Lamb's worth.
28. One who tries to live up to the china in his room.
29. Letters should be.
34. 31.
38. Part of West Africa.
46. Prolonged chuckle.
47. In Elia's story an accident led to the discovery of a new one.
54. Indian demonstrators might wish thus to upset a title.
55. This half-brother of Miss Burney was an artist in the matter of Valentines.
56. South Africa.
57. Initials of a poet friend of Lamb's.
58. Preposition.
59. Chemical suffix.



PALL MALL EAST IN 1894.



HYDE PARK CORNER, 1894.

Glimpses of Sherlock Holmes's England



WITH THE VOLUNTEERS.



MR IRA D. SANKEY AT THE METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE, 1892.

The Bookman
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The Poet Laureate

THE POETRY OF JOHN MASEFIELD

By Charles Davy

NOT long before the War an elderly poet, who had been almost famous during the "Yellow Book" period, spoke to me with a smile of "The Everlasting Mercy." "I always call it," he said, "the 'everlasting cursy'." Nowadays we are less easily frightened by strong language, and "The Everlasting Mercy" is unpopular mainly for other reasons—for its emotionalism and its religious earnestness.

But in spite of the crudities of this poem there are passages in it which have a spontaneous force seldom equalled in Masefield's later work, and unknown in his earlier work. The "Salt-water Ballads" and the "Ballads and Poems" are by a man who has felt the sea and the country-side and has found in himself a gift for writing verse, but they are more often distinctive through their material than through their expression. Nor is their sentiment very sure—the "tall ship" of "Sea Fever" sails perilously close to the sea-coast of Bohemia.



Mr. John Masefield in his garden.

It was only when the *English Review* began to publish his long narrative poems that Masefield established himself as a poet who could not be regarded as a shadow of Kipling. These long poems, dramatic rather than epic in conception, are a natural link between Masefield's shorter lyrics and his poetic plays (with which in this article I am not concerned). Their sustained energy—their "drive"—sets them apart from most twentieth century poetry. It is rare nowadays to find a poet who is not afraid of character and incident—a poet who attempts to give us a world of objective action rather than a world of subjective imagery. And it is never through any faltering of energy or weakness of construction that these long poems fail. They do not make us feel that Masefield ought not to have chosen this particular medium. When they fail it is through lack of that controlling taste whose function it should be to save energy from running over into bathos.

Bathos—this is Masefield's besetting enemy. Its worst attacks occur in "The Daffodil Fields" and "The Widow in the Bye Street." Its presence is very noticeable at times in "The Everlasting Mercy," less noticeable in "Dauber" and scarcely noticeable at all in "Reynard the Fox." But if only one of Masefield's long poems was to be kept it is not "Reynard the Fox" that I should choose — nor "Right Royal," which is in the same vein, but much less well done. Personally, I think I should choose "The Everlasting Mercy," but I can understand many people preferring to keep "Dauber."

"Dauber" is not nearly so skilful, nor so consistently effective as "Reynard the Fox," but it seems to embody far more original experience.

> "Out of the rain the voices called and passed,
> The staysails flogged, the tackle yanked and shook.
> Inside the harness-room a lantern cast
> Light and wild shadows as it ranged its hook."

The sea, the ship, the old seamen, the hurricane off the Horn—all these are real in this poem. Dauber himself does not seem to me quite real, because here again I feel Masefield making the mistake of not knowing where to stop. He strains our sympathies by appealing to them with unnecessary emphasis—and it is in this sudden chilling of the reader's sympathies that bathos essentially consists.

" Reynard the Fox " is Mr. Masefield's most successful poem chiefly, I think, because it is largely descriptive. It does not tempt him to emphasise an emotional moral and it gives full scope to his command of swift, rhythmical verse.

> " They saw the Yell Brook like a gem
> Blue in the grass a short mile on ;
> They heard faint cries, but hounds were gone
> A good eight fields and out of sight,
> Except a rippled glimmer white
> Going away with dying cheering,
> And scarlet flappings disappearing,
> And scattering horses, going, going,
> Going like mad, White Rabbit showing
> Far on ahead, a loose horse taking
> Fence after fence with stirrups shaking,
> And scarlet specks and dark specks dwindling."

It is not surprising that " Reynard the Fox "—vivid, dramatic, traditional in theme yet modern in treatment—should have become probably the most popular and widely-read poem written by any Laureate except Tennyson.

Its two weaknesses are that the fox is given human thoughts and human emotions, and that (to my mind) the whole poem is more contrived than inspired. The long opening account of the meet is full of tersely effective thumb-nail sketches, but it is rather like a parade of typical English specimens. The assembly of Chaucer's pilgrims (a frequently quoted parallel) is far more living and genial. Then the run itself seems to be planned with a rather too obvious care for dramatic effect. But this may be hypercritical; and of the poem's descriptive qualities there can be no doubt. If it is not the finest kind of poetry it is certainly a brilliant genre piece ; and on this account it will probably outlast nearly all the rest of Masefield's work.

Apart from his long narrative poems and his early sea pieces, Masefield has written a large number of sonnets and miscellaneous poems. The full extent of his output is often not realised ; his " Collected Poems " (including the plays) make a bulky volume of nearly eight hundred pages.

Among these miscellaneous poems much of his best work is to be found ; but it needs some looking for. " Enslaved," for example, is shorter than the other narrative poems and in a different key, but it is full of colour and movement and dramatic feeling, and deserves to be at least as well known. " August, 1914," will endure, I think ; " Biography " I like, and many other passages, scattered through the sonnets and elsewhere, which I have no space to quote.

But wherever I start reading in the " Collected Poems," it is never long before I feel a certain uneasiness. The constant invocation of " beauty," for example—it seems to me that beauty, like happiness, cannot be invoked or pursued for its own sake. A poet's business is to make us aware of beauty, not to talk about it. When he talks about it, he is like a man waving a flag and singing " Rule, Britannia " in war time. There is no flag-waving in the front-line trenches of poetry.

Perhaps another way of putting this is to say that Masefield appeals more to the emotions than to the imagination. He stirs up familiar emotional associations but he seldom forces upon us new imaginative experience. Much of his poetry can be enjoyed only at the cost of surrendering to a slightly bemused emotional mood. And it is his determination to flog our emotions into this yielding state that leads him, as I have already suggested, into his worst faults.

To praise Masefield merely for his technical equipment—his remarkable command of rhyme and metre and rhythm—would not be very flattering. The question one would like to ask—though it is a question which cannot be answered—is why a poet, whose early work was—in spite of its crudities—so full of force and promise, has not developed further.

When Conrad left the sea and went to live in Kent one felt that he had finished his voyages. I am not sure that this is true of Masefield. Perhaps there are voyages, necessary for a poet, which he has not yet made ; and he may not find it easy to make them now from Boar's Hill.

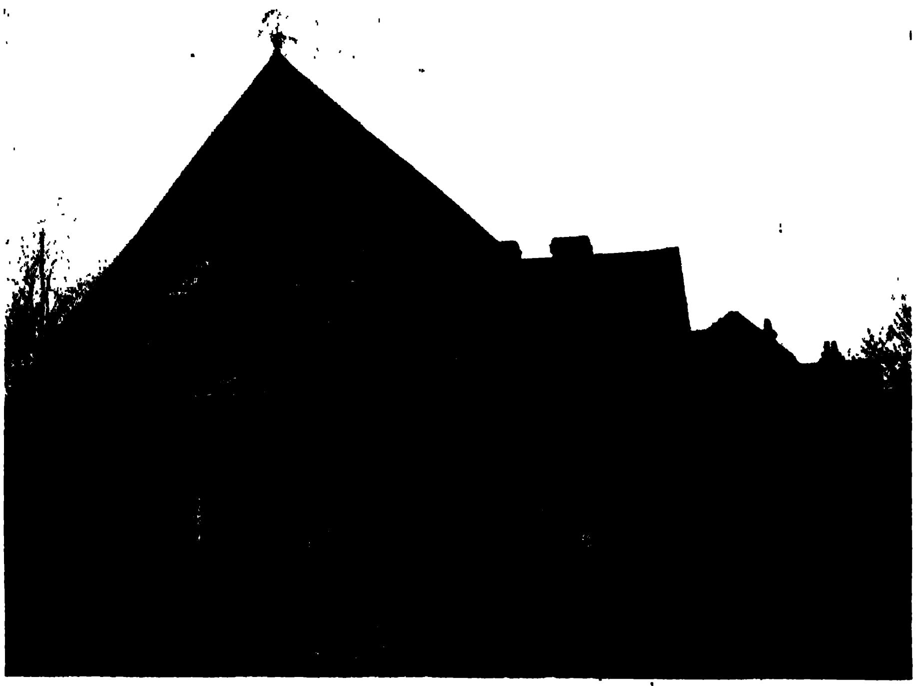
THE PROSE OF JOHN MASEFIELD

By T. R. Henn

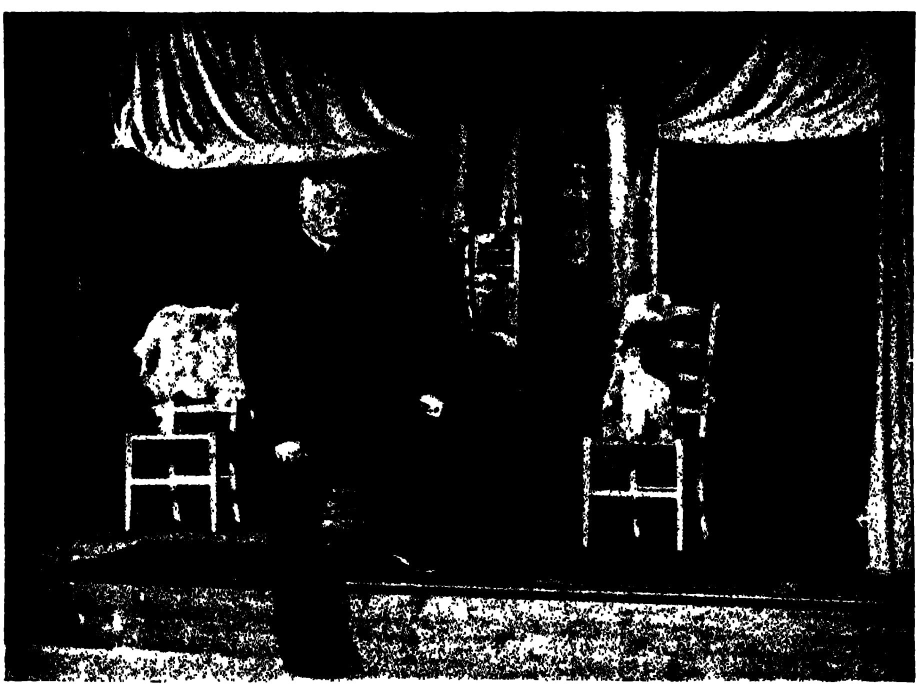
" FOR words, after all, words manipulated with all his delicate force, were to be the apparatus of a war for himself. To be forcefully impressed, in the first place ; and in the next, to find the means of making visible to others that which was vividly apparent, delightful, of lively interest to himself, to the exclusion of all that was middling, tame, or only half true even to him. . . ."

I have come fresh from re-reading " Marius the Epicurean." Perhaps one tends to feel of Pater's own style as Coleridge felt of Gibbon's : we " seem to be looking through a luminous haze or fog." That great book, with its exaltation of Roman piety and its strange peacefulness, has a peculiar charm that was Pater's secret alone. The writing of his age has something of the scent of the hot-house, and a quality of leisure to which our own time is very alien ; and while it would be difficult to find two writers of more conflicting personality than Walter Pater and Mr. Masefield, yet the literary ideals of Flavian might serve for a text for both.

" A Mainsail Haul " and " A Tarpaulin Muster " have something of the preciosity of one who has just discovered the possibility of speech " as fully flavoured as a nut or an apple " ; the prose rhythms are those of the pseudo-Celtic school, without ever having their full vitality. There is word-painting in " Edward Herries," but it is stiff and unreal ; life only comes in the description of the sea, and in the speech of sailors. There is much in these short stories to foreshadow later development ; but it is the little volume on Shakespeare in the Home University Library which first



MR. MASEFIELD'S THEATRE AT HIS HOUSE AT BOAR'S HILL.



MR. JOHN MASEFIELD ON THE STAGE OF HIS PRIVATE THEATRE AT BOAR'S HILL, OXFORD.



"THE COMING OF CHRIST."

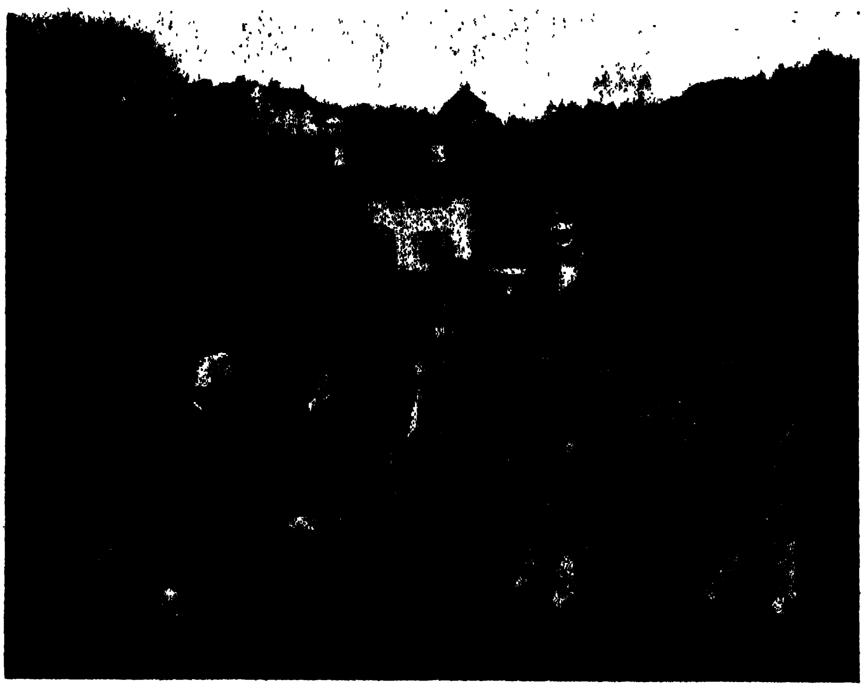


"THE TRAGEDY OF POMPEY THE GREAT."

Scenes from two of Mr. Masefield's plays

shows Mr. Masefield at his best. Here the criticism is dogmatic, explosive, compressed; short staccato sentences, opinions which frequently invite contradiction, and paradoxes which are a little too Chestertonian, alternate with judgments which have the supreme merit of being fresh, vivid and *felt*. A certain mystical power gives weight to his views on tragedy, and there is apparent throughout a fierce hatred of unrealities, in scholarship as in life.

This same fierce hatred gives its impetus to the opening chapter of "Multitude and Solitude," and lies behind "The Street of To-day." The former is in many ways, I think, the most remarkable of the novels. It is important because it aims at depicting psychological development of some complexity. The early death of the heroine provides the novel with a background sufficiently dim to give rise to no sentimentality; and the reader is left free to follow up character in its setting of action. There is no finer example of Mr. Masefield's art than the description of the tropical storm.



Mr. John Masefield and his daughter at Boar's Hill, Oxford.

It would be unfair to suggest that the relative success of "Multitude and Solitude," and the failure of "The Hawbucks," lay solely in the presence of a love interest. But some careful reading of the dialogue both in "The Hawbucks" and in the early chapters of "Odtaa" confirms the suspicion that Mr. Masefield is neither a student of feminine psychology nor a natural master of dialogue; and it is a hypothesis which will serve to explain much. As a novel of English country life, "The Hawbucks" is undated (internal evidence suggests the early years of this century); but the circle of hard-riding and harder-swearing "squireens" becomes more and more incredible as the book progresses.

It is in "Sard Harker," after all, that his prose is seen at its best, and its best is unique. It has speed, economy of movement and a rhythm which quickens the blood. I read it first in almost ideal surroundings, in a hospital in India; it held the attention for two long days. A second reading left one less sure; perhaps it was the disappointment attendant on purely adventure stories, more probably an episodic quality which makes the story creak at times upon its hinges. But the style is there, strong, swift and nervous; witness it in the picture of Sard in the swamp:

"The soft green grasses gave before him; they stroked his face gently, they closed in at the back of his neck, he felt them caress his body and tremble along his legs and lay enfoldments about his feet. When he thrust out his hands to swim, they sped from him, for they were frail grass and he a strong man; but before his stroke was made, they were back again; he felt them at his chest; they touched his chin; they rose from the water and touched his face . . . he wrenched that foot clear, and lo, all those soft little frail grasses seemed to come all about with a whisper, and they were as heavy as lead and as strong as sail-makers' twine."

Here an impression is conveyed most vividly, even to the similes which form the cadence, with a sense of rhythm which Stevenson or Synge might have envied; and it would be easy to give a score of parallel instances from the book.

English literature gives few instances of men who achieved fame as poets and as prose writers; perhaps Hardy, Meredith, and Milton in a somewhat different sphere, are the only examples. It is unreasonable to demand that a Poet Laureate should be a great novelist; and it is unlikely that our grandchildren will regard Mr. Masefield's prose as of more than historical interest. But he has shown that a vivid and readable adventure story may be written in good literary prose; he has showed that the portrayal of sheer action was in itself material for something approaching the epic scale, with its swiftness, its laconic statement and its lyric qualities.

Is the range of experience, of horses, of ships, of South America, of the English country-side, limited by its very intensity? Is this—to return once more to Flavian—the cause of his failure and the justification of his success? He has made visible—witness the multitude of descriptions in prose and verse—that which was vividly apparent, delightful, of living interest to himself; and he knows to the full the force and energy of words. But a novel such as "The Hawbucks" demands, by its plan and conception, a wider range of experience than "Jim Davis"; it demands an imaginative sympathy and a balance of mood and sympathy which the greatest artists possess; and it cannot be achieved by a knowledge of what is "middling, tame, or only half true." *La verité consiste dans les nuances.*

THE PLAYS OF JOHN MASEFIELD

By Norman Marshall

NO contemporary dramatist has been more poorly served by the theatre than Mr. Masefield. I can recall having seen over a score of productions of his plays, but only three of these performances were fair to the author. English actors and actresses are, at present, experts in the detailed and realistic reproduction of everyday life on the stage, but as soon as they have to cope with a non-realistic play they are clumsy and bewildered. If the play is in costume, their idea of achieving an "imaginative" production is merely to smother the play in spectacle and to make it seem as unreal and as far removed from everyday life as possible by adopting a laboriously artificial and stagy bearing, and speaking in a pompous and unnatural voice. If the play is written in verse they either do their best to conceal the fact by using all their technique to make it sound as "realistic" and as like prose as possible, or they use the verse to show off the range of their voice, without any particular regard to its rhythms or its meaning.

Mr. Masefield's two most successful plays, "The Tragedy of Nan" and "Pompey the Great," are written in modern colloquial prose, but these, together with the rest of his plays, can only be successfully produced on the stage by a producer who realises that they are essentially non-realistic plays, and that although written in prose, the prose is essentially that of a poet. It has, of course, none of the florid and over-decorated qualities of the stuff which used to pass as "poetic prose," but it is prose which is non-realistic and artificial in its elaborate and strongly marked rhythms.

If the rhythmic pattern of these plays is ignored in the production, the dialogue becomes laboured and unconvincing. In "The Tragedy of Nan" for example, the speeches, taken line by line, are abrupt and jerky, written almost entirely in brief, detached sentences. The producer and the actor must stand back from these speeches and see them as a whole, realising that each separate sentence is as insignificant and ineffective by itself as an isolated bar in a passage of music, but that together they form an elaborately balanced and magnificently effective structure.

As a writer of plays in verse Mr. Masefield has suffered unjustly from his critics as well as his actors. His verse plays have been adversely criticised by critics reading them in their studies (instead of seeing them in the theatres), for the very qualities which make them theatrically effective.

In the theatre there is no time to savour the delicate phrase. Words speed past the ear so quickly that the subtle word or phrase is swept by before it can be appreciated. The verse of Mr. Masefield's plays is good theatre verse because it is full of vivid lines and phrases which make an instant effect upon the mind of the hearer.



A Scene from "The Coming of Christ."

The weakness of Mr. Masefield's verse plays is that they are apt, suddenly and unexpectedly, to stop dead. Verse which a moment before was swift and exciting becomes sluggish, drained of all colour. The action of the play ceases. It is as if Mr. Masefield, in the very act of manipulating his puppets, suddenly becomes lost in thought. He lets the strings fall, his puppets droop upon their stage, and he stands brooding contemplatively over them, until at length the mood passes and, picking up the strings, he jerks them to life again.

His plays are a conflict between the contemplative and the active sides of his nature, and all of them lose dramatic force through the author's tendency to relate incidents instead of allowing the audience to see them. And yet Mr. Masefield is fully alive to the fact that action is the very essence of drama. In his essay on playwriting in "The Taking of Helen and Other Prose Selections" he writes that "the foundation of drama is this—that human nature is hypnotic; if you do something you will hold the attention of men."

Nevertheless in "Pompey the Great," in "Philip the King," in "Good Friday" and in many of his other plays the author seems reluctant to show his characters in action. Events happen off the stage, and we watch the reactions to these events in the minds of the

characters on the stage. The method is never dull, but it is too contemplative for the theatre, as we know it to-day.

It was perhaps a realisation of this which led Mr. Masefield to build his own theatre in the garden of his house on Boar's Hill, a theatre in which the actor, no longer isolated from his audience, could speak the more thoughtful and intimate passages of the plays as they were meant to be spoken, instead of having to bawl them out in an attempt to "put them across" to the audience.

As if to compensate for the lack of genuinely dramatic action in his plays, Mr. Masefield is liberal in the provision of scenes which make plenty of appeal to the eye by means of pageantry. He fully appreciates the visual side of play-writing, and most of his work is rich in magnificent pictures. He has the eye of a painter, and his plays have both the merits and the weaknesses of the work of a painter serving the theatre. He sees his plays as a series of pictures, and as a result he is apt to lose interest in the movements of his characters on the stage between the pictures, leaving them to themselves until he is ready to regroup them.

If only he had been able to distinguish between dramatic action and mere motion, some of his plays would rank with Flecker's "Hassan" as examples of what is meant by the "art of the theatre," an art which achieves its effect by the use of all the other arts which the theatre can command. As it is, "The Tragedy of Nan" and "Pompey the Great" are among the very few successful tragedies written for the modern theatre, and are distinguished by that austerity which is the characteristic of all Mr. Masefield's dramatic work, and is otherwise almost entirely lacking in contemporary play-writing.

It is this austerity of purpose which enabled "The Coming of Christ" to survive the ordeal of its presentation in Canterbury Cathedral. The subject of the play and the setting in which it was given would have laid bare the slightest tawdriness or theatricality of conception or execution, and one can think of no other living playwright whose work could have withstood this test.

MASEFIELD AND CRABBE: An Affinity

By A. Raymond Boyden

Despite many differences in outlook and style, there is an extraordinary resemblance between the work of Mr. John Masefield and that of the eighteenth century poet, George Crabbe. They both set out to write with a similar object in view. Crabbe's purpose was to be a realist. He did not intend to mock the nakedness of truth with the "barren flattery of a rhyme," but to

> "paint the Cot,
> As Truth will paint it, and as Bards will not."

Similarly, Mr. Masefield shouted the truth as he saw it in lurid language and fine verse. He prefaced his first book with the well-known "Consecration" that has fired his whole artistic life.

The vigour and originality of "The Everlasting Mercy" won Masefield immediate fame, precisely in the way that "The Village," with its daring novelty in poetic treatment of the poor, made Crabbe's name. "It was praised in the leading journals; the sale was rapid and extensive; and [the author's] reputation was . . . permanently established"—these words, written of "The Village," are equally applicable to "The Everlasting Mercy." Indeed, almost any critical statement regarding Crabbe, such as that to be found in "The Cambridge History of English Literature," might equally well have been written of Masefield.

The two poets undoubtedly hark back to a common master in Geoffrey Chaucer. It is known that Crabbe was thoroughly familiar with "The Canterbury Tales," and there is a story told—it may be quite apocryphal—that while Mr. Masefield was working in a carpet factory in the United States he purchased a 75c. Chaucer and decided to become a poet! If Crabbe and Masefield both derive from the same master, the essential difference in the result is explained by the fact that Crabbe lived in the eighteenth century, and modelled his verse on that of Pope, "the poetic dictator of the day," while Mr. Masefield did not begin writing until the dawn of the twentieth century, and was fundamentally influenced by the genius of Mr. W. B. Yeats.

Crabbe and Masefield, then, are similar in that each developed a gift for telling tales in verse and for drawing in a few incisive lines psychologically profound character sketches of living people. In their works both poets make their moral purpose clear, almost tract-like in parts. Both ascribe "most of the unhappiness related . . . to the ungoverned passions or weaknesses of the characters." Both write with a wealth of understanding and a desire to arouse sympathy with and pity for suffering humanity. Read "The Parish Register" and "The Borough," and turn to "The Widow in the Bye Street" and "The Daffodil Fields." Are there not often apparent the same lines of thought, the same accents, almost the same tones of speech?

There are similar patches of incredibly dull verse in both poets, and the same wellnigh perfect food for parody. Many of the faults mirrored so trenchantly and delightfully in "Rejected Addresses" reappear, to be laughed at once again, in Mr. J. C. Squire's merry parodies of Masefield in "Tricks of the Trade." But Crabbe nowhere supplies the pseudo-Celtic glamour that enables Mr. Squire wickedly to exclaim:

> "There's that purple passage done,
> And I have one less lap to run."

This treatment of beauty is one of the vital differences between the two poets. There is wholly absent from Crabbe the passionate lyric note that pervades all Masefield's work.

Of the obvious coincidences of resemblance perhaps it is worthy of note that Crabbe began his poetic life with a long piece on "Inebriety," a subject that has ever attracted Mr. Masefield. Again, the chief character in the tale of backsliding related in Letter XXI of "The Borough" is Abel Keene, and of "The Everlasting Mercy," Saul Kane. Crabbe wrote three novels when he was artistically old enough to recognise their grave defects and to "murder his darlings" during one of his periodical incremations. Mr. Masefield confessed some time ago that he hoped the several novels of *his* nonage were "all forgotten by now."

Crabbe was, and Mr. Masefield is, extremely popular with his contemporaries. Both poets in consequence reaped an unusually large financial reward from poetry. In 1827 Crabbe walked about London with Murray's cheque for £3,000 for the copyright of "The Tales of the Hall" stuffed in his waistcoat pocket. I do not propose to speculate on the value in 1927 of Mr. Masefield's copyrights, nor on his exact income, but it is probably rather more than a modest competence!

Finally, the present Laureate is undoubtedly the finest sea-poet England has produced, and though the "bond of sympathy" is manifestly a strong one between the two poets, it nevertheless is astonishing that one of the few striking sea-pieces in verse outside Masefield's work should be in Crabbe's "The Borough."

A Century of Laureates

ROBERT BRIDGES

By
Lascelles Abercrombie

Technique and "The Testament of Beauty"

THE preference nowadays is all for lyrical poetry. This is a fashion of the time; and a very slight acquaintance with literary history will suggest, that it is no more likely to be permanent than any other fashion. The real connoisseur, now as ever, likes every kind of poetry: all he requires is, that it should be good poetry. Perhaps there are signs that this fashion is not quite so masterful as it was. "The Dynasts" hit it pretty hard; so did "The Testament of Beauty." And indeed a fashion which would put the whole of Homer and Lucretius, and the chief of Dante and Shakespeare, into some sort of second class, is not likely to be the last word in literary taste. Still, there is not much doubt that if a poet has produced a considerable body of lyrical work, whatever else he has done, that will be the work commonly preferred to-day. It has certainly been so with Robert Bridges—at any rate before "The Testament of Beauty" came out. The usual opinion has been that his real contribution to English poetry is the "Shorter Poems": the rest of him, it was thought, the Dramas and Masks, the sonnet-sequence of "The Growth of Love," the experimental and reflective poems, even the delicious "Eros and Psyche," would not in the long run be found to matter much.

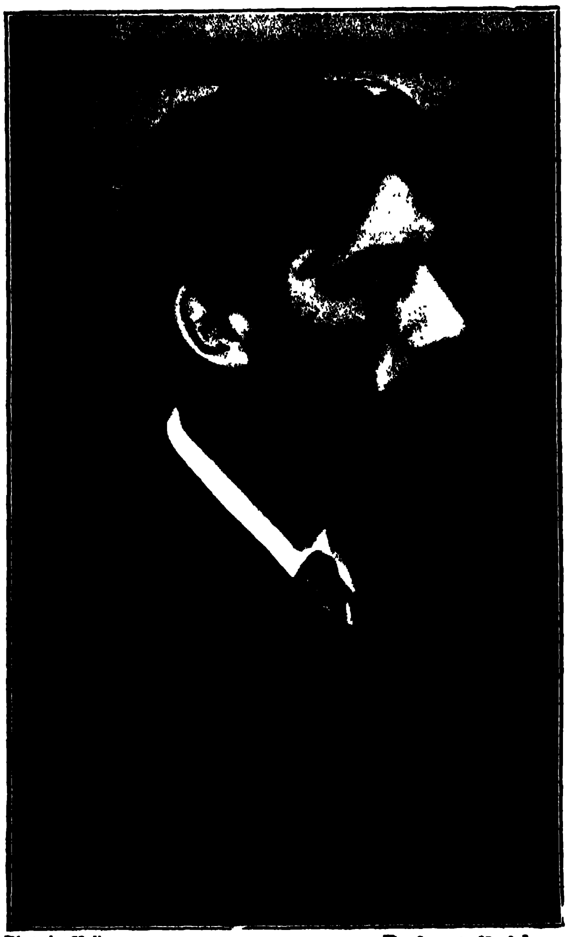


Photo by Hollyer.

Robert Bridges in 1888, æt. 44.

This opinion does not arise from the facts of the case; it arises simply from the fashionable preference for lyrical above all other kinds of poetry. It may be true—I think it probably is true—that his best work is in his lyrical poems; but the superiority, if there is any, is nothing very conspicuous; and as for the notion that his lyrical poetry comes first and the rest nowhere—well, "The Testament of Beauty" has, I should suppose, made that absurdity finally untenable. But it never was tenable; and the uncritical exaltation of his lyrical above his other work is, I believe, responsible for that other absurdity, the notion that he is a *poet of technique*—in the sense, namely, that he elaborated poetic craftsmanship into a calculated artifice without having, or caring to have, anything particular to say.

It is odd how suspicious the English mind is apt to be about technique in poetry. Obviously, Bridges was profoundly interested in technique: he studied it in many languages, and made all the use he could of his studies. But why should that be suspect in poetry which is taken as a matter of course in music and painting? And it is odd that a poet who wrote out of experiences, both intellectual and spiritual, so rich and broad and deep as Bridges' were, should have ever been accused of using technique for its own sake, as if the art of poetry were nothing but a kind of superlative conjuring trick. This accusation could never have stood for a moment against Bridges' work as a whole; it could only have arisen in the minds of those who, obsessed to begin with by this philistine mistrust of technique in poetry, knew nothing of Bridges but the "Shorter Poems."

For the technique there is unmistakable; but the piercing cry of extreme passion, and the emphatic note of insistent significance, are not there very notable. There is plenty of significance in these lyrics for those who can see it; as in the famous "Whither, O splendid ship," and the equally admirable "Who has not walked upon the shore," with its superb expanse of vision. There are rarities of emotion, like the "Nightingales" and "My spirit kisseth thine"; there are ecstasies like "Awake, my heart, to be loved" (what a perfect justification here of the utmost cunning of technique! what better expression of rapture could there be than this pattern of reiterated rhymes!); the pathos of the "Dead Child" is scarcely to be borne; there is a wonderful ceremonious gravity of feeling in the elegy, "Assemble, all ye maidens." But none of these things are stressed at all; and more characteristic would probably seem—more characteristic, I dare say *are*—those lyrics composed simply to put us in possession of moments of experience which the casual, blunt reader might very well think nothing remarkable.

Thus, "The Palm Willow" was apparently written merely in order to lead up to the magical phrase in the last two lines:

> "The woodland willow stands a lovely bush
> of nebulous gold;
> There the Spring-goddess cowers in faint attire
> of frightened fire."

SUPPLEMENT TO "THE BOOKMAN,"
CHRISTMAS, 1930



From a drawing by FRANK SLATER.

LASCELLES ABERCROMBIE.

Well, so it was. "Faint attire of frightened fire!" With what subtlety and intensity, at those words, the moment of experience—the complex of sense and thought and feeling—comes to life in our minds! But what message has the moment for us? Nothing but itself, nothing but its unique, exquisite self. And this is typical. The truth is that Bridges lived so continuously in the experience of beauty, and beauty was so absolutely for him the essential reality of things, that his lyrical art was serenely content to fix and immortalise, without comment or stress, the passing beauty of the moment. But to do so, with the perfection that is present all through the "Shorter Poems," required all the scholarship of technique he had so patiently acquired. The beauty of the moment needed no message to justify it; all it needed was the art to capture it. Only such a vivid interest in technique as Bridges had could have arrived at that art.

Ideally, there is no distinction between technique and matter in poetry. Actually, the distinction is often obvious enough. But Bridges, within the limits of his temperament, came as near as may be to the ideal. The whole of "The Testament of Beauty" (into the profound and fine philosophy of which I cannot now enter) proceeded from its first seven lines:

> "Mortal Prudence, handmaid of divine Providence,
> hath inscrutable reckoning with Fate and Fortune:
> We sail a changeful sea through halcyon days and storm,
> and when the ship laboureth, our stedfast purpose
> trembles like as the compass in a binnacle.
> Our stability is but balance, and wisdom lies
> in masterful administration of the unforeseen."

Wisdom has seldom spoken a more pregnant oracle; yet those great seven lines were composed as an experiment in technique. For Bridges, to experiment in technique was to speak his heart and mind. He no sooner took hold of his technique than the matter for which technique exists came to him as naturally as breathing.

It is the peculiarity of his lyrics that their matter is, on the whole, important simply by reason of the immediate beauty of the moment in which it occurs; and frequently this beauty is of such delicacy that its importance is scarcely appreciable except by those for whom, as for the poet, beauty is always and everywhere important. Hence the vulgar myth that his poetry is deficient in matter. But read his non-lyrical poetry, and the myth is exploded at once. Outside his lyrics, Bridges is full of matter. I need only mention the extraordinarily skilful argument of the "Wintry delights," with its Lucretian versifying of the most difficult scientific themes, the great dialogue in which Persephone tells Demeter of the "mysteries of evil" in the underworld, the penetrating psychology and the historical insight of "Nero," the vision of the last judgment in "The Christian Captives," Margaret's passion in "Palicio."

And now there is "The Testament of Beauty." It is much to be hoped that one effect of that noble poem will be to set people reading Bridges all through. They will then discern that, besides the lyrics, and the poems and plays I have already mentioned, he is the author of two of the most enchanting masterpieces in the whole body of English poetry—"Eros and Psyche" and "Achilles in Scyros."

ALFRED AUSTIN

A Laureate who was not a Poet

By
T. Earle Welby

IT was the unluckiest day of his life when Alfred Austin was made Poet Laureate.

Forget that he held that position, and as Tennyson's successor, and he will appear no worse than a good many contemporaries who busied themselves with poetry without being poets. He was no fool: Mudford, of the *Standard*, was not an editor to establish a fool as his principal leader-writer; Lord Salisbury was not the statesman to take counsel with the undiscerning; Courthope was not the sort of critic to share his editorship of the *National Review* with a colleague devoid of literary judgment. Even his verse was not always contemptible. On rare occasion he could write a lyric in such tolerable imitation of the Elizabethans as:

> "When logs about the house are stacked,
> And next year's hose is knit,
> And tales are told and jokes are cracked,
> And faggots blaze and spit,
> Death sits down in the ingle-nook,
> Sits down and does not speak:
> But he puts his arm round the maid that's warm,
> And she tingles in the cheek."

Now and then he could produce a rather good image, as in his sonnet on returning to the rigours of the English climate:

> "Amazonian March, with breast half bare,
> And sleety arrows whistling through the air,
> Will be my welcome from that burly land."

He wrote another sonnet:

> "Now on the summit of Love's topmost peak
> Kiss we and part; no farther can we go ..."

which has an idea, and some feeling, and a respectable level of expression maintained throughout. There is some fresh observation in certain of his pieces on the country-side.

But the pieces which have a measure of such secondary merits are not numerous; the pieces in which he humourlessly collapses, once or oftener, constitute perhaps nine-tenths of his work; and, most damaging consideration of all, not one thing that he wrote has the primary merit without which the secondary are of no avail.

He wrote a good deal in prose about the principles of poetry, winning the approval of John Addington Symonds, and in his remarks on individual poets there was sometimes a certain shrewdness, as in his complaint that Tennyson was rather too feminine in some of his moods. But his efforts in verse show clearly enough that he never understood the vital truth about poetry.

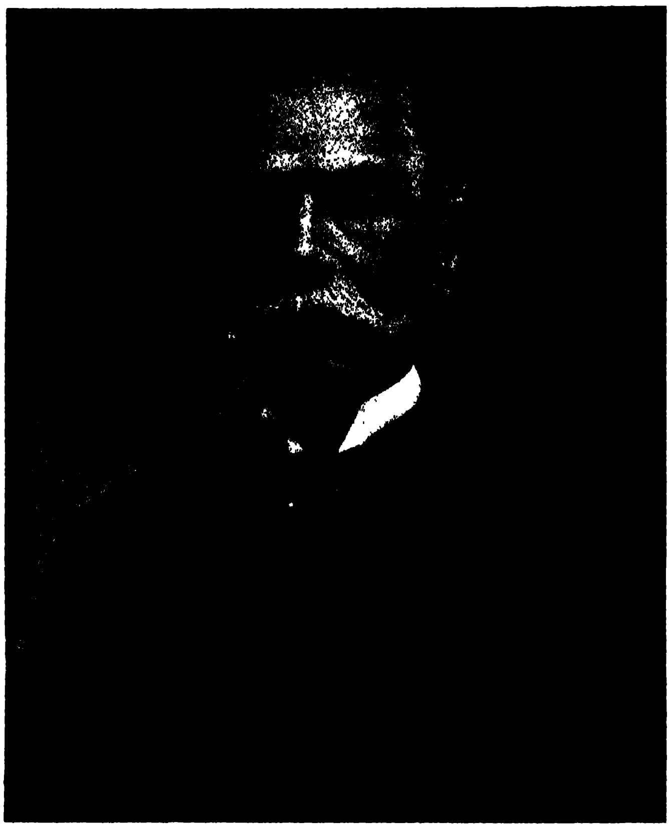
"All the rest is literature," said Verlaine, relegating to that category everything in verse which is not magical. The Alfred Austins of every age assume that the expression, with some literary merit, of untransmuted feeling can be poetry. It cannot. As a man, the poet

has the same feelings, though it be in an intensity not many of us know, as all of us. The merely literary merits of his direct expression of them differ only in degree, not in kind, from those of any capable craftsman in words. What differentiates him is the "shaping spirit of imagination," the power of transmuting his matter, so that we shall have in the result not the original matter but—what shall I say?—the animating idea of it, the reflection of it in some celestial mirror, not the beautiful thing as it was but eternal beauty manifest in it ephemerally.

In Alfred Austin there is statement, sometimes competent enough in a merely literary way, but never is there evocation. Though too facile, he was not unaware of the value of some minor methods of pleasing the ear, and once pointed out to the touchy but in this instance acquiescing Tennyson that there was a too close approximation of the same vowel in "lion" and "nigher," in:

> "Slowly comes a hungry people, as a lion creeping nigher
> Glares at one that nods and winks behind a slowly dying fire."

But he never understood that the words of poetry, in the admirable phrase of Joubert, must vibrate and leave endless undulations behind them. Music, in the fine sense, not merely in the sense of avoiding ugly or monotonous sounds; colour; perfume: in these he was utterly lacking.



Portrait by Elliott & Fry. **Alfred Austin, 1893.**

And then there was his utter lack of humour. Oscar Wilde once made enormous fun of Alfred Austin's Utopia in which culture would be made compatible with part-time menial work:

> "Anon, a broad-browed poet, dragging
> A load of logs along. . . ."

Wilde's wit played upon the fact that the log-rolling poet, far from being a dream of the blessed future, was a reality of the depressing present. Oddly, he missed the folly of putting "Anon," a poet well represented in the anthologies, in that context. The whole poem is an unconscious joke; Alfred Austin remained so unalive to its absurdity that, having written it in 1863, he revised it in 1889, and proudly reproduced it in his autobiography in 1910. Of more notorious plunges into bathos it is needless to write: they are kept in loving memory by all of us, together with the worst of Wordsworth's, of Coventry Patmore's, and of others who, unlike Alfred Austin, were poets. But even there Alfred Austin cannot be given inverted eminence, for he is but an Icarus without wings.

ALFRED TENNYSON IN YOUTH

The Man Behind the Legend

By
Hugh I'A. Fausset

THE publication a year ago of Tennyson's early play, "The Devil and the Lady," has added considerably to our knowledge of the boy who grew up in the Somersby rectory. His precocity as a writer of verse was indeed recorded in his son's "Memoir" which told us that the young Alfred was only eight when he covered a slate on two sides with Thomsonian blank verse in praise of flowers, and that at twelve he composed an epic poem of five thousand octosyllabic lines in the manner of Sir Walter Scott. But the short quotation which was all that was previously known of a play written at fourteen gave no idea of the remarkable quality of this precocity. And now that we have the whole play to study, perhaps what surprises us most is not the astonishing talent for versification which it reveals in a boy of fourteen, the extraordinary variety of knowledge, gleaned from his father's library, or the foretastes of the mature poet, but the unguarded glimpses which it affords of a side of Tennyson's personality that was too soon to be concealed and suppressed.

Something doubtless of the frankness and gusto of this play was an echo of his reading in Elizabethan drama, but it is well known that to the end of his life there survived beneath the recoiling sensibility, fastidiousness and moral dignity which he showed to the world, a rougher and more primitive strain. And the vigorous vitality, the broad humour and Rabelaisian invective of this early play, though mixed with much that is imitative and at times frankly schoolboyish, express a side of his nature which was never, in his poetry at least, to appear openly again.

Doubtless it is useless to inquire whether the climate of his age or some obscure revulsion in himself was responsible for this singular suppression. But I believe that the two most pronounced qualities of his early poetry and to some extent his whole development as a poet are traceable to it, and that this play does help

not a little, as his grandson suggests, to solve the enigma of Tennyson the man.

It is still believed by many that the young Tennyson was a purely lyrical poet, an exquisite embroiderer of words, who gradually became preoccupied with religious, moral and social problems, and particularly with that conflict between faith and doubt which shook his age to its foundations. But no one who reads his early poetry with an open mind can continue to hold that view for a moment. Even in "The Devil and the Lady" we find the boy of fourteen beginning to ask those questions of life, concerning the place of man in the universe, the relation of mind to matter and of body to spirit, which he was to continue uneasily to ask and answer to the end of his days.

But in the poems which appeared seven years later, his first important publication, this inner questioning has so eaten into the instinctive confidence of youth that hardly a trace of the earlier exuberance, vigour and frankness remains. Instead we find a poet whose persistent mood is one of morbid distress and melancholy, which finds implicit expression and so relief in the melodiously exotic music of such poems as "Claribel," "Mariana," "The Ballad of Oriana" or "A spirit haunts the year's last hours," or is explicitly and almost hysterically proclaimed in "Ode to Memory" or "Supposed Confessions of a Second-rate Sensitive Mind." Indeed, there is nowhere in his work, unless it be in "The Two Voices," a clearer statement than in this latter poem of that strange *malaise* which seems to have attacked Tennyson in late adolescence and which clung to him throughout his life despite all his later attempts to conceal it under moral affirmations or to cure it by domestic attachments.



Alfred Tennyson, 1838.
By Samuel Laurence.

Between the age of fourteen and twenty-one the fear of physical death and of physical life seems to have awoken in him with a disabling intensity, and with it a doubt of God, not only as he had been taught to regard Him, but as a determining and sustaining reality in himself. Thus in "Confessions of a Sensitive Mind" we find him writing:

"How sweet to have a common faith!
To hold a common scorn of death!"

And far from looking forward with adventuring eyes, as he stands on the threshold of life, his "gloomed fancy" recoils from a future so uncertain and insecure.

"Thrice happy state again to be
The trustful infant on the knee!
Who lets his rosy fingers play
About his mother's neck and knows
Nothing beyond his mother's eyes."

"Oh! wherefore," he cries,

"... do we grow awry
From roots which strike so deep?"

And although he rejects the comfort of traditional belief and claims

"... man's privilege to doubt,
If so be that from doubt at length,
Truth may stand forth unmoved of change,

the concluding lines of the poem,

"O weary life! O weary death!
O spirit and heart made desolate!
O damned vacillating state!"

show how little positive satisfaction doubt has brought him. If this were the only poem which provided evidence of the young Tennyson's subjective disorder, it might reasonably be argued that we were confusing an imaginary with a personal confession. But the truth is that almost all the poems in this 1830 volume confirm its evidence and show too that his neuroticism was conditioned not only by mental doubt but by a curious instinctive shrinking. This handsome, haughty, and swarthy young giant had developed a "double nature." An exquisite and fastidious sensibility had sapped the native certainty of boyhood and left him self-engrossed and self-divided. The sense of languor and melancholy which inevitably accompanied such a state breathes through the loveliest of his early lyrics, whether on the lips of his "Mariana" sighing

"I am aweary, aweary,
I would that I were dead!"

or in the autumnal chant of the year above the mouldering flowers or the jubilant pain of the dying swan. For however secretly distressing it was to stand

"... aloof from other minds
In impotence of fancied power,"

his detachment favoured the perfecting of a rare artistry, the exquisite shaping into melodious words of troubled moods and delicate perceptions. But if morbidity had its compensations in the realm of verbal art, while a poet who "upon himself himself did feed" could distil his feelings with a rare concentration, the recoil from life which was at the root of his unhappiness had disastrous consequences when he tried to relate himself to others and above all to women. The early poems addressed to imaginary young ladies, to Lilian,

Isabel, Mariana, Madeline, Adeline, Margaret, Rosalind, Eleänore, and Kate, betray, more clearly perhaps than any others in this 1830 volume, by the falsity both of their sentiment and sensuousness his frustrated, because introverted, creative impulse.

In his second volume which appeared three years later we find the same inward bafflement served by a more perfect art and rendered into a more dissolving music in such poems as "The Lady of Shalott," "Œnone" and "The Lotus Eaters," while in others, such as "The Palace of Art" or "The Two Voices," the sense of separation from life and inward discord, recorded in the earlier "Confessions," is more resolutely faced and defined. But no true solution of the problem is found. In "The Two Voices" there is instead only the sentimental consolation of "the sweet church bells," and the homely spectacle of church-goers to whom the poet however does not attach himself, preferring the fields and woods "so full with song"; while "The Palace of Art" ends with a revealing compromise between self-indulgent æstheticism and the discipline of the simple life:

> "So when four years were wholly finished,
> She threw her royal robes away.
> 'Make me a cottage in the vale,' she said,
> 'Where I may mourn and pray.
>
> "'Yet pull not down my palace towers, that are
> So lightly, beautifully built;
> Perchance I may return with others there
> When I have purged my guilt.'"

And in fact Tennyson never left his palace of art. But while still lodging within it he did strengthen and enrich that defensive compromise with life which was always to be for him a substitute for that true devoting of the self to life by which alone a "double nature" can recover unity. And doubtless Hallam's death in September, 1833, deepened his morbidity, removing, as it did, the one personality which drew him out of himself and infected him with something of its expansive idealism.

We can only conjecture the quality of his feeling for Hallam by the fact that it was absorbing enough to delay his marriage for nearly twenty years and by the poems which derived from it, and which include not only "In Memoriam," but the "Morte d'Arthur," "Ulysses," parts of "Tithonus" and such short lyrics as "A Farewell" and "Break, break, break." And judging by these it would seem clear that it was the deepest emotion of his life. For Hallam alive had beckoned him out of his morbid prison-house, and Hallam's death had closed its doors again. And as time softened his sense of immediate distress the two moods which memory associated with Hallam came to coalesce, the belief of his friend that

> ". . . something ere the end,
> Some work of noble note, may yet be done,"

with that voice of inward woe and desolation, which Hallam's death had swelled to

> ". . . an agony
> Of lamentation, like a wind, that shrills
> All night in a waste land, where no one comes,
> Or hath come, since the making of the world."

When Tennyson tried to express a man's passion for a woman, whether in "Locksley Hall" or in "Maud," or, in a more sententious vein, in "The Princess," his words rang false. In "Edwin Morris" he had excused his inability to love light-heartedly with the words:

> "It is my shyness, or my self-distrust,
> Or something of a wayward modern mind
> Dissecting passion. Time will set me right."

But Time never did set him right. It only veiled in domestic and moral sentiments his uneasy sense of abnormality and his fastidious recoil from natural instincts. And so, despite the careful compromise which he built up, he continued to be haunted by

> ". . . Some dark undercurrent woe
> That seems to draw."

And it was from this secret and indefinable pain that his most melodious and his most poignantly pondered poetry derived.

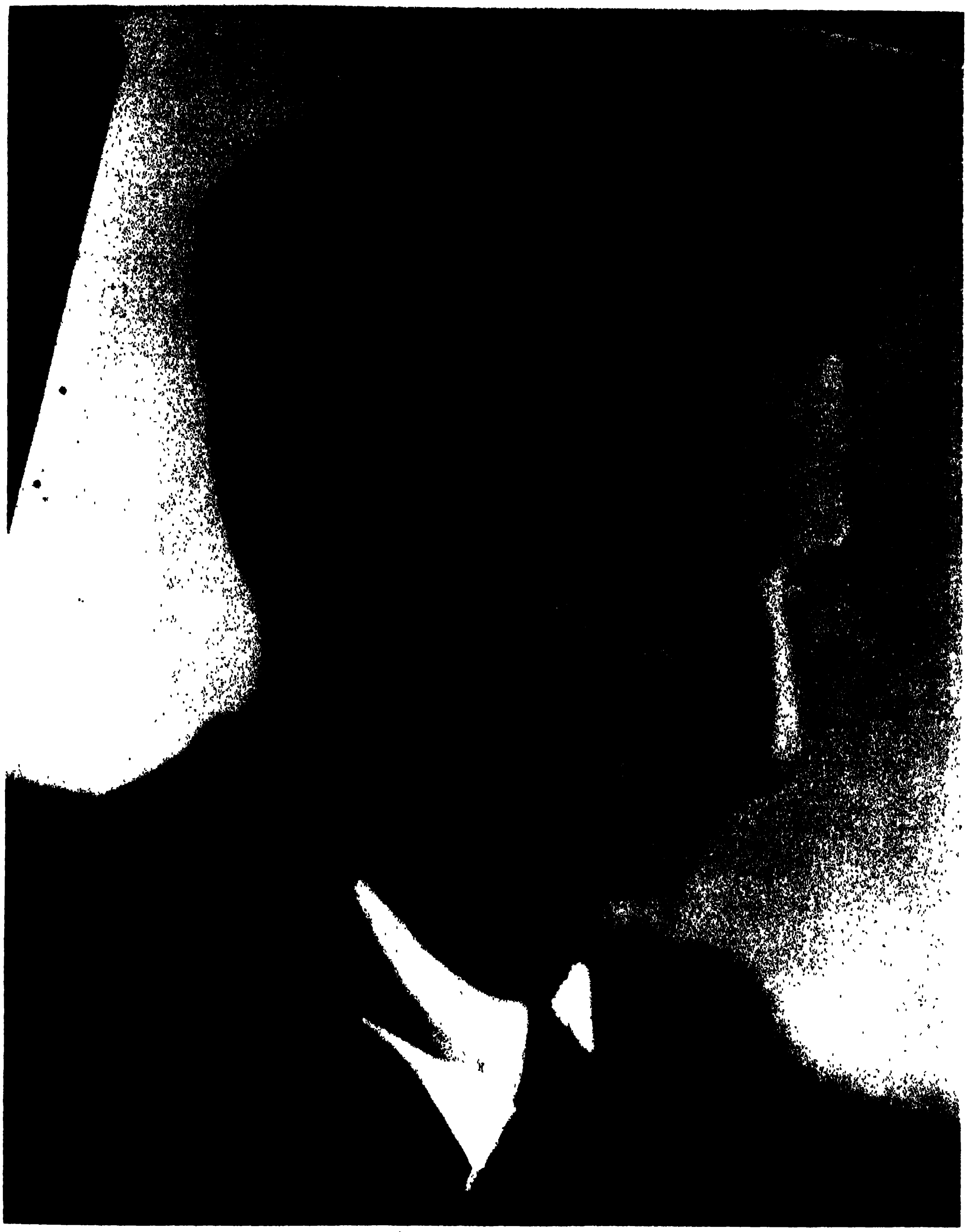
WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

The Poet's Vision and the Problems of Revolution

By
Edgar Holt

ONE of the characteristics of great poetry is its dual appeal to the intellect and the senses. The minor poet may fill you with joy by his nice arrangement of pleasant words, or may lead you to deep reflection by his comments on life and the universe. The power to do both at once—to flatter your senses at the same moment when he is wooing your mind—belongs only to the great poets. This power was possessed by Wordsworth, though he did not always use it. Often enough he was content to be a magnificent usurper of the painter's throne, to describe a flower or a landscape in words which showed them as clearly as oils or water-colours could have done. Often enough he descended to the platitudinous verse-making which was so rightly castigated by J. K. Stephen. But in those works of Wordsworth to which in 1930 the lover of great poetry returns most often, there is ample material for both emotional and intellectual satisfaction. That is why "The Prelude" and the best of the sonnets still retain their unshaken eminence in the world of letters.

At the present time their significance is possibly greater than ever. In the comfortable later years of Queen Victoria, when the tide of revolution seemed to be ebbing, Wordsworth's impressions of the French Revolution may have seemed to be of purely historical interest. But to-day, when in so many countries the captains and kings have departed, and in so many others the captains have taken the place of the kings, the reactions of a sensitive and intelligent mind during a period of revolution emerge from the soft gloom of the historical into the blinding glare of the topical. If it be true that poets are the "unacknowledged legislators of the world," may we not hope to find in great poetry a true and wise interpretation of the problems of revolution? That is a fine heritage for a poet laureate to have left to posterity.



From a camera portrait by HOWARD COSTER. SIEGFRIED SASSOON.

At the time when he paid his first visit to France, in the summer of 1790, William Wordsworth must have shown to the outside world the appearance of a fairly ordinary young man. After his boyhood and schooldays in the Lake District, where he was a pleased participant in all the games and pastimes of his school-fellows, he went to Cambridge, to pass three years in more or less dilettante fashion. Though inwardly conscious that "the Poet's soul" was with him, he "read lazily in trivial books" and made no particular mark in the academic world. In the summer vacation he was glad to go back to his north-country friends and, when occasion offered, to pass

> "The night in dancing, gaiety and mirth,
> With din of instruments and shuffling feet."

He came down from the University as an amiable youth of twenty-one, with no plans for his future; and probably no one, except his devoted sister Dorothy, had any real inkling of his future greatness. But before he came down he had laid, quite unintentionally, the foundation-stone of his greatest work. He had been to France.



William Wordsworth aged 28.
By Hancock.

That first visit was only "a march of military speed" through France on his way to Switzerland and the Italian Lakes. It was enough to show him the first stage of a revolution, and to fill his heart with fervour. In those memorable lines in "The Prelude" he has described how

> "Europe at that time was thrilled with joy,
> France standing on the top of golden hours,
> And human nature seeming born again."

Triumphant looks, he tells us, were then the common language of all eyes, and armies were fretting for battle in the cause of Liberty. Twelve years later, as he walked near Calais on the road to Ardres, he looked pensively back on those far-off days; and in a sonnet to the companion of his first visit to France he dismissed the revolutionary fervour of 1790 as "the pomp of a too-credulous day."

During those twelve years Wordsworth had made the spiritual pilgrimage which gave him the material for some of the greatest poetry in the world. His revolutionary beginnings sprang naturally from his general outlook on life. The respect for human nature is implicit in all of Wordsworth's poetry—most of all perhaps in those gloomy poems about Cumberland beggars and female vagrants which he loved to compose in his early manhood. He insists that the meanest of created things cannot exist "divorced from good," and that a spirit and pulse of good are inseparably linked to every mode of being. Human nature, he thought, should be given a fair chance, and nothing was more inevitable than that the magic words of liberty, equality and fraternity should capture his senses and intellect at the first assault.

At the outset, as has been frequently observed, his political philosophy had much in common with Rousseau's, and the majestic autobiography of "The Prelude" shows the development of his theories under the stress of fact. A second and longer visit to France confirmed his first opinions. "Beholding," as he has said,

> "that the best
> Ruled not, and feeling that they ought to rule,"

he could have nothing but joy in a revolution which allowed the common people to rise from the depths, fresh as the morning star. In France, though he met and talked with royalists, he remained a revolutionary, and back in England he consorted with Godwin and his circle and defended his French brothers with eager pen.

For a few years his faith lasted; but as the French Revolution got into its stride, Wordsworth began to realise that this was not at all what he meant. With aching heart he watched the callous leaders, who

> "with clumsy desperation brought
> A river of Blood, and preached that nothing else
> Could cleanse the Augean stables."

He watched the coming of Bonaparte, and in a bitter passage he described how the sun of revolution, which had risen in splendour, set like an opera phantom. And in the end his heart turned from France to his own country, where freedom still existed.

Perhaps the real plot of "The Prelude" is Wordsworth's discovery of freedom. He began, as he shows us, with the idea that freedom can be achieved by a revolutionary coup; he ended with the realisation that genuine liberty is inward and spiritual freedom. He was too fond of humanity to be a good revolutionary, and he saw that bloodshed and despotism were the results of the violent changes which he had once admired.

He had gone past them. Without a poet's vision to enlighten them, the revolutionaries were still floundering in the darkness, and many of them are floundering there to-day. But Wordsworth has passed on, to become the laureate of humanity, instead of the laureate of some small political creed, and to prepare for the world his majestic song of revolution and a poet's mind.

LAPSES OF THE EARLY LAUREATES

Some Masters of Bathos from Shadwell to Pye

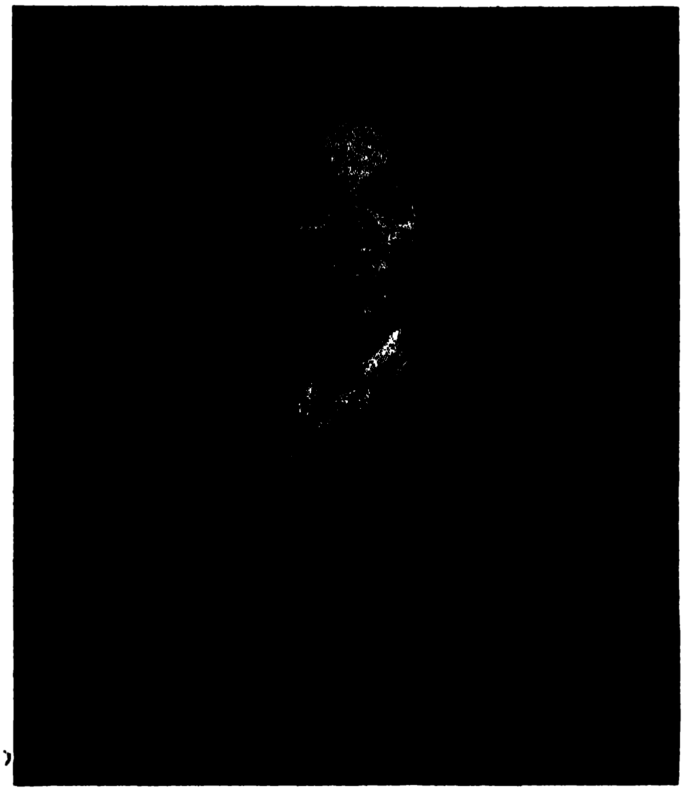
By Geoffrey Grigson

If Mr. Masefield, with the Lays still fresh upon his forehead, ever considers those other heads whom they have adorned, and some of the limping, leering, sycophantic dough-like lumps of verse kneaded inside them, he may well square his shoulders and, without any pharisaical taint, thank Heaven that he is a better man than most of his predecessors.

As an officially recognised office, the laureateship has existed for two hundred and sixty-two years, and has been held by three or four of the worst poets who ever wormed their way into biographical dictionaries. With Dryden the laureateship at least began well. The butt of sack and stipend demanded of him no formal duties. They demanded none of Shadwell and Tate, though both proved obedient machines on state occasions, and pointed the way to a sorry change. Shadwell (Dryden's Og) may have been a fair dramatist, but as a poet he could sink to the bathos of the famous couplet in a poem written to welcome his sovereign back from the Battle of the Boyne (in which he had received a slight wound):

> " But Heav'n of you took
> such peculiar Care
> That soon the *Royal Breach*
> It did repair,"

and I have found another quotable couplet of his in the earlier poem congratulating Queen Mary upon her arrival in England:



John Dryden.

> " Our ador'd *Princess* to *Batavians* lent,
> Is home to us with mighty Interest sent "

—the interest, of course, being the victim of the Royal Breach.

Tate we have better reason to remember for the libretto to Purcell's delightful " Dido and Æneas " and his carol, " While shepherds watched their flocks by night." As a poet he was not altogether negligible. He was little better or worse, in fact, than others of his century who knew the value of panegyric to dead or living.

> " August *Britannia* in that dismal Hour,
> Half-blushing saw Her gen'rous *Lion* low'r.
> He now lies grov'ling, whose once awful Roar
> Struck Terror to the World's remotest shore."

So, a little oddly, if bursting with sad patriotism, he wrote in his memorial poem on Queen Anne. It does not unfairly represent his poetical prowess whenever he tried to be highly serious or topical.

With George I and Nicholas Rowe, a decent fellow of dignity and parts, the Laureateship started on its slide down Parnassus to the abyss. It was not altogether Rowe's fault, but while he was Laureate it first became the Laureate's duty to labour for his pittance, to turn out automatically an ode for the New Year and another for the King's birthday. Rowe did them well enough, if dully (how else could they be done ?), but till the custom lapsed in Southey's time, these odes brought on the office more and more ridicule.

Eusden was the first butt; which was not unnatural, seeing that this obscure parson with a taste for strong ale was able calmly to compare George I with Julius Cæsar and Moses. It was usual for the odes to be set by the Master of the King's Musick (the post now held by Sir Edward Elgar) and then sung at the State Drawing-rooms, a proceeding which happily drowned the words. Perhaps it is comforting to think that the worst poetry ever written by laureates was written for some of the worst kings.

Eusden's ode for 1721 relates the story of a nimble Druid who sprang from the hallow'd Grove the very second that Cæsar landed in Kent, and foretold, not only the fatal Ides but the coming of George:

> " In revolving Years, believe
> me,
> (Heroe ! I will not deceive
> thee)
> From distant, German
> Climes, shall rise
> A Heroe, more than *Julius*
> wise,
> More Good, more Prais'd,
> more truly Great,
> Courted to sway BRITANNIA'S State:
> Such are the fix'd Decrees
> of Fate.
> The Priest, the Bard, the
> Prophet then withdrew
> And to the thickest Sylvan
> Covert flew."

And when George died, he indited a poem to his sacred memory:

> " Yet fell not BRUNSWIC on
> *Barbarian* Plains,
> But, in the Confines of his
> own Domains,
> Calm, as he reign'd, expir'd :—so *Moses* spy'd
> The promis'd Land, and
> bow'd his Head, and
> dy d."

His prompt address to the new Queen Caroline has a startling apostrophe of her virtue:

> " Thou, by a Conduct regularly nice,
> Hast rais'd a Blush, unknown before to Vice."

I should add that 1930 has seen the bicentenary of Eusden's death. It was, alas, one of the few bicentenaries that the world disregarded. As a crowning insult a ticket I sent in at the British Museum the day before the centenary in search of the one volume which contains most of Eusden's verse, returned with the legend "mislaid." It may not be found again in six months or six years.

With King Colley, who held the Dunce's throne, it is not surprising that Eusden figured among Pope's Sons of Dullness, whose

> " Maggots half-form'd, in rhyme exactly meet
> And learn to crawl upon poetic feet."

But he never had such hot fire to withstand as Colley, who stood out as a man of some ability and fame. Still Cibber's odes are dreadful; and I must quote the chorus of his Birthday Ode for 1732 for the sake of the parody which followed it in the " Grub Street Journal."

> " His realms around
> Diffuse the sound
> From ports to fleets the jovial cannon play,
> 'Till ev'ry peaceful shoar
> Receives the rolling roar
> And joins the joy that crowns the day."

And then the parody:

> " Gin shops around
> Diffuse the sound !
> From cells to garrets stun us with the noise.
> Shake, shock and rend the shoar,
> . Revive the rolling roar !
> And halloo laureate C——r, boys."

When Cibber died the graph of merit nearly leapt up. The laurel crown was offered to Gray. It was offered moreover without the need of writing odes, but Gray would have none of it. "The office," he wrote to his friend Mason, "has always humbled the possessor hitherto; if he were a poor writer, by making him more conspicuous; and if he were a good one, by setting him at war with the little fry of his own profession; for there are poets little enough even to envy a poet laureate." And so it went to Whitehead.

The Lord Chamberlain might have done worse. Whitehead has written a readable poem or two, particularly "The Enthusiast," and if he had no sense of humour he was officially a cut above Cibber and Eusden.

After Whitehead, Thomas Warton; and for a time the laureateship struggled out of the lowlands of Parnassus which Whitehead had reached. But Gray was right. The office humbled its possessor: the odes still had to be written, and Warton, scholar and true poet, brayed them out in the usual style and with the usual consequences.

To see a decent poet wallowing in the mud is no pleasant sight. Let us spare him quotation and remember that ladling out praise to the Georges was never the easiest or most enviable task for an honest man. It demanded priming with much more sack than the Lord Steward provided.

No sack, not even an Atlantic of sack, would have livened up Warton's successor, Henry James Pye, country squire, M.P., J.P., a gentleman of private means, impeccable virtue, and invincible stupidity, yet a laureate who deserves the curses as well as the commiseration of his successors.

Though no teetotaller, he petitioned with success that the butt of sack should be commuted in money: and so it continues to the present day, Mr. Masefield drawing his annual £27 in lieu of wine from the Lord Steward as well as his stipend of £72 from the Lord Chamberlain.

"Poetical Pye" deserved all he got. Nothing daunted him: he wrote on and on. Some of his works were excellent. His "Universal Sportsman's Dictionary" went into many editions and so did his "Summary of the Duties of a Justice of the Peace"; but his poetry rolled out an ugly, oily, unending stream of bathos. His formal odes (and the universal ridicule poured on them led at last to the abolition of New Year and Birthday odes when the laureateship at last began to rise under Southey) are well enough represented by a Birthday Ode parody:

> "Hail, all hail, thou natal day,
> Hail the very half-hour, I say
> On which great GEORGE was born!
> Tho' scarcely fledg'd I'll try my wing,—
> And tho' alas, I cannot sing,
> I'll *crow* on this illustrious morn!"

His verse includes "Alfred, an Epic Poem in Six Books," and better (or worse) still, "Naucratia; or Naval Dominion," which was published in 1798 with a dedication to George III. This poem starts with the first rude savage who accidentally bestrode a log and ends with Britannia ruling the waves with all her matronly vigour. A perusal even of the analysis of each part might well have brought attacks of madness on George. There is much that is peculiarly Pyeish and naïve about the analysis to Part III:

> "Voyages of discovery by order of his present Majesty—Cook—French Revolution—Destruction of French Marine—Victory of Lord Howe—Victory of Lord St. Vincent—Apostrophe to Commerce and Peace—Danger of relaxing military exertion—Carthage and Rome—France and England—Comparison between naval and internal strength—Character of British seamen—Coast navigation one of their chief nurseries—Danger of canal navigation interfering with it—Canal by seaside, near Southampton—Naval Mutiny—Lord Duncan's victory—Onslow—Burgess—Contributions for the widows and orphans of the slain—Inequality of the verse to the subject—Naval Songs—Conclusion."

Still, Pye had a distinction and an opportunity offered to no laureate since Nahum Tate—one of his New Years began a New Century. He sat and chewed his quill until it scratched out the sonorous but obvious opening of "Carmen Sæculure for the Year 1800":

> "Incessant down the stream of Time
> And days, and years, and ages roll,
> Speeding through Error's iron clime
> To dark Oblivion's goal."

If Southey at times sank low and Austin paralleled eighteenth century absurdities, the laureateship was never again to be so humiliated. Pye above all should be a warning to those misguided folk who still think that the laureateship should be something more than an honourable sinecure, and not a kind of poet's O.M. for past rather than future services.



Pope's Introduction to Dryden.
By Eyre Crowe.

They Have Written . . .

THE RIGHT WRONG THING

Conan Doyle and the Spirit of the Nineties

By
Collin Brooks

In " Rewards and Fairies " there is a story which displays Rudyard Kipling in the mood, but not the manner, of Thomas Hardy—much concerned with the irony of human judgments. It is called " The Wrong Thing," and tells of the knighthood which was bestowed upon Hal o' the Draft by a parsimonious king blind to the true merit and significance of the artist. One imagined, when the tale was new, that the emotion which filled Hal o' the Draft had also filled his creator, for the reward of popularity which came to Kipling came not from the work in which was shown his dearest artistry. Be that as it may, it is certain that to the day of his death Arthur Conan Doyle knew the emotion, for he held that the accolade of public acclaim, which had been his from the earliest days of " Sherlock Holmes," had obscured in the public mind his real right to appreciation. He was honoured for Sherlock Holmes; and those greater literary works which he himself held in honour received but a passing tribute from an occasional reader of discernment. He might have taken heart at the error, for the public was not wholly wrong in its judgment. Sherlock Holmes was not the wrong thing: it was the right thing acclaimed for the wrong reasons, or, as Henry James might have said had Doyle been one of his fictional creations, it was " the right wrong thing."

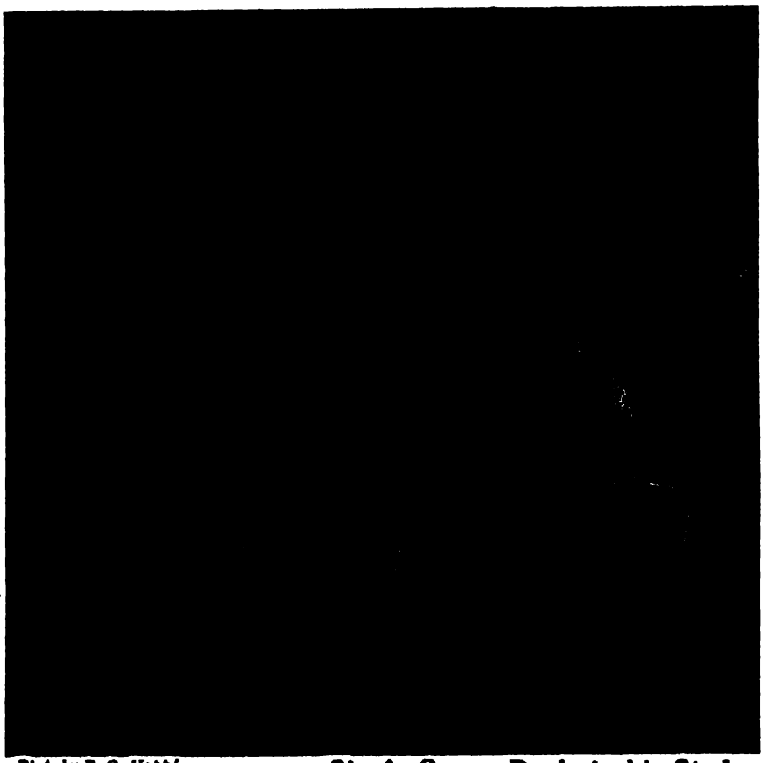


Photo by E. O. Hoppé. **Sir A. Conan Doyle in his Study.**

Divers men in diverse places—" myself not least "—have borne testimony that for them and their generation the eighteen nineties, that renaissance period of English fiction, is typified not by the languishing æsthetics of Wilde and not by the vigorous jingoism of Henley, but by Mister Sherlock Holmes " bowling down Baker Street in a hansom cab." The characteristic organ of that time was not the " Yellow Book " or the *National Observer*, but the *Strand Magazine*. The memorable creation was not Lord Ormont, or Jude, or " the Woman Who Did," but Sherlock Holmes. The dominating public figure was not Gladstone with his collars and frenzies, Chamberlain with his orchid and his monocle, Balfour with his soulful droop, or Salisbury with his massive head, but Holmes with his deer-stalker, his pipe, his dressing-gown and his hypodermic syringe. It was the supreme merit of Doyle's craftsmanship that with great economy he gave such reality to his creation that the personality became of more importance than the plots of which he was the pivot.

With no other man, of flesh or of fiction, has the public so intimate an acquaintance. The eccentric habits, like that of pinning correspondence to a mantelshelf by a jack-knife and that of keeping tobacco in the heel of a turkish slipper; the change of pipe or garb to suit a change of mood, the black clay for introspection and the cherrywood for disputation, the mouse-coloured gown for Baker Street and the large blue gown when a case took him from home; the love of German music and the refutation of Watson's charge of lack of culture by the apt quotations from Taine and George Sand and Winwood Reade; the odd form of wit, which is known now to the elect as Sherlockisimuss; the asperity with stupidity and the delight in a showman's *dénouement*—our knowledge of these phases of his character make him as real as Samuel Johnson and more fully known than many an historical personage enshrined for us in massive biographies and a small library of memoirs.

But it was not for this economy in creation that Doyle deserved the adulation which was bestowed upon Holmes. He was not alone among his contemporaries in that apt craftsmanship, for we know Captain the Reverend Sir Owen Kettle almost as intimately as we know Holmes. The thing for which Doyle deserved appreciation—the right thing—can best be expressed by saying that while his contemporaries compared him with Gaboriau and Poe, posterity will compare him with Jane Austen. When the Holmes canon has ceased to be read as a series of character-part melodramas, it will be cherished as a valuable costume-piece.

When, as a boy, one first read Sherlock Holmes, one read as much for the plot as for the setting. A re-reading, when the plot ceases to surprise, is an excursion into interiors. There must have been a time when " Emma " was read with a sustained interest in the amorous instabilities of Frank Churchill: " Emma " to-day is read for the human scene, not as it moves, but as it is " set." We care, again, little in 1930 for the happenings at Mansfield Park, but we care much for the places and the way in which they happened. So, in time, the Holmes canon will be read.

So much a child of his era was Sherlock that it comes as something as a mental shock to find him for once using a motor-car and a telephone when he is called from his Sussex retirement by topicality to befool in 1914 a German spy. Save for this startling excursion into the twentieth century, he remains essentially a representative figure of the transitional period between the mid-eighties and the late nineties. Were all other evidence destroyed, from his adventures Macaulay's New Zealander could reconstruct the kind of life that the English then lived. Those short stories that lie between the " Scandal in Bohemia " and the " Retired Colourman " might be adequate first authorities for a social history.

What do we find in them ? A Europe in a state of constant perturbation about Naval programmes—not once or twice in his rough island story does Holmes lightly wave

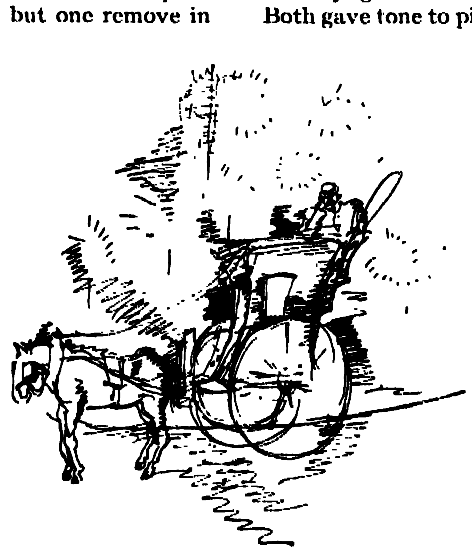
away titles and honours after recovering treaties and plans. A world fearful of the next erratic freak of one powerful European potentate ruffled by Britain's colonial development and apt to send messages without the cognisance of his Ministers of State. A community whose swiftest mode of road travel is the cab, whose trains go at express speeds of fifty miles an hour, whose valises and gladstone-bags have not yet been outmoded by wardrobe trunks and expanding suit-cases, whose democratic admiration of aristocratic social beauties is such that professional photographers still display their lovely photographs for sale in shop windows, not foreseeing the picture post card boom of the early nineteen hundreds or the photographic processes of the twentieth century illustrated society weekly. A world of cheap prices, in which the very best hotels charge only eight shillings for a room, half a crown for breakfast, and—unbelievably—only eightpence for a glass of sherry. A business world in which the typewriter is as yet so rare that from a few flaws in alignment Holmes can deduce the personality of the possessor of any machine. A capital city which still abounds in ragamuffins but one remove in kind from the "Poor Joe" of Dickens, ragamuffins who know nothing of school-leaving ages and whose parents know nothing of a "dole." Country houses and London lodgings still illuminated by gas-jets not yet, presumbably, enhanced even by the incandescent mantle.

All these indications of the kind of life that was lived forty years ago are there. What of the people who lived it? Society then, as we see it through the hawk-like eyes of Holmes, was dominated by a select aristocracy, very class-conscious and extremely jealous of its marital honour. Statesmen for the most part were drawn from this aristocracy, although many of them were beginning to find the resources of landed proprietors unequal to the pace set by rich manufacturers. (Lord Holdhurst, who was Secretary for Foreign Affairs and a future Prime Minister, Holmes noticed, had a struggle to keep up his position and was reduced to the plebeian economy of wearing shoes that had been resoled.) Below this first circle of the London Inferno—or was it Paradiso?—were other circles, upper-middle-class circles in which honest "cits" were blackmailed or troubled by wild sons who might steal coronets pawned to their fathers' firms for vast sums by owners unmentionably great in the land; lower-middle-class circles whose homes are described for us with the vividness of Arnold Bennett, but without his photographic detail; upper-lower-class circles in which sporting poultry dealers wore side-whiskers and spent their leisure backing horses; lower-lower-class circles which still supported the Christmas goose club and went to bed by candlelight; shabby-genteel circles which revolved round lodging-houses and the females of which sought posts as governesses because the emancipation of woman had not yet opened business and trade to them.

Each of these circles had its romantic interlopers—Mutiny veterans; millionaires whose fortunes had been founded when convict ships still sailed for Botany Bay; ex-bushrangers; gold-diggers and prospectors who had fallen foul of Mormonism, [illegible] immoral religion which was perpetually stirring [illegible] menaces to the English home; foreign gentlemen of dubious origin and still more dubious occupations. Communications were, by modern ideas, faulty. A hunted man could cross to Europe and lose himself with little difficulty. Transit across the high seas was dangerous, ships under sail were constantly and conveniently wrecked by [illegible].

The new journalism w[illegible] coming in, but the Northcliffe rates of pay had not been instituted, for while Neville St. Clair as a reporter was sent out to gather at first hand articles on begging but, even as a "stunt artist"—as we, with our graceful idiom, would call him—he could not raise twenty-five pounds when he desperately needed it, and turned professional beggar in good earnest, making two pounds a day by that work instead of two pounds a week as a star reporter. The old journalism was not yet dead, for London was not restricted to three evening papers, but had many. Holmes, wishing to publish a small advertisement, instructs his agent to use the "*Globe, Star, Pall Mall, St. James's Gazette, Evening News, Standard,* and any others that occur to you," giving us a total well over the half-dozen which immediately occurred to his mind.

As Jane Austen left for us pictures of a social life untroubled by railways and industrialism, so Doyle has left for our children pictures of a life untroubled by telephones and "talkies." Her quiet, sequestered country-side is matched by his cosy city. England to her had been a country garden: London to him was still a township. Both gave tone to picture by a skilful use of climate. Those showers that send her heroines tripping for shelter into linen drapers' shops, those fogs which swirl down Baker Street and draw Holmes from his test-tubes to the coal fire over which the faithful Watson is already sitting, are cunningly used contrivances to create more than a sense of physical atmosphere. Each was working in a narrow medium. She neglected Napoleon and the forerunners of the Ludditics to concentrate upon her warm interiors: he neglected Manning and the leaders of the Dock Strike, Wilde and the denizens of the Grosvenor Gallery, to concentrate upon his warm interiors. It is but an accident of form that her interiors housed men and women disturbed by nothing more serious than strained or complicated amatory relationships, while his housed men and women disturbed by material disaster and sudden death. The room into which Holmes walks from his own lodging in Baker Street may contain a corpse, whereas the room into which Sir Thomas Bertram walks will only contain a cad, but the essential point is that into each room we walk too.



Head-piece to "The Ghost of a Hansom Cab."
From "London Promenade," by W. Gaunt (*Studio*).

And, let it not be forgotten, the room and its occupants in each case we shall see the better because of the quiet irony of the artist who presents it. "Doyle an ironist!" the shade of Jane might cry. Aye, lady, it was my word. The Noble Bachelor; the Duke of Holdernesse; Wilhelm Gottsreich Sigismond von Ormstein, Grand Duke of Cassel-Falstein and Hereditary King of Bohemia; the Rt. Hon. Trelawney Hope, Colonel Ross, the owner of Silver Blaze—yes, and little Lestrade of the Yard—these are figures wrought by an ironist, or, if not by an ironist, by a carver of puppets who constantly forgot that the work in hand was to articulate wooden figures, because irony kept breaking in.

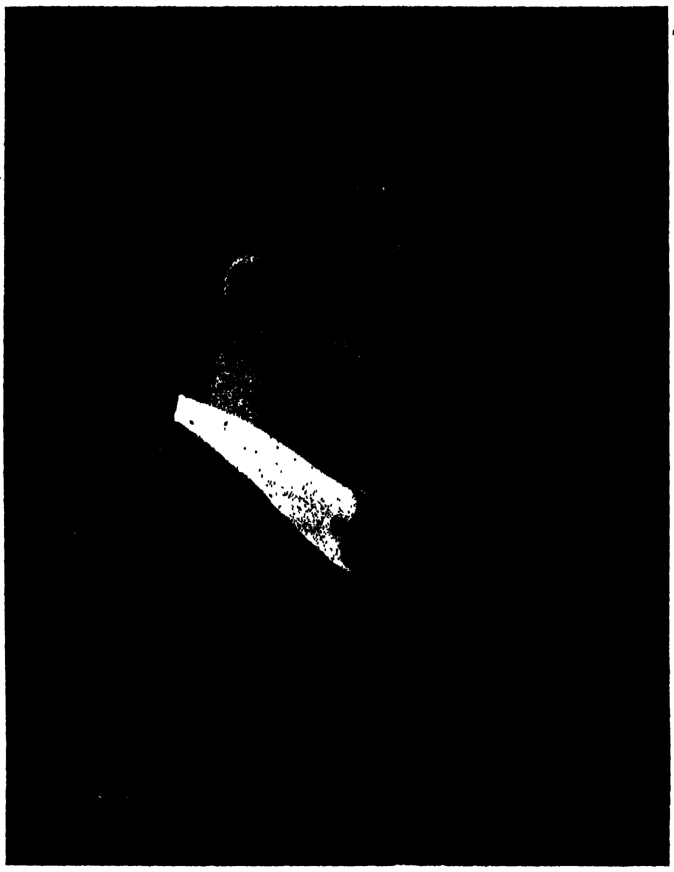
It is only when one compares the pictures of these two recorders that Doyle's real stature becomes apparent. The early nineteenth century interiors of Jane Austen are filled by men of feelings: the late nineteenth century interiors of Conan Doyle are dominated by a man who thinks. Jane had written for a caste which esteemed reserve and emotion: Doyle wrote for a literate democracy which ardently appreciated action and intelligence. Both, in the quietest way and as if by accident, satirised and arraigned the audiences for which they were articulate. Each held a mirror to the age, and if Doyle fashioned as his caryatid a gaunt and eccentric hero where Jane had used a group of gay and concentric heroines, the reflection was no whit less true and exact.

THE TRANSLATOR OF MARCEL PROUST

C. K. Scott-Moncrieff and his Work

By de V. Payen-Payne

In the Elizabethan age translators wrote for love of the work and to help their more ignorant fellow-countrymen. North's translation of Amyot's "Plutarch," Florio's "Montaigne" and Urquhart and Motteux' "Rabelais" were not written solely for money. It was not until the rise of the novel that a race of translators appeared who were willing to turn out versions of foreign successes without much attention to accuracy and none at all to style. These hacks undercut one another to such an extent that it became possible to get a long novel translated for as little as £20. It is not to be wondered at that the translation was often a woeful parody of the original. One classic instance of mistranslation was when the French word for pork-butcher (*charcutier*) was rendered as "*char-cutter*."



C. K. Scott-Moncrieff.

There were, it is true, even in Victorian times, well-known authors who were experienced in foreign tongues. The names of Swinburne, Meredith and Andrew Lang at once occur to one's mind; while John Payne's translations from many languages were renowned. The majority of French novels, even those of Victor Hugo, Alexandre Dumas *père*, Mérimée, Sand and Gautier, were but poorly presented to the non-French reading public. When Ernest Vizetelly attempted to present Zola in all his stark coarseness to an English audience, he was promptly clapped into jail. But the hectic nineties did lead to an increased interest in French literature; two publishers H. S. Nichols and Leonard Smithers, produced many translations of memoirs and novels, among them those of the Lutetian Society, to which Ernest Dowson, Arthur Symons and Teixeira de Mattos contributed.

This greater interest in accurate translation was partly due to the better methods of teaching introduced after the foundation of the Modern Language Association in 1893. A public was created who could appreciate good work. But it was the alliance with France during the Great War that brought home to five million Englishmen the fact that French merited more attention, and this gave an impetus to the work of a new race of translators. Of these Charles Kenneth Scott-Moncrieff was one of the most capable and industrious. But he did not stand alone; the names of Richard Aldington, V. B. Holland, J. Lewis May, R. S. Garnett, H. Wynne Finch and Hamish Miles among others must not be forgotten.

Scott-Moncrieff was born in 1889, descended from a distinguished Scots family; early he showed the promise of intellectual eminence by winning the blue riband of a Winchester scholarship. Subsequently he went to Edinburgh University, where he came under the influence of George Saintsbury, at that time Professor of English. Scott-Moncrieff took a first in English shortly before the War broke out. He obtained a commission in the K.O.S.B., and in 1917, at Monchy-le-Preux, he was severely wounded in the foot, received the M.C. and was transferred to G.H.Q. In July, 1920, he became private secretary to Lord Northcliffe and later joined the editorial staff of *The Times*, from which he resigned in 1923 to devote himself to literary work.

His first book had been published in 1919; it was a translation of the "Song of Roland," with an introduction by G. K. Chesterton and a note on technique by his former professor, Saintsbury. He attempted to reproduce line for line the old French epic. He followed this in 1921 by a translation of "Beowulf," to which Lord Northcliffe furnished an introduction. But these were but first attempts in an art in which he was to prove a master.

Since 1903 a wealthy asthmatic, the son of a French doctor and a Jewish mother, decided to write a long work on the fashionable world of the Third Republic in France, the life history of a social climber, which might rival Balzac's "Comédie Humaine." Marcel Proust shut himself up in his flat at 102, Boulevard Haussmann, with his faithful servant, Céleste, and wrote all night the vast book he called "A la recherche du Temps Perdu." Anything less like the classic clarity of French prose had never before appeared in France. Its long unwieldy sentences, its countless metaphors, its enormous parentheses made it difficult reading even for the French, and still more so for the foreigner. Proust had published the first two volumes, "Du Côté de Chez Swann," in 1913 at his own expense, and although he had just finished the tenth and last volume when he died in 1922, yet only six volumes had been published.

The very difficulty of his prose, and the corrupt state of his text, written by a dying man in bed in a series of note-books, began to attract the literary public. Paul Souday, that sound critic, was one of the first to praise him in *Le Temps*. For as Guy de Maupassant well said in his "Mont Oriol": "Les vrais lettrés n'aiment que les livres artistes incompréhensibles pour les autres." Whether Proust's work will prove immortal as literature it is impossible to prophesy, but his marvellously vivid recollections of his childhood should make it live. As a work of reference for the period it will always be consulted by future historians, and form a mine of information as do Pepys and Saint-Simon.

Scott-Moncrieff had been attracted by Proust since 1920, and decided to translate him. The enormous effort necessary to translate ten volumes of intricate psychological analysis can be realised only by those who have read Proust and attempted to translate easier works. To discover the exact equivalents of Proust's technical phrases and slang expressions, Scott-Moncrieff would take infinite trouble and apply to any friends he thought might help him. He usually had a bundle of text or proofs in his pocket. In 1922 were published the two volumes of

"Swann's Way," which met with a chorus of praise from all capable of judging such work.

For eight years Scott-Moncrieff continued his work. "Within a Budding Grove" appeared in 1924, "The Guermantes Way" in 1925, "The Cities of the Plain" and "The Captive" in 1929, and "The Sweet Cheat Gone" (a delightful title for "Albertine Disparue") in 1930. He had just finished correcting the proofs of this last volume, but had not time to write a translator's prefatory note before he died in Rome on February 28th, 1930.

In his note to "The Captive" he gives examples of the corrupt state of Proust's text, in which there are not only the usual printers' errors and mistakes of Proust himself, but also transposition of whole sentences and paragraphs; so that the translator in many cases had to rewrite the French text as the author himself would have done, had he lived to see his later volumes in proof. The result is that the translation is a more beautiful piece of work than the original—a book unique in literature.

In addition to his main work, which will prove a touchstone for future generations, Scott-Moncrieff translated the thirteenth century "Letters of Abelard and Heloïse," Stendhal's "La Chartreuse de Parme" and "Armance," J. R. Bloch's "Et Cie" and two novels of Pirandello, "Shoot" and "The Old and the Young." He would have done better to turn to German than Italian, in view of the huge circulation of certain post-war books; but in 1925 he moved to Pisa in order to get quiet for his work, and he was attracted to the Italian dramatist.

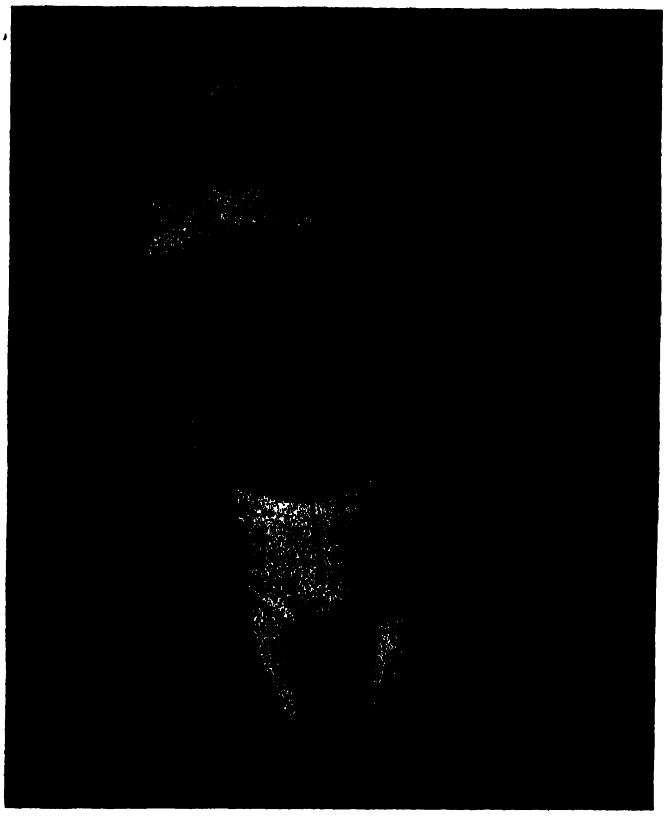
He possessed a most engaging personality, he made friends wherever he went and was always willing to act as cicerone to those who visited him in Italy. When in London he was usually to be found in the congenial atmosphere of the Savile Club. His knowledge was vast, his kindness and charity unbounded. In fine a choice spirit who has passed away too soon and at the height of his powers.

D. H. LAWRENCE

The Last of the Puritans

By
Hugh Ross Williamson

It is a depressing thought that most great writers have to die in order to be appreciated. It is more depressing that, in many cases, death merely increases confusion. Since D. H. Lawrence's death, the inevitable pious memorials have been raised by a literary world anxious to make amends for the neglect and hostility and half-hearted patronage which were his portion during life. The pendulum has swung to the other extreme. The people who have never read his works are now as loud in praise as formerly they were in condemnation. Lawrence is being "excused" and "explained"—excused for views he never held or explained in terms he would have rejected. And those of us who care for his work and believe him to be one of the most significant creative writers of the century, have to wait with what patience we can muster for the time when his name shall cease to be a rallying-cry for irrelevant prejudices, so that we may soberly assert his true worth without the certainty of being misunderstood—a time when we can admit that he wrote much hastily and badly, much foolishly and deplorably, without being immediately convicted by the cultured of insensitiveness and treachery; a time when we may admit that he battled for an ideal and strove desperately to translate his experience into living art, without being suspected by the mass of an unhealthy and disproportionate interest in sex. That time is not yet. No balanced and authoritative judgment is so far possible; we are too near the battle. For the moment we must content ourselves with glimpses of the man himself as shown by his friends,[1] with the first outlines of sane criticism[2] and with his superb—though unrevised and hastily finished—final novel.[3]



D. H. Lawrence, aged 21.
From "D. H. Lawrence," by Stephen Potter (Jonathan Cape).

This short article is not an attempt to assess Lawrence's importance or to expound his teaching. Conclusions on these matters can be reached only by each individual after a first-hand acquaintance with his writings. My object is merely to suggest a line of approach which has been, as far as I can discover, either neglected or repudiated by his commentators, but which in my opinion is vital to a true understanding of his position.

It is simply that D. H. Lawrence was a Puritan, in the strict sense of the term; as much and as fundamentally a Puritan as Milton and Bunyan, and Carlyle and Browning, and Ibsen and Shaw; and that the distinguishing marks of Puritanism as a creed are also the distinguishing marks of his work.

If this sounds paradoxical, that is partly because the term "Puritan" has been degraded to mean something quite different from its original significance, and partly because D. H. Lawrence's writing, with its emphasis on the physical side of life, has been vaguely confused in the popular mind with the modern decadent movement. "Puritanism" in fact recalls Stiggins, and Lawrence the sex-novelists. But it must be remembered that Cromwell, not Stiggins, is the typical Puritan, and that to associate the name of Lawrence with the contemporary "sex-novel" is as

[1] "D. H. Lawrence." By Richard Aldington. 1s. (Chatto & Windus.)—"D. H. Lawrence." By Rebecca West. 3s. 6d. (Secker.)

[2] "D. H. Lawrence." By Stephen Potter. 5s. (Jonathan Cape.)—"D. H. Lawrence." By J. Middleton Murry. 1s. 6d. (Cambridge: Minority Press.)—"D. H. Lawrence." By F. R. Leavis. 1s. 6d. (Cambridge: Minority Press.)

[3] "The Virgin and the Gipsy." By D. H. Lawrence. 6s. (Secker.)

sensible as to claim that a spiritual continuity with the work of Milton is apparent in the writings of Mrs. Aphra Behn.

But before discussing in more detail what Puritanism is and what it is not, it is worth recalling a confession of Lawrence himself:

> "I think it was a good thing to be brought up a Protestant, and among Protestants a Nonconformist, and among Nonconformists a Congregationalist. Which sounds pharisaic. . . . Altogether I am grateful to my Congregational upbringing. The Congregationalists are the oldest Nonconformists, descendants of the Oliver Cromwell Independents. They still had the Puritan tradition of no ritual. But they avoided the personal emotionalism which one found among the Methodists when I was a boy.
>
> "I liked our chapel, which was tall and full of light and yet still; and colour-washed pale green and blue, with a bit of lotus pattern. And over the organ loft, 'O worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness' in big letters. I don't know what the 'beauty of holiness' is exactly. It easily becomes cant or nonsense. But if you don't think about it—and why should you?—it has a magic."

There, for good or evil, are the formative influences of Lawrence's spiritual life and belief. That, in the adolescent revolt common to most intelligent men, he repudiated the narrower dogmas of his people and that, when he later forged his own personal creed, it bore few superficial resemblances to the version of Puritanism then current, in no way affect the issue. There is profound wisdom in the Jesuit saying: "Give us a child till he is seven and then do with him what you will. Lawrence was born and bred a Puritan, and a Puritan he remained till the end.

What is this Puritanism? It has many manifestations, but the root of it all, in both the religious and the political sphere, is a militant individualism—a vital belief in the personal responsibilities of each separate man and woman; a refusal to become a mechanical unit in a crowd, to pay lip-service to mob-idols and mob-ideals, to accept imposed judgments and ready-made creeds. Politically it is passionate in its demand for liberty—liberty not to take what it can but to give what it must. In that it demands freedom to serve, not freedom to steal, it differs essentially from anarchy, which is not less abhorrent to it than tyranny, and it demands rights in order to fulfil its responsibilities. It is for that reason willing to concede rights, even against itself.

No one with a knowledge of Lawrence's career will doubt that he showed this individualism in his life; no one who has read his books can fail to find its traces on every page. In his "creed" in "Studies in Classic American Literature," it is most obviously and concisely expressed:

> "I am I.
>
> "I will never let mankind put anything over me, but I will try always to recognise and submit to the gods in me and the gods in other men and women."

The personal search for God, the questing for that Will to which each man must submit himself or perish, is at once the justification and the outcome of the Puritan's individualistic belief. It is the religious basis of his political principles. It is this that gives him the strength to stand alone, and saves his individualism from degenerating into a weak and foolish egoism. And this sense of dependence, of being used by a Power greater than oneself, has seldom been more finely expressed than in Lawrence's:

> "Not I, not I, but the wind that blows through me,
> A fine wind is blowing the new direction of Time
> If only I let it bear me, carry me, if only it carry me."

Whither he did not know. His novels as a whole are a record of a pilgrimage. At first hesitatingly, as if not fully conscious of what he seeks, he turns to conventional things and finds them barren. It is in "Aaron's Rod," I think, that he shows himself definitely aware of his real need and dimly perceives his goal, in "The Plumed Serpent" he reaches it. Upon the nature of his Dark God there discovered, it is not my purpose to dwell. It is sufficient to say that, rightly understood, this deity is not so far removed from that of more orthodox belief as either Lawrence or his detractors supposed. It is, at all events, a personally apprehended reality, reached only through the agony of soul of a relentlessly honest man.

This personal search for God, shared in some degree by all creeds though pre-eminently the mark of the Puritan, leads naturally to that other tenet which isolates the Puritan from every other form of religious belief—his repudiation of sacramentalism. He is the sworn opponent of the sacerdotal system, because that system is the outcome of a belief in a mechanical mass-salvation, and because it imposes limits on his liberty of search for God. To him sacramentalism is impossible also, because to him there is nothing common or unclean; there is no channel through which the final revelation may not come. And he holds therefore equally that there is nothing intrinsically uncommon, nothing magically clean. "I reckon a crow is religious when he flies across the sky." So Lawrence epitomised the anti-sacramentalism of his people.

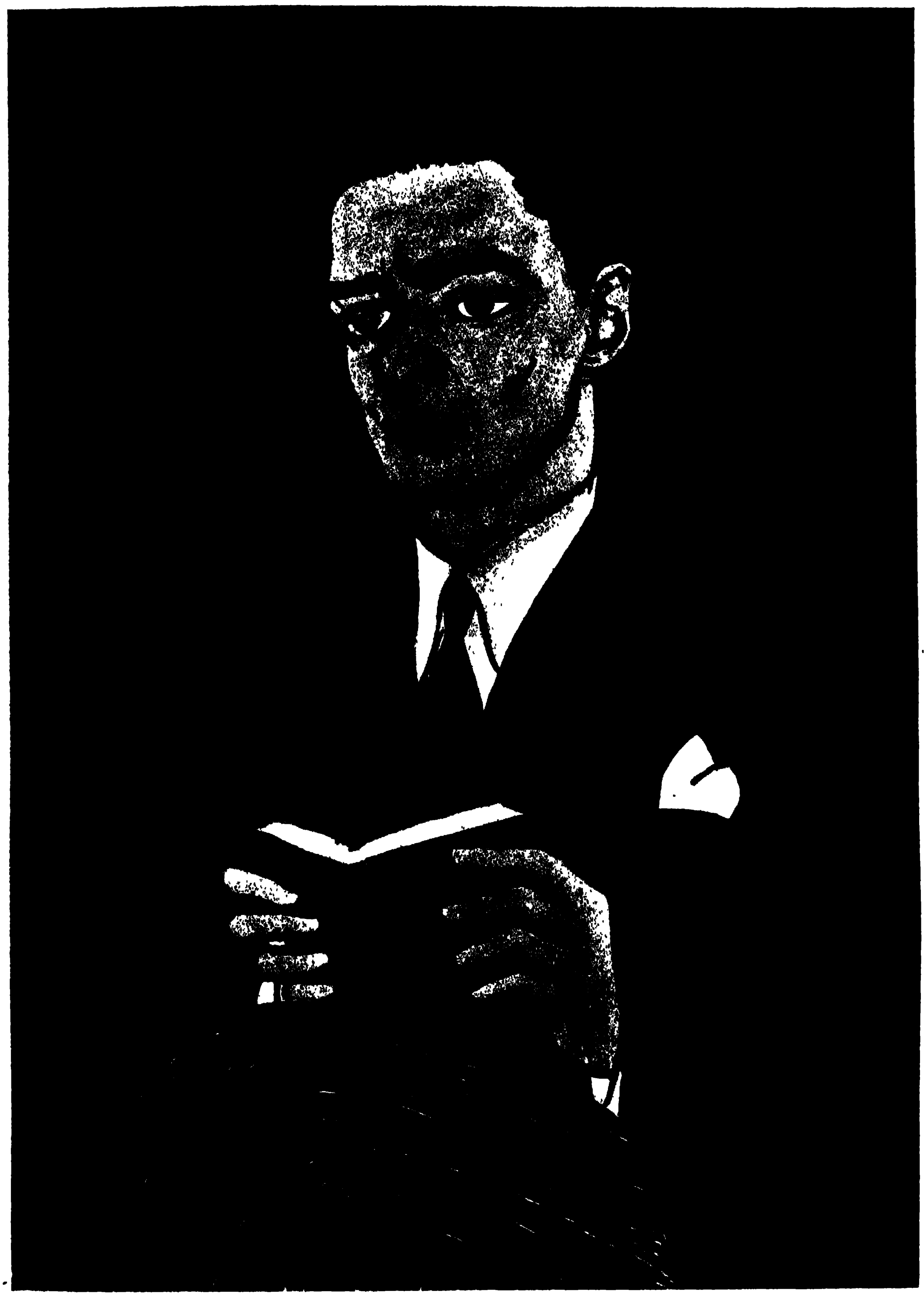
And it is exactly in this connection that I see him most a Puritan when least suspected of it. "Lady Chatterley's Lover" is, for many reasons, a deplorable experiment. It was foredoomed to failure; the ban on it was a necessity. But the motive behind it was gallant enough, even if it was sufficiently quixotic to be almost universally misunderstood. Lawrence, the Puritan, remembered that there were certain words which, through the ages, have been condemned as both common and unclean. And he determined that it ought not to be so. He would break down this last and ultimate segregation by the might of his art. As was to be expected, he failed and the civilisation and culture of the centuries, entrenched against him, nearly broke him in revenge.

The inevitable outcry over "Lady Chatterley's Lover" was the culmination of the long campaign of misrepresentation which had continued for some time (and still persists in certain quarters) of Lawrence's attitude to sex. In reality his attitude there again was simply that of the Puritan. Puritan, not ascetic—a very different thing. Asceticism—the wilful suppression of half one's life in the supposed interest of the other half—is as far removed from Puritanism as is sacerdotalism and, like sacerdotalism, is essentially a Catholic characteristic. The Puritan admits celibacy without admiring it, believing that a man alone is a man but half fulfilling his destiny. On the other hand—and this has led to the confusion with asceticism—he is sternly set against the wanton indulgence of the flesh.

This is exactly the position of Lawrence, with his fierce, almost hysterical insistence on monogamy (Mrs. Carswell has reminded us that personally he was "without vices, with most human virtues, the husband of one wife"), and his biting scorn for pornography in literature and promiscuity in life.

Finally his whole conception of art is Puritan. "'For art's sake' alone I would not face the toil of writing another sentence." Those might have been Lawrence's words instead of Shaw's; certainly they describe perfectly his attitude. He wrote novels because he wanted to deliver a message. His art was entirely didactic, and if he had no inclination to rhapsodise over the holiness of beauty, it may have been because he understood, even better than he thought, the meaning of the "beauty of holiness." To return to Shaw: "He who has nothing to assert has no style and can have none; he who has something to assert will go as far in power of style as its momentousness and his conviction will carry him." There is the explanation of the great strength and the rugged beauty of Lawrence's art—that he was never self-consciously an artist.

I have called him "the last of the Puritans" because Shaw, though he is still writing, said all that he had to say in 1903 (ten years before the appearance of "Sons and Lovers") when, in the magnificent third act of "Man and Superman"—from whose preface I have already quoted—he restated Puritanism in the terms of this century. Lawrence is thus quite definitely Shaw's successor in the tradition, and it is impossible to see, at the moment, a successor to him. For we seem to be entering on a second Restoration period with all the vulgarity and none of the wit of the first. No Puritan offers himself for persecution, and the mob consoles itself as best it can with a company of Cowards.



From a drawing by POWYS EVANS.

T. S. ELIOT.

A Hundred Years Ago

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI (1830-1894)

By S. M. Ellis

"My castle stood of white transparent glass,
Glittering and frail with many a fretted spire,
But when the summer sunset came to pass
It kindled into fire.

"My pleasaunce was an undulating green,
Stately with trees whose shadows slept below,
With glimpses of smooth garden-beds between
Like flame or sky of snow. . . .

"We sang our songs together by the way,
Calls and recalls and echoes of delight;
So communed we together all the day,
And so in dreams by night."

So Christina Rossetti envisaged what her life might have been: the reality never approached the dream, for her emotions and yearnings were stultified by ill-health and religious restraint, and never found expression save in lovely snatches of poetry. Fate offered her two lovers, unpicturesque and unromantic both in nature and mien: she resigned both on religious grounds, but in retrospective ecstasy the poet's dream idealised them with qualities they never possessed. And though she loved flowers and birds and scenic beauty, Christina Rossetti never lived, as a poet should, in the country. Her life passed in sombre London houses—Charlotte Street (near Portland Place); 38, Arlington Street (near Mornington Crescent); 166, Albany Street; 56, Euston Square; and finally the long eighteen years at 30, Torrington Square. In fact, eleven months spent at Frome in her youth comprised the longest period she ever was away from London. There is something deeply tragic in the thought of this (by descent) Italian girl, a poet by nature, endued with all the passion and capacity for love of her race, and with its craving for sunlight and warmth, living out her years under the grey London skies in days when London fogs were at their worst. She could only imagine early spring:

"I wonder if the sap is stirring yet,
If wintry birds are dreaming of a mate,
If frozen snowdrops feel as yet the sun
And crocus fires are kindling one by one:
Sing, robin, sing,
I still am sore in doubt concerning spring."

Dreaming of her own mate, but never to find the bold lover of youthful dreams, never to be wife and mother. The Via Dolorosa of Christina Rossetti's life can be traced in her "From House to Home," wherein earthly desires are gradually merged in spiritual resignation.

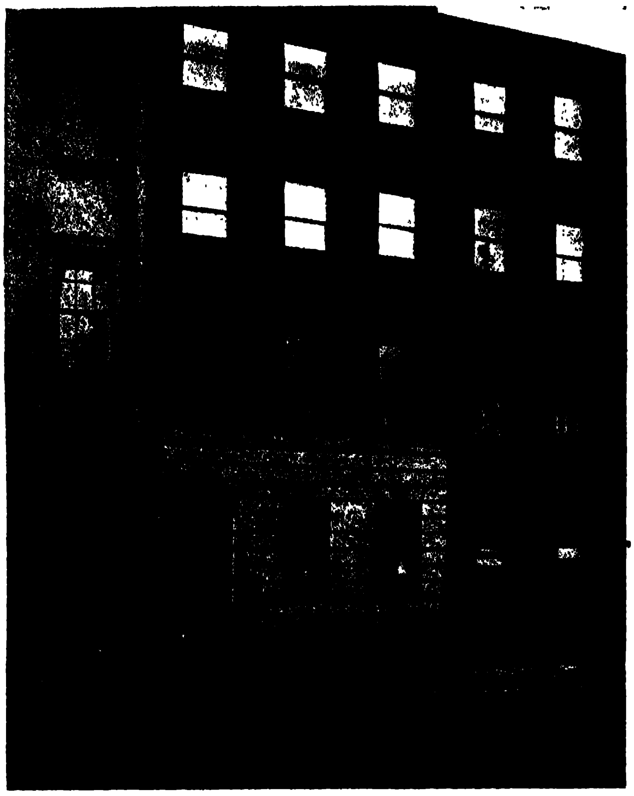


A hitherto unpublished portrait of Christina Rossetti at the age of sixteen. By Dante Gabriel Rossetti.

From "The Life of Christina Rossetti," by Mary F. Sandars (Hutchinson).

Her life in fact typifies that of the professed nun—she chants it in "The Convent Threshold," "Shut Out," [and many another sad lyric—and its record is in the main one of frustration, negation, resignation, and withered hopes straining at the last for the consolations of the Spiritual Bridegroom, as may be read in her "Advent."

The blossom of talent in one generation of the Rossetti family was in itself remarkable. Heredity and early environment had a great deal to do with the mental development of Christina, the youngest of the four children of Gabriele Rossetti, a Neapolitan exile who, settling in London, became Professor of Italian at King's College, and Frances Polidori, daughter of Gaetano Polidori, a cultured Tuscan who had been Alfieri's secretary, and sister of that eccentric Doctor Polidori, Byron's physician and author of "The Vampyre." Christina's elder sister, Maria Francesca Rossetti, the future student of Dante, was born in 1827; the elder brother, Dante Gabriel Rossetti, poet and painter, in 1828; and William Michael Rossetti, critic and biographer, in 1829. Christina Rossetti was born on December 5th, 1830, at 38, Charlotte Street, Portland Place. Her Italian descent had a near strain of English through her maternal grandmother, and the



110, Hallam Street, Portland Place.

resulting use of two languages in the family circle greatly ncreased and enriched the vocabulary of the future poets. Christina quite early in youth found pleasure in romantic writers like Scott, Mrs. Radcliffe, and Maturin, and by the time she was eleven had commenced to write poetry. The first verses (that survive) were appropriately addressed " To my Mother,"[1] for to the end of this parent's life Christina was a devoted daughter. Her first " Verses " were privately printed when she was seventeen by her grandfather, G. Polidori, at 15, Park Village East, in 1847.

Soon after this date her brothers were evolving the Pre-Raphaelite Movement, and among their artist friends who came to Charlotte Street was James Collinson (1825–1881), son of a bookseller in Mansfield. He was of some pictorial talent, but personally a dull, timid young man, short and thick-set, with a thick neck also; he spoke, with some good sense, in a provincial accent; he was tame and somnolent—in fact he had the most amazing capacity for falling asleep on every possible occasion, so perhaps he was the prototype of the Fat Boy in " Pickwick." He fell in love with Christina at first sight, and her brother, William Rossetti, acidly comments, " Well he might, for in breeding and tone of mind, not to speak of natural genius, or advantages of person, she was markedly his superior." Strange to say, Christina seems to have loved him very much; she was impressed too by his successful Exhibition picture of 1848, " The Charity Boy's Debut." She was now eighteen years of age, and though she at first refused her curious suitor because he was a Roman Catholic, she accepted him later when he said he could revert to the Church of England as a High Anglican. But before two years had passed, Collinson decided that he must after all be a Roman Catholic, so Christina " revoked her troth with deep sorrow and reluctance, and only at the bidding of a supposed duty." It was more than that: her broken romance affected her health, and transfigured by sorrow, her mind conceived her lost lover (unheroic though he may have been) in those lines of passion:

> " O dream, how sweet, too sweet, too bitter sweet,
> Whose wakening should have been in Paradise,
> Where souls brimfull of love abide and meet;
> Where thirsting, longing eyes,
> Watch the slow door
> That opening, letting in, lets out no more.
>
> " Yet come to me in dreams, that I may live
> My very life again though cold in death;
> Come back to me in dreams, that I may give
> Pulse for pulse, breath for breath;
> Speak low, lean low,
> As long ago, my love, how long ago."

The years passed. She had, with her mother, the experience of conducting a day school; she wrote her greatest poetry, " Goblin Market and Other Poems " (published in 1862); she visited France; and was ever occupied with her family duties. Then in 1864, another suitor—a friend she had known for some years—came forward in the person of Charles Bagot Cayley (1823–1883), the son of a merchant and born near St. Petersburg. He had been an official in the Patent Office and had lost all his money in an advertisement scheme. He was however a man of culture, and a very able translator of the classics. He was shabby in dress, but punctilious in courtesy: " to laugh was not his style." He had been good looking in youth, but when he advanced as the suitor of Christina Rossetti he was a melancholy man with " rather pinched features." He was forty-one and she thirty-four, so the wooing was mature.

Once again religious difficulties intervened, for Cayley was unorthodox in his views. In addition he had scarcely any money, so nothing was settled, and the idea of marriage was permitted to fade. But they remained friends, indeed lovers, until Cayley's sudden death twenty years later. To onlookers it had seemed just a sad case of two middle-aged people putting aside the happiness of their joint lives for want of a little exertion and self-sacrifice: yet doubtless the decision was a wise one, for Christina Rossetti, at any rate, was not adapted to married life in circumstances of poverty and ill-health; genius is ever ill to live with, and indeed Mr. T. J. Wise goes so far as to say that both the lovers of Christina Rossetti were lucky to escape a permanent residence with her sharp tongue.

Nevertheless the sacrifice of her second lover meant for Christina deep tragedy and bitter and passionate regrets. She had recorded the progress of her resurgent romance in " Il Rosseggiar dell'Oriente "—verses secreted in her locked desk and never seen by anyone until they were discovered after her death by William Rossetti; and in those other sad songs written in 1864–1865—" If I had words at least to vent my misery," " Shall I forget on this side of the grave ? ".

Love was gone, age at hand and terrible illness:

> "The hope I dreamed of was a dream . . . and now I wake exceeding comfortless, and worn, and old,"



Christina Rossetti at the age of eighteen.

By Dante Gabriel Rossetti.

From " The Life of Christina Rossetti," by Mary F. Sandars (Hutchinson).

[1] The original manuscripts of these poems are now in the collection of Mr. T. J. Wise, and they bear the note in Mrs. Rossetti's handwriting: " These verses are truly and literally by my little daughter, who scrupulously rejected all assistance in her rhyming efforts under the impression that in that case they would not really be her own." Mrs. Rossetti died in 1886 at the age of eighty-five.

for in 1871 Christina Rossetti was attacked by the obscure "Dr. Graves' Disease," which disfigured and destroyed her looks and left permanent heart trouble; by 1893 cancer had developed, and all hope of permanent recovery was abandoned. Ill-health had shadowed all her life and pitched the key for her most lovely songs. Thus, "When I am dead, my dearest," was written when she was only eighteen and before she had experienced the melancholy effects of the breaking of her first love affair. "An End," "Dreamland," the exquisite "Oh roses for the flush of youth," and, I fancy, "Remember me when I am gone away, gone far away into the silent land," all belong to this early period.

All through her life her thoughts were with death and the tomb. As Alice Meynell expressed it: "Christina Rossetti conformed to the ancient discipline. Her portrait should have been painted with the skull on the table." She possessed all the gentle resignation of the old anchorites in the face of suffering, and the beauty of her patience and spirituality can be read in the moving descriptions by Mr. Mackenzie Bell,[1] who saw her in her last years and after death. The end came on December 29th, 1894; she was conscious and engaged in prayer until within a few minutes of her death. She was buried in Highgate Cemetery on a day of wintry sunshine, with a sprinkle of snow on the ground, while a robin sang on a branch of a leafless tree. Here, in the last words she wrote:

> "Sleeping at last, the trouble and tumult over,
> Sleeping at last, the struggle and horror past,
> Cold and white, out of sight of friend and lover,
> Sleeping at last."

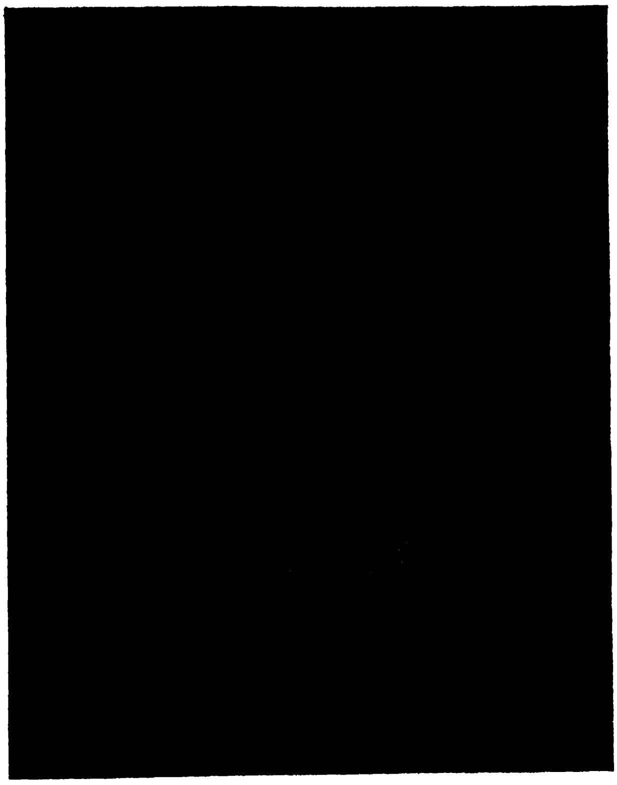
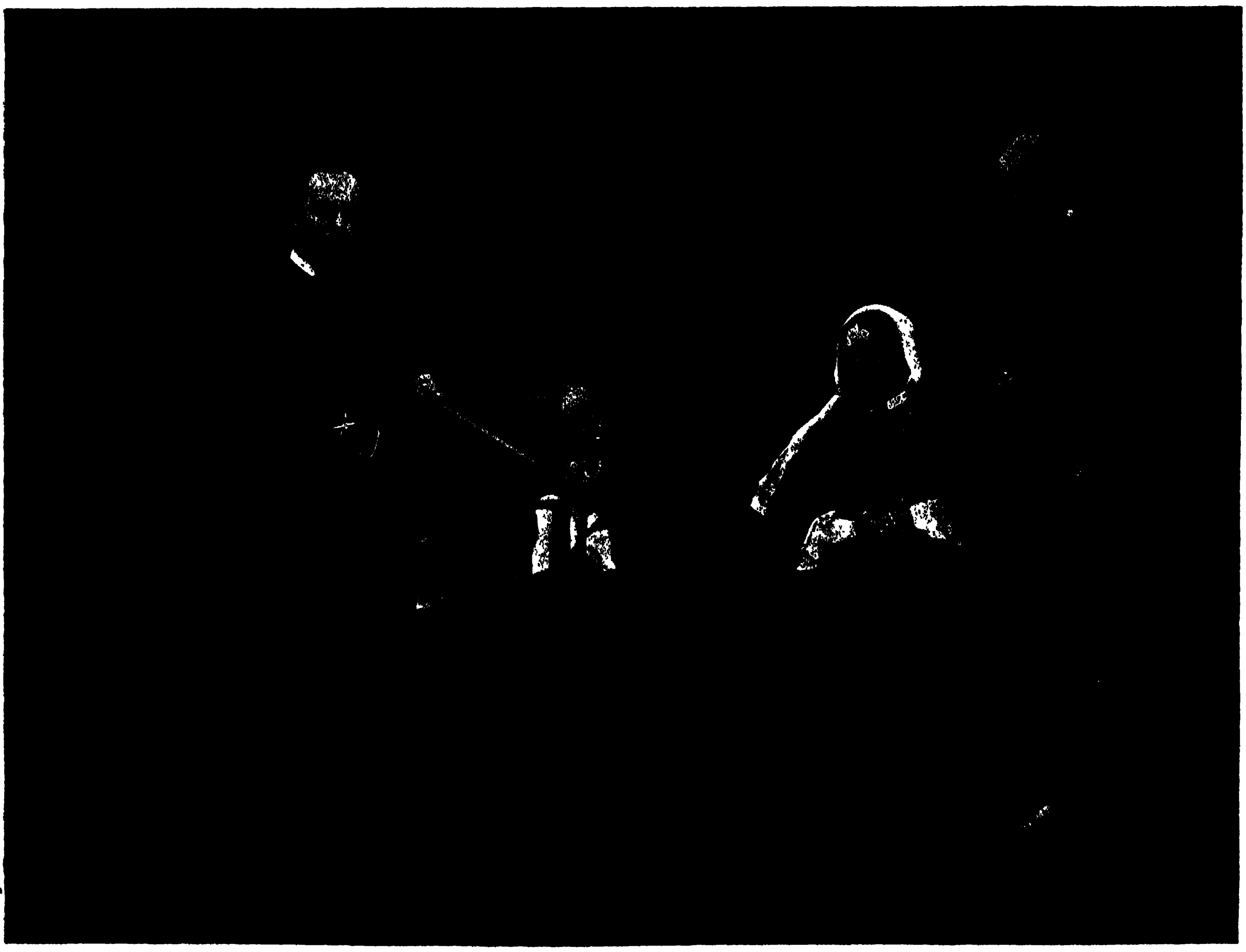


Photo by W. A. Mansell & Co. **Christina Rossetti.**
From a drawing by D. G. Rossetti.

[1] Mackenzie Bell's sympathetic and critical biography of Christina Rossetti was published, in 1898, by Hurst & Blackett. In this the centenary year of Christina Rossetti's birth has been published an excellent memoir by Mary F. Sandars (Hutchinson, 1930), which contains much new material. There are also the published Reminiscences of his sister by William Rossetti.



Dante Gabriel, Christina, William Michael Rossetti and their Mother.
From a photograph taken by Lewis Carroll (Rev. C. L. Dodgson) in the garden of Rossetti's house, Cheyne Walk, Chelsea, 1863.

BENJAMIN CONSTANT (1767-1830)

Creator of "Adolphe" and Friend of Madame de Staël

By
Bernard Causton

A hundred years ago this month Benjamin Henri Constant de Rebecque died after a life torn between conflicting aspirations, hopes and fears spent on a career that must inevitably attract the attention of those alike interested in literature and politics. For in Benjamin Constant (who must be distinguished from the painter of the same name) was found the "rare union of the man of the world with the man of letters," in the words of Alfred de Vigny, who as a young and yet unknown poet made the acquaintance of the veteran author of "Adolphe."



Benjamin Constant
1769-1830.

Benjamin Constant was born in Lausanne on October 25th, 1767. Astonishing country, Switzerland, to have cradled the first beginnings of Jean-Jacques Rousseau, Benjamin Constant and Henri Frederic Amiel, whose lives spanned between them the greater part of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries! All three were inwardly devoured by the peculiar instability of genius and displayed a marked incongruity by contrast with their neighbours. Each too will be remembered conceivably more by the love story of their lives than the philosophical, political and theological outpourings on which they set great store.

The significance of early Swiss environment should not be pressed too far, for Benjamin Constant's spiritual home was Paris, however much at times he might sigh for solitude. Indeed he found his Swiss background a constant hindrance in later years to his eligibility for the French Chamber, for he was forced to establish genealogically his French descent so as to circumvent his enemies' attempt to disqualify him as an alien intruder.

Though in his "Journal Intime" and "Cahier Rouge" Constant gave further revelations of his intimate feelings, it is by "Adolphe" that he is best known, and this brief classic among human documents has a particular claim on English interest. Experiencing a set-back in his political aspirations in 1815 when, after the restoration of the Bourbons, the July elections brought a sweeping victory for the extreme royalists over the liberals with whom he was then identified, he decided to reap the advantage of the favourable reception accorded in England to his pamphlet against war and, by implication, against Napoleon, "*De l'Esprit de Conquête.*" His arrival in England was naturally attended with the keenest expectations that he would publish some interesting reminiscences of Buonaparte in view of the rôle of reconciliation that he had played (somewhat equivocally his enemies declared) during the Hundred Days. Instead Constant brought out "Adolphe," written some years before.

In a certain sense the narrative may be regarded as autobiographical, since the description of the hero's upbringing recalls some of the circumstances of the author's early life. Benjamin Constant's mother died in giving him birth. His father, Juste Constant—shy, reserved and defensive—was constantly involved in lawsuits and avenged his misunderstandings with the officers of his regiment in moody outbursts of irony which undoubtedly contributed towards Benjamin's temperament. Where there is added, as in his case, the secret imperative need of genius to discover the Why and Wherefore of human contacts, the sheer difficulty of effecting an understanding lends a vivid sense of discovery unknown to those who make their social adjustments in a manner almost automatic by contrast.

Our young autobiographical hero, Adolphe, had derived from friendship with an aged lady of wit and perception (in whom the commentators see a portrait of Madame de Charrière, the first woman to dominate his life by the allegiance of intellectual affinities), "an inveterate repugnance to all trite maxims and dogmatic standards." Hence bored by the trite conventionality of society in a provincial German town, he was in a particularly impressionable condition to perceive the rarity and charm in the pride and disillusionment of Ellénore. She is described as: "A Pole, a celebrated beauty, although no longer in her first youth." That last phrase hints the tragedy that is to follow.

She responds to Adolphe's entreaties. It is the last romance of her life, but the first of his. Ambitious for his future, railed at by his father and friends for neglecting his chances of a career, he tires of her and, consumed with sorrow at her unhappiness, lacks the merciless resolution—which might have been less cruel in the long run—to break off the relationship. It drags on till her death, precipitated by the anguish she has undergone, releases him.

Of the author of "Adolphe" it is interesting to note that he was indifferent to poetry and the beauties of rural scenery. But, an omnivorous reader, he had early relished the writings of Rousseau (while expressing abhorrence of Rétif de la Bretonne), to whose uninhibited sensibility something in him responded, though the growing insight of a courtier added, in his instance, a finer edge of perception to the promptings of his feelings.



LA SERVANTE DE BOCKS. MANET

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Perhaps "La Princesse de Cleves," by the Countess de la Fayette, comes nearest to "Adolphe" in realistic portrayal of the cruel Nemesis that awaits tender but ill-assorted gallantry. Sincerity removes such revelations of the heart several stages from the grade of eighteenth century amorous chronicles, where the fickle and irresponsible qualities of courtiership predominated. Certainly the type of *petit maître* who adorned the intrigues narrated by Choderlos de Laclos and Crebillon *fils*, would have registered dismayed amusement at Adolphe's unsimulated avowal of his feelings:

"Unhappy he who, in the first moments of love's fulfilment, does not believe his love eternal. . . . There is something touching, almost sacred, about a woman swept away by the flood of her heart's emotions. It is not the passions, it is not Nature, it is not the senses that are the destroyers; it is the calculations which our social life make a habit with us, the considerations which our experience imposes on us."

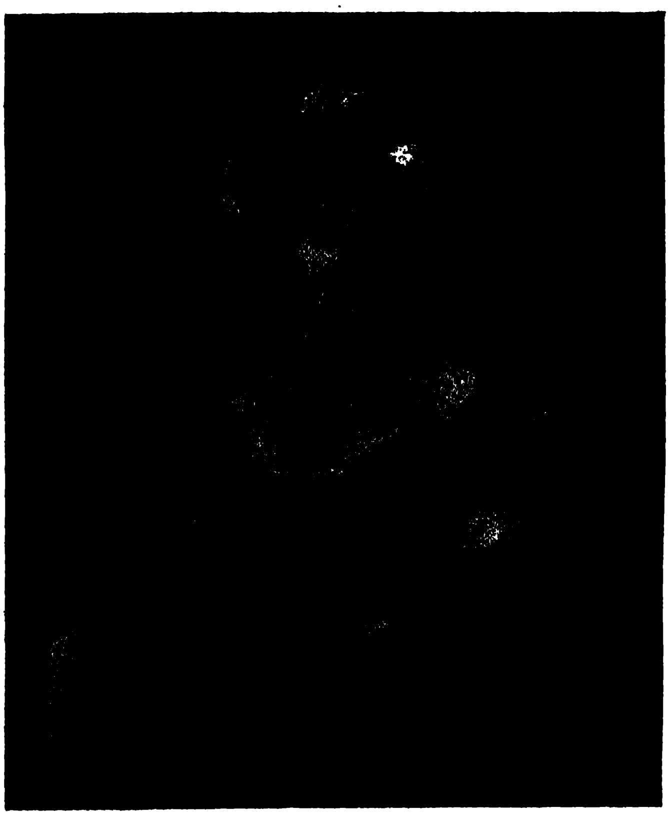
Already that word "believe" foreshadows the mortality of love, and in fact out of the hundred odd pages of which "Adolphe" in the "Classiques Garnier" edition consists (I am quoting however from Paul Hookham's translation) only a mere score occupy the space during which Adolphe was in love with Ellénore. After her death is discovered a farewell message with which the narrative closes:

"Must I die, Adolphe? You would then be happy. . . . She will die, this wearisome Ellénore, whom you cannot bear near you, whom you look upon as a stumbling block, on account of whom you find every place in the world unhappy. She will die. You will get back, unshackled, to the crowd in which you are eager to mingle. You will know them for what they are, those people, and perhaps one day, revolted by the sordid hearts around you, you will miss the heart that was all yours, that beat only with love for you, that would have braved a thousand dangers to shield you, and that you no longer deign to reward with even a glance."

Here we are not troubled by an easy propagandist moral. "Adolphe" is a tragedy, reminding us how often in life we think and care less for those who manifest their need of us, while we respect those whose reserve may be only indifference.

Noteworthy, as reflecting Constant's lifelong preoccupation with religion and the prospect of death, is Adolphe's account of the last prayers uttered for Ellénore:

"I heard them repeat the funereal sentences automatically, heedless of the fact that they themselves must one day be the principal actors in a like scene. I was, however, far from despising those ordinances. Is there one of them of which man, in his ignorance, dares to assert the futility? They soothed Ellénore; they helped her to take the tremendous step towards which we are all advancing, beyond which no one can predict his next experience. I am not surprised that man stands in need of religion; what astonishes me is that he should feel himself strong enough, sufficiently sheltered from the calamities of life, to dare dispense with it. He should rather, it seems to me, be driven in his weakness to invoke its aid. In the blank darkness that surrounds us, is there a glimmer that we can afford to disdain? Amid the torrent that sweeps us along, is there a branch at which it is beneath our dignity to catch?"



Madame De Staël.
Engraved by E. Scriven.
From the original picture by F. Gerard, in the possession of M. de Broglie, at Paris.

Stimulated by his reading of the Encyclopædists he had early conceived a thesis for proving the superiority of paganism to Christianity, but his "History of Religions" underwent some notable changes of thought owing partly to the influence of German metaphysicians before its publication between the years 1824 and 1831, the last volume thus appearing posthumously. As he wrote to a friend in 1811: "I am no longer that fearless philosopher, sure that there is nothing after this world, and so pleased with this world that he rejoices that there is no other. My work is a singular proof of what Bacon says, that a little learning leads to atheism and more learning to religion."

Originally intended for Oxford Constant does not appear to have matriculated there but at Erlangen, and later at Edinburgh acquired a taste for dialectic and disquisition. Indeed so trilingual was he that Sainte-Beuve frowns magisterially (in a foot-note to "Portraits Littéraires") on Constant's recourse to English and German turns of expression, as likely from its very versatility to militate against the finest verbal felicity in French.

Neither of Constant's wives seems to have been very prominent in his life, the second marriage being undertaken apparently to escape from the entanglements of Madame de Staël. It is this celebrated woman, daughter of Necker, the banker and Minister of Finance, and married to the Swedish Ambassador, who has been "featured" by some commentators as the original of Ellénore in "Adolphe," though Professor Rudler's supposition that that heroine was a composite portrait of various women with whom Constant had been associated seems the most probable.

It was with Madame de Staël that Constant intrigued to get Talleyrand the portfolio of Foreign Affairs, but the newly appointed Minister did little in return for his benefactors. Years afterwards Constant, as a determined opponent of the censorship laws muzzling the Press, got himself returned to the Chamber for the Sarthe division, where however he owed his hold to the patronage of a rabid, provincial journalist, named Goyet, who wrote thus to remind him of his dependence: "Remember, I lead public opinion." There may be politicians to-day who will sympathise with Constant in this predicament.

In July, 1913, M. Caillaux unveiled a monument in a public square in Le Mans, commemorating Constant's political representation there. But it will be as the author of "Adolphe" that we shall best remember him. Opinions may differ as to the rightful successors in this tradition of peculiarly intimate narrative, but "Adolphe, 1920," by John Rodker, and "Le Diable au Corps," by the late Raymond Radiguet, are noteworthy present day exercises in the same genre of literary expression which seem to attest that the spirit of Adolphe is not dead even on the centenary of his creator.

MY FIRST BOOK

Famous Men Recall the Books of their Childhood

By

R. Thurston Hopkins

It is seldom that one sees any of the old juvenile books in the hands of children nowadays. Fifty years ago, before the advent of junior "thrillers" and mystery stories, the mainstay of every boy's library was a bulky volume of "Robinson Crusoe" with copious illustrations, and Hans Andersen's Tales. But such old companions have been banished by the present generation, and to-day the elderly and middle-aged reader would need a landmark to guide him into the bookland of his childhood. Perhaps there is no better landmark than a muster of those books which were the earliest favourites of some of our most eminent living citizens.

Rudyard Kipling

Mr. Kipling was probably born with a taste for curious and out-of-the-way books. At fourteen he was in the editor's chair of the *United Services College Chronicle*, and was allowed the run of the head master's study—that "brown bound, tobacco-scented library" that he speaks of with such reverence in his chronicles of schoolboy life.

Kipling stolidly read his way through the whole library. There were many of the ancient dramatists, a set of the "Voyages of Hakluyt," a literary treasure which no doubt supplied Kipling with much information that he makes use of in his later books; French translations of the Muscovite authors, Pushkin and Lermontoff; "The Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyám," afterwards parodied by him in "Departmental Ditties"; there were volumes of Crashaw, Dryden, Alexander Smith, L. E. L., Lydia Sigourney, Fletcher's "Purple Island," Donne, Marlowe's "Faust," Ossian, "The Earthly Paradise," "Atalanta in Calydon" and Rossetti.

The books of Kipling's childhood serve to give some idea of how he obtained the marvellous mastery of detail and that astonishing grasp of life in all its phases which made him wellnigh a wizard among writers before he was out of his teens.

Mr. Bernard Shaw

As Mr. George Bernard Shaw, and his opinions on every conceivable subject, are at present the centre of so much attention, it will be of interest to open with the books which captured his imagination in early life. It has often been said that Shaw was born a greybeard. In all the attempted memories of those who knew him in his childhood there is a note of hesitation, a hint that he was not the ordinary light-hearted boy of common daily life. In a homely phrase, "people didn't know what to make of him," and to this day nobody knows what to make of him. Thus it will not come as a surprise to discover that the books which usually catch the fancy of boys and girls inspired in him no enthusiasm. Shaw says bluntly that he loathed and despised children's books from the accursed "Swiss Family Robinson" onwards. "I loathed them," he writes, "for their dishonesty, their hypocrisy, their sickly immorality and their damnable dullness. Even as a child my moral sense, like my penetrating literary judgment, was sound. I have no more recollection of my first book than I have of my first meal. I read everything that came my way, but I had to be encouraged by my mother to persevere at 'Robinson Crusoe' until we landed on the desert island, after which he carried me with him unaided. I acquired a very boyish (not childish) taste for Shakespeare from the snippets printed beneath Selous's illustrations."

Shaw names "The Arabian Nights" and "The Pilgrim's Progress" as the two literary sensations of his childhood; he read them and found in them the note of genius.

"This shows," he remarks, "that I was as good a critic in my infancy as I am now, though I could not then bring such brilliant reasoning to support my opinion."

Two poems made a profound impression on Shaw as a child; he admits that he was born with an uncanny knowledge of the "Ancient Mariner" and "John Gilpin"; also with an unaccountable recollection of Baron Trenck and his escapes from prison.

Children should be let loose on big libraries without restriction; but the table should be covered with big illustrated copies—with the two or three lines illustrated printed beneath each picture—of Shakespear, the Pilgrim's Progress, Don Quixote, Robinson Crusoe, the Arabian Nights, Grimm's & Andersen's Tales &c &c. The illustrations should be romantic or realistic, but never comic. "Children's books" should be rigidly excluded. G. Bernard Shaw 29/7/29.

Mr. Justice Eve

It has been said that Mr. Justice Eve resembles something between a prize-fighter and a farmer. This is not perhaps a very flattering way to describe a learned judge who is generally accepted as one of the most popular figures to be met with in the profession of the law; but it does prepare the reader to expect from Justice Eve a loyalty to the old favourites in the bookland of childhood. A burly man with a square jaw and keen eyes that do not require the aid of spectacles; he has the far-seeing vision of the man who loves the wide open spaces and even thinks with an almost physical exuberance of strength. The eyes reveal the man and reveal the child. "My reading as a boy," writes Sir H. Trelawney Eve, "was almost wholly confined to books of adventure. Mayne Reid, Fenimore Cooper, Ballantyne, 'Robinson Crusoe,' 'Masterman Ready' and the like. 'The Swiss Family Robinson' was perhaps the book which was my favourite; my delight in it is with me a living memory still."

Mr. Justice Eve, who is an authority on farming and all kinds of live stock, also mentions that books about animals always gave him pleasure. "Despite half a century of hard work in the humdrum profession of the law," he writes, "I have all my life preserved a love for the wild places and a delight in the companionship of animals of all kinds," which shows that the books of his childhood have made a good and lasting effect on him throughout life.

Questioned on his opinion regarding the "movies" as a modern substitute for boys' story books, Mr. Eve says: "I have no dramatic tastes . . . my holidays are always spent in the open air. I have seen next to nothing of 'the pictures' and cannot offer any opinion on their merits or the reverse. I do not think fairy tales ever attracted me, and this may be the explanation of my having absolutely no taste for the drama."

Mr. Charles Blake Cochran

Mr. Charles Blake Cochran thinks the right boy can tell the right book directly he strikes it. Every boy, he thinks, should have one peak-favourite book which above all others is his alone, and to which his fancy perpetually returns, conjuring with its scenes and characters, and interweaving them with his own life. Mr. Cochran's favourite was "Treasure Island," by Robert Louis Stevenson. The proof to him that it was "his" book was not that it has never been forgotten, but knowing on reading the first few pages that he never could forget it.

"I have often wondered," said Mr. Cochran, "what book I should choose if it was my fate to be marooned on some desert island for the rest of my life, with the choice of one single volume for a companion. It would be very difficult to make a choice, but I think that Shakespeare's 'Plays and Sonnets' would be the book for me."

CHILDREN'S ILLUSTRATED BOOKS

Some Craftsmen of the Nineteenth Century

By
H. M. Cundall

Towards the end of the eighteenth century William Blake produced "Songs of Innocence," "Songs of Experience" and other books for children by a process of printing on copper plates invented by himself; the lines instead of being bitten away by acid were in relief. But the mystic work of this artist with weird imaginations were hardly suitable for the young. Children at that period were more likely to appreciate the chap (i.e. cheap) books known as "penny plain and tuppence coloured." These little books and ballads on broad sheets, together with gaudy ribbons and tinsel jewellery, were hawked about the country by pedlars. The illustrations were mostly very crude and the colours were laid on by children. Each child was employed in using only one colour, and the print was passed from one to another until the colouring was complete.

Even in these early days some of the little books issued by John Catnach and his son James were embellished by cuts by Thomas Bewick, the noted engraver of birds and animals. At the beginning of the nineteenth century the chap-books written in verse assumed a more pretentious character, and in order to make them more attractive had coverings of Dutch paper stamped with designs in bright covers. "The Daisy" and "The Cowslip," cautionary stories in verse adapted to the ideas of children, may be mentioned as examples.

Later on "Dame Wiggins of Lee and her Seven Wonderful Cats," chiefly written by an old lady of ninety, was issued. Ruskin was attracted by the meritorious rhythmic cadence of the verses, and produced a new edition in 1885. Facsimiles of the woodcuts were made, and Ruskin added four rhymes, which were illustrated by Kate Greenaway.

An advance now was gradually being made in book illustrations, and "German Popular Stories," translated from "Kinder und Hausmärchen" by the Brothers Grimm, was published in 1826, with illustrations by George Cruikshank. In the next decade Edward Lear, a water-colour artist, whilst engaged by Lord Derby in making drawings of birds for a work known as the "Knowsley Menagerie," produced his well-known comic drawings and verses for the amusement of his lordship's children. Ten years later they were brought out as a "Book of Nonsense." It became extremely popular, and numerous fresh editions followed for many years. Lear however was not the originator of nonsensical rhymes, as "The History of Sixteen Wonderful Old Women" was published in 1821, and shortly afterwards "Anecdotes of Fifteen Young Ladies" appeared. Both books consisted of absurd rhymes and illustrations.

About 1830 the publisher, Charles Tilt, with whom David Bogue later became partner, brought out a series of stories concerning animals, some of them illustrated by Thomas Landseer, for children, and Joseph Cundall (the present writer's father), who was at that time an assistant in the firm, wrote "Tales of the Kings of England," founded on Holinshed and Froissart in 1840, and "Robin Hood and his Merry Foresters," taken from old ballads, in the following year. They were written under the name of Stephen Percy, and both of these works were illustrated by Sir John Gilbert, then a rising young artist.



The Night Fag.
By Sydney P. Hall.

From "Tom Brown's School Days."

Soon afterwards Joseph Cundall commenced business as a publisher on his own account. He produced in five years more than thirty children's books illustrated by eminent artists of the day. He became associated with Mr. (afterwards Sir) Henry Cole, the Director of the South Kensington, now Victoria and Albert Museum. (Incidentally it may be mentioned that Mr. Cole at this time was conceiving the idea of holding an international exhibition. Later the project was warmly taken up by Prince Albert, and the outcome was the Great Exhibition of 1851.)

Amongst Joseph Cundall's first productions was "Felix Summerby's Home Treasury," edited by Mr. Cole. It consisted of a series of small books for children, illustrated by many of the best artists of the time, including C. W. Cope, R.A., T. Webster, R.A., R. Redgrave, R.A., J. C. Horsley, R.A., F. Tayler, J. Linnell and J. Absolon. All the books were excellently printed by Charles Whittingham at the Chiswick Press. He also issued "Gammer Gurton's Story Books," edited by Mr. W. J. Thomas, under the *nom de plume* of Ambrose Merton, the librarian of the House of Lords. They were illustrated by F. Tayler and J. Absolon. Amongst other publications were "Story-Books of the Season," by Harriet Myrtle (Mary Gillies), with pictures by Absolon, and "The Good-Natured Bear," by R. H. Horne, illustrated by F. Tayler.

Up to this period the wood engraver produced his blocks with a graver, which gave fine lines in imitation of copper and steel plates, but in the sixties, when book illustration is considered to have reached its peak, the knife formerly used by the early engravers was once more employed, and broader and freer results were obtained. The *Cornhill Magazine* and *Good Words* were amongst the first publications to give illustrations in this manner, after drawings by Leighton, Millais and Frederick Walker. Messrs. Novello & Co. issued "National Nursery Rhymes and Nursery Songs," with prints after A. B. Houghton, George Pinwell and other noted book illustrators. They were produced by the Brothers Dalziel,

who were the principal engravers at that time. Later, through the means of photography, line and half-tone blocks were mechanically made, and the art of wood engraving has now become almost extinct.



When we went out with Grandmamma.

From "Marigold Garden," by Kate Greenaway (Warne).

Early in the nineteenth century William Savage revived chiaroscuro printing, which was introduced abroad in the sixteenth century. Some of his prints contained as many as thirty colours. In 1834 in the preface to "Feather, Tribes of the British Isles," the publisher wrote, "I should mention the vignettes on the title pages are novelties — polychromatic printing, or printing in many colours from wood blocks." These were executed by George Baxter. They were printed first from a key plate, which was a steel plate etching, and the colours were added by means of wood blocks. Three years later Messrs. Day & Son, the lithographers, produced toned lithographs which consisted of superimposing a yellow tint and leaving the high lights white. Chromolithography was introduced by this firm later, but owing to the number of heavy stones required, the process was expensive. With these exceptions during the first half of the century the colouring of all book illustrations was done by hand.

About 1855 Messrs. Leighton Brothers introduced the printing in oil colours from wood blocks using heavy oils, which produced prints resembling oil paintings. The proprietors of the *Illustrated London News* were among the first to make use of this process. In the next decade Messrs. George Routledge & Sons brought out numerous toy-books for children with illustrations printed by this means, after drawings by well-known artists, including H. Stacy Marks, R.A., J. D. Watson, Harrison Weir and Walter Crane. To Edmund Evans great credit is due for the many excellent books printed with illustrations by means of wood blocks and resembling water-colour drawings, now superseded by the three-colour process. He became associated with Walter Crane, Randolph Caldecott and Kate Greenaway, and the children's books illustrated by these artists are amongst the best published in the latter part of the century. Walter Crane was a prolific worker, and in addition to his book illustrations he became noted as a designer of textile fabrics and wall-papers. Randolph Caldedott was chiefly known for his coloured picture-books, especially those with jovial huntsmen, horses and dogs. Amongst the best were "The Three Jovial Huntsmen," "The Mad Dog" and "The Farmer's Boy." He also drew many illustrations for the Christmas numbers of *The Graphic*.

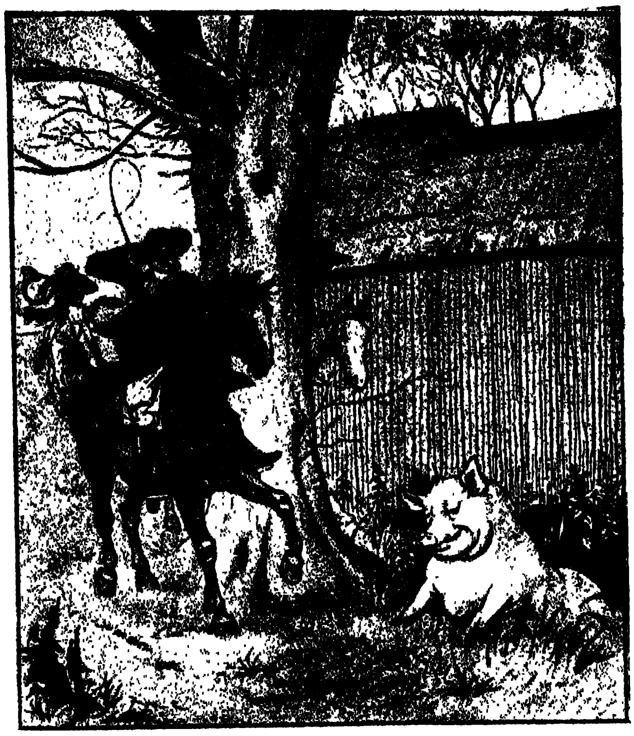
Kate Greenaway's name will always be associated with the dainty drawings of children and flowers produced in her books. Her success was greatly owing to her association with Edmund Evans, who printed nearly all her books. Her father, a draughtsman and engraver in his early days, was employed at Ebenezer Landell's, a pupil of Bewick, where he met Birket Foster and Edmund Evans, all Northumbrians. Greenaway's friendship with the latter continued all his life, to his daughter's benefit. Kate Greenaway, besides making the illustrations, also wrote some verses as well for her books —amongst which may be mentioned "Under the Window, with Pictures and Rhymes for Children," "A Day in a Child's Life," containing songs set to music by Myles B. Foster, the eldest son of Birket Foster, and "A Marigold Garden."



And every sort of dance they knew.

From "Marigold Garden," by Kate Greenaway (Warne).

Two very notable books for the young were published by Messrs. Macmillan & Co.—"Tom Brown's School Days" and "Alice's Adventures in Wonderland." They were brought out about seventy years ago, and new editions are still being printed. The former, written by Thomas Hughes, has illustrations in the early editions by Sydney P. Hall and Arthur Hughes, and in later ones by E. J. Sullivan. The latter, written by the Rev. Charles Lutwidge Dodgson, under the pseudonym of Lewis Carroll, and illustrated by Sir John Tenniel, has long since become a classic.

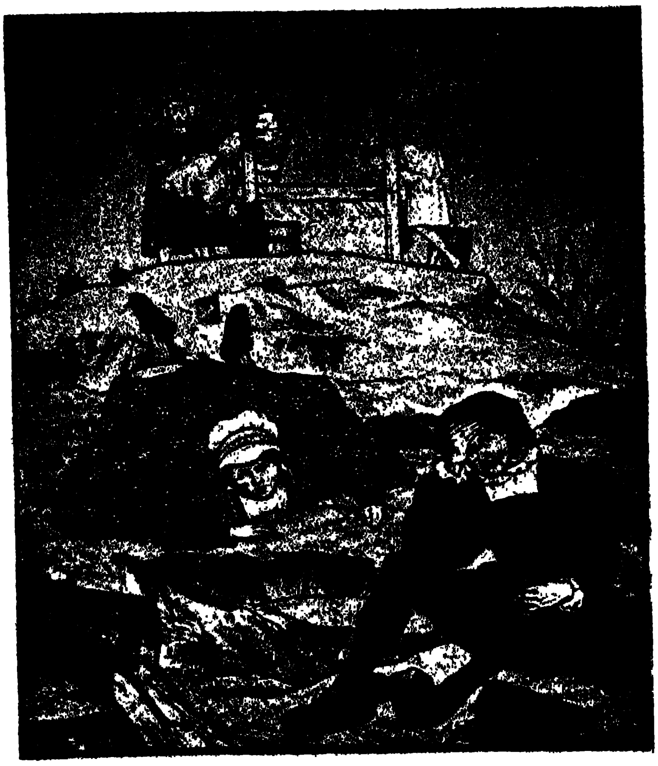


THREE JOVIAL HUNTSMEN.
(By Randolph Caldecott.)



From ALICE'S ADVENTURES IN WONDERLAND."
By LEWIS CARROLL.
Illustrated by JOHN TENNIEL
(Macmillan).

"YOUR HAIR WANTS CUTTING,' SAID THE HATTER.
(The "Mad Tea Party.")



By H. STACEY MARKS, R.A.

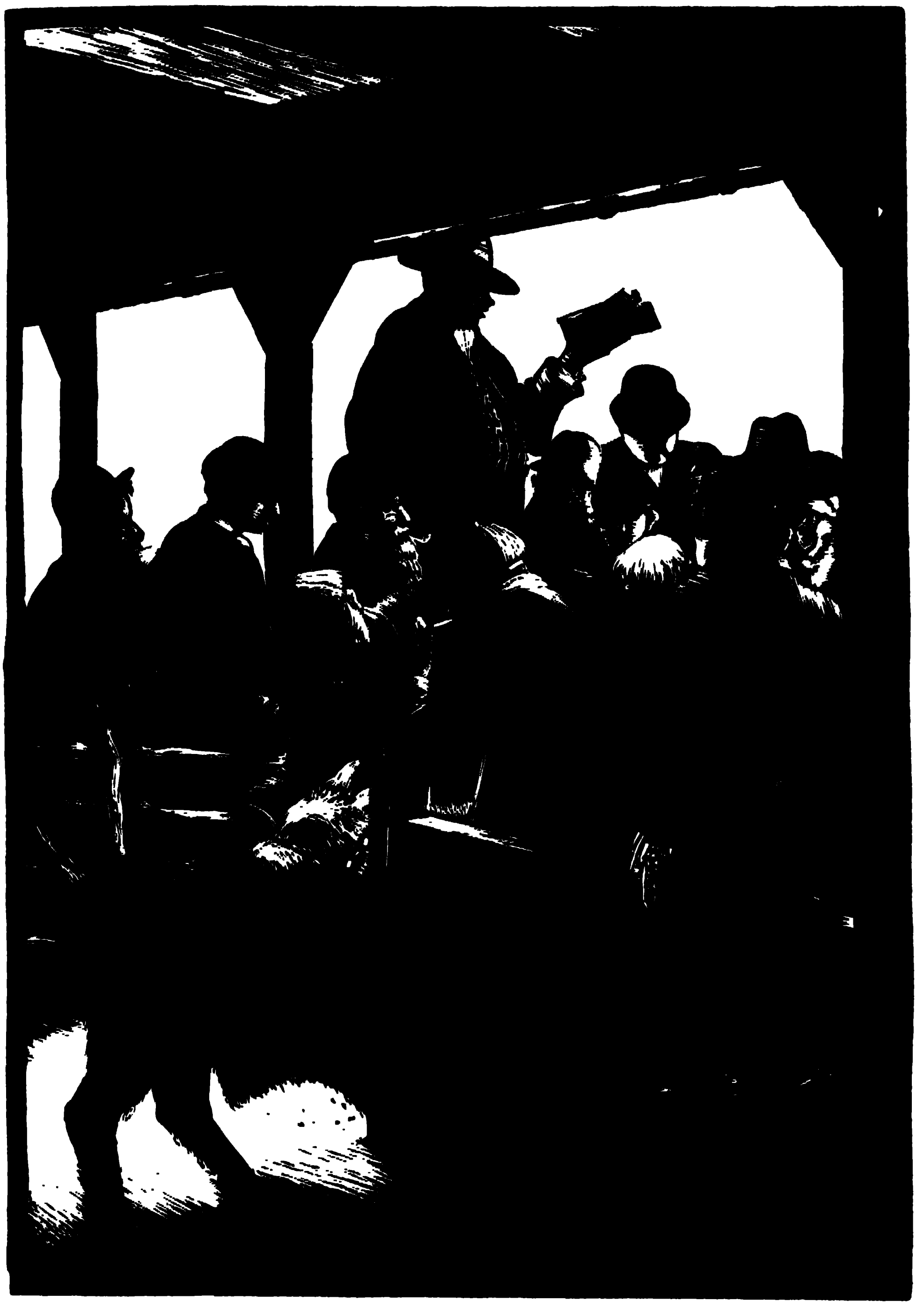
JACK AND JILL.



From "A ROMANCE OF THE THREE R'S."

LITTLE QUEEN ANNE.
(By Walter Crane.)

Some Children's Illustrations



From "WOODCUTS: EXAMPLES OF THE WORK OF CLARE LEIGHTON" (Longmans).

THE CALF AUCTION.



DECORATION ENGRAVED ON WOOD FOR "THE CANTERBURY TALES" BY ERIC GILL.
(By permission of the Golden Cockerel Press.)

SOME ILLUSTRATORS OF THIS CENTURY

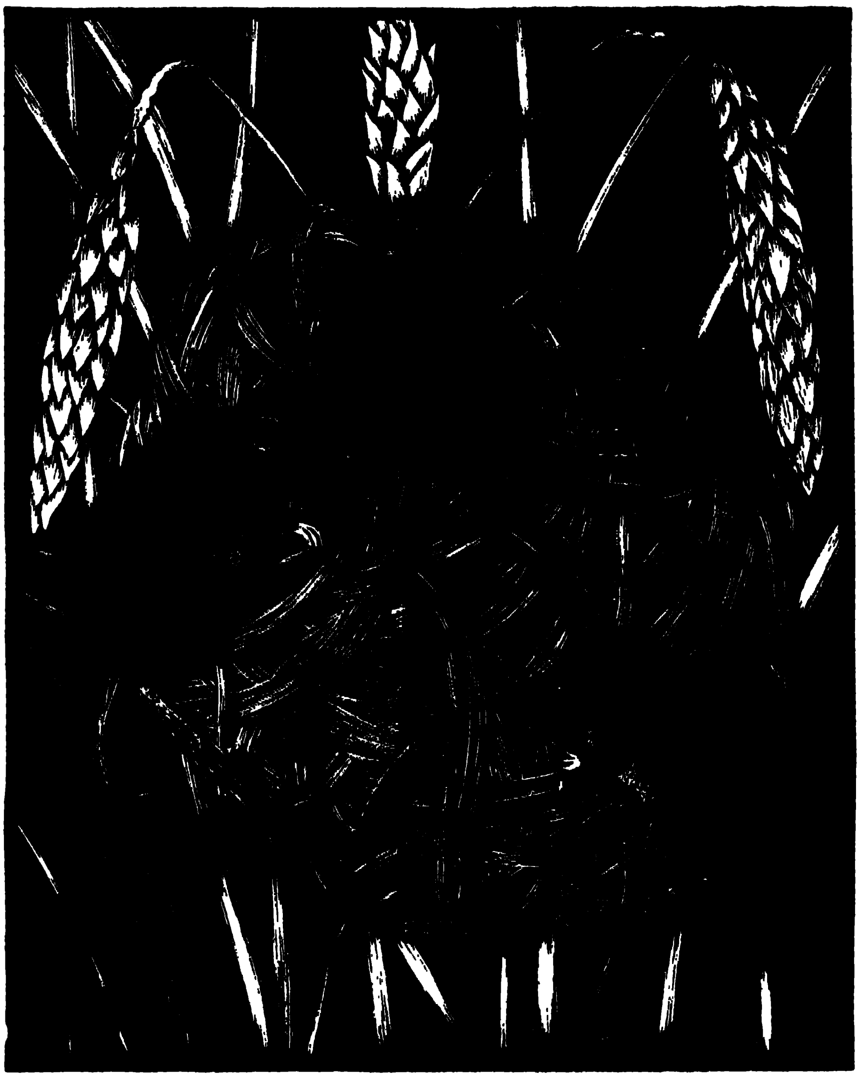
Artists in Pen-and-Ink, Colour and Woodcut

By Harry Kirby

In considering briefly the subject of twentieth century book illustration we might well begin—indeed chronological sequence demands it—with an artist whose work became famous before the nineteenth died. During the closing years of the last century Hugh Thomson held a premier place in English book illustration. From the discovery of his talent by that astute editor Comyns Carr (of the *English Illustrated*) to the end of the century the tale of the books illustrated by Thomson is a remarkable one. Consider the '90's only! "The Vicar of Wakefield" (one of the most popular editions ever published) came out in 1890; the following year saw "Cranford" (in its turn a "book of the year"); in '92 was published "Beau Brocade." "Our Village" was illustrated in '93, whilst '94 saw not only "Pride and Prejudice" (with the emblematical peacock blazoned on its cover) but also the delightful "Coridon's Song." "The Story of Rosina" marked 1895, whilst Somerville's "Chace" filled 1896. The next year (1897) was a vintage one, for during its passage the remaining novels of Jane Austen received attention—attention so skilful that all true "Janeites" are pledged to these editions. Finally 1900 was celebrated by the "Kentucky Cardinal" of James Lane Allen.

Much of Hugh Thomson's success was undoubtedly due to specialisation. He studied eighteenth century life and detail till he had practically absorbed the moods and manners of that age. Further, he was fortunate in being associated in many ventures with another specialist of the same period. Indeed, the association was so pronounced that we almost instinctively couple the names (Thomson, in whimsical mood, had coupled the portraits already, as possessors of the 1890 "Vicar" will be aware) of Austin Dobson and Hugh Thomson. Few collaborations of author and artist have been so consistently successful as was this union.

During the present century Thomson's industry hardly slackened and from 1903 to 1920 almost every year saw fresh evidence of his skill. In scope the illustrations ranged from Shakespeare to Barrie: from Fanny Burney to Hawthorne (the "Scarlet Letter" of the latter was actually his "swan song") and in much of his later work the effect of adding colour was tried.



Harvest Mice.

From "The Natural History of Selborne." By Gilbert White. Illustrated by Eric Fitch Daglish. (Thornton Butterworth).

If Thomson used colour only occasionally his young contemporary Arthur Rackham used little else (as readers of THE BOOKMAN must be well aware). Rackham had been known as an illustrator since about 1894, but he did not become really well known till his "Rip Van Winkle" of the present century. His reputation was firmly established by the brilliant "Peter Pan in Westminster Gardens" of 1906 (a work very hard to secure to-day as it has so frequently been broken up to adorn nursery walls) whilst with his "Alice" of 1907 he achieved the distinction of being the only serious challenger of the Tenniel tradition. Even Austin Dobson (a most ardent Tennielite) admitted the charm of Rackham's art in a deft "proem" contributed to this edition.

To chronicle Rackham's work is impossible in a short article. To describe it is a pleasant task. The artist possesses a genius for depicting the world of Fairyland: the country where roam elf and gnome; goblin and ogre. His imagination must be prodigious, for not only does he call up these creatures at his will, but he imbues the landscape also with strange life. His trees (there is a particular willow that might well be termed the "Rackham" willow) take on strange shapes, and bough and twig leer and gesticulate in the most disturbing manner. In contrast to these fantastic shapes his children are singularly human and lovable.

It has been urged that Rackham is not versatile: that he has dwelt overlong in the unreal world of fairyland and cannot consequently grapple with the ordinary workaday world. Such criticisms have no more than a modicum of truth. It is not disputed that Rackham has made the weird and grotesque his special duty, but that he is not at home outside this sphere may well be contradicted by his attractive "Vicar of Wakefield" of 1929.

Whilst mentioning children we cannot well pass over Ernest H. Shepard. True, his name seems to appear chiefly at Christmas time (though "grown-ups" meet him regularly in *Punch*) and in connection with the verse of A. A. Milne, but we occasionally meet him outside these rather circumscribed limits. "Pepys's," for instance, has been made much more of a book for the people by the addition of Shepard's illustrations, whilst the "County Songs" (to which E. V. Lucas contributed the verse) should be submitted as a model to all guide-book makers. Topography, as taught by Messrs. Lucas and Shepard, would be a most attractive addition to any curriculum. A characteristic of this artist is his manner of using his pictures as a frame for the accompanying scrap of verse or prose.

The brothers Brock are still with us and for that we are grateful. Like Hugh Thomson their best work was their earliest, and was done in the '90's. Their work is curiously alike, the only difference being the somewhat clearer, firmer line of H. M. If C. E. draws a delightful "Mrs. Battle," H. M. replies with a "Sir Roger" looking every inch a "knight of the shire." Against C. E.'s most diverting "John Gilpin" we can balance the cheery, ample-girthed "Will Wimble" of H. M. One peculiarity is shared by the brothers also, that being the exquisite truth of all their period interiors. The tall-boys, long case clocks, chests, tables and the like have that essential air of "rightness" about them so beloved of the connoisseur.

But we must leave pen-and-ink for a moment and consider other illustrative methods. The one that looms largest on the horizon at the moment is undoubtedly the woodcut. Probably the cult arose through the distaste engendered by an excess of photo-mechanical reproduction. Whatever its origin it has come to stay, for by its medium the artist not only conceives his fancies but is able to execute them and that right down to printing point. Moreover the cut looks remarkably well on the printed page and can be printed concurrently with it. It has little to compare it with the facsimile work of the engravers of Dalziel's time, but is an affair of bold line and solidly massed blacks.

The private presses have done much in the woodcut revival and of their disciples none has done more clever work than Eric Gill. He uses either black or white line with equal facility and his draughtsmanship is sound. Much of his effort has been directed towards the illustration of religious works and though there may be disagreements with the ascetic—at times stark—handling of the subjects, the artistic nature of the work is never in doubt.

Eric Daglish and Robert Gibbings have much in common. Both delight in the portrayal of wild life (with a leaning towards ornithology) and their technique is not dissimilar. Perhaps we derive the greater pleasure from the work of Gibbings. He has the Bewick knack of making a duck (shall we say) look just a duck; so true to nature that the thought of criticism does not arise. Daglish (with far less economy) does not achieve the same result. Most of his work is technically brilliant (we remember a charming little dormouse in one of Fabre's books) but the decorative element is always uppermost. Instinctively we imagine what delightful frescoes could be made from this or that picture (as indeed they might) but the notion, intriguing as it is, indicates that the mantle of Bewick will never fall on Daglish.

Less complex is the art of Miss Clare Leighton. She is a comparative new-comer (many of us will recall her poster work for the Empire Marketing Board) but has already made her mark in book illustration. It needed only two books to establish this—Hardy's "The Return of the Native" and Wilder's "The Bridge of San Luis Rey." In both she shows a skilful use of white line with a very bold use of massed blacks. The peculiar mood of the last-named book has been finely caught. Recently Miss Leighton has been busy with Tomlinson and has illustrated his "The Sea and The Jungle."

These names are but a few of the workers in this medium. We ought to mention Douglas Bliss, Stephen Bone, Gordon Craig, John and Paul Nash, Gwendolen Raverat and Percy Smith and many others, but space will not permit.

Line engraving is little seen to-day. It is too patient a process for these hurrying days, but George Moore's "Brook Kerith" has been illustrated in this manner. The work, done by Stephen Gooden, is highly esteemed; so much so that copies of the book are almost unprocurable. The engravings possess rare dignity, and although Blake is brought to mind there is too much of Gooden in the work to sustain any charge of imitation.



Aunt Prue and Aunt Rose.

From "My Son and I" (George Allen).
Illustrated by Hugh Thomson.

Coloured aquatint too has almost ceased to be. Remembering the pictures of Allen and Rowlandson we regret its passing. Sporting illustrators we have in plenty—Lionel Johnson, Nicholson, Munnings and Armour, to mention only a few, and the study of the equine race has at no time received greater attention. It is curious that hunting (which is after all the sport of the comparative few) receives so much attention. Some day it will strike our sporting artists that there is beauty in a Rugby field, or grace in a skimming swallow dive. At present they seem too impressed by the dismemberment of a weary fox or the crumple of a stricken partridge to heed less sanguine sports.

In concluding these brief notes, we may see that book illustration, so far as the present century has progressed, is in a vigorous condition, nor need we have any grave apprehensions as to its future.

FORGOTTEN TREASURE

Letters from the Past

A London publisher must have been startled to receive from Nottingham, in December, 1799, a long letter which baldly began :

> " SIR,
>
> " I am writing an Epic Poem, the plan of which is, ' Satan, over intent on the destruction of Mankind, is represented as the prime cause of this calamitous War. He sends an emissary to inspire the God of celestial Love with brutal malice, to wound the favourite of Astrea, the Heaven-born Orvan. Eros, thence is exiled from Elysium, and becomes the instrument of Satan, to raise in the hapless Louis, that mighty passion for the fair Antoinette, which afterwards proves so fatal. . . ."

And so the plan goes on and on, dragging in St. George, several noble Heroes, and Minerva who " arrives at the frontier of Great Britain, and after presenting her emblazoned Shield to the Admirals of the British Navy, she assumes the disguise of an Eremite and takes up her favourite Charge ; at the same time her sacred influence inspires the united force of the Christian Powers, that the Enemy is everywhere repuls'd." The writer of this astonishing letter (which asked five guineas for the first three cantos and four guineas for the remaining twenty-seven) was the unfortunate poet, Henry Kirke White, then aged fourteen, and it is one of the plums of Mr. R. N. Carew Hunt's " Unpublished Letters from the Collection of John Wild " (6s. ; Philip Allan). John Wild was his great-grandfather ; he began to collect autographs soon after Waterloo, and at his death left thirty-nine large and unexplored volumes. Until Mr. Carew Hunt examined them and saw their value, they were all kept under lock and key. This first selection includes letters and notes from Wren and Marvell, Gay, Pope, Chesterfield, Wilkes, Richardson, Sterne, Voltaire, Caroline (George IV's unhappy queen), Shelley, Goethe and many others. Most of them, it must be said, have none of the value of Kirke White's letter, and give about as much " kick " as the sight or handling of George Meredith's bath sponge or Mr. Wells's razor blade. Of all, the most important is perhaps Sterne's letter to Robert Dodsley on an errand similar to Kirke White's. He is offering him " Tristram Shandy " for £50 :

> " The Plan, as you will perceive, is a most extensive one—taking in not only the Weak part of the Sciences, in w[ch] the true point of Ridicule lies—but everything else, which I find Laugh-at-able in my way."

The letters from Shelley to a bookseller (1814) asking for books and offering a post-obit bond in payment ; from Wilkes to Suard ; from Richardson to a young lady friend ; from Wren describing his difficulties with incompetent workmen at Hampton Court ; from Caroline to Lady Byland, written (1820) in halting English about her return to " dear old England," were all worth publishing. Mr. Carew Hunt prefixes to every letter short explanatory notes, in which he sometimes, though seldom, goes wrong. He hardly gives the right impression for instance in seeming to defend Gifford against " Peter Pindar " in the note prefixed to " Peter Pindar's " account of a scuffle with that " calumniating ruffian." Gifford was an unprincipled Government hack who deserved all the abuse he got from " Peter Pindar " as well as from William Hazlitt.

G. G.

THE OLD BRUSHMAKERS

Secrets from Unprinted Records

" The Old Trade Unions : From Unprinted Records of the Brushmakers." By William Kiddier. 7s. 6d. (Allen & Unwin.)

To have gathered together old and often tattered minute books, some of which had been given to children to scribble on, and others which had been rescued from the shop of a cheesemonger to whom they had been sold for wrapping-paper, and to have transmuted their contents into something lively and illuminating, is no mean achievement. That is what William Kiddier has done with rare care and devotion in the book which is before us. To him, with his lifelong acquaintance with the trade and his intimate knowledge of the technical terms, these old documents have revealed their secrets, and he in turn has made of them a revelation to the general public. He has mirrored for us, not only the habits and customs of a society of working brushmakers a hundred years ago—he has also discovered to us the men themselves in all their native simplicity and all their forthright brotherliness.

From the available data Mr. Kiddier has deduced the fact that the first brushmakers' union was formed in Manchester in 1747. Other provincial societies were formed later in the same century, and a United Society linking the various separate units came into being in 1779. The London Society, which became the head-quarters of the whole movement, was formed by a Dr. Pain.

The days referred to in these old documents were trying days for the " working classes," and tradesmen of the type of these brushmakers had no rights that were recognised by the State. Consequently they had to fashion their own defences and shape their own course, and they had to do it all with the utmost secretiveness. Societies of workers were more than suspect, they were illegal. The men met behind closed doors in the upper room of some tavern which was known as the Clubhouse. Their best friend was generally the tavern-keeper, who acted as their treasurer and to whom they were often in debt. But they repaid him always when times were good, and meanwhile drank his beer " for the good of the house." At these clubhouse meetings discussions took place on all questions affecting the society, such as wages, unemployment relief, grants to widows in case of death, and loans to other classes of workers in temporary need. When matters required the vote of all the members, an extraordinary method was employed. The documents relevant to the discussions were placed in a small tin box, which was taken round surreptitiously from shop to shop. The matters thus referred to the members were discussed around the pitch-pan, and the " voices " were recorded in the box which then passed on its way, ultimately coming back to head-quarters with the votes or " voices " of all concerned.

It appears that long before statesmen had dreamed of a way of dealing with unemployment, these brushmakers evolved a system of handling it within the borders of their own trade. The country was mapped out showing all the centres where brushmaking was practised, and a Tramping Route was drawn up. It covered over forty towns and involved a tramp of over twelve hundred miles. Assuming that a brushmaker out of work started from London, he would follow a definite route in his search, and at each town where there were shops he would present his " Blank " or card of membership, and would receive a sum for immediate expenses, averaging about three shillings, with a shilling for beer and sixpence for a bed. If he tramped the whole route and was still out of work, he would become a " receiver " and would get ten shillings per week for a period.

C. H. H.

ERIC GILL: The Searcher for Reality

A Personal Impression of the Artist

By John O'Connor

BY the time this appears in print, I hope its subject will be able to read it, for as I write he lies seriously ill in the hospital of SS. John and Elizabeth. When I met first Eric Gill he was still wearing a red tie. Not that he much affected collar, tie or any choker. (I like him better in his working blouse, which has only a neckband.) He had so recently been a Fabian that he was wearing out his red ties, on such special occasions as when he went to Hawkesyard Priory to wear the Dominican habit and chant office in choir, so as to do the thing aright in the austere chapel at Ditchling. And so they did afterwards, as I can testify. But he wore the red tie with an air, in those days, as a kind of homage to Holy Church, for putting up with the likes of him, as he might put it.

Born in Brighton, the son of a clergyman of the Countess of Huntingdon's connexion, he was apprenticed to a firm of architects. To work as a builder who does not build ran counter to something very deep in his nature, and he made away from "architecture." He often uses quotation marks yet when he mentions the subject. I have heard him tell how he taught drawing for fifteen years. As a good Fabian craftsman, he made a pilgrimage to Chartres, where he concluded that its builders *must* have had the right point of view about most things. So he set out to put himself body and soul *at* their point of view, and thus joined the Catholic Church, for he sought in vain nearer home for signs of the right point of view.

When he desired to take the necessary steps, he was quite at a loss to find anyone to tell him what those might be, but he found someone at last, as he usually does; though once within the pale, he found equal difficulty in getting any Catholic to see just why he had come in. However he did the Westminster Cathedral Stations of the Cross, and those who had shrieked loudest because the Westminster Cathedral was not Gothic, lost their voices permanently with protesting against the Stations for being so. He has since executed another set in Bare Stone for St. Cuthbert's Church in Bradford, thereby imperilling the vocal organs of persons not otherwise articulate. The second set are more to his own taste, for he worked more at ease, with full authorisation to simplify and broaden. The Westminster series did not quite express his riper judgment. This may be taken to mean that he develops rapidly. The "spearin'" eyes behind the round spectacles, under the soaring brows, are always trying to see into things, and some of his nude studies have been made from draped figures in violent action in a *Daily Sketch* photograph.

Once, late at night, I was rash enough to assert that a Madonna and Child inside a vesica or ogive (a woodcut) struck me as touching the nerve of sublimity. Another man might have said "thanks awfully" and gone to bed on it, but not so Eric Gill. "Now that is what I want to get at," quotha—"why is it sublime?" And so my dull brain had to give itself reasons, and some definition of the sublime had to be ground out of the creaking mill of the mind, as little versed in such work as, say, the British Public.

So bit by bit he seeks confirmation of his far surmises, or deep reason for scanning unreason in Aquinas and his followers. I have seen him buttonhole a learned man in a common-room, sometimes only to find that the Learned Man was not so learned as all that. But all-night sittings, sometimes on the edge of a friar's bed, and readings in Jacques and Maritain, have brought him to write down his discoveries and speculations, which are largely embodied in "Art Nonsense" and other essays. When he first discovered Maritain's "Art and the Schoolroom" I had to translate it for him orally while he carved with his pocket-knife a piece of box into what he called Dean Inge because it was as like him as anyone else. The translation was interrupted by a journey to Rome, but on the way back I met him in a Swiss hostelry, and there was his Maritain for me to read to him under the trees to the sound of cow-bells. He never scorns to better his work of mind or hand by practice, and his ardour in pursuit of reality has led him to slightly rash affirmations, always spoken under correction, as for instance when he says that God must have inclined to create things for their own sakes.

The search for reality may be said to be the motive of his craftsmanship, and his figures are often more actual than life, though for a number of years he did not study from life. From being a recognised master in carved epigraph, he has come to be a designer of type, especially of "sans-serif." He is really very highbrow in the effective sense, but no man is more homely or accessible. A husky voice, ingratiating as Greta Garbo's (I believe), and a very short, very ready laugh, as the head tosses back, are at the service of any real person that comes along.

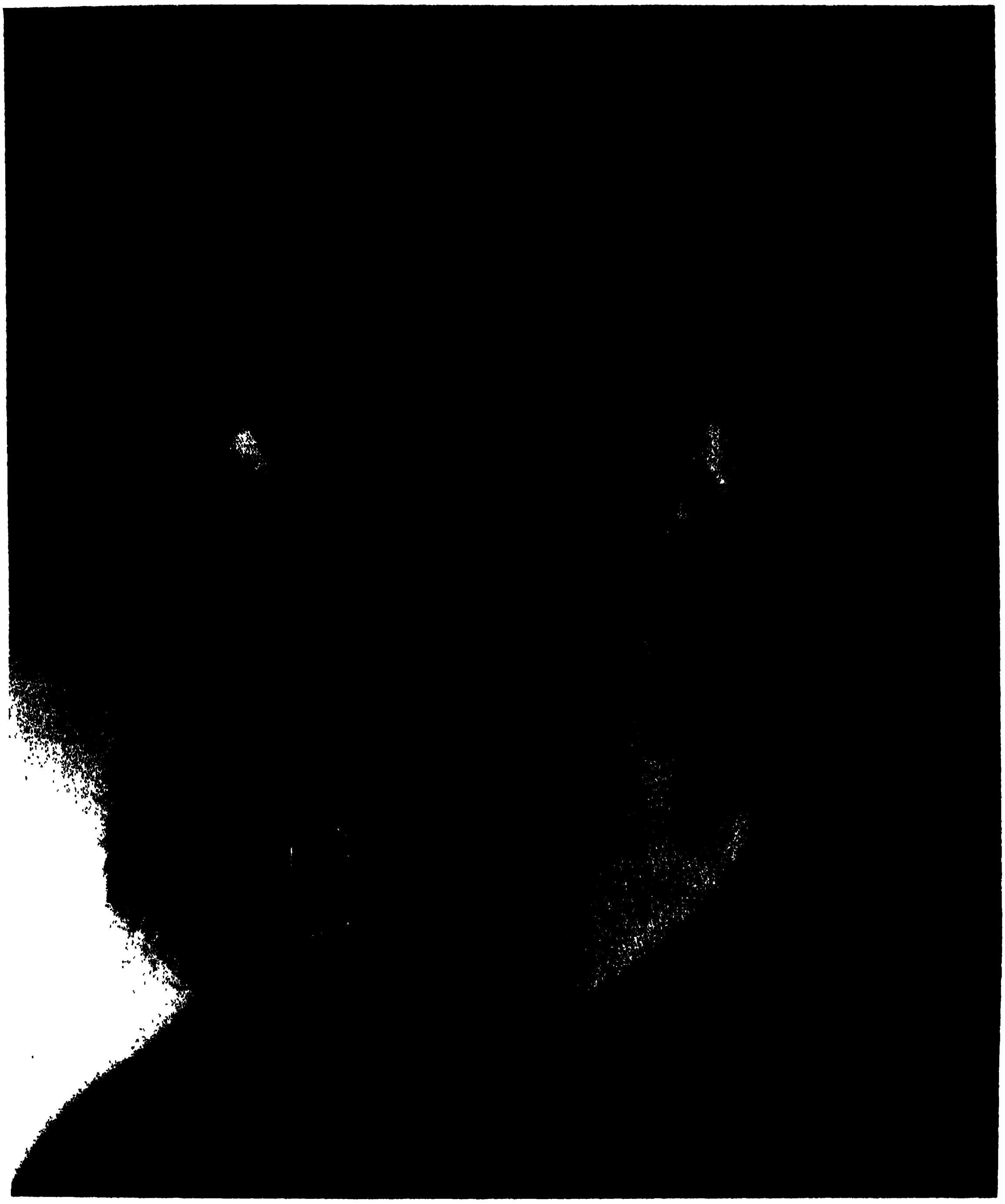
I LISTENED TO DISTANT MUSIC . . .

I listened to distant music,
And watched the Autumn leaves come tumbling down
In my half sleep, I watched in gilded dreaming
My other self, and to the fancy seeming
About to fight a knight of great renown—
I listened to distant music.

I listened to distant music,
And saw a blue grey sky in silver set.
For golden leaves I grew in weakness fighting
For money sheaves, 'gainst conscience stronger lighting—
For twelve hard years, the answer that I met.
I listened to distant music.

Oh! open to weakened music,
Unbar your gate, that pride may yet return
From that grim fight—dejected, bent and weary,
Hide not from light my soul, so sad and dreary,
Just wait and rest, for all men have to learn—
That life is not all brilliant music.

GERALD ATTENBOROUGH.



From a camera portrait by HOWARD COSTER.

ERIC GILL

Notes at Random

The Poet Laureate

Criticism, however hard it may be for the recipient to bear, has at least one compensation: it enhances praise. It is indeed only from the critical spirit that true praise can come. He who commends everything may as well commend nothing. This number of The Bookman is pre-eminently Mr. Masefield's number, but that does not mean that it contains articles which are merely uncritical eulogies of the Poet Laureate's work. He himself would be the last to desire such a travesty of a memorial. Rather an effort has been made to ensure that the estimates of him are as honest and as sincere during his lifetime as are those critical valuations of his four predecessors in office. That I think is the greatest compliment that can be paid him.

For Sir William Watson

As these words are written, an appeal has just been issued on behalf of Sir William Watson. By the time they are read, I hope the response will have been exceedingly generous. But in case anyone should have overlooked or forgotten it, I reprint it here, with the suggestion that a contribution to the fund would be an ideal Christmas gift to Literature.

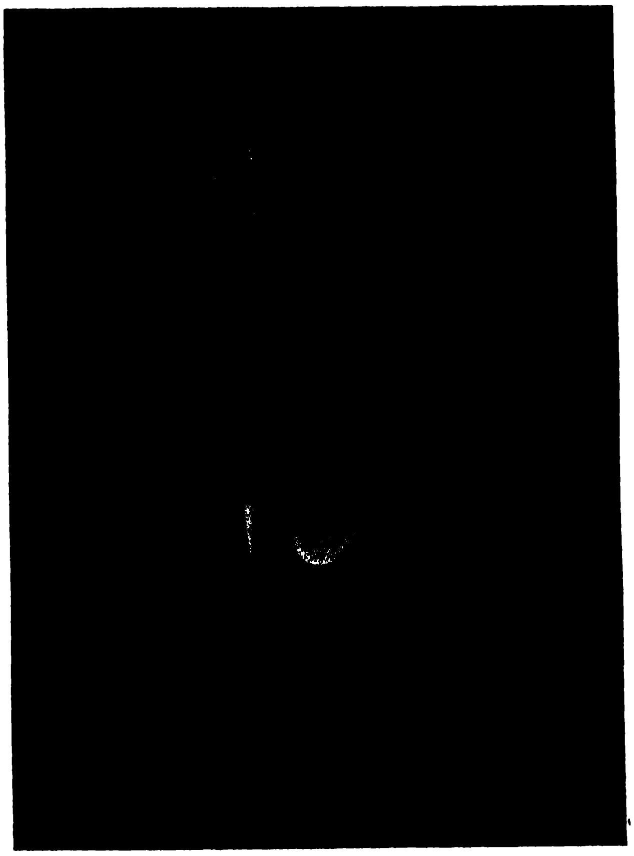


Photo by J. Russell & Sons. **Sir William Watson.**

The signatories of the letter invite:

" lovers of great literature everywhere to unite in doing honour to one who has done full honourably by them.

" Through all the crowded, changing years " (says the appeal), " since Tennyson greeted the young author of 'Wordsworth's Grave' ('always it is verses, verses, but now at last comes a poet'), William Watson has remained loyal to the high purposes with which he set out, and has splendidly fulfilled them.

" In nearly thirty volumes of poetry and prose, from 'The Prince's Quest" (1880) to the 'Selected Poems' (1928), he shows himself always the great craftsman, abhorring the casual and the slipshod and holding facility suspect. As a lord of language, he is in the Miltonic tradition.

" And now, after seventy-two years of life—fifty-eight years of it spent in the august but materially unremunerative service of his Muse—this oldest of our living poets lies ill and in poverty. We fear it must be accepted as a melancholy fact that the world is too often neglectful of its chief authentic singers until the shroud covers them; and we wish for our country that at least it shall have no cause here for final self-reproach.

" We have accordingly decided to inaugurate a testimonial fund in recognition of Sir William's magnificent contribution to the poetry of our time and race, and in spite of the abnormally difficult conditions now everywhere prevailing, we do not doubt that our appeal will meet with an immediate and generous response, both here and in the Dominions and in America.

" The fund will be administered by a committee consisting of Mr. Lascelles Abercrombie, Mr. Arthur Machen, and Mr. Wallace B. Nichols. Subscriptions may be sent to the Midland Bank Ltd., 5, Prince's Street, London, E.C.2, or to any of the Midland Bank branches. Cheques, etc., should be made payable to 'Sir William Watson Testimonial Fund A/c.' "

The Signatories

The appeal is signed by the following: Mr. Lascelles Abercrombie, Mr. Henry Ainley, Mr. F. Britten Austin, Sir J. M. Barrie, Sir Gomer Berry, Mr. Laurence Binyon, Mr. Edmund Blunden, Mr. Gordon Bottomley, Viscount Burnham, Sir David Y. Cameron, Lord Camrose, Sir Martin Conway, Marquis of Crewe, Sir James Crichton-Browne, Mr. Walter de la Mare, Lord Desborough, Mr. James Douglas, Mr. John Drinkwater, Sir Edward Elgar, Sir Vincent Evans, Sir Johnston Forbes - Robertson, Mr. John Galsworthy, Mr. D. Lloyd George, Mr. Wilfrid Gibson, Sir Richard Glazebrook, Lord Gorell, Mr. Cecil Harmsworth, Very Rev. W. R. Inge, Mr. W. W. Jacobs, Dame Madge Kendal, Mr. Coulson Kernahan, Mr. Rudyard Kipling, Sir John Lavery, Sir Wm. Llewellyn, Comdr. Oliver Locker - Lampson, Sir Sidney Low, Dame Edith Lyttelton, Mr. Arthur Machen, Prof. J. W. Mackail, Mr. Reginald McKenna, M. André Maurois, Mr. T. Sturge Moore, Mr. Wallace B. Nichols, Mr. Edward Percy, Mr. Eden Phillpotts, Lord Riddell, Sir Rennell Rodd, Mr. G. Bernard Shaw, Mr. Hugh Walpole, Mrs. G. F. Watts and Mr. Clarence Winchester.

The Femina Vie Heureuse Prize

This annual prize of £40 is presented by the French magazine, *Femina*, on the award of a committee, for the best work of imagination in English, published during the year by an author whose work has hitherto, in the opinion of the committee, received insufficient recognition. This year the books recommended to the Paris committee are "Miss Mole," by E. H. Young, "High Wind in Jamaica," by Richard Hughes, and "Three Daughters," by Jane Dashwood. The final decision is expected in the early spring.

The January "Bookman"

I hope to start three new features in the January issue of THE BOOKMAN. One is a page "For the Writers of To-morrow," which will contain articles written specially for those between the ages of sixteen and eighteen, with prize competitions specially designed for them. Another is a BOOKMAN Cartoon. The third is a series of articles on significant living writers of other countries.

"Queue"

A gallant little magazine called *Queue*, published by Alfred Wareing at the Theatre Royal, Huddersfield, has just made its appearance. It is an attempt to bind together actors and audience in a common appreciation of and desire for the best in drama. Mr. Wareing, whose theatre at Huddersfield is an oasis in the dramatic desert of Yorkshire, sees that the salvation of the theatre lies in the education of the audience, and *Queue* is a first—and long—step in this direction.

H. R. W.

THE COSMOS

"The Mysterious Universe." By Sir James Jeans. 3s. 6d. (Cambridge University Press.)

Sir James Jeans's "The Mysterious Universe," which gives an exposition of the modern mathematical conception of the universe, on the basis of relativity, is one of the most discussed books of the moment.

This is hardly surprising, for there has been nothing in the intellectual world more sensational than the advance of physics and mathematics in the last few decades. Revolution following revolution have shattered the old Newtonian mechanical conception of the cosmos. We can no longer picture it as a complicated machine, and must now view it as mathematical abstractions, and certainly under this view we find in cosmic phenomena consiliencies, and consistencies, where under the old conception we found contradictions.

Further, the new mathematical interpretation of the cosmos obliges us to believe in curved space, and to substitute for the idea of gravitational pull, kinks in curved space. Alas, not even Sir J. Jeans has succeeded in making me understand why space-time is curved or how a kink in the curvature can supplement, or supplant, or explain my idea of a falling body, but I am content to take that mystery on faith, and to believe that the substitution of mathematical expressions for mechanical pictures leads, through mathematics, to fuller and more accurate knowledge of cosmic processes.

But here I leave Sir James Jeans, for it seems to me that a mathematical description, or representation, or interpretation—it seems to me that a *mathematification* of the concrete facts of experience cannot, *as truth*, supplant or supersede or oust our sensuous concrete conceptions. Seven-dimensional space may exist as a mathematical abstraction, and may have value in ratiocination, but it can no more take a superior place, *in reality*, to the seen and the sensuous, and to the mechanical conception of the seen and the sensuous, than "x" in a mathematical equation can take a superior place to the eggs it represents.

Yet Sir James's brilliant treatise relates more than mathematical progress—it relates spiritual advance, for when a great mathematician ventures to find a Mathematician behind a mathematical universe, may not chemists and biologists be permitted to infer that a Chemist and Biologist made living matter, and may not lovers of truth and beauty surmise a Lover of Truth and Beauty behind the conscious life of man?

Sir James Jeans has written a book intensely interesting, provocative and inspiring, and incomparably the most lucid explanation of relativity that I have read.

R. C. M.



E. H. Young.

From a drawing by Angela Verne.

MR. MOTTRAM ON BANKS

"Miniature Banking Histories," by R. H. Mottram. 6s. net. (Chatto & Windus.)

In "Miniature Banking Histories," which includes brief histories of fifteen banks and four bankers, Mr. R. H. Mottram has certainly succeeded in whetting the appetite for much more information on each of the subjects he selected for inclusion in his book. Banking institutions of the present day are regarded by the public in terms of their reputation, the services they perform, the strength of their balance sheets and the good name of their directors and officials. That most of these institutions, some of them now of almost incredible magnitude and influence, should have commenced as small provincial private banks, is a fact realised by but few outside of banking circles. The story of their evolution is suggestive of romance. Especially is this the case in the chapter, "The Rise of the Rothschilds." Development by amalgamation seems to have ceased in this country, but not so in the case of the United States, and on this account the chapter, "American Banks Established in London," is already in need of revision. For instance the Chase National Bank merged with the Equitable Trust Company of New York in June, 1930.

The latter part of the book consists of nine chapters on "Scenes of Banking Life" which, as Mr. Mottram appropriately says in his preface, "attempt to body forth the daily intimacies of an occupation hardly touched by imaginative fiction." Some of these nine chapters provide a lighter vein to the book. So few banks in the British Isles have issued official histories of their inception and development, partly owing to the lack of continuous records, that Mr. Mottram is to be congratulated on his collection of facts and figures and delineations of personal character, and on the way he has presented them in such readable form in so small a space.

J. B. O.

Some Recent Biographies

TWO STATESMEN: Winston Churchill and Stanley Baldwin

"My Early Life." By the Rt. Hon. Winston S. Churchill. 21s. (Thornton Butterworth.)

"The Real Stanley Baldwin." By Wickham Steed. 7s. 6d. (Nisbet.)

In discussing the "Baldwin enigma," Mr. Wickham Steed remarks: "There was a 'Balfour enigma,' and there is a 'Winston enigma.' The one was and the other is important because there was no telling what 'A. J. B.' might do or why he should do it; and one can never be sure how and why 'Winston' will transform himself into something new and strange."

In his early years, between 1874, when he was born in Dublin, and 1908, when he "married and lived happily ever afterwards," Mr. Churchill had transformed himself from the allegedly stupid son of Lord Randolph into an eager active-service subaltern, into a brilliant war correspondent, into two kinds of author, into a Parliamentary candidate fighting a forlorn hope, into a popular hero, into a professional lecturer, into a Member of Parliament, and into a Tory rebel. In youth he was not so much a rolling stone as a bounding boulder.

Since 1908, when this volume of autobiography ends, Mr. Churchill has changed again many times, and has achieved conquests in many different fields of activity. He has to his credit a classic biography; at least one standard piece of military history, supported by others of repute; the finest history of his own times that has been written; an output of paintings which mark him as an amateur equipped with the technique of a professional—and he seems to have filled every office of State open to a commoner except that of Prime Minister. Nothing which he has produced has exceeded in racy charm this remarkable volume of personal reminiscences. The questing, red-headed youth looking for trouble with an assiduous zest; fighting in more continents than Napoleon; bearding the great Kitchener; snapping contemptuous fingers at his captor Boers; reaching by private thought the laborious conclusions of the Greek philosophers, and thus treating them with scant respect when an itch for learning afflicted him between polo matches at Bangalore, and he plunged into the scholastic adventures that Harrow had denied him; and determining that no door shall remain barred to his challenging cry of "This is I—Hamlet, the Dane!"—this was the relative child which was father to the man.

Not, let it be hastily conceded, that the Statesman has ever shed the zestful qualities of his youth. Mr. Churchill to-day is essentially unchanged for all his changes. This very book is adequate testimony that the gods love him and he will die young. But surely no Minister of the Crown born in the older traditions of Parliamentarianism ever had so strange a prelude of self-education as he. Besides his flashing record of adventure, the early life of Mr. Baldwin seems drab and colourless. As Mr. Steed says of it: "On coming of age in 1888, Stanley Baldwin entered the family business as his father's partner, and for twenty years was a model employer." It is not, one sees, the contrast between the idle and industrious apprentices: no man was ever more industrious than Winston Churchill. It is the contrast—if the phrase will not be misconstrued—between the industrious apprentice and the *Chevalier d'Industrie*. Mr. Baldwin has treated life in the mood of some solid church-going "cit," while Mr. Churchill has treated it in the manner of some galloping highwayman. The technique of the one has been the technique of Dick Whittington: the technique of the other has been that of Dick Turpin. One ambles on a pad to great responsibility: the other gallops into the heart of danger, and there finds power. Both are honest, both are suspect of instability. If the one was a bounding boulder, the other has been a mossy rock on which judgment has too often split.



Wickham Steed.
From a drawing by Peggy Smith.

Mr. Steed asks if Mr. Baldwin is a simpleton, or a statesman of more than normal subtlety—is he, as the Americans might put it, a political Machiavelli or a political moron? He is beyond all question a patriot and a poet, though the medium of his poetic contemplation is prose. We know not what Mr. Churchill may find to add to the last volume, when it comes to be written, of his autobiography: we know not what new debacle or triumph will solve for some other biographer the Baldwin enigma. But we know that the uncertainty is due to different causes: that one is an enigma because of a temperament too adventurous and the other because of a temperament too placid. Yet let it not be thought that the adventurous and dynamic temperament is the more shallow. In this book Mr. Churchill delivers, in an almost slangy vernacular, little homilies which rephrased might have come from Mr. Baldwin's mind. Versatility does not always imply superficiality.

Of the relationship of the two men and the two types in Government, Mr. Steed gives an illuminating example: "There is room for doubt whether Mr. Baldwin is ever quite free from a sense of inferiority in dealing with men whose minds are reputedly superior to his own. Once, when discussing with a friend a point of policy on which his second Administration had clearly gone wrong, he said, with a gesture of resignation: "I thought we should have taken another line; but then Winston came along with his hundred horse-power brain, and what was I to do?"

That sense of inferiority is conspicuously absent from the youthful Churchill as the older Churchill remembers him.

C. B.

COSIMA WAGNER

Wife to a Genius

"Cosima Wagner." By Richard Count du Moulin-Eckart. Translated from the German by Catherine Alison Phillips. Introduction by Ernest Newman. 2 vols. 42s. (Knopf.)

If any woman might be considered to shine in a reflected light it was surely Cosima Wagner. The daughter of Franz Liszt and the wife of Richard Wagner, she was associated with two of the most prominent figures of the nineteenth century. On this account alone her biography was worth writing, but Count du Moulin Eckart, who from childhood upwards was on terms of intimacy with Cosima and her belongings, makes no less a claim for her than to style her "the greatest woman of the century." He certainly, in this ample biography, extending over nine hundred pages, gives a striking picture of a remarkably strong personality, and this though he brings his story no later than to 1883, the year of Wagner's death, and leaves the remaining forty-seven years of Cosima's life for a further instalment, to be entitled "Die Herrin von Bayreuth." As it was in this later period that she carried on Wagner's work, almost single-handed, and produced all his operas that had not yet been staged at Bayreuth, this promised volume should add materially to the impression of her commanding character.

In earlier days she was less before the public eye, but her influence reached even further in its results. The crisis in her life was when she left von Bülow and joined her fate to Wagner's. As Mr. Ernest Newman points out in his valuable Introduction, the affair was something different from "the usual matrimonial triangle," and from this biography, and especially from a passage in her diary in which she addresses her children and explains to them her motives, we can learn for the first time the true nature of the affair. We can also form some idea of what she did for Wagner in those critical days, how she made possible the completion of the Ring and of "Die Meistersinger," the composition of "Parsifal," and the consummation of Wagner's whole artistic career in Bayreuth.

In nothing is Cosima's influence more strikingly presented than in her services as intermediary between the composer and the King of Bavaria, two sensitive, highly strung natures who, in spite of the strong sympathy existing between them, must otherwise infallibly have come to grief, even without being mixed up in the welter of Munich politics. Cosima's correspondence with the king displays her in the light of a consummate diplomatist, and though her approach to this august being may sometimes seem to us almost servile, it is at any rate less abject than the terms in which Bach addressed his sovereign.

What is really of interest to us in this correspondence is such a matter as the progress of the composition of "The Meistersinger," almost from day to day, up to the time of the first performance in Munich, when its unqualified success marked Wagner's triumph over his official detractors no less than did his presence in the Royal Box by the side of the king. Wagner's personality was far from being a pleasant one; one is accustomed to angularity, even to rudeness, in these highly charged natures—Beethoven and Brahms are striking instances—but Wagner's conception of his artistic mission made him regard everything and everybody as subservient to it. So he made his way ruthlessly in pursuit of his aim; he used every one who could help him, and discarded him when he could be of no more service. So it is less wonder that he antagonised so many with whom he came into contact than that, in spite of all opposition, his works made their way so soon as they did. Happily they were judged by the great public, who knew him only through his scores, without being prejudiced by his egoistic personality.

H. T.

A GREAT EDITOR

"St. Loe Strachey: His Life and His Paper." By Amy Strachey. 16s. (Gollancz.)

Speculation as to "what might have happened if——" is an amusing if not a very profitable pursuit, and it is undoubtedly amusing to attempt to calculate the results that would have followed had Alfred Harmsworth, as he nearly did, purchased the *Spectator*. In fact, tempting though the offer was—an income of £4,700 a year for Mr. St. Loe Strachey—it was turned down, and though Mrs. Strachey, in the delightful memoir of her husband just published, admits that she was sorry, she frankly states that his relief was immense. "Although," she says, "he had laid down in the strictest manner that for five years he was to be secured a complete editorial and political dictatorship, he knew perfectly well, from reading the *Daily Mail*, that he would not be free in spirit as well as free in law."

This was in 1897, when Hutton had died and Townsend wanted to retire, and Strachey was taking over the paper with which his name is inseparably and for ever connected. Means were found for overcoming the financial difficulties, a fact for which the constituency served by the paper can never be sufficiently thankful. Harmsworth bore no malice, as may be seen from what he wrote about the *Spectator* and its editor a year or two later, concluding with words which express very well what most of us feel about the man: "He was born to edit the *Spectator*, and he is one of the few men of his generation who has, without doubt or hesitancy, fulfilled his destiny."

Mrs. Strachey has written just the book that was called for. It is in no sense a formal biography, still less is it akin to the dramatic sensationalism that so often serves for biography to-day. Its purpose is best expressed by quoting the words of the dedication, addressed to Mrs. Strachey's three grandchildren: "To Susan, Charlotte and Christopher, to help them to remember." Nothing that may remind these young folk of their grandfather is omitted, and a great deal is revealed which will lead them to form an estimate of him, more faithful than would have been possible had the book not been written. Particularly will they be enthralled by the revelations of his intimacy with such men as Lord Cromer and Theodore Roosevelt. They will read how it was to "Ed. Spec.," as his friends called him, that Lord Cromer disclosed the fact that Campbell-Bannerman had offered him the Foreign Secretaryship, and that he had refused it because he feared that he might "become responsible for socialist legislation"; how Roosevelt wrote in the dark days before America came into the War: "My dear fellow, you and those like you are playing heroic parts; I admire and respect you; I bitterly regret that my own people are not at this time rising to the same level."

R. S. F.

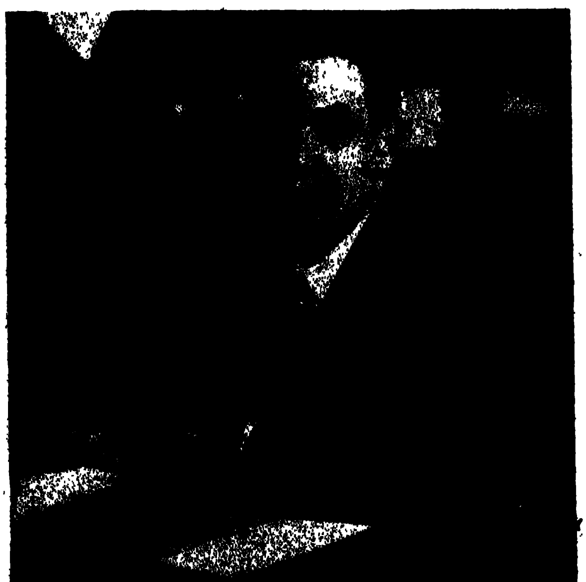
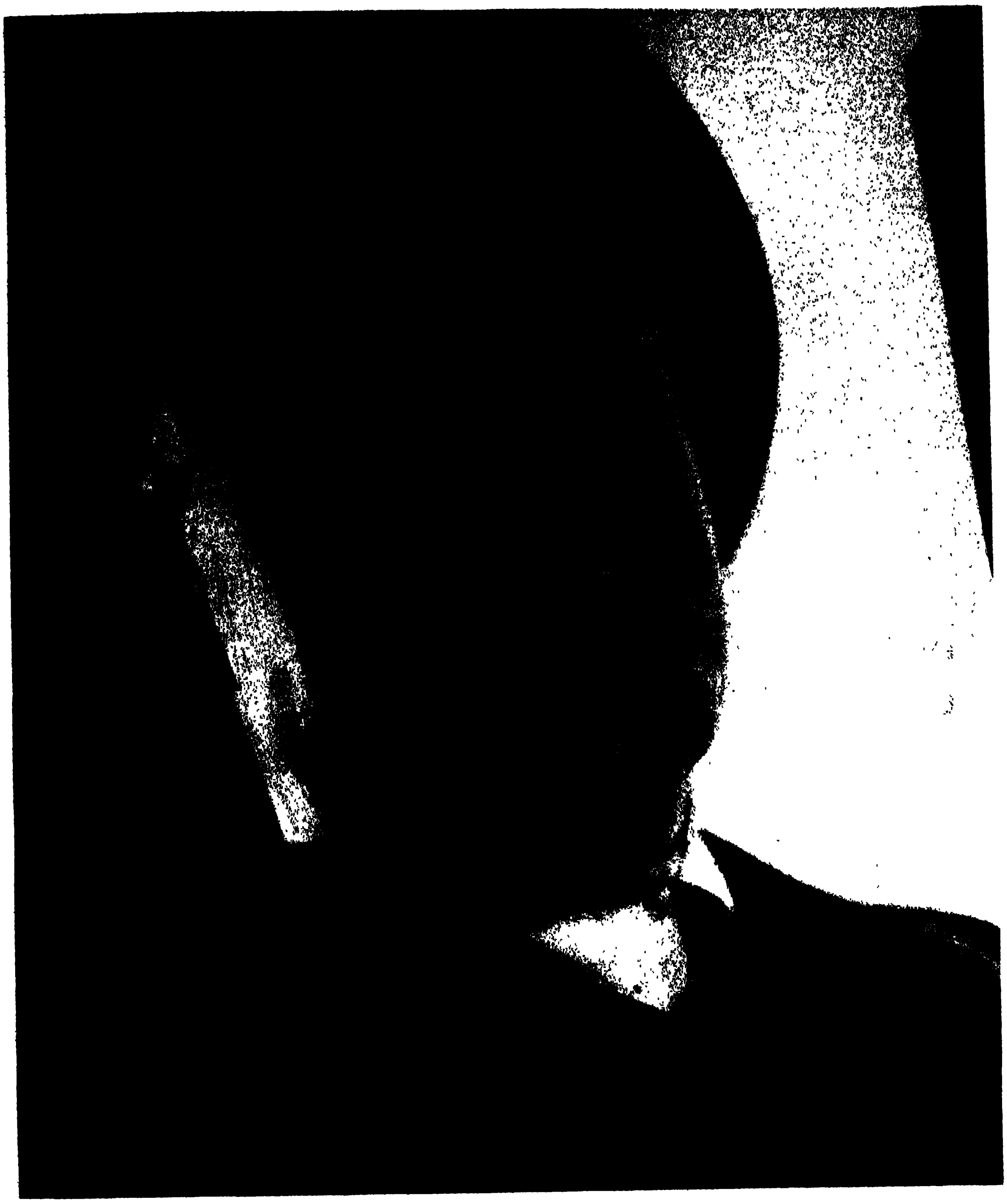


Photo by Elliott & Fry. Mr. St. Loe Strachey.



From a camera portrait by HOWARD COSTER.

H. R. MOTTRAM.

THE TRUE BURNS: An Unprejudiced Portrait

"The Life of Robert Burns." By Catherine Carswell. 15s. (Chatto & Windus.)

Once in a dark, bumping van between a Cornish town and village I argued about Robert Burns with half a dozen farmers' sons on their way back from an agricultural class. The argument had started over temperance and prohibition (all of them were Rechabites) when one said, "Well, take Robert Burns. Wouldn't he have written better poetry if he hadn't drunk so much?"

That was in 1928, so that here was Burns, a hundred and thirty-two years after his death, in a place so remote from Ayrshire, still being used as an object lesson for puritans.

The story typifies much that Mrs. Carswell has had to face in writing her new life of Burns. It is an attitude not confined to Rechabite farmers' sons. Read nearly every biography or biographical essay from Dr. Currie downwards. In more or less degree a covert or open moralising taints nearly all of them. If the biographer lacked sympathy with Burns ("to lack sympathy with Burns," says Mrs. Carswell, "is to lack sympathy with mankind") he produced something so horribly bad as Principal Shairp's book, which called "The Twa Herds," "Holy Willie's Prayer" and "The Ordination" "unpleasant satires," regretted their "unbecoming levity" and the fact that they were ever written. Stevenson attacked Principal Shairp, but under his greater sympathy lurked the same small adder of righteousness, and like many others he found it necessary to take sides in Robert's love affairs by attacking Jean. Henley had a better understanding, but must needs defend Jean by attacking Highland Mary. And so it went on.

In our own time, with some critics and readers anyway, the outlook on Burns has naturally altered. Professor Oliver Elton could write of him with critical truth and Sir Walter Raleigh praise his "enormous gifts of courage and candour" which raised him out of a spiritual prison.

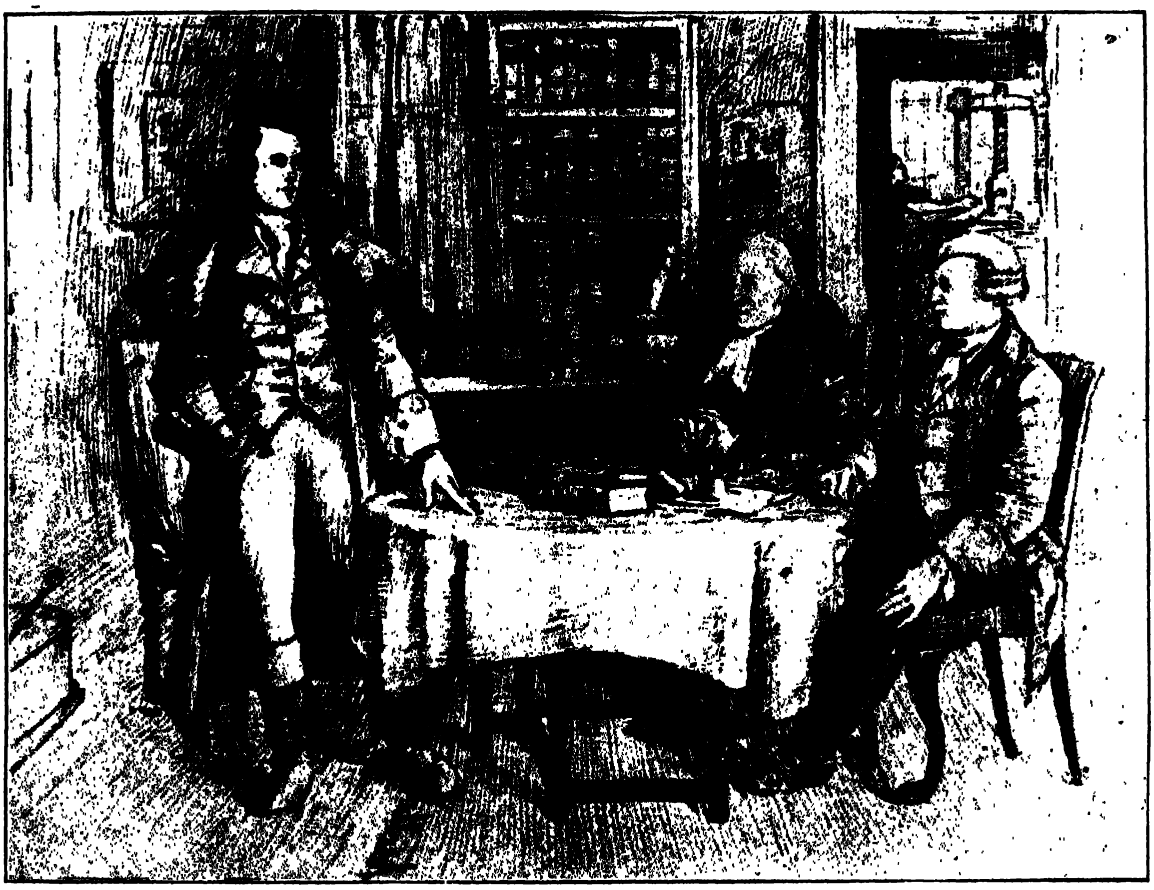
But for all that the damage was done, and much of it was material damage, mutilation for righteousness' sake, and even destruction, of letters and alteration of manuscripts. And if those who use Burns as an object lesson are fewer to-day, there are still others who defend him with false charity and concealment, who still have something of the cautious moralising taint—others whom Burns (as Mrs. Carswell declares) would have hated as much as he hated gentility's "contumelious sneer."

A biographer, then, who would assimilate all the host of new letters and material as well as revalue the old, who would picture Burns honestly in a full narrative, still had stumbling blocks before her. But Mrs. Carswell has done her work fearlessly and well. In an easy-running, connected, frank story that paints brilliantly the Scottish background, that does not pause to consider more than one side of disputed points, but at the same time never twists them unnaturally, and never conceals anything relevant, Mrs. Carswell has consistently presented the true Burns, the Burns of his own letter:

> "A man conscious of having acted an honest part among his fellow creatures; even granting that he may have been the sport at times of passions and instincts; he goes to a great unknown Being who could have no other end in giving him existence but to make him happy; who gave him those passions and instincts and well knows their force. . . ."

Burns, above all things, knew himself, his own weaknesses and their value, and that alone makes an honest biography of him inspiring to read. His life is usually presented as dispiriting, the blackness of its frustration and failure letting in none of the light of its triumph; and it is, I think, to Mrs. Carswell's supreme credit that she revises this without upsetting the balance.

G. G.



Burns in the office of James Chalmers, printer and editor of the *Aberdeen Journal*.

From a drawing by William Smith junior, the original of which now hangs in the editorial room of the *Aberdeen Daily Journal.*

A LADY OF HIGH DEGREE

Tudor Pictures

" A Woman of the Tudor Age." Edited by Lady Cecilie Goff. 18s. (Murray.)

In this book Lady Goff has supplied us with some very valuable information, drawn from official sources, of the life led by aristocratic society in Tudor England. This alone would have been a sufficient justification for her work, but she has also written a realistic and human, if somewhat incoherent biography of one of the most important women of that time, and, starting from the point of view of a contemporary and often of a participant, has thrown on some of the outstanding events of the political and social history of the period, sidelights which are the more valuable because they do not come from the usual coldly logical, external standpoint.

Katherine Willoughby, who is the nominal subject of the book, and whose story serves as its main unifying element, was an offspring of the old nobility of mediæval England



The Duchess of Suffolk.

From a miniature by Holbein, in the possession of the Earl of Ancaster.

From "A Woman of the Tudor Age," by Lady Cecilie Goff (John Murray).

and married a man who, though not of so old a family, had by his previous marriages and his own abilities risen to a position of very high importance in the State. Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk, the second husband of Henry VIII's sister Mary, is almost as intriguing a figure as his fourth wife Katherine, and at his death, half-way through the book, there is a distinct climax, from which we do not recover until well on in the later pages. The account of his share in the suppression of the religious revolt in Lincolnshire is particularly good. The importance of this rather neglected part of the Pilgrimage of Grace and the peculiar nature of the revolt are brought out very well by a judicious selection of documents and a careful commentary.

The individual history of the Duchess of Suffolk, important as it is, is not the most valuable achievement of this book; this achievement lies rather in the faithful portrayal, with the aid of contemporary documents, of the social life of the Tudor period, with its system of wardships and "contract" marriages, and of the domestic life of the aristocracy, illustrated by comprehensive household accounts. This aspect of Lady Goff's book makes it of great value as a supplement to the political history of the time.

K. V. M.

THE FIRST LORD COWLEY

Wellington's Brother

" The Diary and Correspondence of Henry Wellesley, first Lord Cowley, 1790–1846." Edited by his grandson, Colonel the Hon. F. A. Wellesley. 21s. net. (Hutchinson.)

When in 1759 a young Irish peer of twenty-four years of age, Lord Mornington, married the daughter of Viscount Dungannon, it could hardly have been anticipated that the five sons to be born of this marriage would all obtain distinction, and in four cases win new titles for themselves; two of them indeed rose to the highest celebrity in the persons of the Marquis Wellesley, the greatest of all Governors-General of India, and the Duke of Wellington; the second son was created Baron Maryborough; the fourth became Rector of Chelsea and Prebendary (but not Bishop, as incorrectly stated by the editor of the book under review) of Durham; while the fifth, Henry Wellesley (1773–1847), the subject of this volume, entered the Diplomatic Service, became British Ambassador at Vienna and Paris, and was created Baron Cowley in 1828.

Henry Wellesley was fortunate, of course, in that he entered public life under the ægis of his two famous brothers, who had already conclusively demonstrated the brilliance and ability of the Wellesley family. These high exemplars were never forgotten, for in 1841, when Lord Cowley was a man of sixty-eight and reappointed British Ambassador in Paris, he wrote to Lord Wellesley: " It has ever been my pride to be considered as your pupil, and in all the public situations I have held it has been my chief endeavour to conduct myself in such a manner as not to discredit the affectionate interest you have never ceased to manifest towards me."

The letters and diaries of Henry Wellesley make good reading. He was originally in the Army, and served with the Life Guards in Flanders. On returning from Lisbon in 1794 he was captured by a French frigate. He escaped from Brest, and succeeded in reaching England in an open boat on the second day, after experiencing extreme hardships of severe weather and cold. He was accompanied by fourteen persons; one of these was drowned, and three others died in the boat from exposure. Many curious matters transpire in these pages. Henry Wellesley was concerned with the duel between Canning and Lord Castlereagh. Again, during the Congress of Vienna in 1815 the Emperor Alexander of Russia became so exasperated with Prince Metternich that he desired to waive the privileges of his rank and fight a duel with the arrogant Austrian Minister. They habitually cut each other, but amity was unexpectedly restored by the news of Napoleon's escape from Elba, for Metternich was compelled to announce the fact to the Emperor, " which ended by their embracing, and they became so intimate that Alexander never took any step without consulting him."

In his diary for September 20th, 1845, Cowley gives an amusing glimpse of Queen Victoria's character and her jealous preoccupation with Prince Albert and his precedence:

> " All the accounts from Germany are full of complaints of the Queen's behaviour upon her visit to Germany. Upon her arrival at Cologne she took offence at the *pas* having been given to the Archduke in preference to Prince Albert, the Queen of Prussia having taken the arm of the Archduke. The Queen in consequence refused to dine in public that day, and the King of Prussia put off the dinner which was to have consisted of one hundred and sixty guests. Her Majesty's conduct during the whole of her visit to the King of Prussia was equally ungracious and offended everybody—and her meanness in money matters has made her the general theme of contempt and censure. Prince Albert and his suite at the review appeared in plain clothes, upon the pretext that they had not brought their uniforms with them. It is to be apprehended that this Royal visit will not contribute to make us more popular in Germany. As a contrast to the parsimony of the English Sovereign, the Empress of Russia is expressly enjoined by the Emperor, during her residence abroad, to spend fifty thousand pounds a month. Her Britannic Majesty had better stay at home than have these displays of ill-temper and parsimony in a foreign land."

This entertaining book is enriched by many interesting family and other portraits.

S. M. E.

THOMAS CHATTERTON: Sinned Against but Sinning

"A Life of Thomas Chatterton." By E. H. W. Meyerstein. 30s. (Ingpen & Grant.)

Were there required an example of the gross perversion of truth by English sentimentality, hardly a better could be found than the popular myth of Chatterton, the youthful genius driven to his death by the cold-blooded machinations of his established elders. Chatterton was without doubt an astonishing genius, but he was also without doubt an unprincipled rogue. The evidence of his contemporaries on this aspect of his character is conclusive: "A young man of very uncommon abilities but bad principles": "choleric beyond description": "He was an instance that a complete genius and a complete rogue can be formed before a man is of age." Admittedly the last quotation is the opinion of Horace Walpole, who has played the part of villain in the popular imagination, but who was indubitably the injured party in any transactions he had with Chatterton.

One of the great merits of Mr. Meyerstein's book is that he does Walpole justice, on the whole. He has written a work at once exhaustive and profound, in which he traces in great detail the genesis of Chatterton's extraordinary deceptions, for genius though he was, to call him anything but a forger is to burke the issue. Many have tried to defend him upon the grounds of the popularity of spurious literary ascriptions at the time, citing "Ossian" and the "Castle of Otranto" as witnesses. But they forget that the author of neither of these works attempted to make capital out of his pious and literary fraud.

Chatterton, on the other hand, bid for Walpole's patronage with forged antiquities, and that they were *literary* forgeries makes not the slightest difference. That Walpole had the sense to see through them has been laid to his blame for two centuries, most ridiculously and unfairly. What the result would have been if Chatterton had approached Walpole with his verses rather than his prose, or had avowed his authorship of the Rowley cycles, is an idle and an unprofitable speculation; but at least it should be remembered that Walpole always recognised the poetic genius of the youth to whose discreditable practices he owed prolonged and unjust misrepresentation.

For those who can unravel the convolutions of Mr. Meyerstein's sentences (and those who do not make the effort will be missing something), this new life of Chatterton is a work of the first moment. It is the fruit of nine years' research, and every page might be expanded into a treatise. It is indeed this very plethora of learning that has resulted in so difficult a book. Mr. Meyerstein seems to have tried to squeeze into each sentence what could with advantage have occupied two, if not three, and with greater clearness. But it is ungracious to carp.

R. T.

WILLIAM WINDHAM

"Early Life and Diaries of William Windham." By R. W. Ketton Cremer. 15s. (Faber & Faber.)

No oblivion could be more iniquitous or less comprehensible than that which has overtaken the name of William Windham. He was, as a contemporary put it, "at once eminent for learning, taste, eloquence, wit, courage and personal accomplishments": he held office as Secretary for War under Pitt: he enjoyed the friendship of such men as Fox, Burke and Dr. Johnson: he flits, as Mr. Ketton-Cremer aptly says, "an agreeable shadow" through almost all the memoirs of the late eighteenth century: he was one of the finest orators of an age in which oratory was not suspect: he was an extremely popular man both in those exalted circles in which, by right of birth, fortune and political eminence, he habitually moved, and with the masses, whose affection he gained by his ardent championship of their natural sports.

He left behind him a reputation such as few have enjoyed, and the immense mass of the Windham papers, edited in 1866 by Mrs. Baring, as well as copious journals and papers which remained in the possession of his heirs. It is from these that Mr. Ketton-Cremer has composed his book, and a very delightful one at that. It must however be acknowledged that by far the most entertaining parts of it are those contributed by the author himself, and that the extracts from Windham's own diaries are rather disappointing.

Windham was a man of an extraordinary temper, morbidly self-reproachful, timid, obstinate and melancholy, suffering agonies of conscience for little or no reason. He laboured under a depressing inhibition, what he himself calls a "feel," which made him question his every impulse and must have made his life a misery. It is mainly with this spiritual conflict that his early diaries are concerned, and if they had been fuller and more conscientiously written up, they would have given us a surpassingly absorbing record of the struggles of a mind and heart in every way noble. But to him, as to so many people of the same temperament, the systematic keeping of a diary was impossible.

All this may prejudice people against the book, but that is the last thing intended. It is a book that all lovers of eighteenth century memoirs must treasure. Mr. Ketton-Cremer is the right man for the work, and no praise can be too high for the way in which he has presented his subject.

R. T.

JANE AUSTEN

"Jane Austen." By R. Brimley Johnson. 15s. (Dent.)

Mr. Brimley Johnson has for many years been well known as an expert upon the subject of Jane Austen and her works, and in his new book he brings to fruition the labours, almost, of a lifetime. What particularly emerges from it is the charm of Jane Austen as a woman. Nothing could be



Jane Austen.

farther from the truth than the acidulated judgments of the feline Mrs. Mitford and her daughters. The novels themselves should be a sufficient indication of the character of their author, well bred, witty, clever and satirical as she was.

Mr. Johnson cannot, in the nature of things, have anything new to say, for there seems to be nothing new to be found out.

R. T.

BOCCACCIO

"The Life of Giovanni Boccaccio." By Thomas Caldecot Chubb. 15s. (Cassell.)

Giovanni Boccaccio is one of those authors better known by repute than by a constant perusal of their works. Of the mass of writings which this remarkable man left behind him, only the tales that comprise the "Decameron" have survived in general recognition. And these perhaps for two reasons besides their actual merits: they served as models for Chaucer, who gave many of the Italian's characters a fame, in England at least, which they would not otherwise have enjoyed; and some of them are of that frank grossness which gives an interest by no means literary to several ancient and a fair number of modern authors. But Giovanni Boccaccio was more than a lively retailer of current anecdotes that make human beings laugh at themselves; he possessed many rich gifts—those of character drawing, of colour, of satire, of industry, of a brilliant delight in the eager life surging round him. His own career was varied, full of action, if not always fortunate; he was the friend of the elegant Petrarch, he lectured on Dante, he knew poverty, he came near to a reformation of spirit and manners. In pain and old age he turned to spiritual longings; even if this aspiration did take the form of relic-collecting, this only meant that, like many a more enlightened spirit, he could not rise above the need of the symbols of his age; few can. Like the English poet he helped to inspire, Boccaccio felt the true pangs of genius:

> "The life so short, the craft so long to learn,
> The assay so hard, so sharp the conquering."

The absorbingly interesting life of this brilliant and lovable man is told with learning and sympathy by Mr. Chubb. The result is an excellent book, which can be warmly recommended, both to those who wish to know something of what lies behind the glittering name of the creator of the famous "patient Griselda," and those who delight to dwell on pictures of that lively, lusty, yet somehow fragrant and ingenuous Italy of the fourteenth century, already the cradle of the arts and sciences.

The old illuminators used both vinegar and honey to obtain their pure and dazzling colours, and Boccaccio employed the acid and the sweet to realise his vivid effects; he could write of his contemporaries bitterly (more bitterly, alas, as his own joyous youth vanished!), and he could write of them with that warm tolerant humour and compassionate tenderness that is one of the most endearing qualities any writer can have.

William Blake said that "as Linnæus numbered the plants, so Chaucer numbered the classes of men," but perhaps this honour should rather be given to his forerunner—Giovanni Boccaccio.

MARJORIE BOWEN.

HEINE

"Heinrich Heine: A Critical Examination of the Poet and His Works. By H. Walter. 12s. 6d. net. (Dent.)

An adequate review of Mr. Walter's able study would require pages. Here we can only indicate its general method and spirit. The biographical facts and the literary criticism are intermingled, the work of each successive phase being dealt with in connection with its environment. This may somewhat hinder a reader from obtaining a unified and summary idea of the poet's genius; but clearly in the case of Heine, the nature and quality of whose work depended so much upon his surroundings, no other method is easily possible. Moreover, it adds enormously to the interest of the study to see, under Mr. Walter's guidance, how the interplay of external circumstance and inward spirit led Heine into romanticism, out of it, and back into it again; how it gave character to his political writings; and how in many other ways it coloured and shaped his work.

The author has evidently made a very independent study of his theme. H. W. C.

MR. PEPYS

"Pepys." By John Drinkwater. 21s. (Heinemann.)

The misfortune that attends a successful diarist is that his private or social life, of which he generally writes in his journal, assumes in the eyes of posterity a disproportionate importance. This is not a matter of much moment in such cases as that of Walpole, whose public life was not really very momentous, or of Hickey, who had none at all; but with Samuel Pepys it amounts to a very serious injustice. Entirely through his own fault, we tend now to regard him solely in the light in which he presents himself in his Diaries that of a rather uxorious, inquisitive, snobbish, flirtatious, garrulous, intemperate, fussy little man. In reality he was a supremely competent civil servant, who did more, perhaps, than any other man of his time to lay the foundations of English sea-power, and struggled manfully, for many years and against appalling odds, to bring some method and efficiency into the chaotic departments of the Naval Offices. But all this is forgotten in the turmoil of those ten or so years during which he noted with extravagant detail every triviality of his daily life.

In so far as Mr. Drinkwater has insisted upon Pepys's essential importance as a public official his book is to be greatly commended. It gives a pleasant enough résumé of Pepys's antecedents, private and official life, and not unhappily retired old age. It is a work of some competence, but pedestrian, and seeks to acquire a *raison d'être* which some indeed might well consider to be questionable, by raising and, when judically weighed and argued, settling difficulties where none is to be found. For instance, the lengthy discussion of Pepys's peculations at the Navy Board seems entirely unnecessary, since anybody knows that what would now be deemed flagrancies of corruption were, in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, regarded but as the natural perquisites of office. However, for those, and there are many nowadays, who like their classics at second-hand, this is a book worthy of attention.

R. T.

SHREWSBURY

"Charles Talbot, Duke of Shrewsbury. By T. C. Nicholson and A. S. Turberville. 15s. (Cambridge Press.)

Charles Talbot was born in 1660, and succeeded as a boy to a considerable fortune and the headship of one of the oldest and most distinguished families in England. In spite of his youth he took a leading part in bringing over William of Orange, and he became a Secretary of State in 1689. For the rest of his life he remained one of the most important political figures in the country, and was perhaps more than any other man responsible for the peaceful accession of George I.

This book is an account of Shrewsbury's political career. It is a conscientious piece of work and is quite pleasantly written, but it is rather dull. Shrewsbury is a wooden figure jerked in and out of office by the authors. No attempt is made to bring either him, or the England in which he lived, before the imagination of the reader. We are told he was a man of wide culture and great social charm, but there is almost nothing here about his private life, what he read, or with whom he talked. Even his political life is dealt with unsatisfactorily. It was full of unexpected resignations, and curious alliances with unlikely people at unlikely times. Some clues are given here, but clumsily. The authors scarcely try to understand or to explain the workings of Shrewsbury's mind. The treatment of his intrigues with the Jacobites, is very inadequate.

The authors admit that the "story has been told with as little comment and conjecture as possible," and add: "It is well to propound the puzzle completely before attempting its solution." But surely it is the business of a biographer at least to comment, and not to supply us with two hundred and twenty pages of assorted bones, and only in the last ten attempt to fit them together and supply them with any flesh. N. H. F.



From a camera portrait by HOWARD COSTER.

PHILIP GUEDALLA.

THE NORTHERN HURRICANE

A New Life of Gustavus Adolphus

By Marjorie Bowen

* "Gustavus Adolphus." By Lieutenant-General Sir George MacMunn, K.C.B., K.C.S.I., D.S.O. 18s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

Great as is the fame of this Swedish king, named by experts the first of modern soldiers, extraordinary as were his achievements, brilliant as was his personality and tragic as was his death on what used to be termed "the bed of honour," his is not a familiat figure in English letters. Perhaps because there is something superhuman about the noble warrior, perhaps because the loftiness which marks all his actions puts him above the common sympathy of his fellows, Gustavus Adolphus has been rather avoided by both the historian and the romancist. Sir Walter Scott, in "The Legend of Montrose," gave the impression made by the Lion of the North on a professional soldier of the time, but made no attempt to depict the man himself; in "The Amber Witch," by Wilhelm Meinhold, is a glimpse of the great Protestant hero which remains in the reader's memory with the vividness of something actually seen; but it is only a glimpse.



Gustavus Adolphus.

Perhaps Gustavus Adolphus has been avoided because he lacked that touch of the extravagant, of the violent, the strange, that so attracts us all; yet his life was passed in a tumult of mighty action and he was the hero of one of the most tremendous dramas ever enacted; nor did he lack the more tender strokes which go to make up a magnificent character; his private integrity was never impeached; he was eminently lovable, he was romantic enough to give a lustre to his youth by a delicate love idyll, to travel as Captain Gars (Gustavus Adolphus Rex Sueciæ) to view his prospective bride incognito, he was probably the most superb-looking man, with the exception perhaps of Edward IV, who has ever led an army, and he died young in the moment of victory. Yet even the great German, Schiller, chose Wallenstein and Piccolomini as his heroes when he wrote of the Thirty Years War.

Does Gustavus Adolphus owe his remoteness to the fact that he had learnt what Marcus Aurelius taught of spiritual withdrawal from the world ?:

> "The soul can assume her own fair weather, and her own fair sea,
> Bethink thee of this power Nature has given thee."

It is very fitting that the life of this mighty man should be written by a soldier of the great distinction of Lieutenant-General Sir George MacMunn, who is able to describe military operations with a precision and clarity impossible to the civilian; how many accounts of famous battles are perforce but a confusion of terms! But Sir George, one feels, could "work out on paper" all the complicated campaigns of the victorious Swede and his little model army; he does give diagrams of Breitenfeld and Lutzen. Sir George is also a more than competent historian of the vast intricate policies of the Counter-Reformation; his style is lucid and direct, and he makes the most baffling interplay of events understandable; there is a short bibliography of books in English and French, a map and portrait, but no index; it is to be hoped that Sir George will write the lives of other famous soldiers, of whom may be said "man is a noble animal, splendid in ashes, pompous in the grave," and "a grain of glory mixed with humbleness."

THE LIGHTER SIDE

Humorous Books for All Tastes

By
F. A. Rice

"The Man Who Made Gold." By Hilaire Belloc. 7s. 6d. (Arrowsmith.)
"More Misleading Cases." By A. P. Herbert. 5s. (Methuen.)
"The Dickens Advertiser." By Bernard Darwin. 7s. 6d. (Elkin Mathews & Marrot.)
"Adam's Apples." By Harry Graham. 5s. (Methuen.)
"Things That Annoy Me." By E. V. Knox. 5s. (Methuen.)
"Two Legs and Four." By Anthony Armstrong. 5s. (Methuen.)

Like the Speaker of the Evening, the authors of these various works need no introduction; and those who this Christmas may be tempted to run a finger along that treacherous shelf marked "Humour" in the bookshops, will do well to let it pause opposite any of the above.

Seemingly Mr. Belloc and Mr. G. K. Chesterton have fused together in the production of those satires known as Chester-Bellocs—indeed Mr. Chesterton has lost quite a ton in the process—and now with the arrival of their latest, "The Man Who Made Gold," we may say emphatically, "Let no publisher put them asunder." The story of the book is clear from its title—would the same might be said of other novels!—but though Mr. Charles Lexington, Fellow of St. Olaf's, had the secret of making gold, he did not actually discover it. That had been the privilege of an eccentric undergraduate, who later perished miserably, leaving Mr. Lexington with a small bar of crystalline substance, a minute quantity of which, dropped into molten lead, turned that lead to gold. Not doubting that he would be able to manufacture more of the crystalline substance when the time came, Mr. Lexington proceeds to market his gold. And though he does so cautiously and at enormous profit, the profit soon appears insignificant, and in his endeavour to do better for himself, throws caution to the winds and the money market on the verge of panic. Unfortunately he tampers with his talisman, but his subsequent adventures, so amusingly illustrated



Aunt Margaret at Ramsgate.
From "Adam's Apple," by Harry Graham (Methuen).

by Mr. Chesterton's pencil drawings, maintain the same high level which have long characterised, etc. . . . and those who contemplate giving the new Chester-Belloc away as a Christmas present will do well to buy it in advance, so that they may read it for themselves; and very likely keep it for themselves.

Misleading Cases see Mr. A. P. Herbert at his most ingenious, and this further selection, reported, edited and annotated by him—the majority of which have already been carefully noted by students and others in the pages of *Punch*—now find themselves in a companion volume to their predecessor, which so far has set them the encouraging example of running into five editions.

Mr. Bernard Darwin may be said to have lifted his eye momentarily off the ball in order to give us "The Dickens Advertiser," but seldom has golfer lifted eye to better advantage. He has made a study of the advertisements which appeared in the original parts of Dickens's novels, and while they amuse they also instruct, as those interested in early Victorianism will soon discover. There was a firm in the Strand advertising a "Crimean Outfit" for eighteen guineas, comprising requisites "for Officers proceeding to the Seat of War; also Portable India-rubber Boats as used in the Harbour of Balaclava." Who can recall the Caspiato, or folding bonnet for ladies? And which of our great-grandfathers was it who fell for The Gentleman's Real Head of Hair, or Invisible Peruke which was worn "round the head in a manner of a fillet, leaving the ears loose." Nearly all the advertisements are reproduced in their original form, being accompanied by Mr. Darwin's delightful running commentary.

When Captain Harry Graham dedicates his latest book "To the President of the United States of America, to whom we owe so much, without whose kind encouragement these verses were all written," it is pretty clear what we are in for. Nor does he disappoint us—his rhymes are as light-hearted and youthful as ever; and Mr. John Reynolds's illustrations are most entertaining.

Finally, to the already long list of books whose contents are "here reprinted by the courtesy of the proprietors of *Punch*," are added "Evoe's" "Things That Annoy Me" and A. A.'s "Two Legs and Four"; though why Mr. Knox should be so Annoyed by these Things, when we are so amused by them, is difficult to see. As for "Two Legs and Four"—which is a collection of stories mainly about children and dogs—the publishers appear somewhat doubtful of its success, for on the jacket they commit themselves no further than to say that its readers "should laugh heartily." Don't worry, Mr. Armstrong—they *will*!



Reconciliation of Science and Religion.
From "The Man Who Made Gold," by Hilaire Belloc (Arrowsmith).

A WHIFF FROM THE PAST

Comic Confessions

"The Georgian Confession Book. 7s. 6d. (Foyles.)
"A Year of Good Luck." Collected by Edith Brampton. 2s. 6d. (Heath Cranton.)
"More Ruthless Rhymes." By Harry Graham. 3s. 6d. (Edward Arnold.)

I never met old Uncle Ainscow, the hero of my young imagination, but I can still imagine him more vividly than many other relatives whom I did see often.

He was a jolly sailor who left his cheerful personality stamped for ever between the covers of my mother's confession book. And what a jovial old sinner he was! He elbowed in with his frank pagan avowals between the bashful confessions of a maiden whose choice of feminine virtues was humility, and a tactful youth who professed to worship at the same shrine and who eventually married her.

But the confession book which revealed disappeared along with the crinoline which obscured. A confession book now would tell us nothing we did not already know about our friends. Nowadays repressions have gone by the board. We live in an age when our opinions and preferences concerning the most intimate subjects are shouted from the housetops. We know far too much about one another, and have no hesitation in telling others what qualities we most admire and find lacking in them. In short, we read one another like the books our grandparents compiled to ventilate their suppressed desires, and only for our descendants or for the student of manners and modes will our tabulated "confessions" have the slightest novelty.

Superstitions we still have with us. They die hard but there are few new ones being born. The aeroplane, the tube and the cinema have not yet minted a new currency. If a young man gets up and offers his seat to a lady in a bus it has no significance except that he is going to get out at the next stop. But perhaps it is as well, for to be a thoroughly superstitious person is already to have a whole-time occupation. It would be very unlucky for an anthology of superstition to fall into the hands of a woman who is both conscientious and superstitious. Her life would become a nightmare of embarrassing and conflicting ceremonies if she plays for safety in the pursuit of love, riches and health. She would grow moles between her eyes, on the right forehead, on the arm and shoulder and on the right ear. She would sneeze not only over her right shoulder but here, there, and everywhere. She would have pockets made so that she might carry in them live spiders, lemons, and the small bone of a leg of mutton. She would, in short, be forced to imperil her chances of obtaining those pleasant etceteras of a woman's life, good looks and friendship, in order to make certain of its big prizes.

We are all of us more callously self-reliant than we were thirty years ago before the reformer, Harry Graham, brought out his first great textbook and spread his gospel of ruthlessness through England. It would be going too far to say that he first brought ruthlessness into the nursery, but he is at least a Herod of verse and he holds the scales of ruthlessness more evenly between youth and age. After thirty years the note of righteous querulousness is not silent, and he sings:

> "When Grandmama fell off the boat,
> And couldn't swim (and wouldn't float),
> Matilda just stood by and smiled,
> I almost could have slapped the child."

But a moment later he is the understanding exponent of the perplexities which assail modern youth and points the finger of scorn at its spurious imitators:

> "It seems that with Eternal Youth
> Great-grandmama is gifted,
> For though (to tell the honest truth)
> Her face has twice been 'lifted,'
> To-day she doesn't look to me
> A minute more than ninety-three."

GILES DUGDALE.

BIRD WATCHERS

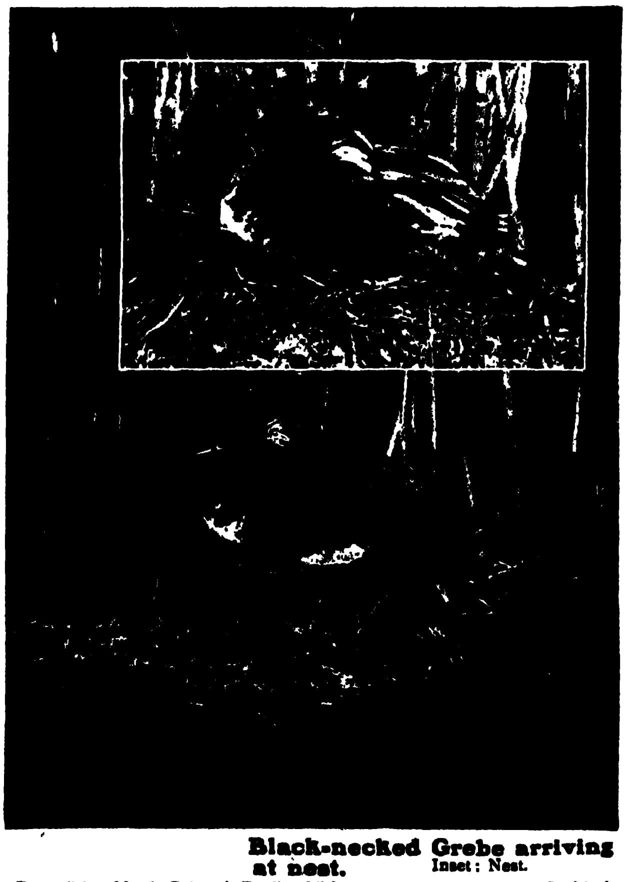
Julian Huxley's Advice

"Bird-Watching and Bird Behaviour." By Julian Huxley. 5s. (Chatto & Windus.)
"A Bird Watcher's Notebook." By J. W. Seigne. 12s. 6d. (Philip Allan.)
"New Zealand Birds." By W. R. B. Oliver. (New Zealand: Fine Arts.)

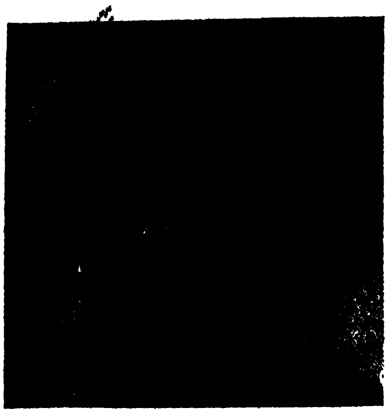
Those who to-day desire to take up the study of wild life—which many of us regard as among the most fascinating pursuits possible, whether we live in the country or exist in a town—are much more fortunate than were their predecessors. Books on the subject multiply apace; practical in the main, interesting and written by true "watchers of the Wild." When the present writer was a boy he would have given much for such helpful advice as that tendered by Mr. Julian Huxley on the subject of bird-watching. To know what to seek and how to observe saves time and disappointment, and I heartily commend the little volume. Mr. Huxley tells how, at the age of fourteen, he became a real bird-watcher; and we must thank that green woodpecker which visited his aunt's laundry yard, not merely for arousing his interest but for convincing him that "under my nose, in the familiar woods and fields, lived strange and beautiful creatures of whose strangeness and beauty I had been lamentably unaware."

When such knowledge comes in this illuminating fashion, a new Watcher of the Wild is born. Mr. J. W. Seigne, however, came to the study of birds in different manner. He had been a slayer; but he gave up shooting and turned his estate into a sanctuary, chiefly in order that he might study that illusive bird, the woodcock. He has discovered much—and not only about woodcock. From Great Britain to New Zealand is a long flight, but with birds to carry us it is easily made. There has been no authoritative work on New Zealand birds since Buller's, published nearly fifty years ago, and Mr. W. R. B. Oliver, Director of the Dominion Museum, Wellington, renders a great service both to his fellow-countrymen and to ornithologists the world over by giving them his comprehensive, well documented and well illustrated volume.

W. R. CALVERT.



Black-necked Grebe arriving at nest. Inset: Nest.
From "Rambles in Britain's Birdland," by Oliver G. Pike (Herbert Jenkins).



Helen Shackleton
(Mrs. E. H. Brietscke),
author of "Saucy and All" (Macmillan).

Awaited Appearances

Notes on Some Books to be Published in December



Portrait by Hughes. **Miss Pamela Wynne,**
author of "East is Always East" (Philip Allan).

Persian Painting

Next month the great Persian Exhibition opens at Burlington House, and stories of the treasures to be seen there are already stirring our curiosity. "Persian Painting," by Basil Gray, of the British Museum (Benn) provides that background of knowledge so necessary to the full appreciation of the beauties of work alien in technique and culture. Mr. Gray sketches the history of the various Persian schools, of their rise and decline, and the peculiarities of composition, colouring, landscape and costume. The book will be fully illustrated.

A Provincial Lady

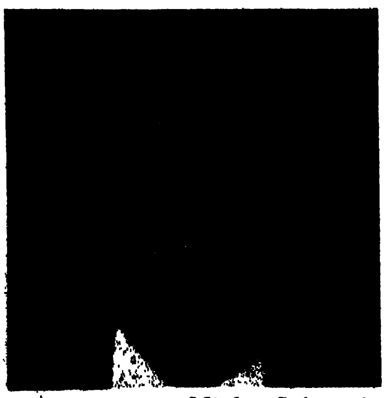
Miss E. M. Delafield's delightful "Diary of a Provincial Lady," which has been appearing in *Time and Tide*, is to be published in book form by Macmillan. This book should prove one of the most popular of the month's publications.

Dr. Barnardo

J. Wesley Bready has written the life of a pioneer in "Dr. Barnardo," which Allen & Unwin will publish. The book opens with an historical introduction, and traces the story of Barnardo's work grow a tiny Donkey shed Ragged School to an organisation which has influenced legislation the world over. The battles which he had to fight against prejudice, bigotry and antiquated laws are told in detail.

The Vision of William

William of course is William Langland; his vision concerned Piers the Plowman. This famous Middle English poem has been translated into Modern English by Donald Attwater, and illustrated with woodcuts by Denis Tegetmeier. It will be issued in a limited edition by Cassells. Tegetmeier is said to be a true satirist—the man of flame, not of squibs; and there are seven full-page engravings. Personally it is for his work that I shall most welcome the book. Those sufficiently interested in Langland to appreciate and understand him are quite competent to read his poem as he wrote it, without the aid of "translations."



Mirko Jelusich,
author of "Caesar" (Allen & Unwin).

The Fall of Christianity

Professor G. J. Heering has written an indictment of Christianity in its relation to war and the modern state. He considers that Christianity has embraced political absolutism and nationalism, and made far greater concessions to the expediencies of the world than the Christian ethic permits. The book, which is translated from the Dutch by Rev. J. W. Thompson, will be published by Allen & Unwin.

Greek Independence

The Cambridge University Press is publishing Mr. C. W. Crawley's "The Question of Greek Independence." This is a study of British policy in the Near East, 1821–33, and its publication will celebrate the centenary of Greek independence. The period treated marks the beginnings of modern Greece and the decline of Turkey, and is a turning-point in the relations between England and Russia, which makes comprehensible the temper of the Crimean War.

An Omnibus Wilde

The latest addition to the "Everyman's Library" (Dent) is a selection of Oscar Wilde's best work. One may now obtain in one volume, for the small sum of two shillings, two plays, "The Importance of Being Earnest" and "Lady Windermere's Fan"; his novel, "The Picture of Dorian Gray"; his "Ballad of Reading Gaol"; and his fine but little known essay, "The Soul of Man Under Socialism." There is a preface by Hesketh Pearson.

"Hell in the Foreign Legion"

Romantically, via "Beau Geste," the Foreign Legion is a popular place. Actually there can be few more apposite descriptions of it than that in the title of this book (Allen & Unwin), in which E. F. Löhndorff portrays faithfully the appalling hardships and inhuman punishments to which the men are subjected.

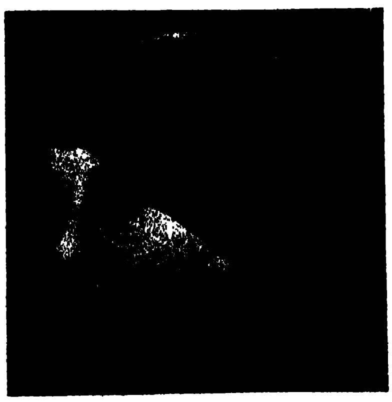
For Bibliophiles

"The Bibliophile's Miscellany, 1931" (Cassell) is the offspring of the "Bibliophile's Almanack," edited in 1927 and 1928 by Oliver Simon and Harold Child. The Miscellany for 1931 includes articles by Edmund Blunden, Arthur Hayward and Hamish Miles, and there will be advance information about the activities of the most famous Presses during the coming year and (probably) insets of some interesting new types. The book will be printed by the Curwen Press.

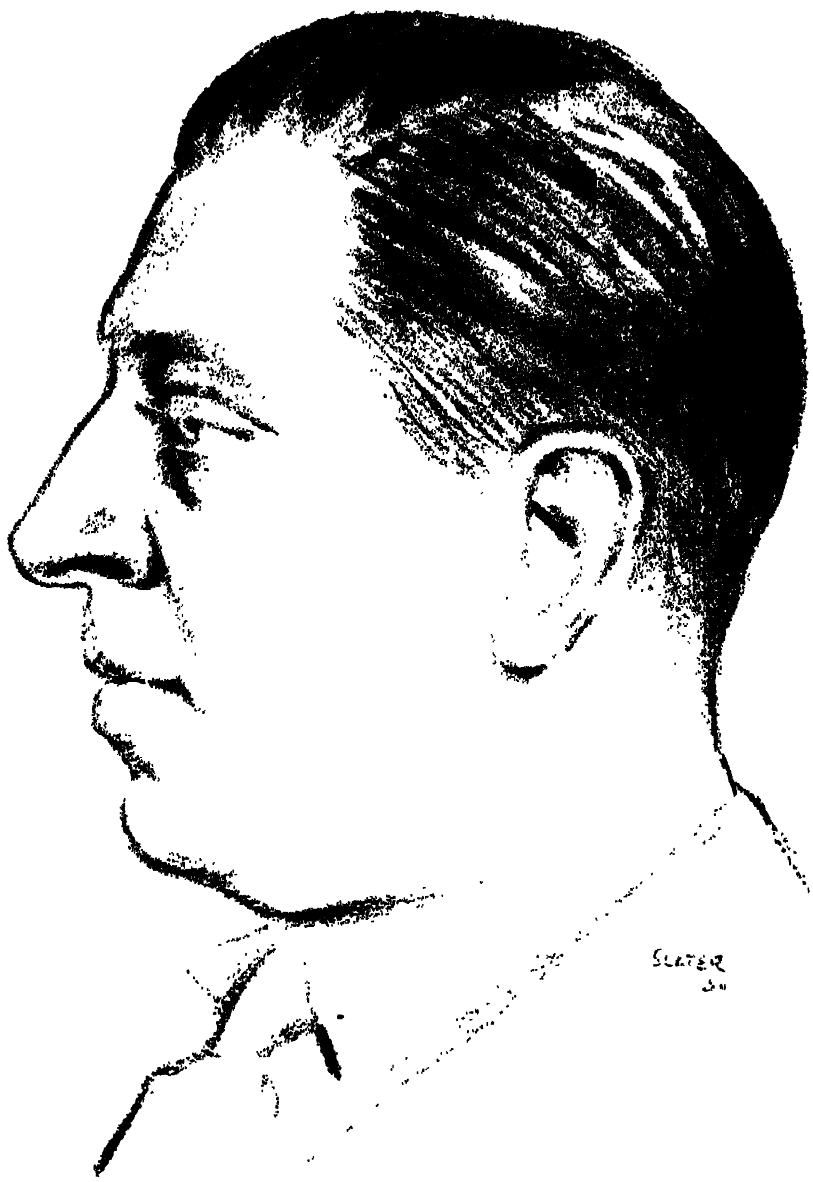
A Children's Book

Miss Anne Parish is already known by her novels, "The Perennial Bachelor" and "All Kneeling." Benn's are now publishing a charming children's book from her pen, entitled "Floating Island," which she has illustrated herself.

READER.



Miss Margaret Anderson,
author of "My 30 Years' War" (Knopf).



From a drawing by FRANK SLATER.

OSBERT SITWELL.

SUPPLEMENT TO "THE BOOKMAN,"
CHRISTMAS, 1930



From a drawing by HELEN WILSON.

THE HON. VICTORIA SACKVILLE-WEST

BROADCASTING FOR BOOKMEN

Some December Talks of Literary Interest

Selected by J. D. Crawshaw

The Poet Laureate started a valuable train of thought when he spoke, a few weeks ago, at the Festival of the Scottish Association for the Speaking of Verse. He observed that broadcasting could be a great asset in the dissemination of poetry, and he expressed the belief that, if the broadcasting people would work with the poets, we could have one of the most remarkable schools of poetry that we have had for centuries.

Why not more Poetry?

Mr. Masefield's opinions are generally inspiring, and the more one considers his pronouncement about broadcasting the more one comes to realise the shortage of poetry in the present broadcasting programmes. While the B.B.C. is so anxious to make us appreciate good music, our appreciation of good poetry receives far less attention; and yet there are many people (myself included) who would rather listen to a good poem than to some of these unintelligible noises which modern Frenchmen call music. I may be desperately low-brow, but I would far rather listen to a recitation of Mr. Chesterton's "Lepanto" than to a performance of M. Ravel's "Bolero"; and I think that there is a good case for more poetry and less music in the B.B.C. programmes. In December the only concession to poetry is the continuation of the series of readings from Modern Poets (December 1st, 8th, 15th, 22nd and 29th: 6 p.m.).

"David Copperfield" continued

The general talks for December, though interesting in many ways, are rather sparse in material of particular appeal to bookmen. There is however the continuation of Mr. Clinton Baddeley's readings from "David Copperfield" (December 4th, 11th and 18th: 6 p.m.); and since Mr. Clinton Baddeley reads with plenty of life and expression they are well worth hearing. Mrs. Oliver Strachey is making two of her pleasant excursions into the domain of "Reading for Fun," and her comments on "Books about Nature, Animals and Children" (London Regional, December 5th: 10.45 a.m.) and "Some Types of Novels, Short Stories and Other Books" (London Regional, December 19th: 10.45 a.m) are likely to provide a good deal of wisdom in a short space of time. The craze for "omnibus" volumes seems to have affected her in her choice of subjects, for the title of her second December talk is surely an "omnibus" title if ever there was one!

New Books

The usual weekly talks on new books are being given by Miss V. Sackville-West (December 1st, 15th and 29th: 7 p.m.) and Mr. Desmond MacCarthy (December 8th and 22nd: 7 p.m.); but there is only one talk on new novels. This is by Mr. A. Duff Cooper (December 11th: 7 p.m.). The readings from the biographies and autobiographies of great explorers, under the title of "The Spirit of Adventure," are being concluded this month (London Regional, December 6th, 13th and 20th: 8.30 p.m.).

Apart from the talks which are directly devoted to literature, there are one or two others which are likely to attract all who love books. Most people in these days are acquainted with the writings of Dean Inge and Dr. L. P. Jacks, and it will be a delight to hear their spoken words instead of merely scanning their printed pages. Dean Inge is giving the last talk but one in the series of Sunday talks on "Science and Religion" (December 7th: 5.45 p.m.). All who know the quiet and sane philosophy of the Smokeover stories will agree with me that it was a brilliant idea to make Dr. Jacks the last speaker in this important series.

Freedom of the Press

Professor Ernest Barker's final talks in his "What is Liberty?" series are also worthy of note (December 4th, 11th and 18th: 7.25 p.m.), and particularly the first of these, in which he will discuss the freedom of the Press. In addition, there are the usual talks by Mr. Harold Nicolson, Mr. James Agate, Mr. Ernest Newman and Mr. Francis Birrell, and many of the other talkers are also known to readers through the medium of books, even though the subjects which they are discussing are not literary.

∵ *The talks mentioned above are in the National Programme, unless otherwise stated.*

IN THOSE DAYS

Book Topics a Generation Ago

(*From* THE BOOKMAN, *December*, 1895)

As we intimated some time ago, the *Strand Magazine*, which has hitherto eschewed serials, is to attempt a new departure. The first serial published will be by Dr. Conan Doyle, and will be entitled "Rodney Stone." It is a picture of English life in the days of the Regency, and is said to be full of graphic passages, among the best bits being a description of a prize fight.

* * * *

Professor Saintsbury's work on the History of English Literature in the Nineteenth Century has been somewhat delayed by his appointment to the Edinburgh Chair, but it is expected to be ready early in 1896.

* * * *

Mr. John Davidson is said to have received £35 for his recent verses in *Phil May's Annual*.

* * * *

The *New York World* says that a copy of the first edition of "Vanity Fair," presented by Mr. Thackeray to Charlotte Brontë and bearing an inscription, has recently been purchased by a London journalist at the moderate price of 6s. In reality the book bought was "Esmond," and the price paid was £20.

* * * *

We understand that Mr. Rudyard Kipling's new story, "William the Conqueror," will extend only to about twelve thousand words. Mr. Kipling wrote it in response to a tempting offer from Mr. E. W. Bok, of the American *Ladies' Home Journal*, and it is to appear in England in the *Gentlewoman*.

* * * *

We hear that Mr. Anthony Hope is now anxious to abandon the writing of short stories, and to confine himself entirely to the production of longer books.

* * * *

Mr. Anthony Hope's "Prisoner of Zenda," as adapted for the stage by Mr. Edward Rose, is still drawing crowded houses in New York. We hear that it will shortly be brought to this country, and that it will be produced at the St. James's by Mr. George Alexander.

* * * *

An editor received the other day a curious application for help. The writer said: "I am sorry you do not like my romance, for I feel that I have the secret fire in my veins. If however you cannot accept my book or my poetry, will you give me a berth as a heavy goods porter?"

* * * *

Mr. Eugene Field, the American author, died suddenly last month at his home near Chicago. He was of New England stock, but his chief work as a journalist was done in the Chicago *Daily News*, which has now become the *Record*. Recently his reputation had spread from the fields of journalism by some lttle books of tales and verses which had wide popularity, and showed originalty and delicate fancy. Mr. Field was a man of much vitality and an excellent speaker, an enthusiastic book collector, and lavishly hospitable. Many English bookmen will regret to hear of his death.

Correspondence

A Memoir of Scott-Moncrieff

DEAR SIR,

May I be allowed to mention, through the courtesy of your columns, that a short memoir of my son, the late C. K. Scott-Moncrieff, is in preparation, with which it is desired to include some of his poems and extracts from his letters? I shall be indebted to those of his friends who may care to send me material from which such extracts may be made. All letters would be carefully considered, and returned at an early date to their owners.

Yours, etc.,
(Mrs.) J. M. SCOTT-MONCRIEFF.

316, Clive Court,
Maida Vale,
London, W.9.

Mr. Priestley and Women's Clubs

DEAR SIR,

Mr. Priestley's "Angel Pavement," with its morbid outlook, must be a disappointment to many admirers of "Good Companions." Yet were it not for a paragraph in Mr. W. B. Nichol's article, published in your September issue, one might swallow one's disappointment in silence. This paragraph really calls for a reply.

Mr. Nichols, after bestowing "faint praise" on other parts of the novel, says Mr. Priestley's description of life at the Burpenfield Club is "extraordinarily well done and contains more psychology than any pseudo-Freudian novel." As a resident in a London women's club I say that this is a lamentably masculine and ignorant statement.

Where *has* Mr. Priestley obtained his copy? For no club resembling the Burpenfield Club can exist. What he describes may approximate to a mental home, or a poor law ward, but let him not call it a typical women's club. No less unfortunate a creation is his mouthpiece, Miss Marfield. No one would expect humour, courage or even common sense from such an empty-headed, resentful little wretch—and naturally she takes a jaundiced view of her club life.

It is a pity that Mr. Priestley has chosen to sneer at life in a women's club. It meets a great modern need, and many women consider that it offers them—besides economic independence—both interesting companionship and breadth of outlook in greater measure than does the more solitary life of furnished room or flat.

Authors must have copy; they should have "conscience" too!

Yours, etc.,
AMY HOGG.

Nutford House,
Nutford Place,
London W.1.

Bogy! Bogy!!

DEAR SIR,

As a reader of THE BOOKMAN for more than thirty years —I still have a few unbound copies dating back to the late nineties—I venture for the first time to write a letter to its editor. The reason is that I was moved from my habitual calmness of mind by the first paragraph of the article on Penn and Franklin.

Your contributor, Mr. Davies, writes: "We hope to discover the real explanation of Penn's 'convincement' and of Franklin's sudden friendship for France. Was the one merely an expression of neurosis and the other the mysterious working of Freemasonry?" I must confess that I am quite unable to follow here the workings of your reviewer's mind. Franklin was a Freemason: but were there no Freemasons in England? Why should French Freemasonry, even then very different in spirit from the English and American craft, induce a sudden friendship for France in the sturdy American? If I were to write a life of Villon no doubt Mr. Davies would say: "We hope to discover why the ragged poet developed a fondness for tripe and even wrote a ballade in its praise: can this have been the mysterious working of Freemasonry?" Or again, if I wrote a life of Kipling he would no doubt remark: "After a life spent in India, Canada and other parts of the Globe, Mr. Kipling developed a sudden fondness for Sussex: can this have been the mysterious working of Freemasonry, to which he was openly attached?"

And why, sir, are neurosis and Freemasonry so cunningly coupled? In seeking an explanation of Newman's conversion to the Church of Rome and of Peel's conversion to Free Imports are we to ask: "Was one merely the expression of some neurosis, and the other the mysterious working of Freemasonry?" Solomon Eagle walked the streets naked with a brazier of coals on his head, and Johnson grew fond of Fleet Street. Was one merely the expression of some neurosis and the other the mysterious working of Freemasonry? I notice that of our public men, Lord Brentford displays a passionate Protestant convincement and the Prince of Wales displays a fondness for golfing in France. Is one merely an expression of some neurosis and the other the mysterious working of Freemasonry?

Mr. Davies as I say leaves me bewildered as to the way in which his mind works in these matters. I can only suspect that he is the victim of some neurosis, or imagines himself to have suffered in some way from the mysterious working of Freemasonry.

Yours, etc.,
WILLIAM BROOKS.

The Authors' Club,
London.

Mass Civilisation

DEAR SIR,

I much appreciated your appeal for "Literature to the Rescue" in this month's BOOKMAN. Our present civilisation needs some tonic, and if literature can provide it, so much the better.

I must none the less protest against your analysis of the present state of what you call culture, as it seems to me to be based on a misconception of the facts. Mass civilisation may be a product of machines. The standard of mass civilisation is not, witness the artistic standard of films from Soviet Russia, where—or so we are told on authority disputable only by those who have seen for themselves—the "mass man" is ruler of the land. If any single factor can be held responsible for the present standard of artistic appreciation, it is rather the democratic philosophy which has been extending its influence over Europe since the eighteenth century.

To reduce the matter to its most intelligible form, it is only necessary to apply the argument to the case of food. You will agree that the present standard of living in England is not such as to make it necessary for anyone to eat tripe. You will probably also agree that there are people who do eat tripe. They even prefer it to caviare. You and I could no doubt give them reasons why they should so prefer it. We could tell them that tripe is wholesome, whereas caviare is a food only fit for those whose taste has been vitiated by too great variety. But they could give us a better reason—that they like it. And that declaration of taste there can be no gainsaying—not at any rate in a democratic country such as that favoured by your otherwise agreeable servant.

WILFRID HINDLE.

Hammersmith, W.6.



The lady with the balloons [illegible]

The COLLECTOR

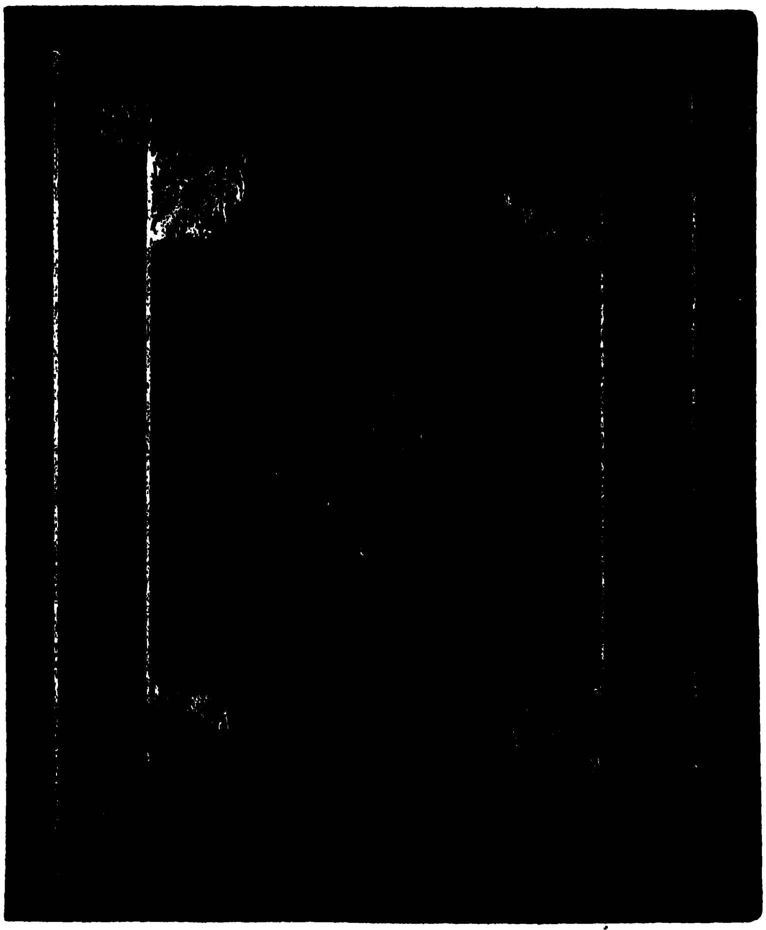
" Let not the collector, therefore, ever, unless in some urgent and necessary circumstances, part with any of his treasures."—BURTON

CATALOGUES OF VARIETY

Last month I made some reference to the huge batch of catalogues that had found their way to my desk, and by this the number has very much increased. In fact, it is going to be difficult to give all of them the attention they deserve. What I would like to do is to devote a much more lengthy consideration almost to nine-tenths of them, but this would delay the printing of my notes for some months, and then their economic value would have lessened considerably. So it would seem that a short reference, and a speedy one, is much more desirable.

One of the more interesting and valuable catalogues that have come to hand since last month is one issued by Messrs. Elkin Mathews, to whose lists I have frequently called attention. The new one, rich in its bibliographical usefulness, is " English Literature in the Early Nineteenth Century " covering the years 1789–1837, to which Mr. Blunden has contributed a most worthy introduction. Much time and thought must have been given to this estimable catalogue. Against the name of every author is given the year of his or her birth and death. This is an important list which all bookmen should be sure of obtaining, not only to examine with care, but because I am sure there is bound to be at least one book in it that the reader wants, and because it is a catalogue to be kept for reference.

My pile of catalogues this month—as well as the overmath from the previous month—contains some really valuable ones. I have just referred to one. And here is another. It is one published—this and some others ought to be described as " published "—by Messrs. G. Michelmore & Co. It is a beautifully produced list of choice books in magnificent contemporary bindings from the libraries of very famous people, such as Catherine and Marie de Medici, the two Louis, XVI and XVIII, Marie Antoinette, Henri II and a host of others. There are also precious autograph letters and manuscripts, as well as some extraordinary choice books. Some of these items range in price up to £2,000; so it will be gathered how great is the value of some of the things in this Michelmore catalogue. The bindings described are magnificent.



Binding made for J. B. Inglis about 1825.—D. Belchier.
(Hans Beer-Pot (London 1618) belonging to G. Arents, Jr., New York.)
From " English Collectors of Books and Manuscripts, 1550–1900," by Seymour de Ricci (Cambridge University Press).

And the new Tregaskis catalogue is worth more than just a casual glance; in fact the Caxton Head lists are always made with so much care, that no one who pretends to be interested in books and autographs can possibly ignore the Tregaskis ones. The present list is devoted to autograph letters, historical papers and documents. I am particularly attracted by the series of Nelson letters, and a fine collection of Bondoni letters and papers, as well as a number of royal autograph letters—Henry VIII, Mary I and Elizabeth, and one or two most interesting letters from Wagner. This reminds me that Harold Reeves has a new catalogue of old musical works available. I doubt if there is a shop other than Mr. Reeves's, where there is so comprehensive a stock of musical works.

I dare say there are many readers of " The Collector " who are more than a little interested in French books, and who make a point of looking for certain works in that language to add to their collection. Every now and then there is issued a catalogue of French novels by some antiquarian bookseller, and one has just reached me from Messrs. Ellis. It is a list that contains the cream of their stock of old and rare French books. There are almost five hundred entries in the catalogue. It is difficult to select a title for special mention, but I note an attractive edition, in two volumes, of the " Memoires du Comte Grammont," £2 10s., Montesquieu's " Le Temple de Guide," £1 10s, and " Les Œuvres de M. François Rabelais," in one volume, £12 12s., while the illustration we have reproduced is from a manuscript—" Les Dits des Philosophes," translated from Latin into French by William de Tignonville. This is a precious and a wonderful manuscript of the fifteenth century,



beautifully written upon 159 leaves of vellum, with five illuminated miniatures, within borders of flowers and grotesques in gold and colours The price of the rare and beautiful MS is £900

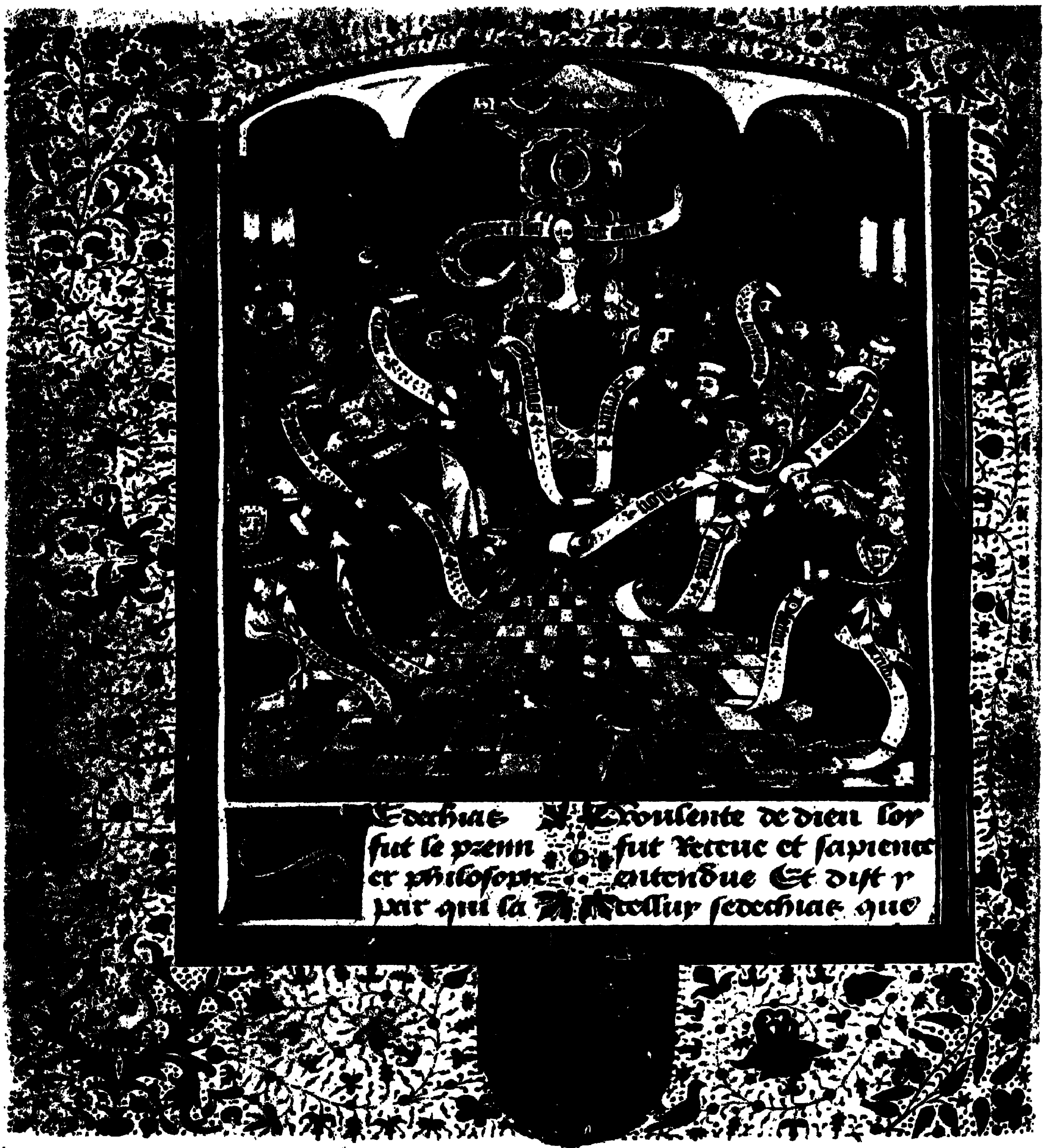
I am glad to welcome a first catalogue, not a very long or ambitious list, but a very nice one, and I hope Mr Johns will send me his future ones Of course, it is mainly composed of first editions Another helpful and interesting list of first editions reaches me from Bertram Rota, and very readable and educating it is in these days of lowish prices I note a good collection of Brett Young's works including a copy of "The Dark Tower for £3 10s, some seventeen items of Hugh Walpole's works ('Maradick at Forty, 25s) and many works by J B Priestley These are just one or two books out of over nine hundred I like this list Another catalogue, comprising many first editions of old as well as modern books and a number of original manuscripts of D H Lawrence and Mr Phillpotts is that issued by Messrs J A Allen & Co This is a fine catalogue—1 674 entries—and the lay-out as we say, is attractive which I always think adds to the value of a list

Right at the top of Mr Halewood's new catalogue is a quotation from the world renowned Dr Rosenbach It says Stocks are falling books are rising That is an excellent text especially the second part The spiritual value of a book—assuming it is a good book—is always rising Also, I seem to see that prices are better too which means the market is rising as well although it will not reach its rightful position again until the industrial depression lessens There are a number of notable works offered us in Mr Halewood's catalogue, many of small price and many exceedingly valuable items such as a first edition of Barrie's "Window in Thrums 16 guineas Lord Lytton's first publication Ismael £32 10s and Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy £105 I notice a copy of Coppard's "Adam and Eve for 6 guineas

From Gilbert Jameson I have received a new catalogue of general books including as most lists do to day a number of modern first editions I was attracted by several of the items among t which were a four volume edition of Goldsmith's Miscellaneous works and some first editions of Scott's novels Which reminds me that in the catalogue of E & M Kennard there are quite a number of old and scarce books (a first edition of Vavasour Powell's The Bird in the Cage £25) and some autograph letters association books and moderns And here I should like to draw attention to a delightful and pleasing little catalogue of some 450 entries of books of a varied kind sent me by the International Book Shop and also a very useful one made up chiefly from a sale at Christchurch (Hants) Manor, issued by Russell Oakley

"Make your old books perfect I read on the front page of a catalogue of engraved portraits chiefly of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries sent out by Mr F Guntrip, and if you are at all interested in the fascinating business of grangerizing, here is the list to get While the reader might find the wanted extra portraits in the Guntrip list he might also discover some of the old books he is looking for in a catalogue of miscellaneous books recently printed by the Surrey Bookshop Other general lists which I want to record are those from W M Murphy & Son, a most excellent one, for it took me a time to run through it because there are in it so many interesting books in all branches of literature, a handy size list, including many rare works of Barrie, Bennett (Old Wives Tale £50) Hardy (Under the Greenwood Tree,' £105), a collection of George Gissing's books, from P Finnimore, a general catalogue from J S Billingham, and a short list of modern firsts from L E Thomas, all of which are carefully described and moderate in price

There are two important catalogues which I always enjoy studying and both are worth while adding to one's



Les Dits Des Philosophes.
French Fifteenth Century Manuscript.

From Messrs. Ellis's Catalogue of French Books, No. 275.

collection for careful examination. I have mentioned Mr. Tremayne's before, and I find his new one (No. 11) as readable as ever; while the other comes to me from W. H. Smith & Son (Southport). This latter—as is Tremayne's—is devoted entirely to modern firsts.

A very fine 320 page catalogue of English Literature of the nineteenth and twentieth century, being a selection of first and early editions of the works of all notable British authors and book illustrators, together with a number of books on sports and pastimes, comes from Maggs Bros. I am always on the look out for their noble catalogues, and this new one is splendid I am only a third of the way through it, and I must put it on one side for the moment to examine some others. There are many excellent items in it—collections of H. G. Wells, Sir Walter Scott, Alfred Noyes—in fact, there are books for sale in this list by many of the great and famous writers in English Literature. The latest Frank Hollings list is described as "A Stocktaking Catalogue," Part, II M-Z. There is also a short addenda. I notice particularly a fine collection of scarce and curious works of occult and allied esoteric interest. A Third Selection of Books bearing upon the Romantic Movement in English Literature has been issued by Ingpen & Stonehill. I have in previous catalogue notes referred to the earlier catalogues, and have drawn attention to the value of them for collectors, and this new one is a worthy successor to those others.

I wonder if you have ever thought of asking Mr. Greville Worthington for his list? His house used to be known as Baker's Bookshop. Mr. Worthington's new catalogue came along the other day, and I soon found myself closely engaged in reading through the well planned pages. It has a nice cover upon it, and the authors' names are in bold, but not unattractive type. I was interested in a little group of Lascelles Abercrombie's books, a single volume, 'Nicky, Son of Egg," by Gerald Bullett (just because he is worth collecting against the future), a number of Richard Le Gallienne's works—all at low prices these days, several of Anthony Hope's books, and lots of others. Mr. J. D. Miller's latest list is a good one. I see there are one or two of Herbert Read's books in it—a fine thinker, with a true sense of literature in his style, whose works will surely be fashionably collected one of these days, and who *is* collected and *read* by those who understand.

Quaritch, an hour or two since, posted me their list No. 437. A special one dealing with works on aeronautics, astronomy, horology and no end of other things. A catalogue for the specialist. An interesting catalogue, well arranged, is that of Symington's. It contains 888 entries, covering but a small selection of their stock. There are many and varied collections offered for sale. Many of the books from the library of the late Sir E. M. Satow, and also the library of Professor C. S. Kenny are to be found in Heffer & Sons' list, No. 351. The Heffer catalogues are always good. This one is set out in two columns to a page, and actually records no less than 2,662 books. Among the moderns I see that "Good Companions" is offered at £3 10s., and Edmund Blunden's notable "Undertones of War" for 2 guineas, both of which I should buy if I did not have two rather nice—one particularly so—copies. There is an interesting section devoted to Foreign Historical Works. A. H. Mayhew's most recent list contains some distinctive books, a number of Greek and Latin classics, a series of Hansard's Debates, and Cardinal Newman's copy, for 5 guineas, of Johnson's "Rasselas."

Two lists were recently sent out by Davis & Orioli. One, No. 52, of a general character, and one, their 34th, of modern first editions. There is a copy of Coppard's "Black Dog" for £10—the price seems to keep up; seventeen autograph letters and six post cards written by D. H. Lawrence to an intimate friend, £60; several books by T. S. Eliot, whose books should be carefully sought for, and preserved for their

delectable items. The Export Book Co. have quite a collection of the rarest of items in their new catalogue, including association copies of Carlyle, Dickens, Thackeray, Ruskin and Mayne Reid. There are many other good things in it. Lists have also come in from William Dunlop and Colbeck Radford & Co. The members of this latter firm are Mr. Percy J. Dobell, Mr. Arthur E. Dobell and Mr. M. Colbeck Radford. They call their pleasing list "The Ingatherer"—a little sheaf of autographs and manuscripts "Ready to be Harvested out of the Stores of Colbeck Radford & Co." A very nice way of putting it.

If you want to look out for those books that are remaindered by publishers, ask Henry J. Glaisher to put your name down for his list. There is always something good in it. Mr. Glaisher also issues a catalogue of second-hand books. The short one that I have before me at the moment contains a copy of one of the fifty signed copies of Robert Bridges's "Testament of Beauty," for £50.

And so at last I come to the end of this very long pile of catalogues, not one of which have I adequately described. Antiquarian lists are so admirable in these times that they deserve considerable and more detailed consideration. But there it is, and there is no more space to spare. Excepting that I must offer a word of congratulation to Mr. James F. Drake, of New York, whose business has reached its twenty-fifth year. He has issued a delightful little list, bound in a silver cover. It contains a number of very rare items, including a first edition, for $5000.00 (£1,000) of "Jane Eyre" and Boswell's Johnson, first edition, $5000.00, in the original boards. A magnificent Sawyer catalogue has come into my hands, as these notes are being written, and I see among the many wonderful things in it is a fine copy of "Jane Eyre" for £700. Next month I shall devote some space to this catalogue.

THE GREAT CARDINAL

Cavendish's "Wolsey" reprinted

I have just received from the Alcuin Press, of Chipping Campden, Gloucestershire, a very beautifully produced book which I shall put carefully among my bibliophilic treasures. It is a reprint of George Cavendish's "The Life and Death of Thomas Wolsey," the earliest separate biography written in the English language. As the present year commemorates the four hundredth anniversary of Wolsey's death, its appearance now is apposite, and it is the first of a series of reprints of all the great biographies from this to Boswell's "Johnson."

The text of this four guinea edition (Richards Press, 90, Newman Street, W.1) follows exactly the original MS. in Cavendish's handwriting, now in the British Museum. Previous editions (including the famous Kelmscott Press edition of 1893) suffered from editorial modifications. The volume is a quarto, 8½ by 11¼ inches, printed from a type which practically reproduces a famous Aldine fount designed in Wolsey's own lifetime. It is decorated with head-pieces and tail-pieces and initial letters drawn by Paul Woodroffe. I like especially the decoration of the O and the penultimate tail-piece. But the entire book is a joy.

H.



From "THE GOLDEN ARROW,"
By MARY WEBB.
Illustrated by NORMAN HEPPLE.
(Jonathan Cape.)

"THEY PICKED FOR TWO HOURS, ABSORBED AND PERSPIRING."

THE NEW HAZLITT

"The Complete Works of William Hazlitt." Edited by P. P. Howe. Vols. I, IV and V. To be completed in 21 vols. £15 15s. net. (Dent.)

Hazlitt certainly has been fortunate in those who have devoted themselves to the preservation of his fame. Few critics or essayists, particularly those whose work was largely written for the press, have long survived their own generation. Yet Hazlitt is known to-day (though not by any one recognised masterpiece) to all with any pretensions to literary taste. He is represented, not only by one-volume reprints and selections; but by the sumptuous edition of his Works, here and now once more revised and completed with scholarly care and enthusiasm.

Outside great genius, the survival of fame is no doubt in part accidental; and I am disposed to believe that Hazlitt lives to-day—because he wrote, with distinction, about Shakespeare; because he was intimate with Coleridge and Lamb; because he published those uncomfortable confessions known as "Liber Amoris," inspired by hysteria. Such reasons, obviously, would each influence a different public: combined they have served, I think, to preserve more than his name in many minds.

Since Hazlitt has been, for these or other reasons, kept continuously before our notice, it is not surprising that we are all ready to read and discuss his work. For the personality that is never hidden behind anything he wrote, that may at times indeed be found inartistically obtrusive, is at once complex and intriguing. His intellect and emotions are both so evident, so vital and so intense, often drawing him—as it would seem—in contrary directions and fighting for mastery of the man; that, whether to hate or love, to scorn or admiration, our feelings are no less excited than our intelligence, and we are stimulated by the spell.

When Messrs. Waller and Glover produced, some ten years before the War, their thirteen volumes of Hazlitt, we were able—without the need for hunting out forgotten periodicals or searching among second-hand booksellers—to test our impressions under the guidance of authority. Hazlitt's wisest biographer, Mr. P. P. Howe, has not approached their work as something to be cast aside or superseded; but has most generously acknowledged with honour the sound foundation upon which his own fine structure is imposed: not generally even himself "collating a text found trustworthy in the extreme," frankly stating that to have "scrapped" the notes which were so integral a part of their edition "would be unthinkable."

It has simply happened, as often when the pioneers have done their work so well, that the passing of years and the pursuit of opportunities suggested by them, has enabled him to use or discover material they were forbidden or did not know of, and—in other cases—to modify or reverse their judgment in the light of wider knowledge. The "New Writings, First and Second Series," discovered and already issued by Mr. Howe, are naturally incorporated—with other "articles" never before reprinted: it is now possible to include the Life of Napoleon; and the present editor has decided, on his own judgment, to reprint the English Grammar for the first time. Occasionally, by a reversal of judgment or by obtaining a once inaccessible original, he has chosen a different text; and, so far as possible, he has removed quoted paragraphs of Hazlitt's own writing "out of the notes and into the text."

We shall now have all 'books issued by Hazlitt in his own lifetime 'presented' in a chronological sequence"; followed by contributions to periodicals "under the most convenient arrangement." It is impossible, I think, not to approve Mr. Howe's method and applaud his work.

The three volumes first issued and now before us are—by chance or design—representative of Hazlitt in many moods: including his own favourite and first-born, the "Essay on the Principles of Human Nature," that notable collection of Essays "The Round Table," with two important critical volumes, "The Characters of Shakespeare's Plays" and "Lectures on the English Poets."

R. BRIMLEY JOHNSON.

A BOOK COLLECTOR SPEAKS

Mr. Edward Newton's Advice

"This Book-Collecting Game." By A. Edward Newton. 15s. (Routledge.)

"Book-collecting. It's a great game." Thus does Edward Newton begin his new book, and by doing so, sums up himself and his hobby.

He says that "anybody with ordinary intelligence can play it," and in his first chapter, "A Preliminary Canter," goes on to describe how he started and how he "got up speed." Newton is joyously and naïvely egotistical (good book-collectors cannot help being egotistical in view of the fact that they must have a worthy pride in their acquisitions), for he states: "I own to-day, and value highly, books which cost me fifteen cents." And this is the matured book-collector speaking. And if the information which can be extracted from the volume about certain individual rarities in his own collection should make the reader a little melancholy about his chances of ever touching the shadow of Newton, the philosophic and happy style in which the pages are written should at least imbue the average collector with the right spirit.

Delightful words of bibliographical wisdom shine from the pages as, for instance: "Good collecting depends on two things—money and intelligence; with either you may go far; with both you are irresistible."

The book itself is strongly bound in art canvas and contains 410 pages and over 130 illustrations; the important and necessary index is good and covers sixteen pages.

One of the main chapters, headed "What to collect—and why," is the most misleading—as usual, because it does not tell the reader any more than a bookmaker would if asked the question, "What shall I back in the next race, and how much shall I speculate?"

This chapter contains eulogies upon Thomas Wise, the famous book-collector, and on Leary's bookshop of Philadelphia, and tells of rare editions of Shakespeare, Milton, "Pickwick Papers," "Humphry Clinker," etc., beyond the dreams or hopes of the average book-collector, and does not give much practical advice for the man with little capital.

A short chapter of twenty pages serves to deal with "American Literature," and in this we learn that Newton believes that "Moby Dick" is America's supreme contribution to world literature. He admits that his list of authors is not impressive, and is candid enough to admit that American authors are not collected in the sense that English authors are, for the reason that they are not of the first rank. Further, in view of a certain amount of controversy which has been raging over the comparative virtues of American first editions of English books, it is illuminating to have Mr. Newton's opinion, for he says: "It is always best to pay a dollar or two more in the first place and get a first English edition."

In the last chapter of the book, the author has made a list of one hundred good novels. It is a list which should be entered into every book-collector's notebook, as it is perhaps the finest practical thing in the book.

One other of the best chapters is that dealing with the Format of the English Novel, and here the book-lover will find less discursive writing and more of direct value to interest him.

I will venture the opinion that the average reader will have the reaction that "This Book-Collecting Game" is well worth playing, especially if the sterling advice of a master hand, as expressed in the last hundred words of the book, are followed. I will not divulge the secret of these last words, for it would not be fair to Newton.

GILBERT H. FABES.

SOME CLASSIC NOVELS

"Amelia." By Henry Fielding. Introduction by George Saintsbury. 2 vols.
"Middlemarch." By George Eliot. Introduction by Leslie Stephen. 2 vols.
"Shorter Novels" (Eighteenth Century): "Rasselas," "Castle of Otranto," "Vathek." Introduction by Philip Henderson.
Everyman's Library. 2s. per vol. (Dent.)

The latest additions to "Everyman," including two-volume issues and a group-volume, represent certain critical stages in the development of English fiction, which have contributed to the making of history.

The modern novel, as we know it, was born in the eighteenth century; and was almost immediately matured in the work of Henry Fielding, the master of his age. Though "Amelia" is perhaps the least popular of the great novels, its structure and contents are fundamentally characteristic of the century and its new art. Its Victorian heroine, reincarnated—surely of deliberate intent—in "Vanity Fair," is no less typical because drawn, by way of apology, from the novelist's wife; and if the hero lacks almost every quality of heroism, he was conceived as a confession, and autobiography in fiction compels almost literal truth to life. The military gentlemen, the clergy, the peers and panders, with that generous-hearted figure of frailty, Miss Williams herself, compose a picture (lacking only the robuster qualities of a Tom Jones) of that sentimental immorality, alternating with simply sincere moments of repentance, that has immortalised the novelist and his world.

In very much the same position towards the nineteenth century, we have also George Eliot's "Middlemarch." Probably no novelist presents with such intensity and completeness the mental and moral strivings after new light as the author of "Adam Bede."

The "Shorter Novels" provide material for the study of two centuries, in aspects somewhat outside the regular march of fiction. "Rasselas" compactly reveals the main outlines of a master-personality, at once intensely individual and thoroughly typical of his age; and may be called a novel in the making, without the constructive ability of Richardson or Fielding, but alive with human nature and thought. "The Castle of Otranto," though insincere and artificial, proves its author an enthusiast in untrodden paths of history and art; and actually became the origin of a small school in unEnglish fiction.

R. B. J.

WITCHES

Reginald Scot, Esquire, whose "Discoveries of Witchcrafts" was written and published in Queen Elizabeth's reign, was, according to Mr. Montague Summers's preface to the sumptuous new edition of this work (42s.; John Rodker), "a man of legal training, an active man in his own circuit, a man full of little businesses and yet of leisure to give a 'solid reading' and 'the perusing of obscure authors,' a man who had a great reputation in his own circle as a scholar and a bibliophile, above all a man of intensely sceptical turn of mind." It is through the eyes of such a man that we approach the problems of witchcraft which so beset his contemporaries and which made the audiences of his day regard the weird sisters in Mr. Shakespeare's play "Macbeth" as beings whom any individual might meet any day straying over a heath.

It is an absorbingly interesting book in that it illustrates so vividly the morasses in which the human mind could flounder until so recently. Scot, though many of his reasons against a belief in witchcraft seem puerile to-day, was at least on the right lines in his healthy agnosticism—an agnosticism which Mr. Montague Summers in his preface (dated "*In Festo B.M.V. uulgo Del Conforto* 1930") seems to deplore. The book, beautifully printed on a Dutch paper specially made for the edition, is limited to 1,275 copies.

EGYPTIAN CIVILISATION

"Egyptian Civilisation: Its Sumerian Origin and Real Chronology and Sumerian Origin of Egyptian Hieroglyphs." By L. A. Waddell, LL.D., C.B., C.I.E. 12s. 6d. net. (Luzac.)

This is an important addition to works on Egyptology. Vast as our knowledge of ancient Egypt is increasing yearly as the advancement of the decipherment of monuments proceeds, yet there remain uncertain two questions of paramount importance. The first of these is the question of the origin of the civilisation of the country, and the second that of determining the real chronology of Early Egypt, which in turn forms our chief basis for estimating Early European, Cretan and Western chronologies. These problems have arisen from an almost total lack of evidence, which has occasioned, rather than restrained, much widely divergent theorising from the time of Herodotus onward.

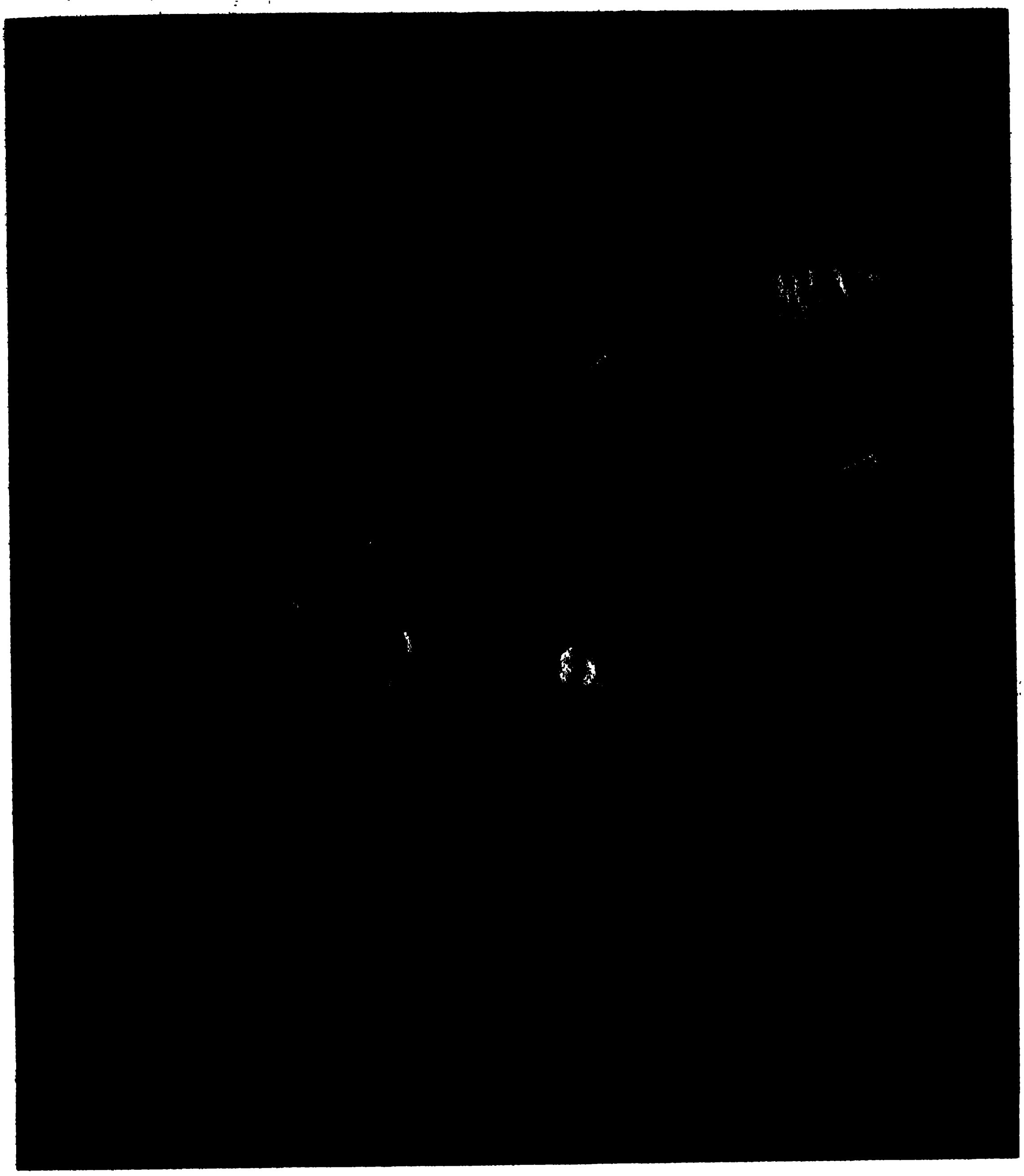
But now at last it seems as though Dr. Waddell has quite definitely and scientifically determined the date of the period of Menes and his First Dynasty, hitherto fixed at dates differing from one another as much as two thousand years—by the newly discovered synchronisms between Early Egyptian and Mesopotamian history, whereby it is made clear by the early Sumerian inscriptions of the First Dynasty and pre-Dynastic Pharaohs that these same Pharaohs were at once and the same time also Sumerian emperors of Mesopotamia. The importance of such discoveries cannot be overrated, and the praise of all is due to Dr. Waddell for his scholarly treatise.

JOSEPHUS

"Josephus and the Jews: The Religion and History of the Jews as Expounded by Flavius Josephus." By F. J. Foakes Jackson, D.D. 12s. 6d. (S.P.C.K.)

Readers of Josephus will gladly recognise the debt they owe to Dr. Foakes Jackson for this scholarly book. They will be able with its help, to study their author with much larger understanding than heretofore—and what is equally important with power of discriminating between what they should gather and what they should cast away. Dr. Jackson provides a brief biography, and then a chapter on the religion of Josephus as revealed in the Apion. Then he takes us through the history of the Jews from early times and onward as it is described in the Antiquities and in the Wars. These chapters are in effect an epitome or abstract of Josephus's works, with many elucidations of doubtful points and many corrections of errors which Josephus (not by any means always in ignorance) set down.

One cannot like Josephus any better, this man of half-hearted patriotism, selfish, time-serving, untrustworthy—when one has reached Dr. Jackson's last page. But one can better appreciate his value as an historian. In fact, this volume serves as a corrective for both a too unquestioning acceptance of Josephus and for the too extreme contempt towards him which sometimes takes its place. Some such summary and commentary as this has long been needed, and we are grateful to Dr. Jackson for supplying the need.



From a camera portrait by HOWARD COSTER.

E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM.

PIERRE LOTI

By Clifford Bower-Shore

"The Romances of Pierre Loti." 14 vols. 6s each. (Werner Laurie.)

PIERRE LOTI (the pen name of Louis-Marie-Julien Viaud) was born at Rochefort on January 14th, 1850. As a boy he was timid and shy, and judged from French educational standards was a lazy, indifferent pupil, and cared little for reading. His most noticeable and lovable trait, his fondness for animals, manifested itself when he was nine. At fifteen, yearning for romance, he took the crucial step and intimated his intention of joining the Navy, which he did two years later, after spending some time at Lycée Henri-Quatre in Paris.



Pierre Loti.
After a painting by Lévy d'Hurmer.
From "The Life of Loti," by Edmund B. d'Auvergne (Werner Laurie).

Although during his sojourn in Paris he had no thought of earning a living by his pen, after a period in the Navy, his native egoism quickened by his large experience, he found his real vocation in self-expression. Firmly believing in the doctrine that the proper study of mankind is man, nothing pleased him more than to mingle, in disguise, with the Turks and Greeks on the wharves of Smyrna, and with the Arabs in the back streets of Algiers. He enjoyed a fight, and brawled and rollicked with the fervour of a common seaman. And he once masqueraded as a clown at Toulon with great success!

The year 1876 saw the most romantic chapter of his life. Seeing a girl behind the latticed window of a harem in Salonika, he forthwith fell in love with her. He sought, and by devious means obtained, her acquaintance. The girl was Hadije, immortalised as "Aziyade," a character unique in romantic literature, in "Constantinople," Loti's earliest and most beautiful book. "Aziyade" spelt Turkey to him and it imparted to Loti a deep sympathy for Islam above all other religions; he was its friend for ever.

In one of his self-revealing passages Loti exclaims, "My heart is as changeable as an equinoxial sky," and on occasion in expressing his inconstancy and moments of passion, he becomes extravagant, incoherent and even grotesque, though from the age of twenty-nine he no more erupts in volcanic, passionate loves.

His work when first published in France met with a cool reception, although several critics admitted that the work displayed talent, style and wit, abounding in vivid description and sharply defined silhouettes. Maxime Gaucher, however, recorded that Loti "ought to have devoted his talents to something better than the recital of unpleasant and vulgar amours." But in reality charm is the key-note of Loti's work; it pleases and leaves us with a little wistful regret, proof that the writer has the gift of something far more subtle and deep-seated than mere literary technique. His descriptive power is unique, and the resultant word-picture is magnificently painted, and forms the basis of work possessing a fascination as binding and potent as a witch spell. No jaded beauty is to be found in his work, and his elegance of style, combined with brilliance of character conception, provide sketches of remarkable beauty, sharp and miniature as images in a convex

mirror. Essentially human, his work wields a broadening, intellectual influence with its pungent, exotic flavour, and causes one to lose more than a little sympathy with the banal conventionalities of life which tend to make one underestimate the excellence of the unconventional artist working upon a rigorous, self-analytical picture of himself, combining every quality of artistic refinement with the starkness of crude realism.

At his best Loti, with exquisite simplicity of style, where thought and expression are in perfect harmony, extracts from his life of exotic adventures the sweet of fantasy dyed deeply in reality. His characters, alive and vital, are symbols of rich sincerity and understanding. The passages of delicate imagery permeating his work are spontaneous and rich with the hues of glamour and romance. The cadence and rhythm of his prose testify to his conscientiousness as an artist, and to his sensitive and perceptive mind.

Loti's masterpiece is undoubtedly "The Iceland Fisherman." He wrote the book with great care, and for a time the amorist was forgotten and the author only remained. "Pêcheur d'Islande" is only a simple story, but it is pregnant with dynamic power and shrewd intensity of life. Sombre pathos outlined with a delicate, transparent beauty provides a most impressive and fascinating piece of work, and the characters' nobility and simplicity stamp them as beings apart, and they are, in the most gracious sense, children of nature. This novel bids fair to become a really great epic of the sea.

Elected to the Academy in 1891, Loti, the "immortal singer of the sea," retired from the Navy in 1910, and after playing an insignificant, but nevertheless honourable part in the Great War, he died in June, 1923.

Many have called Loti the supreme conceited egotist —but he was less satisfied with himself than any man. It would be more true to say that the essence of him was his compassion.

THE SEA: The Atlantic Ferry and Old Clipper Ships

"The Atlantic Ferry in the Twentieth Century." By F. Reid Corson. 12s. 6d. (Sampson Low.)
"Rough and Tumble on the Old Clipper Ships." By Robert Ramsay. 10s. 6d. (Appleton.)

The history of the Atlantic "ferry" is the history not only of one particular sea route, but of progress in marine transport the whole world over. For it is on this route, the most important of those which link the Old World to the New, that competition has been keenest and the skill of the engineer and the shipbuilder have reached their highest expression. We see sail giving place to steam; the reciprocating engine to the turbine and the turbine being threatened by the internal-combustion engine. The Atlantic has been, and still is, one of the great battle grounds of modern enterprise where, beyond all others, the race is to the swift. All this is brought out by Mr. Corson in his admirable book which, though it professes to be no more than a record of the Atlantic shipping lines, is more fascinating than many a novel.



The Tyne-built Steamship "Hudson"—which entered the Norddeutscher Lloyd Atlantic Service in August, 1858.

From "The Blue Riband, the Romance of the Atlantic Ferry," by Charles E. Lee (Sampson Low).

In a vivid style which sometimes startles by reason of its simplicity and frankness, Mr. Ramsay writes of life as he knew it on the old clipper ships at a time when sail was gradually giving place to steam. The utter lack of literary artifice enhances the value of the book as a personal narrative of a vanished era and proves that if there is much to regret in the passing of the sailing ship, there is also much for which to be thankful. For if the romance has gone, so has the inhuman brutality; if the chanty is no longer heard upon the seas, neither are the seaports infested with crimps and "runners." It is as well that the truth should be told, even at the expense of a little false sentiment, and those who read this enthralling book will agree that the passing of sail is not without its compensations.

ROLF BENNETT.

Poets' Corner

THE POET WITH A DOUBLE LIFE

Last Poems of John Freeman

By Wilfrid Gibson

" Last Poems." By John Freeman. With an Introduction by J. C. Squire. 5s. net. (Macmillan.)

It is always with a pang that one reads the words " Last Poems " on the cover of a book by a beloved and admired poet; but the pang comes with a sharper poignancy when one reflects that the volume contains, not the last sheaf of an achieved harvest, the last evening songs of a veteran who has passed in the plenitude of years, but the work, much of it fragmentary and unfinished, of a poet who perished in the noon of life with his singing powers unabated. And such a poet was John Freeman, who died just eighteen months ago after a too brief, but amazingly strenuous life of forty-nine years. Just how strenuous that life was, few, even of the lovers of his poetry, could have realised, unless by chance they had discovered that John Freeman, in spite of the handicap of an ailing body, had carved himself out two diverse careers in life--that of a business man and that of a poet. As Mr. Squire tells us in his admirable introduction:

> " At the age of thirteen he entered the service of the Liverpool Victoria Friendly Society; when he died he had risen to the very top of this great organisation, and was Secretary, Director, and (in the words of a colleague) ' the Chief Executive Officer directing very successfully and efficiently the operations of a staff of over seven thousand engaged in the business of Industrial and National Health Insurance with many millions of contracts and funds of £20,000,000.' "

How little the readers of his profound reflective metaphysical poems would ever have dreamed their writer was leading these two lives, at least superficially; for there is little doubt that in the inmost recesses of his being the two lives, with all their discords, were resolved into a profound harmony.

Freeman during his life was never a popular poet, though his work was loved by a circle of his fellow-craftsmen. He was no writer of facile and taking verse; and these last poems, like their predecessors, are not to be lightly scanned or lightly appraised; they are to be read and re-read, brooded and pondered over and gradually absorbed into one's consciousness for its eternal enrichment. Of course it would be easy to chatter brightly about Freeman's metrical invention and about the amazing craftsmanship of his work, that strangely original verse which, if it did not always move with a ripple and swing, had a sinewy strength and fibre, a texture interwoven of emotion and intellect; but what can a mere reviewer say of the spirit of poetry which informs all that Freeman wrote, except to tell the reader that it is there and bid him hasten to hearken to its voice? What can be said about Mr. Freeman's work has been said so admirably by Mr. Squire that there seems little need for anyone else to speak. His introduction seems to me as nearly adequate as any introduction to poetry can be; and I feel tempted to quote another passage in which he asserts something that needed to be asserted, and should be pondered by those who only know Freeman's work fragmentarily in anthologies. Freeman was indeed the poet of his beloved trees, but he was something more than a singer of the beauties of Nature.

" He never wore his heart on his sleeve, but those who are fit to find the key may find it, and when they do they will discover that, except only the late Robert Bridges, he was love's truest scholar among modern poets. Were all his love poetry assembled, Swinburne's words might far more aptly be applied to it than to Gautier's scented novel: ' This is a golden book of spirit and sense.' "

MILTON IN FRANCE

"Life of Milton, together with Observations on ' Paradise Lost.' " By Louis Racine. Translated with an Introduction by Katherine John. 6s. (Hogarth Press.)

Katherine John, in translating Louis Racine's " Life of Milton " together with his " Observations on Paradise Lost," has undertaken a worthy labour of love. Louis Racine may be known to some as the youngest son of the overshadowing Jean, and to others as a very dull poet, but to few is he known as an admiring translator and critic of Milton. And Louis deserves a better fate, for his sensibilities were refined enough to reveal to him superlative poetry even when he was quite incapable of creating superlative—or even mediocre—poetry for himself.

Katherine John has increased the value of her book by prefacing her translations of Racine with an essay on Racine's Miltonic predecessors. Information regarding St. Maur, the Abbé Mareuil, and Anne-Marie du Bocage which tells of the several treatments of Milton is not readily accessible. In Katherine John's introduction the reader must not expect a thoroughly comprehensive analysis of Miltonic influence in France; the scope of the book and the fact that the introduction points primarily to the succeeding translations forbid an exhaustive treatise, but enough is said to present to the casual reader an adequate background for Racine's work, and enough is implied to stimulate the more serious reader to a further investigation of his own.

H. E.

A STUDY OF WORDSWORTH

" Wordsworth." By Herbert Read. 10s. 6d. (Jonathan Cape.)

In reprinting the Clark Lectures which he gave at Trinity College, Cambridge, Mr. Herbert Read has produced a concise, lucid and in some ways challenging volume, which will take its place among the really important studies of William Wordsworth. His book is in no sense an " introduction " to the works of the poet; it is rather an immensely valuable epilogue, to be read and debated by those who are already familiar with Professor Harper's careful survey of the facts of Wordsworth's life.

In expounding his theory of the relationship between Wordsworth's life and his poetic activity, Mr. Read has supported his case by pertinent references to the poems and to the known facts. He explains much by a discussion of Wordsworth's early love for Annette Vallon, and in view of the fact that most of his greatest poetry was written in the decade after his first meeting with Annette, there are good grounds for maintaining that his " thwarted emotions found an external and objective compensation in his poetry."

Among the most notable parts of Mr. Read's study are his examination—and refutation—of the claim that Wordsworth is a philosophical poet; his rejection of the view that Coleridge had a decisive influence on Wordsworth's work; and his analysis of Wordsworth's doctrine of the relation between feeling and poetry.

E. H.

SUPPLEMENT TO "THE BOOKMAN,"
CHRISTMAS, 1930



From a drawing by [illegible]

MR. HERBERT READ.

A VARIETY OF SINGERS

Collected Poems and a New Poet of the Country-side

"Poems for Children." By Walter de la Mare. 7s. 6d. (Constable.)
"Hazards." By Wilfrid Gibson. 5s. (Macmillan.)
"The Armed Muse." By Herbert E. Palmer. 3s. 6d. (Hogarth Press.)
"Ploughed Earth." By Claude Colleer Abbott. 5s. (Constable.)
"Winter Movement." By Julian Bell. 5s. (Chatto & Windus.)
"Early Poems." By Humbert Wolfe. 6s. (Blackwell.)

Fortunately, in the House of Poetry there are many Mansions. There is one for Edmund Blunden as well as one for T. S. Eliot; and one for de la Mare as well as one for D. H. Lawrence. It is necessary to fortify oneself with some such reflection before embarking upon the review of poets as many and various as those whose latest books are here under consideration. How else justify their inclusion in one group? For certainly nothing unites them except their claim, each in his degree, to a Mansion in the accommodating House aforesaid. All are poets, and there the bond ends. Let there be no labelling, therefore, or classification; and let chance decide who shall come first or last.

Here, then, is Walter de la Mare. Into one handsome volume his publishers have collected all his books of poetry for children: "Songs of Childhood"—that rare little book first issued under the pseudonym of Walter Ramal; "Peacock Pie"; three songs from "Crossings" and others from "Flora" and "Down-Adown-Derry"; and about twenty poems never before printed in book form. For many Mr. de la Mare is at his best when, as a poet, he writes for children. The world he inhabits is small and dewy-clear, full of sweet echoes lost to adult ears, and innocent as the first morning of time. Not that a child would understand all the poems, for instance, in this collection. But then "understanding" is not the first requisite Mr. de la Mare asks of his readers. It is enough if you know how to listen; for music is the key to his world. And who like a child knows how to listen? The present volume, therefore, is addressed not so much to children as to the child in us all. To confess that these poems mean nothing to you is to confess that the child in you is dead. To enjoy them is to let the poet conduct you back to that immaculate world where once you had free access but to which, since understanding has dulled your vision, you have since lost the way. Small need, therefore, that Mr. de la Mare should end his delightful preface with an apology: "I hope at least they won't do anybody, however young, or even old, any harm." We for one are glad that a poet still lives who, in this sophisticated age, can light us the way to a lost innocence.

After Mr. de la Mare comes Wilfrid Gibson—and let chance take the responsibility! "Hazards" contains some hundred and thirty poems and is dated "1928-1930." For Mr. Gibson is a prolific poet. Not that prodigality will ensure anybody admission to the House of Poetry. No Mansion awaits the poetic journalist there. It is not enough merely to *think* poetically; and that, it must be owned, is Mr. Gibson's danger. He has poetic thoughts. Whether it be coming down on a winter's morning to let the sweep in, or seeing in the waiting-room at Euston a group of Russian emigrants bound for Canada, Mr. Gibson will instinctively turn the incident into a poem. Well and good—so long as it does not become a trick. Usually this poet's instinctive sense of the dramatic saves him. His eye is quick to catch the antilogy of things and he has a fine ability in setting the incident down on paper. Nevertheless "Hazards" would have been a better book if the inspiration had oftener waited for a white heat.



Mr. W. H. Davies.
From a drawing by Raphael Nelson.

Lack of heat was never a fault in Herbert Palmer's poetry. In many ways, "The Armed Muse," small book as it is, is the best he has yet given us. It is urgent with life, ever fierce:

> "For you are rich and I am poor;
> And you're a tower and I'm a clod,
> And you are verminous with Power,
> And I am much oppressed with God."

That is the very stuff of poetry; and just to be able to write like that argues a training rare in these days. More, it argues an intensity of feeling that, compared with so much modern poetry, is as blood to water. Moreover Mr. Palmer has a philosophy; no second-hand philosophy won from books; but one wrenched by suffering clean out of life itself. Of all the books in this varied collection, his is the one we most cordially recommend.

After such full-bloodedness, the poetry of Maurice Baring has almost the elegant air of the eighteenth century. Secure in his religious faith he writes like one shut off from life in the cool and rather dim seclusion of the cloister. Even when he is writing of the War his sorrow, beautifully expressed, is a personal, almost private, affair. It is a relief to come out into the open country with Claude Colleer Abbott. For one thing, his poetry is more objective. He gives one the feeling of long horizons of ploughed clay and wide sweeps of open sky. And yet, putting his book aside, no clear emotion remains, no memory of lines like Mr. Palmer's; rather, one feels, here is a poet to watch. Julian Bell is a name new to us and his poetry is not quite like any we have ever read. He dedicates his book to Richard Jefferies and certainly he has Jefferies's exact eye for rural matters—but he has none of Jefferies's marring sentimentality. Obviously, and admittedly, he has been reading Gerard Manley Hopkins: thence his occasional ruggedness. He has the eye of a poet and he has painfully chiselled for himself a personal technique. That is very much indeed; but whether he has the heart of a poet remains to be seen.

And so chance brings us at last to Humbert Wolfe, whom apparently, popularity and importunate publishers have persuaded to reprint in one volume his early work. But not even a new preface can give these verses much value now - unless it be of interest to you to see the facile but prentice hand of a poet learning its craft. To us "Early Poems" reveals only a charming dexterity.

C. HENRY WARREN.

Recent Fiction

MOSTLY GERMAN:
A Collection of Foreign Fiction

By
C. A. Dawson Scott

"The Forest Ship." By Arnold Höllriegel. 7s. 6d. (Putnams.)
"Flint." By M. Herbert Read. 7s. 6d. (Noel Douglas.)
"Recollections and Other Tales." By Ion Creanga. 7s. 6d. (Dent.)
"The Kingdom of Love." By Max Brod. 7s. 6d. (Martin Secker.)
"Faber." By Jacob Wassermann. 7s. 6d. (Allen & Unwin.)
"The Name of Action." By Graham Greene. 7s. 6d. (Heinemann.)

Translation is chancy work both for the creator of a book and the artisan. How is a man who is only a craftsman to realise the deeper meanings the artist gives his work? And when the translator is herself an artist—as in the case of Miss Ethel Mayne—how can she be sure of getting a book to turn into English that shall be worthy of her delicate perceptions? In "The Forest Ship," by Arnold Höllriegel, she has to deal with a mixture of travel and story on which her fine art is wasted. A number of dull people have taken a trip to the Amazon, and their boat is held up by a revolution. Halfway through the book one of the passengers gives an historical sketch of Pizarro's expedition in the time of Charles V. Though shapeless and wordy, as "A Book of the Amazon River," "The Forest Ship" has its place. Those going thither in search of butterflies or similar game will find it interesting.

"Flint" is the story of a crippled musician who, born in Russia and educated in Paris, goes as soon as he is grown up to America. From thence, owing to his foolishness in not obtaining expert advice, he is presently deported. The writer's English could be improved. He says "Financial success came, and the couple *took off* several months for a holiday in Europe." This example also shows how bald is Mr. Read's style. On the other hand the scenes depicted are interesting, especially those of the hero's early days on the Russian farm.

It is a pity that Creanga's "Recollections" were not published in a slim volume by themselves, for they are followed by some enchanting fairy tales which would have made a Christmas gift-book for children. Combined they fall between two stools, and may miss the popularity they deserve. It is however a good thing to be able to read in English the work of this distinguished Rumanian.



Mr. Aldous Huxley.
From a drawing by D. Nicholson.

In the excellently translated "Kingdom of Love," by Max Brod, are many flickering phrases which excite and stimulate. He has a lyrical power which it is pleasant to discover. He says such things as—"the peculiar delight in adventure which is not far removed from wisdom," and at once you see a gay procession of adventurers, those pioneers who since the beginning have gone forth from viks and homesteads, and before that from caves and holes. He talks of "the ancient dark delight without which the earth would be so poor," and under the moon lover bends to lover all the world over. The story is that of a man who has been unjustly condemned to a term of imprisonment through, as he imagines, the jealous hatred of an old schoolfellow. He is obsessed by fear of this man's hatred, and sets off to prove the matter. The result is an unconvincing story of wanderings which eventually reveal that he has been mistaken in his fear. The account of a Jewish settlement on Mount Carmel is good but not apposite, in fact the writer appears to have written his story round a journey he has taken rather than have made the cruise incidental to the tale.

When will writers learn that information vital to their stories must not be conveyed by long-winded confessions made by minor characters? This clumsy device shows lethargy of mind. The information should be given by means of scenes and events; it should happen, not be narrated. To give it in this way means extra work and fine handling, but unless a man will take trouble and more trouble over his work, unless he will do it better than he can—why write? Jacob Wassermann is in this respect a sinner. His chorus in "Faber, or the Lost Years," is Faith, the lady-help, who during the absence of the wife, explains to the husband why and how his wife has changed to him during the years in which he has been absent as a prisoner of war.

This is a book of fine psychology, and therefore one could wish that Miss Mayne had been its translator. We should not then have had phrases so strange to an English ear as "we reached *a bosh*, which appeared like a burst of flame of a hundred colours," and "she talked like a hodge-podge." So bad is the translation that we are left wondering over some of the meanings. Could Jacob Wassermann really have given us such stiff and stilted dialogue? It is impossible to tell.

The finest of these six novels is undoubtedly "The Name of Action," by Graham Greene. This is surprising, for Mr. Wassermann has a fine reputation, and the psychology of Faber shows that he has depth and an unusually keen appreciation of values, but this book, at least, is without humour, a heavy and wordy tale. On the other hand "The Name of Action," which has humour and emotional fire, is but a fantasy. Mr. Greene is so gifted a writer that he should cry "Hold! Enough!" till he can find a theme worthy of his powers.

"The Name of Action" is the story of a revolution in southern Germany which is engineered by a young Englishman for no particular reason. He has fallen in love with the wife of the dictator, a woman whom Mr. Greene brings to life and who is an enchanting creation. The change at Trier to a democracy is made because the dictator is not man enough to take to himself the woman to whom he is married. Mr. Greene hits the truth when he declares that if a state is to have permanency it must be built by normal people and run on normal lines. The book arrests attention for the thought underlying its fantasy and for the emotional charm of the writing.

THE MYSTERY GAME

Outwitting the Detective

"The Murder at the Vicarage." By Agatha Christie. 7s. 6d. (Collins.)
"Account Paid." By Collin Brooks. 7s. 6d. (Hutchinson.)
"The Three R's." By "Ganpat." 7s. 6d. (Hodder & Stoughton.)
"Man in a Black Hat." By Temple Thurston. 7s. 6d. (Constable.)
"The Governor of Kattowitz." By Graham Seton. 7s. 6d. (Butterworth.)
"Hercules, Esq." By Gwyn Evans. 7s. 6d. (Shaylor.)
"The Clue of the Silver Key." By Edgar Wallace. 7s. 6d. (Hodder & Stoughton.)
"Plain Murder." By C. S. Forester. 7s. 6d. (John Lane.)

Macaulay had a habit, his biographer tells us, of periodically testing his mental faculties to assure himself they were as keen as they used to be. The modern reader of mysteries and thrillers might act on this suggestion, and whenever a new detective story appears try to discover whether or not he had lost his cunning in solving a problem or guessing the villain. It is excellent sport. An author sets out to baffle and the reader pits his wits against him; on the one side is the arch-deceiver, and on the other side the man struggling against deception; the question is, who will win.

Probably not a single member of the Crime Club will detect unaided the secret in Agatha Christie's "Murder at the Vicarage." There is good reason why. Mrs. Christie is an adept at throwing dust in our eyes. Her latest story is not so subtle as "Roger Ackroyd," but it is remarkably adroit, and the plot depends entirely upon false suggestion. Let me make a frank confession. I flattered myself upon a perfectly satisfactory unravelling of the riddle, and I was utterly wrong. A double surprise came when I found that in place of the conventional detective of fiction a quaint old lady who poked her nose into other people's business was the triumphant picker-up of clues which eluded everybody else. The book is rich in humour also, and if only Mrs. Christie were more particular in her grammar (which is quite deplorable at times) she could be congratulated on another masterpiece. At all events she "plays the game," and gives us a splendid run.

Then there is Mr. Collin Brooks with his ingenious "Account Paid." He laughs at us in his preface by making a bland assurance that the identity of the villain is "obvious from the first few chapters." What with a murdered heroine who is not murdered, mistaken identities, changed names and double crossings, it takes a very shrewd brain indeed to detect the facts—indeed Mr. Brooks himself requires three final chapters to explain them, and that is the only weakness in a very strong and original book. Explanations should be crisp, dramatic, convincing and not confused with multitudinous details and fine-spun arguments. But it is a well devised tale on new lines, and it leads to a terrific climax.

"Ganpat" plays the game also, and keeps us on the alert. The villains in "The Three R's" are melodramatic, and when they arranged the killing of M. Guichard they wove their snares with such wizard skill that only a master-wizard like Réné Fauconnier could possibly disentangle the threads. How it was achieved is "Ganpat's" task to show, and in a mixture of wild adventure and gentle romance he thoroughly succeeds.

I have often wondered why novelists do not resort more frequently to the strange lore of the Rosicrucians. Lytton turned it to good account, and even Thackeray yielded to its fascination. But Mr. Temple Thurston in "Man in a Black Hat" has given us a weird figure in a certain Gollancz who might have been modelled from the Count Saint-Germains himself—a creature possessed of the ancient wisdom and powers of sorcery enabling him to retain his youth, to defy death and to project his spirit into places which his physical body did not reach. This is a tale for lovers of the occult, with some hair-raising situations.

Am I mistaken in assuming that Mr. Graham Seton changed his mind when half-way through writing "The Governor of Kattowitz"? Why should a sensuous and repulsive ruffian and trickster like Conrad Pusov suddenly change into a love-sick hero prattling of sunshine and sugar and sweethearts?—and why should the pure and beautiful Maria who feared and loathed him abandon her real hero Hans and murmur that she had loved the rogue Conrad all the time? It is inexplicable, and an enigma that no one will be greatly interested in elucidating.

We can turn from this topsy-turvydom to the sheer extravaganza of "Hercules, Esq.," where for a round million pounds a dauntless and resourceful hero so thoroughly achieves the impossible that he puts his classic namesake of ancient Greece to shame. Or we might disport ourselves with the incredible coincidences in Mr. Edgar Wallace's "Clue of the Silver Key" and wonder whether we are really supposed to take such things seriously. Finally we can glance at Mr. Forester's "Plain Murder" in which no psychological point whatever arises—a story of crime so crude that the only mystery it suggests is why it was written. If it were to analyse the pangs and reactions of criminals, that was done effectively, once and for all, by Godwin in "Caleb Williams" a century ago.

J. CUMING WALTERS.

A LARGE CANVAS

"Jim Redlake." By Francis Brett-Young. 10s. 6d. (Heinemann.)

This is a bulky, full-dress novel of the familiar Dickensian type that begins at the beginning and pursues its hero through childhood, youth and early manhood with remorseless thoroughness. Doubtless it will appeal to many readers by its undoubted charm of idyllic description and sober precision of style. For ourselves we hardly feel that Mr. Brett-Young, in choosing so large a canvas for the display of his talents, has been quite well inspired. The progress of the story is of necessity slow, and the doings of the characters, like the characters themselves, lack the vitality that would keep our attention through the seven hundred and eighty-seven pages of the book. This is the more unfortunate as one remembers with regret the special distinction of his earlier books, with their eerie suggestion of hidden things behind the landscape and figures of the Welsh Marches. They had something strange and penetrating about them that was not commonplace.

Mr. Brett-Young's interesting little candle of tender and mystical flame will light up a dark romantic cabin like "The Dark Tower," but when it comes to a large and imposing modern edifice like "Jim Redlake" the effect, to say the least of it, is dim. The author's foreword informs us that the names are taken from the Ordnance Survey, and the characters themselves partake somewhat of their abstract and schematic fount. Jim's father, the selfish successful novelist of tradition, and his grandmother, the wicked stepmother of our nurseries, though planned on familiar enough lines, hardly carry off the imposture, though the lady is assisted by a Jane Austen-like definiteness of outline. Moreover from the beginning we become aware that the author has in his mind firmly divided his creatures into the sheep and the goats, and this wiry line of demarcation can be only too clearly traced right down the whole ninety-four of them.

However, once he has accepted this rather primitive state of things, the reader who will persist will find much to reward him. There is a good deal of the old charm in the description of the Leicestershire country-side with its sporting doctors and parsons, its local squabbles and the snobbish behaviour of those who aim at getting in with the "county." Better still is the momentary glimpse of the wilder beauty of the Welsh Border country and the ancestral, almost haunted mansion of Trewern.

Of the Theatre

SOME NEW PLAYS

Lord Dunsany's Fantasy

By
Graham Sutton

"The Old Folk of the Centuries." By Lord Dunsany. (Elkin Mathews & Marrot.)
"Wonderful Zoo." By F. Sladen-Smith. 3s. 6d. (Sidgwick & Jackson.)
"Captain Banner." By George R. Preedy. 3s. 6d. (Bodley Head.)
"The Love-Tiff." Translated by Frederic Spencer. 2s. 6d. (Blackwell.)
"Hamlet." By May Wynne. 7s. 6d. (Alston Rivers.)

Lord Dunsany's new play appears in a limited edition, of which the first hundred copies are autographed. It is a fantasy, true to the Dunsany type—or formula, if you like: and yet a formula which no one else can handle with the authentic Dunsany touch: romance and pedantry, riotously intertwined. We have the solemn professor of entomology, deep in appropriate tomes: the good woman who "does" for him: the little girl, to whom the routine of enchantment comes as a matter of course: the crabbed witch with cat and cottage: and the fairy prince, turned by the witch into an unusual butterfly which the professor laboriously ensnares. But the prince, when restored to human shape, turns out to be not a prince at all, but a somewhat bewildered little London guttersnipe, whom the professor's housekeeper (she would!) promptly packs off to school. What happens to him thereafter forms the rest of the play: for he finds Lord Dunsany's fantastic academy so little to his taste that he returns to brave the witch again and gets himself re-enchanted. This is all worked out in the fanciful vein which Lord Dunsany's readers will expect. It is unlikely to be seen on any commercial stage; but it is well within the scope of dramatic societies, and should not lack interpreters. A most charming trifle.

Another uncommercial fantasy (stranger and deeper than Lord Dunsany's) which the alert society cannot afford to miss, is "Wonderful Zoo." At first it seems disconnected, with its grotesque procession of characters and swift-changing scenes. But it grows in coherence, this picture of a lunatic at large for a day, a puzzled but interested spectator of the life of a city. In his small space and seemingly haphazard manner, Mr. Sladen-Smith has a good deal to say about man and his achievements: and says it with entertaining competence.

"Captain Banner" is a semi-historical romance, based on the story of Caroline Matilda of Denmark, sister to George III. Its scene is the prison-fortress of "Wisberg" (Hamlet's Elsinore) whither the disgraced queen is sent to die as unostentatiously as may be: its hero, the dour prison-governor who may regain the favour of the court through her death. Mr. Preedy has excellently conveyed the grim atmosphere of Wisberg; but as a whole, the play falls short of its setting and theme, and of its publisher's praises. Its style is stiff and even a little pedantic, the texture of its plot somewhat thin (a few more characters, and a more complicated clash of interests, might have helped here). It is more real and human, certainly, than the cloak-and-sword type of drama which was Mr. Preedy's alternative and which he is at pains to avoid; but his emotions strike one as being hardly big enough for the tragic atmosphere which he builds up.

A far cry, from this to Molière. "The Love Tiff" is a translation, in rhymed couplets, of the short comedy which Valville extracted from Molière's "Dépit Amoureux." Two pitfalls lurk for the rhymed-coupleteer—the monotony which comes from his finding his task too easy, and the obscurity which comes from his finding it too hard. Mr. Spencer avoids them both; he also solves the major problem of the Molière-translator—namely, to get his dialogue colloquial without losing his "period." And the result, with its neat rhyming, is one of the happiest Molière-versions that has cropped up for some time.

Miss Wynne's "Hamlet" is Shakespeare's novelised, with a good deal of the original dialogue done into prose. Why? "This novel has a unique appeal" say the publishers. It adds some old Scandinavian records and legends, also a tender passion of Horatio for Ophelia. Why, again? By reading it, "lovers of Shakespeare will learn more fully to understand the great master and his masterpiece." Lovers of Shakespeare, please note.

ENGLISH DRAMA AT THE NADIR

The Year 1800–1850

"Nineteenth Century Drama: 1800 1850." By Allardyce Nicoll. 2 vols. 30s. (Cambridge University Press.)

Professor Allardyce Nicoll has now brought his history of the drama in England up to the middle years of last century, and the present volume is even more welcome than its predecessors. For it covers the times when our English stage was at its lowest ebb, when extravaganzas and farces of little or no merit were the stock theatrical fare, when the playwrights were hacks and men of letters either neglected or misunderstood the drama. Exactly how deep were the depths reached can be appreciated only by a detailed study such as Professor Nicoll gives us here.

It is, in spite of its shortcomings, an important age, because it forms the link between the theatre of Sheridan and the age of Robertson, who was, in a remote and primitive way, the herald of the dramatic renaissance. And it is moreover a well-documented age, for the author has had to index in his hand-list of plays (which forms the second volume) between 10,000 and 12 000 titles—as against the 600 in the 1600–1700 volume.

The whole work contains much acute criticism of the condition of the theatre, of the playwrights, of the audiences, and succeeds in giving a vivid picture of the age. But for two points in particular one is grateful to the author. He says something that has badly needed saying for some time. In the first place, he suggests that the Romantic poets "have long been the spoilt children of literature," and that it is time we recognised that their failure to write for the stage may have been less the theatre's fault than their own. Few with a knowledge of the stage and its needs would dissent in these days from the opinion that the poets failed as playwrights, not because they were too good for the theatre but because they were too bad for it. A great dramatist needs a far greater sweep of imagination and a much finer technique than the poet; above all he needs the power of seeing and portraying objectively what the egocentric poet can treat only subjectively.

The second point is allied to this. Professor Nicoll suggests that criticism at this period was unhelpful. The "great" critics—Coleridge, Lamb and Hazlitt—were indeed some of the worst dramatic critics we have had, because they wrote of the theatre from any point of view but that of theatricalism. Hazlitt offends least, but only Malone had any real idea of what the theatre in his time needed.

But the theatre had to wait almost till this century before there arose a race of critics capable of directing her course, and a race of dramatists able to speed her on it.

H. R.



From a drawing by MAITLAND HOWARD. See page 4 ALLARDYCE NICOLL.

FIVE BOOKS ON THE WAR

Mons, Verdun and the Kitchener Armies

By

Lieut.-Colonel F. E. Whitton, C.M.G.

"The Advance From Mons." By Walter Bloem. 7s. 6d. (Peter Davies.)
"Verdun." By Marshal Petain. 12s. 6d. (Elkin Mathews & Marrot.)
"The Yarn of a Yeoman." By S. F. Hatton. 10s. 6d. (Hutchinson.)
"The Kitchener Armies." By V. W. Germains. 7s. 6d. (Peter Davies.)
"Secret Service." By Major-General Sir George Aston, K.C.B. 18s. (Faber & Faber.)

The words "Advance from Mons" have a curious ring, so accustomed are we to think of 1914 in terms of the famous Retreat. The title shows of course that the book is by a German, though its scope covers more than the thrust through Belgium into France, for it includes the retreat from the Marne to the Aisne as well. It is claimed to be the most accurate war-book that has come out of Germany, and in the foreword no less an authority on 1914 than Sir James Edmonds summarises it as one of the most graphic and dramatic accounts of the War yet written. The author, who served as a captain in the 12th Brandenburg Grenadiers, was a trained writer before 1914 for he was the author of three novels dealing with the Franco-German War. The descriptions are vivid and telling, and nothing can beat the words which tell of the author's first experience of shrapnel: "Another tearing scream, and another, four in close succession--gorr!—gorr!—gorr!—gorr! and four bursts--crash!—crash!—crash!—crash!—above our heads, but this time on the roofs of the houses, and a rain of broken slates rattled down on our helmets and shoulders. A most devilish, damnable feeling!" *Non meminisse juvat.* Captain Bloem was frankly impressed by the British army, and not only its musketry but its artillery as well seem to have come as a surprise. Seeing that this book has been translated by one, and sponsored by another professional historian, one cannot escape a malicious thrill of glee over the error on page 16 regarding the date of the battle of Spicheren in 1870.



French Soldiers bar the road at Essen station.
From "The Revolver Republic," by G. E. R. Gedye (Arrowsmith).

Marshal Petain's book "Verdun" is of a different stamp. He was not, like Captain Bloem, a mere pawn but in high command, and his volume has not therefore the subjective interest of "The Advance from Mons." Although he gives a good picture of the actual fighting it is with bold sweeps of the brush, and he necessarily begins with a reasoned account of the general position on the Western Front at the end of 1915. We do not actually come to Verdun until one quarter of the volume has been passed, and the terrific combats round it are succeeded by the counter-thrust which led to the Somme, 1916. The technical interest in the book consists in an examination of the value of permanent fortifications and Marshal Petain believes that Verdun provides the most valuable lesson of the War in this respect; his verdict is that of General Normand, "The army unquestionably won the battle, but concrete contributed its share." The fighting which began in February lasted until nearly the end of the year, and the triumphant French offensive moved the German Crown Prince to a pathetic confession of the bitterness of failure. This book is adequately mapped but we know what Carlyle must have felt when he moaned, "a Sibylline indexless farrago yet not without some bright jewels in the blind, dark, awful belly of it." "Verdun" is not quite as bad as that, but it could do with an index all the same.

"The Yarn of a Yeoman" is a capital book. It has been written, to a certain extent, as an antidote to "All Quiet on the Western Front." The whole story goes with a swing.

The next book recalls the sense of wonder one experienced in 1914 when the words "Kitchener's Army" first struck the eye. Was not "The King's Army" good enough? However, recruits rolled up fast enough which was the main thing, but inevitably the old regular army did not at first feel that this strange new thing was part of itself. There is a mass of statistical and useful information in this book, presented in a clear and interesting way. There is too the usual New Army gibe against the staff on page 209, and something about admission to, and training at, Camberley that is perilously like nonsense.



6-inch Howitzer. Position near Mametz, 1916.
From "The Gambardier," by Mark Severn (Ernest Benn).

Sir George Aston's book is unfortunately named. There is very little of real "Secret Service" in it and what there is seems rather *vieux jeu*. There is a perpetual far horizon, it is always jam on the next page but never jam on the page you are reading, and much of the text reminds one of the announcements preliminary to the "Royal Nonesuch" in "Huckleberry Finn." But as regards certain incidents in the Great War in which secrecy was of absolutely vital importance the book is written with that lightness of touch and those frequent flashes of humour that are Sir George's own.

BAGATELLE

Mr. Preedy Again

"Bagatelle and Other Diversions." By George R. Preedy. 7s. 6d. (Bodley Head.)

Mr. Preedy frankly confesses his mood and his intentions in his preface; he is obsessed (to his own delight, it appears) with certain ghostly figurines and yearns to endow them with sufficient life to make others give them at least a passing glance. Many writers, especially those of a fecund invention, are thus overwhelmed by the number and vivacity of the children of their creation; this writer appears to have some peculiar affinity with the most baroque aspects of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries; one suspects that he writes of these periods because he is more at home in them than any other, including his own; it is the epoch of Goldoni, of Tiepolo, of Farinelli, of the melancholic Bourbon Kings of Spain, of glittering mercenary soldiers, of wanton, lovely, heartless women, of endless wars slow and stately as parties of pleasure, of a *décor* inspired by Chieurguerra, Paulus Decker, Fischer von Erlach and Bibbiena.

It is a notable indication of the author's very pronounced tastes that none of the tales are set in England and that most of them have some musical significance or symbolism; the Hofburg at Vienna seems (unavowed or not) Mr. Preedy's favourite "drop-cloth" and characters founded on Maurice de Saxe, Prince Eugène, Marischal Keith or Potemkin, his favourite heroes. Despite the extreme sophistication of the elaborate settings, some of the stories are brutal enough; the lapse of a hundred years between the two "Tunes for a Trumpet" shows the same theme treated first cruelly and then elegantly—yet both and all are full of pathos, an incurable mournfulness behind the rich veneer of pomp and beauty and grandeur.



Johnson in 1777.
From the bust by Nollekens.

The author's work, as shown in this volume, and it is not easy to judge a writer by short stories which may reflect only a passing mood, does not seem akin to much or anything in present-day English fiction; he appears to derive from Gozzi and Hoffman (a curious mixture, perhaps) and to savour a little of Hofmansthal; the extreme detail of the decoration in say "Capriccio," belongs surely to painting more than to literature; Mr. Preedy appears to be describing what he has actually seen, his puppets may speak with the majestic, cold nobility of Metastasio, but just as important are their backgrounds by Lambertazzi, their costumes by Veronese and Poeppelmann.

MARJORIE BOWEN.

BOSWELL SUB-EDITED

If it is necessary to reduce Boswell, in these busy times, to dimensions which may be supposed to have a greater appeal, then "The Conversations of Dr. Johnson" (8s. 6d.; Knopf) is a work well done under the editorship of Mr. R. W. Postgate. Some good folks will no doubt desire a Boswell which takes us straight to the talk of the great man. They may agree that "to reduce the gigantic Life to dimensions that the ordinary man can comfortably read" is a necessary operation and means the making of a greater public for the best that is in the best of biographies. Other people, who do not take their Boswell in homœopathic doses, Mr. Postgate will most certainly annoy. Mr. Postgate has no right to make the sweeping statement that only by his conversations is Johnson now remembered. It is simply not true.

A CONTRAST

Von Hügel and Parry

"Two Witnesses: A Personal Recollection of Hubert Parry and Friedrich von Hügel." By Gwendolen Greene. 7s. 6d. net. (Dent.)

Mrs. Plunket Greene's book, written out of her recollections of her father, Sir Hubert Parry, and of her uncle, Baron von Hügel, is in many ways intensely interesting. In order to make a right approach to the volume, however, the reader should understand that the authoress has not given us biographical sketches of either man, except as biographical points may incidentally come in. The book is really an account of the way in which the dominant characteristics of father and uncle have influenced the writer's inner life. And a good many pages are devoted to the writer's exposition or discussion of the religious matters involved. Indeed it may fairly be said that the book deals with Mrs. Greene's own spiritual experience—with her spiritual reactions to the characters of father and uncle—rather than with the lives of Sir Hubert or the Baron.

But it is none the less interesting for that. What holds the reader from start to finish is the contrast between the musician and the theologian in fundamental things, and the resulting contrast between the gifts they gave. Contrast it is. For while no one will question what the filial piety of the daughter here affirms—that in the passion for goodness the two men were at one—that is scarcely enough to justify the description of their lives as "parallel, else divergence would cease to have any meaning. Two arcs curving by widely different routes to one goal would be a fitter phrase. Sir Hubert Parry, always passionately seeking the beautiful and the good, always generous and brave, nevertheless stood apart from institutional religion of every kind. Indeed his attitude to the Church, specially to the Church of Rome, was one for which hostility is not too strong a word. And he thought it a sign of weakness to desire a personal God. Yet he seemed to be conscious throughout of something lacking, as his periods of gloom often showed. (There is a touching line in which Mrs. Greene relates how at the end he sat up, stretched wide his arms, and said, "O God, I see.") The greatness of his character gave his daughter an ideal. But it was from the Baron, mystic and saint, that the secret of the ideal's realisation came. It is in the pages dealing with von Hügel that we learn how the authoress has really satisfied her mind and heart.

H. W. C.

POST-WAR GERMANY

"Meet the Germans." By Henry Albert Phillips. 15s. (Lippincott.)

A bird's-eye view of post-war Germany written by an American after a recent return visit which lasted for more than a year; it is a book that should be read by all visitors, intending visitors, and social observers, since it opens many windows to our understanding. Unfortunately the style becomes at times slightly irritating; but once the reader has overcome that initial handicap, he will find himself extraordinarily interested both in the text and in the splendid illustrations.

"THEY DO THESE THINGS BETTER . . ."?

The Dreyfus Case and Another

"Dreyfus." By Walter Steinthal. Translated from the German by Captain Raymond Johnes. 10s. 6d. net. (Allen & Unwin.)

"French Justice." By Manuel Menéndez Valdés. Translated by Dora Round. 9s. net. (Faber & Faber.)

The story of Alfred Dreyfus is one which can always bear retelling, and there is one reason which makes Herr Steinthal's version particularly valuable. The early historians of the Dreyfus case found it difficult to give a precise estimate of the German attitude. It was obvious that the Germans were vitally concerned in the matter, since Dreyfus was falsely accused of acting in their interests; but the exact attitude of the Kaiser and his counsellors, both at the time of the first court-martial and during the agitations for revision, was more a matter of speculation than of certain knowledge. Since the War, however, the papers of the German Foreign Office have been published to the world, and Herr Steinthal has been able to draw upon them in compiling his version of the Dreyfus case. And so, while his record of the various phases in France is no more than an admirable restatement of facts already known, he has been able to round off the story with some interesting passages on the effect made by the case in the lofty regions of German diplomacy.

We see the Kaiser, changeable as ever, at one moment ready to intervene and to declare categorically that Dreyfus was not a German agent, and at another moment haughtily rejecting the French demands for intervention; we see Bülow's nice balancing of arguments for and against intervention; and we read the Kaiser's own fantastic theory, which suggested that Dreyfus, in connivance with the French High Command, had really sold military secrets to Russia, in order to impress Russia with the splendour of France's military strength! In view of his explanation of the German point of view in the amazing tangle of the Dreyfus case, Herr Steinthal's book is perhaps the most adequate record of the whole affair that has yet appeared in English.



Captain Dreyfus at the time of the first trial.
From "Dreyfus." By Walther Steinthal (Allen & Unwin).

Though the case of Señor Valdés has not attained the celebrity of the Dreyfus case, and is now unlikely to do so, it remains an uncomfortable story for people who care about the good name of France. Señor Valdés is a Spaniard who went to work in a French aeroplane factory in 1918; and the record of his arrest for alleged espionage, his sentence to death on very inadequate grounds, the commutation of his sentence to penal servitude for life, and his experiences in various prisons in France and French Guiana is a story which no one can read unmoved. It is true that a good deal of his harsh treatment can be set down to the effects of war-time hysteria, but even war-time hysteria should be kept within bounds.

Were it not that M. Albert Londres and other French journalists have already made fierce attacks on various aspects of the French prison system, one might be inclined to ascribe part of Señor Valdés' story to a vivid imagination. But the corroborative evidence from other sources is too strong, and the story of his three years and nine months in captivity has the uncomfortable ring of truth. "French Justice" is a book of horrors: it makes one hope that the present reforms of the French prison system will proceed with all rapidity, and that the prisons of French Guiana will soon be "reformed altogether."

E. H.

BOLSHEVISM

"Darkness From the East." By Serge de Chessin. Translated by Reginald J. Dingle. 10s. 6d. (Harrap.)

The author of this book is a Frenchman, who was born in Russia, knows the language and people well and has made Russian politics and Bolshevism his life study. Like René Fülöp-Miller in "The Mind and Face of Bolshevism," he emphasises that Soviet doctrine is not merely political, but a philosophy which strives to order the smallest details of life and thought. The paradox of its onslaught on religion is vividly shown. It can only succeed in this by becoming a religion itself, with Lenin as its god, an appalling ritual and even "Red fetishes and Communist-blessed medals."

If it does not believe in God, it apparently believes in the devil, judging by Soviet trials of witches. The converse is a wave of fanaticism among millions of Russians, naturally peasants most of all, and the revival of fantastic sects, like the Shakers, such as Ossendowsky described in pre-Bolshevik days.

CIVIL SERVANTS

"The Romance of the Civil Service." By Samuel McKecknie. With Foreword by Rt. Hon. Philip Snowden. Illustrated. 6s. net. (Sampson Low.)

We did not dream that there was a romantic side to the Civil Service until we read this very good book. It is most entertaining, with more of literature than politics in it. The ramifications of national government and the relation of that government to industry, art, science and the host of things men and women engage in are immense. This book renders a real service to us in that this is a side of social history that is seldom dealt with in a popular way. As with all Messrs. Sampson Low's "Romance" series, it is very well illustrated. Give it to your friends in the Service, and they will be proud of their association. At the moment it has made us feel very kindly towards the income tax question, but perhaps that benevolent attitude will depart with the arrival of Schedule D.

PRIZE COMPETITIONS FOR DECEMBER

Answers to these Competitions (each on a separate sheet bearing name and address of sender) must be received by the Editor not later than January 12th. A competitor may enter for all the Competitions, but must cut out the coupon and send this with each answer or group of answers, and address envelope:

"The Prize Page," THE BOOKMAN, St. Paul's House, Warwick Square, London, E.C.4.

Competitors must please keep copies of their MSS., as the Editor cannot undertake to return them.

THE PRIZES OFFERED THIS MONTH ARE:

I.—TWO GUINEAS for renderings of John Masefield's poem "Beauty" ("I have seen dawn and sunset on moors and windy hills") in the manner of Bridges, Tennyson and Wordsworth. The versions must keep the original length and rhyme scheme, but the metre and the selection of objects of beauty should be altered to suggest the predominant tastes of the previous Laureates.

II.—ONE GUINEA for the best list of alternative Laureates to Bridges, Austin, Tennyson and Wordsworth. Reasons for their superiority over those actually chosen should be given in not more than fifty words each.

III.—HALF A GUINEA for the best criticism, in not more than a hundred words, of the articles on John Masefield's work appearing in this number of THE BOOKMAN.

IV.—THREE NEW BOOKS for the best quotation from the poetry of John Masefield applicable to any book advertised in this number.

V.—THE BOOKMAN will be sent post free for twelve months to the sender of the best suggestion for a competition.

"THE BOOKMAN" CROSSWORD.

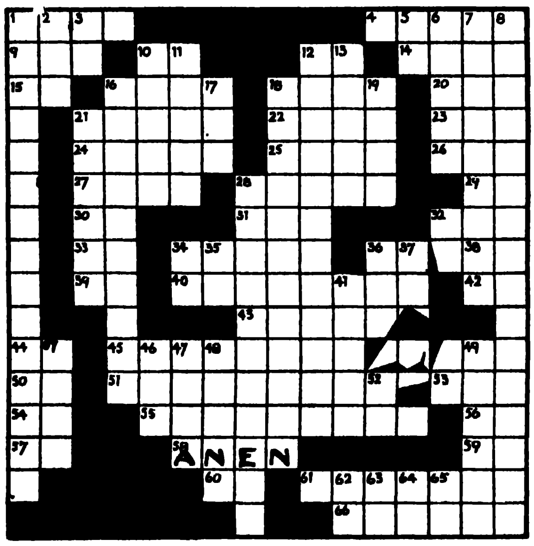
II.—JOHN MASEFIELD. BY "PROCRUSTES."

Two GUINEAS will be sent to the sender of a correct solution who provides the best clue to 58 across.

Competitors should use the Crossword on the opposite page. The one on this page is for reference in the bound volume.

CLUES ACROSS.

1. Railway.
4. To make this argillaceous material, prefix an injunction to silence to what is right in "London Town."
9. "Drive them grunting in the banks, And a long, long pull to Mydath."
10. A mild expletive for a Masefield character.
12. Abbreviate 12 down.
14. From South-Eastern Europe.
15. Half 1 across.
16. Freehold estate.
18. Type.
20. Tom cried out for her in 8 down.
21. A West Indian Republic in turmoil.
22. River in the Masefield country.
23. ". . . out the road, the dogs won't hurt 'ee" ("Reynard the Fox").
24. Drake was decidedly Philip the King's.
25. To solve the puzzle, you must be able to do this from Masefield.
26. In the (Carlotta's language).
27. Latin for Masefield's favourite element.
28. 22 across flows through this county.
29. Four European rivers.
30. Latin pronoun.
31. If these were pots there would be more unemployment.
32. Possessive character.
33. Character in "Odtaa."
34. Not quite the Widow in the Bye Street, but diminutive.
36. Wind and foxhounds say this in Masefield.
38. With 30 across we only need Brute.
39. Not 1 across, but another.
40. St. George and mercy in the field.
42. Character in "Dauber."
43. To Jupiter.
44. Jimmy Jaggard looked like contracting this complaint (8 down).
45. Mad.
49. Ltd. (German).
50. Somebody is in your debt, but not I.
51. Throw a Muse's head at her feet.
53. Minister of the Word of God.
54. No skipper would set this course.
55. If Masefield were a woman, Good Friday might give him this title.
56. Concerning.
57. But this is a different matter (see 54 across).
59. Conjunction.
60. 39 across.
61. Sculpturesque.
66. You cannot escape her in Masefield's sonnets.

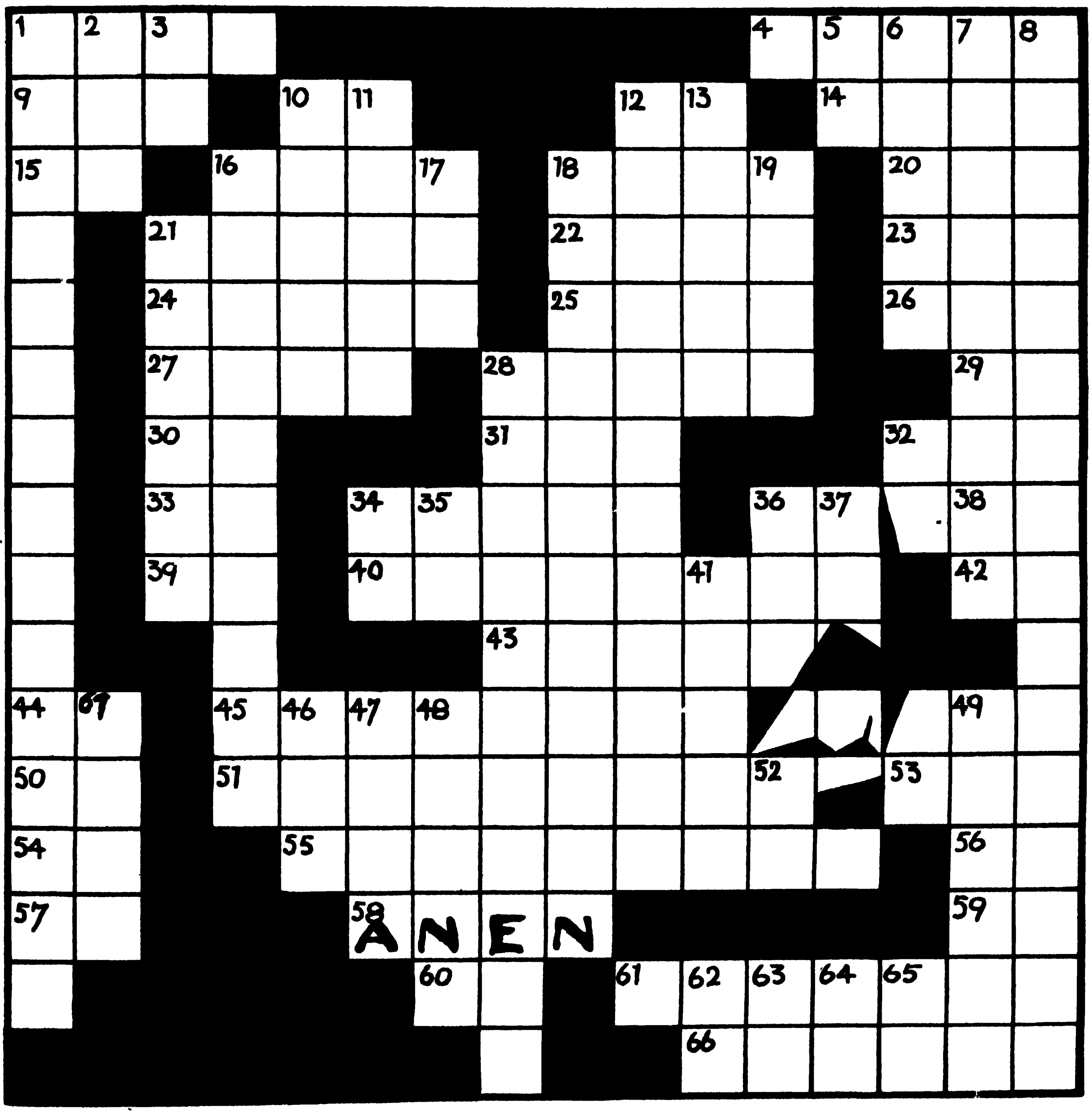


CLUES DOWN.

1. "So I have known this life, These beads of coloured days."
2. A change of head would make her sad story universal.
3. On old pillar-boxes.
5. Reverse his initials. It opens in Santa Barbara.
6. Prussian Island.
7. His predecessors.
8. Poem of a sinner saved.
10. Farewell.
11. Rob a prominent Indian of his former mother.
12. A Customs Inspector is this, but not always sufficiently so.
13. Explorer and writer.
16. Let her go headless to sunny Palestine.
17. Abel Brown was an unquotable one.
18. Dauber sailed it.
19. Ones (N.B.).
21. They are not necessarily blasted, even in Masefield, where they may be ghostly.
28. Ships dear to the poet.
34. In the year of the reign.
35. 57 across.
36. Conjunction.
37. Verb.
41. Danger of fire on this ship.
46. Not so much as a tree.
47. In such an association Masefield's poems would be read.
48. They live on a Greek island.
49. More so with paint than tackle, but he rounded Cape Horn.
52. Note.
62. Weight.
63. Preposition.
64. Pennsylvania.
65. 30 across.
67. Slow and old in Spain.

THE BOOKMAN CROSSWORD

II



Clue to 58 :

COUPON

For Competitions

December, 1930

Name...

Address ....

....

REFORM IN INDIA

Statesmen and Philosophers

By
Sirdar Ikbal Ali Shah

"An Indian Diary." By Edwin S. Montague. 21s. (Heinemann.)

"Prophets of New India." By Romain Rolland. 21s. (Cassell.)

During the most critical days of the Great War in 1917, Edwin Montague became the Secretary of State for India. Soon after assuming his office, he realised that the intimate connection which the War had established between India and the West was having a marked influence upon Hindustan. The hypnotic control of the British was already receiving a challenge, and it seemed to him that the only method of retaining the loyalty of India was to overhaul the entire fabric of constitution there.

Imbued with these ideas he journeyed to India, and travelled far and wide through the country for about six months after the historic pronouncement of His Majesty's Government on August 20th, 1917. The diary before us is an unconventional and honest picture of the work of one of the greatest Englishmen of our time. In it he describes his difficulties in overcoming the official red tape of the Indian Civil Service mind; and these notes, dictated to his shorthand typist after a hard day's wading through files, or interviews and discussions, show both the extraordinary penetration of his mind to grasp facts, and the deep passion to create an historical precedent in bringing about a lasting Anglo-Indian understanding.



Mahatma Gandhi.
A drawing by Sjt Kanu Desai.
(By courtesy of the artist.)

From "Mahatma Gandhi: His Own Story," related by C. F. Andrews (Allen & Unwin).

The idea seemed to possess him so firmly that he considered it his destiny to evolve something great, something worthy of British justice. In his diary about a Conference one can read the whole minutes of the debate, his arguments, his cross-examinations, the replies of his opponents and, what is more, one can follow his gallant endeavours to reconcile ideas of hard-boiled Indian Civilians with his own liberal attitude. Whether he is snipe-shooting or on the back of an elephant at a tiger hunt, his mind is far away from the scene. He was always thinking of the future constitution of India.

The fascinating point about his diary is that, engrossed as he was in matters of high policy, his human side is always apparent. His pen-pictures light up the narrative. Here is how he describes the Maharaja of Bundi: "His beard deliberately combed to point to every direction of the compass, and his very conspicuous make-up—dyed hair, painted eyebrows and so forth—were worth seeing." His remarks are always penetrating though charitable. Of a distinguished journalist he remarked: "He is very willing, well meaning, a good journalist, full of pious aspiration and no definite views."

And what delightful scenes too he paints of state gatherings, especially of the after-dinner speeches: 'The Commander-in-Chief, whose manner, rather than his words, was extraordinarily successful; and the way in which he laughed at his own jokes and beamed round the room made whatever he said a success." Then he comments upon the speech of the Viceroy himself: "Chelmsford followed, leading off with the most undistinguished split infinitive that ever dropped with a thud upon a dinner table."

"Prophets of the New India" is of interest to the students of comparative theology; for it is probably the first authentic record of the life and preaching of the Vedanti Order in India.

For the Western mind the rendering of an Eastern philosophy is not always easy, but the original writer and the translator (both Europeans), are to be congratulated for having captured the fire of the cult described. There might not be anything particularly new in the teachings of the Swami (for much of it is to be found in the ideas of the Sufis of Bokhara, and even in the writings of Christian mystics), yet the book remains a scholarly exposition.

CIVIL ADMINISTRATION IN MESOPOTAMIA

The War Period and Post-War Problems

"Loyalties. Mesopotamia, 1914-1920." Vol. I: From the Outbreak of War to the Armistice. By Lt.-Col. Sir Arnold Wilson. 18s. (Clarendon Press.)

"Here follow the names of men, skilled in counsel or the fight, who, heedless of their lives in the service of the country, were, within but a few years, snatched from earth, their lives unlived, their task undone. Though dead they still live in the hearts of their sorrowing comrades. It is to the greater glory of God, and that their memory may be kept green, that their friend and fellow-worker has given himself to the making of this book." Such is a rough translation of the Latin dedication of this volume, and it explains the title "Loyalties." Colonel Wilson felt justified in discharging what he felt to be a pious obligation, namely to record the manner in which the trust imposed, from the outset of the Mesopotamian campaign, upon the Civil Administration was discharged. And he has written with the specific object of removing certain misapprehensions as to the aims and methods of the Civil Administration during and after the War.

Inevitably therefore the book is in places somewhat combative, and inevitably also though here the necessity is not so evident—the progress of military operations, to which civil functions were at all times ancillary, had to be described. Possibly the military side of the campaign has been overdone; certainly in this volume it rather tends to overshadow the purely civil questions with which the book is nominally concerned. In Chapter V, however, we are given in detail the beginnings of the administration of the Basra Wilayat which followed the occupation of Nasiriya. The first departments to receive attention were those concerned with law and order, namely the police and the military governates. Justice next occupied attention, and it was necessary to prepare a provisional and temporary code of law, suited to our immediate needs, and based partly on Indian and partly on Turkish law. Concurrently with the organisation of these services, steps were taken to reconstitute the revenue department. Then came sanitation, an exceedingly difficult problem. Every effort was made to give the civil population a better water supply.

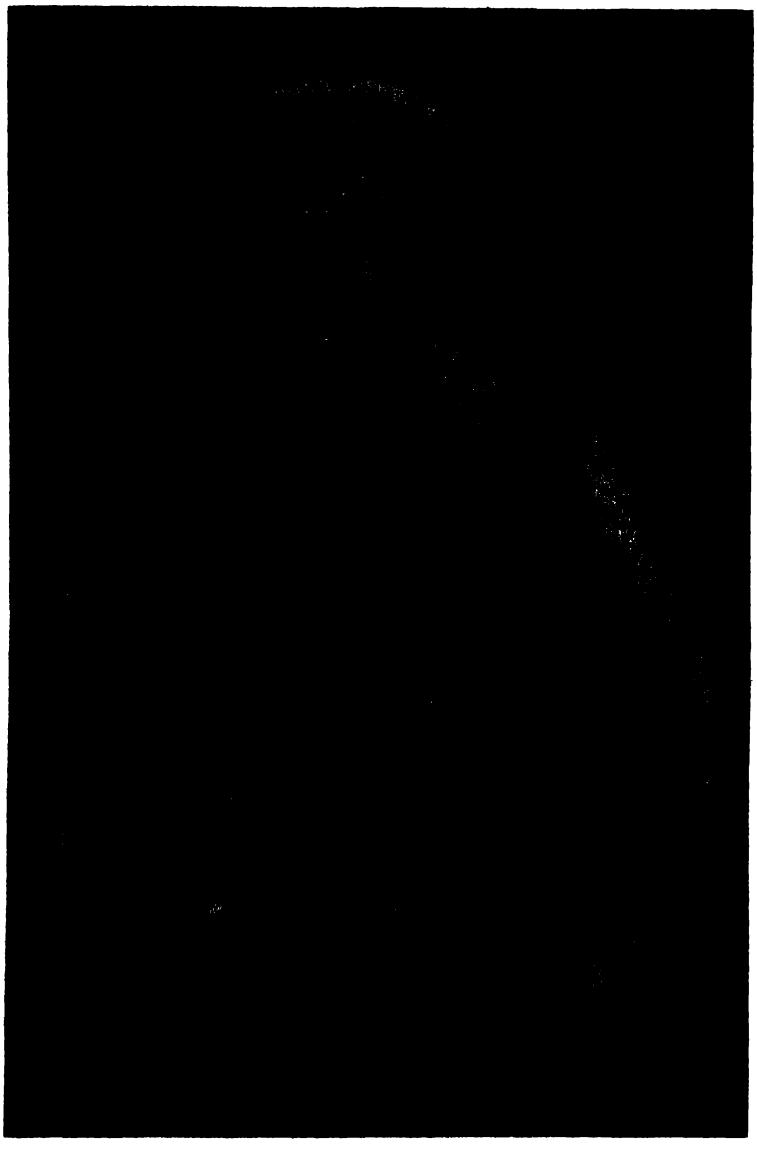


Photo by Bassano.

Maj.-Gen. Sir Charles V. F. Townshend.

From "Loyalties" (Clarendon Press), by Lt.-Col. Sir Arnold Wilson.

After *corpora sana* came the health of the mind. The *Basra Times* was started in English on November 29th, 1914; soon after the capture of Bagdad the *Bagdad Times* appeared, likewise under the responsibility of the civil administration, in English and Arabic. The civil administration was well served by its editors, and was fortunate in having as coadjutors two ladies of amazing attainments. One was the late Miss Gertrude Bell. The other was Mrs. Lorimer, wife of Lieut.-Colonel D. L. R. Lorimer, some time in charge of the Amara *sanjaq*. Mrs. Lorimer was third in the succession of editors, and of her Colonel Wilson says: "Never was the paper better edited and less censored than under her regime; never were translations into Arabic better supervised." After the formation of a Press came the organisation for the control of hostile trading concerns, and after that came other branches of the embryo civil administration which were started during this period, namely education and the postal and telegraphic services.

Chapter XII is one of the most interesting in the book. It is entitled "Reorganisation at the Base and on the Lines of Communication"—though here again the subject-matter is naval and military rather than civil, for the chapter begins with Military Policy, and deals also with Reorganisation of River Transport, River Conservancy, Dredging Schemes, Pilot Service, Mechanical Transport and the Royal Flying Corps.

This is an excellent book, but it is open to the fault that a preliminary knowledge of the Mesopotamian problem is taken for granted. Yet in the very first page of his preface Colonel Wilson admits that "the public memory is short"; "notoriously short" on page 128, where he also remembers that the rising generation have not even a memory of the campaign. Writers of books on questions of the Great War must remember that even now there are inquiring Peterkins and inquisitive Rose Dartles who want to know not only why we fought in Mesopotamia but why there was a Great War at all.

F. E. WHITTON
(Lieut.-Colonel).

EUROPE SINCE THE WAR

By Hamilton Fyfe

Some Present Discontents

"The Revolver Republic: France's Bid for the Rhine." By G. E. R. Gedye. 10s. 6d. (Arrowsmith.)
"Since Then." By Sir Philip Gibbs. 15s. (Heinemann.)
"Emperor Karl." By Arthur Count Polzer-Hoditz. 21s. (Putnams.)
"The Life Story of King Alfonso XIII." By Evelyn Graham. 18s. (Herbert Jenkins.)

In each of these books the author, either consciously or without understanding, helps to show what has brought about the troubles of to-day. The best of the bunch is Mr. Gedye's account of the foolish French effort to strip off the Rhine Provinces from the German Reich. To that must be attributed a large part of the exasperated feeling which made eight million Germans vote for Fascism at their recent General Election.

Fear has curious effects. It blinds the eyes to reality, it hardens the heart against compassion, it drives out common sense. The very idea that the Rhinelanders had any wish for a Republic of their own, apart from the rest of Germany, could only have found lodgment in minds panic-stricken with terror. Soldiers are notoriously timid—soldiers in high command, that is to say. So it was not surprising to find French generals suborning a few nobodies to create a buffer state. That the idea should have captivated politicians so astute in other matters as M. Poincaré and M. Tardieu seems hardly credible. Yet they have both admitted that it did. Mr. Lloyd George saw things more clearly as they were. He told the French bluntly: "You are going the wrong way to work." He realised that, even if there were any desire for separation in the Rhineland, the blundering French method was going the right way to kill it.

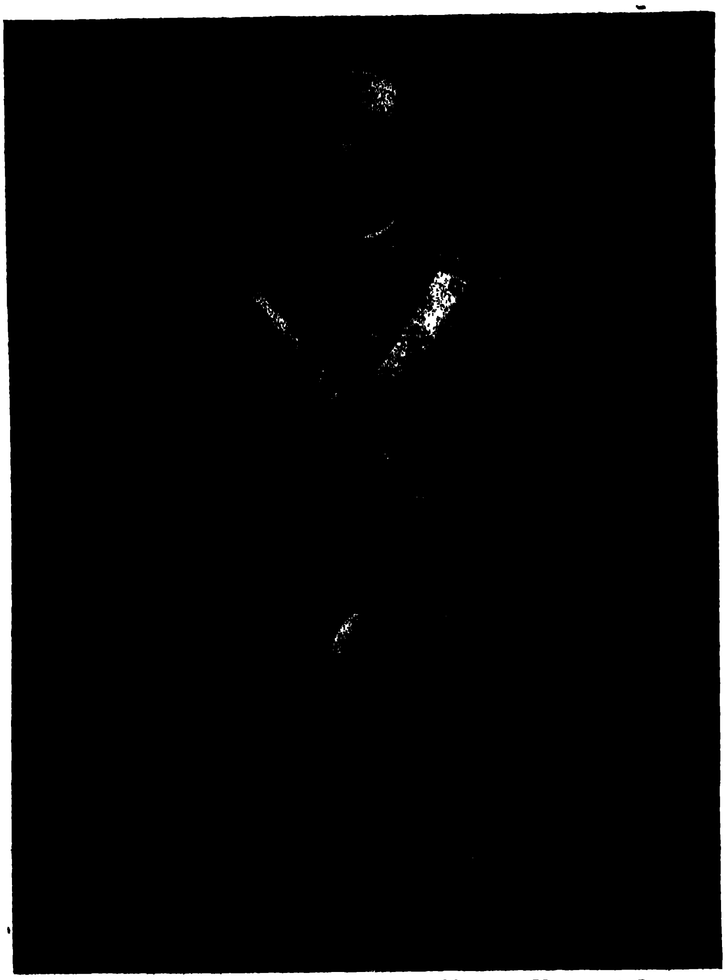


Photo: E.N.A. **H.M. the King of Spain.**

From "The Life Story of King Alfonso XIII," by Evelyn Graham (Jenkins).

Mr. Gedye tells with spirit and humour the story of the clumsy plot which came so absurdly to grief. He was on the spot all through as correspondent of *The Times*; his dispatches aroused gleeful satisfaction among all forward-looking people because they were so good in themselves, so fearless and true.

Sir Philip Gibbs has almost given up journalism—in this country at any rate—but his book on events in Europe since the Armistice has the qualities of good journalism. It is a melancholy story that he has to tell; he does not try to soften its sombre hues. Perhaps he leaves out of account too entirely the masses of people everywhere who have gone on living quietly and not unhappily, in spite of the events that have filled the newspapers. Perhaps too he is a little hasty in his outcry against high taxation in Britain (for he intersperses opinions among his historica sketches). He forgets that the people who lived on investments in France and Germany have suffered in a fashion far more severe. The German *Rentier* lost everything when the mark ceased to have any value. The French lost four-fifths of their savings by the reduction of the purchasing power of the franc from tenpence to twopence.

That saying about men not being heroes to their valets is a delusive piece of cynicism. It may have been true in the eighteenth century, when with huge periwigs and red-heeled shoes and ruffles and silk coats, men made themselves look magnificent; they certainly must have looked very different when they got out of bed in the morning. To-day it is usually the people nearest to the great who give the best report of them. Unfortunately they seldom discriminate in their devotion. If one had to estimate the late Emperor Karl of Austria by this book which his chief private secretary wrote about him, one would suppose his early death deprived the world of a very remarkable man. Unless indeed one noticed that the good opinion of the German Emperor was quoted as decisive! He thought well of Karl, therefore Karl was an outstanding personality. Alas, that no longer carries conviction.

Karl was an agreeable and, considering his upbringing, rather an intelligent young man. But his reputation is not raised by stories such as this:

> "Once when the Emperor was travelling, the head of the Military Chancery was aroused at 12.30 p.m. [this is evidently a mistake for a.m.] by a telegram in which the counsel for certain rebels asked for a reprieve for the condemned. The official did not tell the Emperor of the telegram until the morning. The Emperor said: 'You should have wakened me. I am only a human being.' By that time the four ringleaders were already executed."

Those executions and others like them caused the Empire to burst asunder. If Karl had been a monarch of any spirit and foresight, he would have hanged the official too.

It is lucky for the biographer of the King of Spain, whom he describes as "one of the most popular monarchs in Europe," that no revolution has broken out before his book appeared. The character of the work may be judged from that quotation. It is for those who delight in what Austin Dobson called "the little great, the infinite small things" pertaining to royal circles. They will like it and will learn from it something about Spain as well.



From a drawing by FRANK SLATER

SIR PHILIP GIBBS.


ART
POETRY
BELLES-
LETTRES



From **Correggio : His Life and Work**
By Corrado Ricci
(*Warne*).

THE APOSTLES : SS. JAMES THE LESS AND THOMAS.

BOOKS ON ART

"Art and Artists: Drawing, Painting, Engraving." By W. E. Sparkes. 10s. 6d. (Nelson.)
"The National Gallery." By Trenchard Cox. 12s. 6d. net. (Faber.)
"Thirty Years of British Art." By Sir Joseph Duveen. 7s. 6d. net. (*Studio*—Autumn Number.)
"English Tapestries of the Eighteenth Century." By H. C. Marillier. 12s. 6d. net. (Medici Society.)
"Dictionary of Marks and Monograms of Delft Pottery." By Professor Jean Justice. 21s. net. (Herbert Jenkins.)
Robert Austin. "Masters of Etching" Series. 5s. (*Studio.*)

The contents of Mr. Sparkes's volume are governed by the fact of its being included in the "Highroads of Modern Knowledge" series. "Art and Artists" is a comprehensive title, and no single book bearing it could well aspire to original research. Mr. Sparkes acquiesces in dates and attributions as (provisionally) accepted by the authorities, and pursues his way through his subject along the well-blessed track. Yet his survey displays originality by what it includes and what it leaves out. He begins with Drawing, which is itself something novel, and into eighty copiously illustrated pages brings under brief review ancient civilizations as reflected by their drawings on the flat and in relief. Prehistoric examples are followed by Egyptian, Cretan and Mycenian, Etruscan, Greek, Roman and Byzantine, and these again by Indian, Chinese, Japanese and even Peruvian and Maya. This is much the most interesting section of the work. That on Painting repeats an old story from Giotto to Whistler, with generalisations upon the Schools, but mainly by references to individual pictures, some fifty of which are reproduced in colour. These, so far as they go, are quite well chosen as types, but the scheme necessarily involves an arbitrary selection, and makes no attempt at all to embrace modern instances. The last is true also of the illustrations to the brief section on Engraving, which confines itself chiefly to a rapid description of processes.



From **Animals in Greek Sculpture**
By Gisela M. A. Richter
(*Oxford University Press*)

HORSEMAN.
End of fourth century B.C.
(Metropolitan Museum, New York.)

Mr. Trenchard Cox calls his book on the National Gallery in Trafalgar Square a "Room to Room Guide," which means that it is one which the visitor will do well to take inside with him. He will have no difficulty, thanks to the excellently clear plans that head the various chapters, in knowing where he is in the galleries, and in finding

his way about in them so as to follow the different schools. Now that the Duveen and the Mond Rooms are opened, the Italian pictures are doubtless arranged as they will remain for a considerable time. We note, on the other hand, the indication found on page 95 that considerable alterations in the hanging of the Dutch Rooms are projected. It is evident that Mr. Cox has had to take his book's life in his hand in arranging it on a plan which the taste of any new Director may upset. But, braving the risk, he has produced an extremely useful volume; one which, properly employed, will prove an easy and safe guide to an unparalleled choice collection.

Sir Joseph Duveen's opinions of the movements and methods in the art of our own time are necessarily interesting, and in "Thirty Years of British Art" they are well and moderately expressed. What he has to say about the New English Art Club, the International, and other bodies is impartially stated, and he somewhat consciously and precariously balances judgment in regard to the Royal Academy. His firm conviction is, he says, that at no time in the history of Great Britain and Ireland have we, as a country, possessed such a wealth and range of artistic talent as we have to-day. In skill and taste, he believes our painters, sculptors, etchers and other art workers can compare more than favourably with those of any other land. Only they lack the means of displaying their wares, and of selling them when shown, and the discussion of the reasons therefore leads Sir Joseph to an exposition of the valuable Duveen Scheme of exhibitions which aims at giving the living artist his chance. Numerous reproductions of representative works of the period under review add greatly to the interest of the volume.



From **Modern Architectural Sculpture** By W. Aumonier (*Architectural Press*).

THE NEW AGE. (Sculptor: Allan Howes, England.)

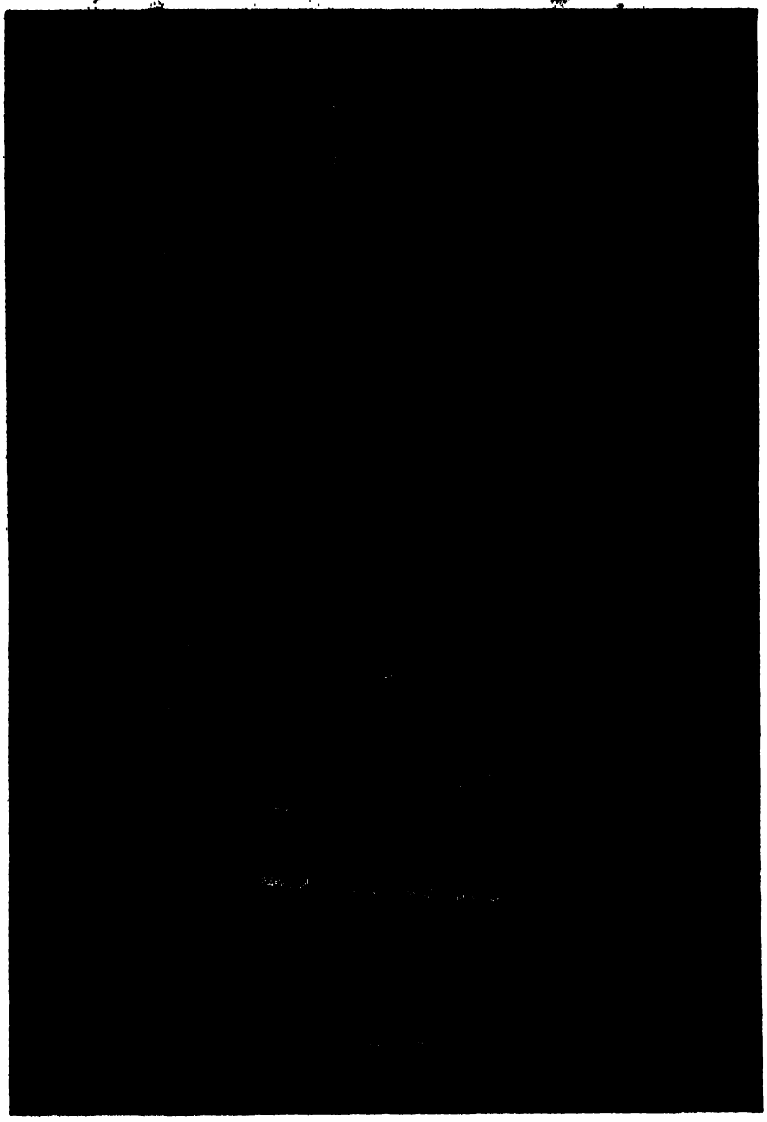
Mr. Marillier's Handbook to the post-Mortlake production of English weavers is arranged in the form of a *catalogue raisonné* for convenience of reference, the purpose for which, he imagines, it will most often be used. There is little indeed in the subject calling for literary treatment. The Mortlake tapestry works, founded by James I in 1619, faded out towards the end of the century and the weavers dispersed. Some were engaged at the Great Wardrobe, which was created for the maintenance, repair and storing of the royal tapestries, and also wove new ones. But how far it engaged in the latter before the final closing of the Mortlake factory is in doubt. Francis Poyntz was a director at Mortlake and subsequently manager of the Great Wardrobe, but whether he or Thomas Poyntz, the relationship between whom is not known, carried on business independently of the royal establishment, is also a question. In any case, all the tapestries signed by the Poyntzes belong to the latter end of the seventeenth century. There is considerable obscurity concerning the transition to the unexpectedly extensive enterprises recorded in Mr. Marillier's exhaustive Handbook of reference, which is copiously illustrated.



From **The National Gallery** By Trenchard Cox (*Faber & Faber*).

MARCO BASSITI: THE MADONNA OF THE MEADOW. (Room VI.)

A curious reason accounts for the faïence of Delft being associated with the town from which it is named. It was not that Delft possessed a clay specially favourable for its production. Only one of the three clays of which it is compounded is to be found on Dutch soil. The two others came from Mühlheim and from Tournai. But Delft in Holland's golden age was doing an immense trade in beer, and when it began



From A History of Spanish Civilisation
By Rafael Altamira
(*Constable*).

TOMB OF JUAN DE PADILLA, PAGE TO FERDINAND AND ISABELLA.
(Bruges Museo Provincial.)

to decline under competition in the middle of the seventeenth century, the capital released from it was transferred to the faïence industry, for which the abandoned breweries also served as factories. Other circumstances favoured this commercial instinct, and the manufacture of *Delfsche porsleyn* flourished exceedingly until decline set in towards the end of the next century. The factories assumed specific names, and it is of these and their owners and the potters employed in them that Professor Jean Justice has compiled his Dictionary. It sketches the history of thirty-five factories and records their marks and monograms—over 1,400—for the use of the amateur and collector. There is abundant evidence of the "pirating" of marks, which makes attributions problematical.

Mr. Malcolm Salaman has no difficulty in making interesting his biographical and critical introduction to Mr. Robert Austin's etchings. Of those twelve are reproduced, including the "Puppet-Master," "The Woman Tethering a Goat" and "Woman Praying," plates illustrative of a wide range of feeling. The writer rightly lays emphasis on the sculpturesque quality prevailing in them all.

D. S. MELDRUM.

A HISTORY OF SPANISH CIVILISATION

By Rafael Altimira. Edited, with an Introduction, by J. B. Trend. 21s. (Constable.)

Professor Rafael Altamira's book may justly be considered a most distinguished one, not only in the quality of the author's work but also in the manner in which the publisher has presented it to the public; one might almost say that the illustrations alone justify the publication were it not that Professor Altamira is so intelligent a scholar. His subject is so vast—ranging from the elements of the neolithic civilisation in Spain to nineteenth century fans—that detailed comment is impossible. There is a classified biography, which will be of invaluable use to the student of any special aspect of the civilisation discussed in the body of the text.

THE ODYSSEY OF HOMER

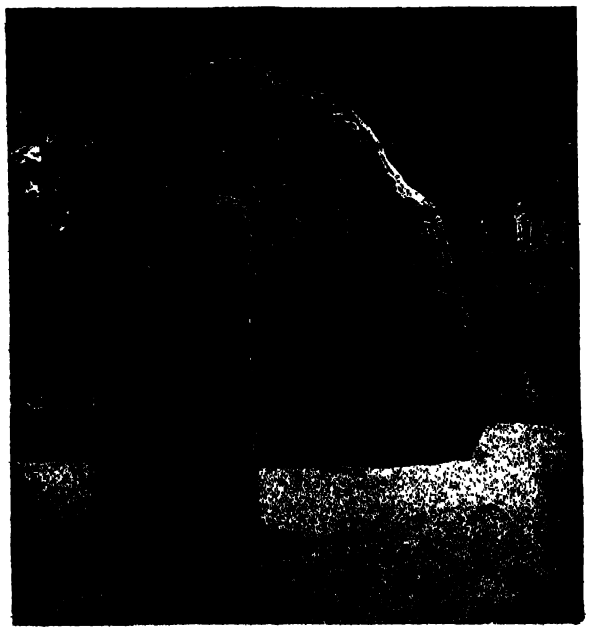
Rendered into English prose by S. H. Butcher and Andrew Lang. Illustrated after drawings by W. Russell Flint, A.R.A. 25s. (Medici Society.)

This surely is the perfect gift-book Odyssey. It contains the entire Butcher-Lang translation, most attractively set out, and it has twenty illustrations by Russell Flint which admirably capture the Greek spirit. They have the design and that inevitable rightness of arrangement of a Greek frieze combined with the rich colouring which Leighton and Alma Tadema have associated with pictures of classic events. Whether it is the study in blue and green of Ulysses gazing over the sea, heedless of Calypso, or the study in yellow and brown of the Killing of the Wooers, the illustrations create for us immediately the varying moods of the great and greatly loved epic.

BESTWAY COOKERY GIFT-BOOK

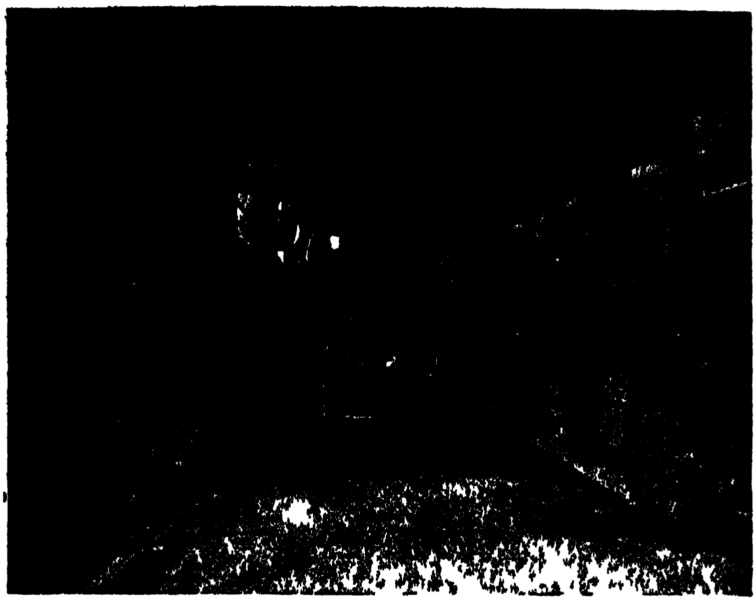
4s. 6d. (London: Fleetway House.)

Inducements for experimenting in the culinary art are very considerably added to by the most attractive photographs, coloured and otherwise, which accompany every recipe in this desirable book. Sometimes it is the process of preparation that is reproduced, but more often than not it is the finished article, served up as attractively as one could wish, and that after all is no small part of the business.



From A History of the Vikings
By T. D. Kendrick
(*Methuen*).

MEMORIAL STONES ERECTED BY KING GORM AND KING HARALD GORMSSON AT JELLINGE, DENMARK.



From The Romance of Archæology
By W H Boulton
(Sampson Low)

POMPEII: IN THE CRYPT.
(Italian Travel Bureau)

THE ROMANCE OF EXPLORATION

By G Gibbard Jackson Illustrated 6s (Sampson Low)

Gibbard Jackson has conveyed before now to youth the romance of the submarine and the modern world of inventions In the present characteristic book he journeys back to the great explorers, to Marco Polo, Cabot, Columbus, Vasco Da Gama, Magellan, Captain Cook, to Nansen, Peary and the Polar expeditions, to the discoverers of the Pacific, Madeira, the Amazon, Australia and the lakes and jungles of Africa We meet Mungo Park and Livingstone and Balboa and La Pérouse and Jacques Cartier We revisit Robinson Crusoe's island, tour the skies with the twentieth century Columbus, Francesco de Pinedo, and end with a flight in seaplane and aeroplane over Papua Mr Gibbard Jackson writes with ease and enthusiasm The very full illustrations and the attractive dust-jacket with its eighteenth century map complete a valuable and entertaining volume

PLAYS PICTORIAL

"As You Like It" By William Shakespeare Profusely illustrated in line and colour by John Austen 10s 6d (William Jackson)

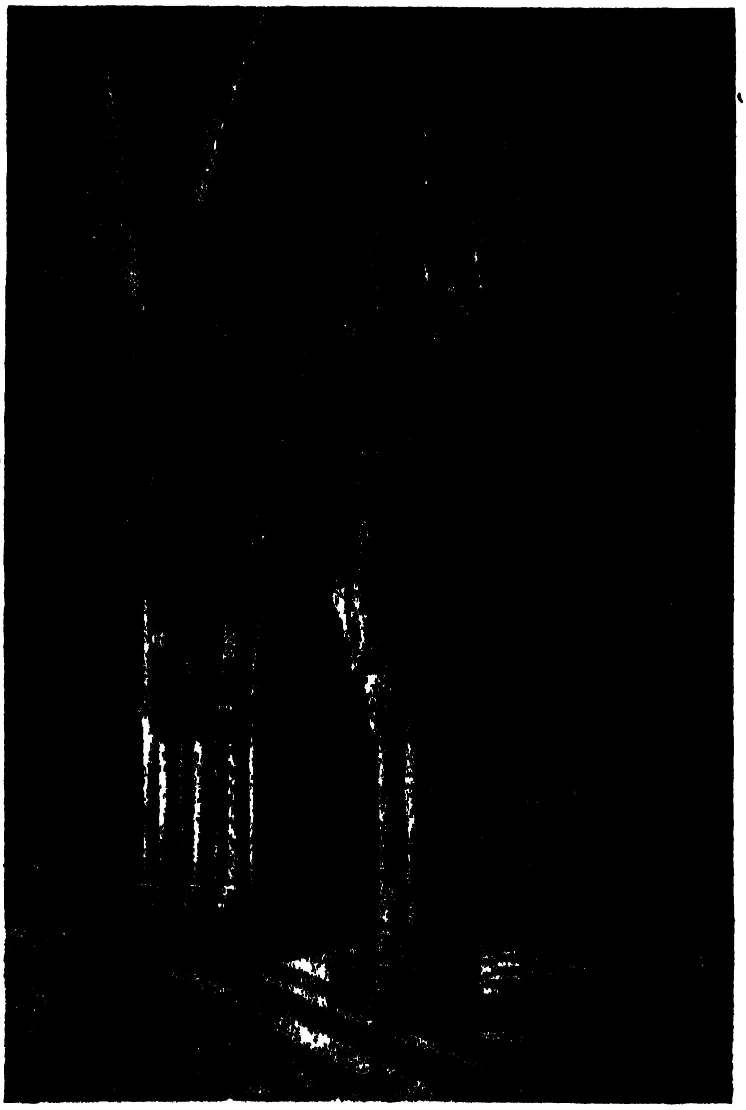
"Everyman" With woodcuts by Thomas Derrick. 15s (Dent)

"Loyalties." By John Galsworthy With 8 plates by S van Abbe 8s 6d (Duckworth)

The John Austen "As You Like It" is a triumph—a worthy successor to the same firm's "Infernal Marriage" last year Here in the illustrations we have the delicate fairyland of Arden brought to life, with all the gossamer lightness of Shakespeare s summer dream, and far removed from the florid principal boy type of Rosalind to which we have become accustomed. The text used is that of the New Readers' Shakespeare, edited with modern stage directions by Dr. G. B Harrison, and these modern additions—which are really a commentary on the play—help to bring it to life At the end of the book the publishers have thoughtfully added a hand list of all the books illustrated by John Austen, which will be invaluable to collectors "As You Like It" is definitely a book to possess

A striking contrast to John Austen s delicate fancies are the bold, challenging woodcuts of Thomas Derrick s "Everyman," instinct with all the gloomy piety of this mediæval allegory. But there is humour in them too, and a very great strength It is impossible to divorce the illustrations from the text, for the book has been planned as a whole Page by page has been prepared by the artist, with the result that, as one turns the pages, one has the sense of witnessing the performance of the play It is a bold experiment and an eminently successful one

Galsworthy s "Loyalties," that modern, very English play of types, requires and is given altogether different treatment Here we have pictures, of photographic realism, of the principal characters, drawn with the object of portraying in line those people whom the author has drawn so vividly in prose Mr Van Abbe has done his work well and the illustrations are a commentary on and a complement to the play



From A History of Spanish Civilisation
By Rafael Altamira
(Constable)

THE GATE OF GLORY, SANTIAGO DE COMPOSTELA.
(Romanesque Sculpture.)

TO CIRCUMJACK CENCRASTUS

By Hugh M'Diarmid. 8s. 6d. (Blackwood.)

Mr. M'Diarmid seems to believe that the most commonplace opinions, if translated into the Scots vernacular, are automatically transformed into sparkling gems of satire. Much of the subject-matter of the satirical poems in this book is of the sort which appears in the correspondence columns of the Scottish evening papers over the signature of "Patriotic Scot," and is unredeemed by the verse, which lumbers and bumps along. On the other hand, the one or two poems written in English, such as "A Moment in Eternity," show genuine and original ability.

EGIL'S SAGA

Translated from the Icelandic by E. R. Eddison. 18s. (Cambridge University Press.)

The life story of Egil Skallagrimson is among the greatest of Icelandic sagas, and it seems one that persistently refuses to run into good English. Mr. Eddison falls badly between two schools—the archaism of William Morris and the colloquialism of other translators who aim at reproducing the "raciness" of the original Icelandic. The extraordinary things that Mr. Eddison does with the English language, his constant "gat" for "got," his "methinks" and "meseems," his substitutions such as that of "murther" for "murder," his inverted sentences such as "Bare they him then in the same hour," muddle an already involved story and give it anything but the speed it demands for lucidity; which is a pity, for Mr. Eddison's introduction and notes are good, and show what is so essential for a translator of the sagas, a knowledge of the districts in which they are set.

Those who know no Icelandic and wish to follow the doings of the great Egil in Norway, York, and Iceland will find Mr. Eddison's version better than no translation, but in ease and style (though not in accuracy) it is not a bit superior to that of the Rev. W. C. Green, which he abuses so roundly; and beside Dasent's "Burnt Njal" it is utterly dwarfed.



From Romantic Cheshire
By J. Cuming Walters
(*Hodder & Stoughton*).

CHESTER CATHEDRAL.

OLD WATERMILLS AND WINDMILLS

By R. Thurston Hopkins. 16s. (Philip Allan.)

In this book Mr. Thurston Hopkins has given us in most readable form the story of that race of giants now almost extinct—the windmills of England. The tale of the mills is, as he reminds us, the tale of civilisation, though those relying on the wind are unknown before the twelfth century and their origin is wrapped in mystery. But from that time until now the windmill has been an integral part of the typical English landscape and those who love it lament their decay.

Mr. Hopkins is like Mr. Kipling in that Sussex is in his heart the spot "beloved over all" and the Sussex windmills are for him the guardians of home. But he is fully alive to the beauties of other varieties (for every county has its subtle variations in building and design, and he describes them all with a zest arising from affection. The book is well illustrated with drawings and photographs.

SOME SUSSEX BYWAYS

By Viscountess Wolseley. With 8 plates in colour by Garnet Wolseley. 15s. (Medici Society.)

Book illustration is a battle ground, a no-man's land raked by alternate fires from the artist and the writer, claimed by both, sometimes nearly conquered by one but only to be half recaptured by the other. In "Some Sussex Byways" Lady Wolseley and Garnet Wolseley are the protagonists in a super-guide book to the charms of Sussex. For those who travel by rote there could be no more fascinating fashion to follow hearsay than by putting oneself into the capable and appreciative hands of the joint authors in a leisurely ramble to those places, many of which have hitherto only lightly been touched upon by other writers. Here historical and archæological points of interest mingle with the romance and architecture of old houses, while a more modern note is struck in the description of an ancient road recently discovered by air photography.

ON THE MINOR PROPHECIES OF WILLIAM BLAKE

By Emily S. Hamblen. 15s. (Dent.)

To most of us Blake is no more than the great pre-Romantic poet, the poet of "Songs of Innocence" and "Songs of Experience" who saw the angels of God perched as birds in a tree. Blake the prophet we leave out. We look perhaps at his prophetic books, turn over the pages and admire the beauty of his designs, but frightened by the dark symbolism, we leave the long sketches of prophecy unexplored. To explore them certainly needs faith and determination and training. Miss Hamblen is one of an increasing band who has all three, and in this huge book, conceived and meditated on a lonely New Jersey farm, she has sought for the central plan to his mysticism and his cosmic poems. Finding it to her satisfaction, she analyses the lesser prophetic books, Tiriel, Thel, The Marriage of Heaven and Hell, the Book of Ahania, the Book of Los, and particularly the Book of Urizen. If her studies seem esoteric on first reading, and on second, there is no denying her originality and consistency, her plausibility in emphasising the importance of Blake the seer, or her insight into such strictly biographical matters as Blake's relations with his wife.

FIGHTING FITZGERALD AND OTHER PAPERS

By Mary MacCarthy.
10s. 6d.
(Martin Secker.)

"The elegant and gentlemanly appearance of this man, as contrasted with the savage treachery of his actions, was extremely curious and without parallel of which I am aware," so wrote Mr. Dick Martin, "King of Connemara" or later "Humanity Martin," of George Robert Fitzgerald, and it was while writing about Martin, Miss MacCarthy tells us in her preface that her curiosity was aroused by the singular figure of "Fighting Fitzgerald." He was the eldest son of Mr. George Fitzgerald of Turlough and of Lady Mary Hervey, daughter of George II's Vice-Chamberlain and sister of the Earl Bishop of Bristol. "Brought up to belong to the best that the day could give him in the way of civilised worldly society in London and Dublin," he was eventually hanged together with two servants and a Methodist ex-lawyer hanger-on for the murder of his neighbour under circumstances of such fantastic brutality that he must by then have lost the little reason he had ever possessed. He lacks even that "charm" with which modern writers seem to be able to gild almost everyone of that "charming" period. Miss MacCarthy's outburst on his execution is surprising. "How outrageous does it seem that in the midst of his anguish on the scaffold, he had actually to call for a better rope with which to hang himself! How thankful we may be that such scenes are impossible at the present day. Let us hope that the rope as an instrument of execution will soon be abolished altogether." This pious hope and a habit of beginning her sketches with forced epigrams—"George Robert Fitzgerald was born with a silver spoon in his mouth, but he soon melted it down"—are blots on a style which is otherwise surprisingly free from any affectation.

The other papers are sketches of Mr. Dick Martin, the Earl-Bishop and John Lord Hervey, and are introductions to the longer studies a bibliography of which is given in an appendix.



From Pattern: A Study of Ornament in Western Europe. From 1180 to 1900
By Joan Evans
(Oxford University Press).

STAIRCASE TO ORGAN LOFT, ST. MACLOU, ROUEN.
(By Pierre Gringoire.)

TALLY HO

By Moyra Charlton.
Illustrated by Lionel Edwards.
5s.
(Putnams.)

What are young people coming to! Here is a book written by a little girl when she was eleven years old, with only a dictionary to help her! It is the story of a horse, from the time of its birth out on the grey moors until it becomes an old broken-winded hunter and returns to its native heath, to end its days as leader of a wild herd. Miss Charlton knows all about horses, writes of them with sympathy and imagination, and you really feel they would talk as she makes them talk if they could use human speech. The book has an introduction by Lord Lonsdale and several exquisite illustrations by Mr. Lionel Edwards.

AN OUTLINE HISTORY OF PAINTING IN EUROPE TO THE END OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY

By S. C. Kaines Smith.
21s. (Medici Society.)

This is an amazing book. Mr. Kaines Smith, now the Keeper of the Birmingham Art Gallery, has contrived to write a book, critical and informative, surveying the whole history of painting in Europe. Necessarily it is what its title indicates, an "outline" but that does not mean that it is a barren wilderness of dates and names. It is first and foremost a story told by an expert. Each of its eight chapters is devoted to one of the great schools of painting, and of the 149 illustrations twenty-four are reproduced by that colour-process for which the Medici Society has become deservedly famous.

THE WANDERER

By John Masefield. 8s. 6d.
(Heinemann.)

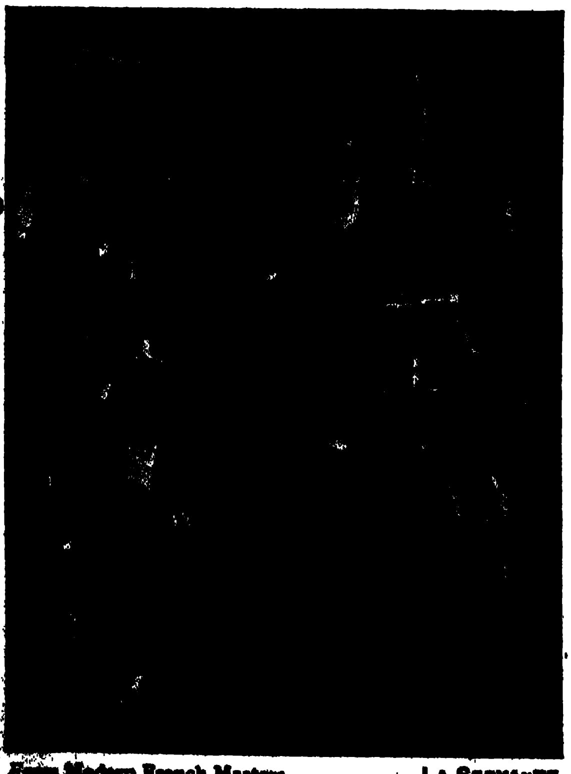
In his new book Mr. Masefield has returned to sea. He has told in prose and verse the story of *The Wanderer*, Messrs. Potter's four-masted barque—the unchallenged monarch of the many fine sailing vessels launched at Liverpool during the final ten years of last century—from her setting-forth in 1891 till her end in 1907. The book is illustrated by photographs collected from all quarters of the globe, and the material in it has been supplied from many sources. As Mr. Masefield writes:



From The Red Lily
By Anatole France
(*John Lane*).

SHE INSISTED ON TAKING SOME OF THE FRIED POTATOES.

> "She has been called an unlucky ship. The disaster of her first setting forth caused many legends of her unluckiness to go about the world. I myself, writing on the strength of these legends, may have helped to give her this name. I have now made this story of her so that the facts may be known, as far as I can learn them from imperfect records, the memories of men scattered all over the world, and notes in old newspapers."



From Modern French Masters
By Edwin Fagg
(*Methuen*).

LA SERVANTE DE BOCKS.
(Manet—Tate Gallery.)

In the "Philip the King" volume, Mr. Masefield celebrated the ship's beauty:

> "Tense, like a supple athlete with lean hips,
> Swiftness at pause, the *Wanderer* come again—
> Come as of old a queen, untouched by Time,
> Resting the beauty that no seas could tire,
> Sparkling, as though the midnight's rain were rime,
> Like a man's thought transfigured into fire."

And here again he writes of her, after her wreck which left her "in the quicksand full fathom five down."

> "Herself is not there, being Beauty Eternal, alive,
> She wanders the waters of thought, past disasters, past hates,
> Past the world's disapproval, across the black seas of despair,
> And on, beyond anguish to havens of peace whence she brings
> Hope, Mercy and Courage, all gentle and beautiful things."

Beauty of course is a word which has a certain vagueness about it, and for those who desire a more exact cataloguing of *The Wanderer's* beauty, Mr. Masefield is considerate. He tells us (in the prose part of the narrative) that "she was of a full model, well-sided, rather hard in the bilge and with a flat floor, though she grew somewhat sweeter aft. . . . She was clincher built, with steel frames, beams and shell plating. The butts of her side-plating were fitted on the outside of her hull." And a great deal more too.



From The Red Lily
By Anatole France
(*John Lane*)

THE FLORENTINE TOLD THEM THE TIME-HONOURED TALES OF OLD ITALIAN STORY-TELLERS

CHRISTMAS CARDS, CALENDARS, ETC.

Raphael Tuck provide this Christmas their usual excellent collection of cards and calendars First and foremost of course are the Royal Christmas Cards—those of Their Majesties the King and Queen, the Prince of Wales, Princess Mary and the Duke and Duchess of York Then come those many novelties for which the firm is famous—"Milady's Handkerchief," which has a small coloured handkerchief attached to but easily detachable from the card; the "Pot-Pourri," which has some real potpourri concealed in it; the "Gramophone Record," which is a post card with a small record (which plays quite well) on it; the "Colorcraft" reproductions, which are made by a special process, and the "Butterfly Wing" with their striking colourings. Of calendars the usual variety is issued, most of them, like the cards, have a touch of ingenuity about them—the "Silver Mirror Calendars" and the tear-off calendars with quotation are especially popular



From Venice and Its Story
By Thomas Okey
(*Dent*).

ACCADEMIA—THE RICH MAN'S FEAST.
(By Bonifazio)

A LEAF IN THE WIND

By Patrick MacDonogh 2s 6d (Quota Press)

Perhaps Mr MacDonogh's poems make their chief appeal through their spontaneity, they are, for these days, astonishingly free from affectation, and because of this they touch the emotions in the strange intimate way poetry should You would not imagine reading them, that the author is a well known athlete, for that side of his character finds little place in such exquisite lines as

> Now earth is lonely for the feet
> Of beauty that walks no more at will
> The ploughs have been across our world
> Our dreams are with the daffodil

And most of the poems express a wistful groping after beauty, with the inevitable strain of Celtic sadness running through them Revealing more than promise, Mr MacDonogh's work should command the attention of all lovers of poetry. He has done his own very effective jacket design.

OLD SEA WINGS, WAYS AND WORDS

By R C Leslie 18s (Chapman & Hall)

This book, first published in 1890, has come to be regarded almost as a classic in the realm of nautical literature The author describes the evolution of the sailing ship from its early beginnings to the time when the "old sea wings" were being driven off the ocean by steam It is not only a history of ships, but of the manners, customs, laws and language of the men who built, navigated and piloted them It is profusely illustrated with delightful drawings by the author, and should make an ideal Christmas present for both young boys and old ones



From Ornamentation and Textile Design
By Professor Aldred F. Barker
(*Methuen*).

DRESS IN STONE-AGE PERIOD.
(4000 to 10,000 B.C.)

IN THE HEART OF THE NORTHERN FORESTS

By A. Radclyffe Dugmore. 21s. (Chatto & Windus.)

Mr. Radclyffe Dugmore needs no introduction to amateurs of natural history. Here, going back on old trails, he tells of his many observations and adventures while tracking wild life on the North American continent. He is too much a lover of animals to shoot them with anything but a camera, and so it is natural that he should concentrate on that side of animal life which is nearest to the human—the marvels of beaver engineering, the tragedy of the disappearing caribou in Newfoundland, and the habits of porcupine and opossum. Many of the smaller wild animals of Canada—chipmunk and rock rabbit are the most attractive—are given a place, and all are described with the simple directness which comes only from complete mastery. There are some sixty excellent plates, of which those showing the opossum "playing 'possum" may be especially commended.

SUNDIAL SAYINGS.

By the Rev. John C. Hill. 3s. 6d. (Allenson.)

It was an excellent idea to gather together the sayings which appear on various sundials up and down the country. Mr. Hill, in doing this, has cast his net wide, even throwing it as far as New York. How pithy and how wise these sayings are, and how wonderfully they lend themselves as texts for Mr. Hill's most inspiring little talks. Teachers and workers amongst children will find them most helpful and suggestive for further expansion.

THE GOLDEN ARROW.

By Mary Webb. 7s. 6d. (Jonathan Cape.)

The third of Mary Webb's books to be illustrated, "The Golden Arrow," has just come to hand, replete with an introduction by G. K. Chesterton and many delightful illustrations by Norman Hepple. The latter may readily be appraised by the specimen which appears as one of our coloured insets elsewhere in the Number. Of the book itself we need hardly say anything here; it has, like the remainder of the all too few legacies of Mary Webb, long rooted itself in our affections.



From Art and Artists
By W. E. Sparkes
(*Nelson*).

A DAIRY SCENE. THE FIGURES ARE CUT IN SHELL.
(From an ancient Chaldean temple, 3500–3000 B.C.)
(British Museum.)

CAREERS FOR WOMEN

By Leonora Eyles 5s
(Elkin Mathews & Marrot)

If people pick up this book, glance at the title, then fling it down in disgust saying "Another of these Feminist outpourings!" it will be a pity, for they will miss a wise and witty, as well as an exceedingly useful work

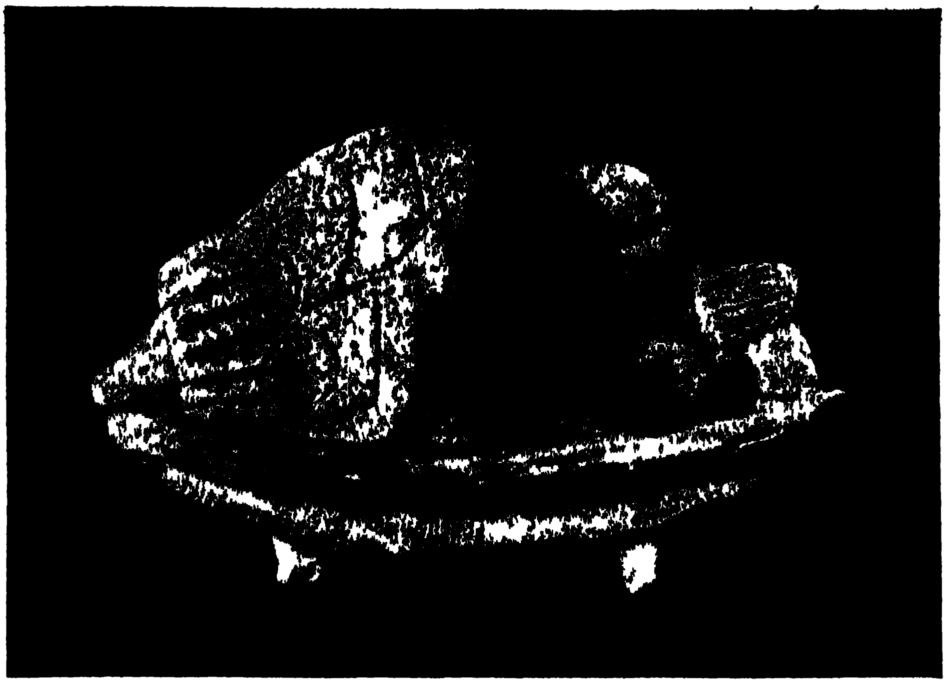
No one can accuse Leonora Eyles of not feeling strongly on the subject of the treatment of women workers It is to her credit that she avoids both sloppiness and unfairness The fact that she knows of conditions of "almost incredible slavery" under which some servants work, does not prevent her from knowing, also, that many domestic workers are incompetent Her indignation at the difficulties placed in the way of women by male workers, does not prevent her from commenting severely upon young women ' who cold-bloodedly married in order to be kept in idleness and are seeing to it that they did not marry in vain!"

Idleness to her is the one unforgivable sin, the great crime against the community Very few human beings can stand leisure something atrophies and they become degenerate '

Here is conveniently arranged information as to the main careers open to women, places where training may be obtained, cost of training, chance of posts, and amount of salaries together with a mass of good advice on human problems In addition there are two valuable introductory chapters on ' Women s Opportunities" and ' The Psychological Factor."

The ideal of Leonora Eyles is suitable work, efficiently done, by highly trained and skilled women, including those who have decided that looking after their own children is as much a career as looking after those of other people

A practical idealist, who preserves a sense of humour, and who combines varied experience with native shrewdness is worth a hearing, and those who are alive to the immense importance of women s new citizenship need not grudge five shillings for this little book



From Ornamentation and Textile Design
By Professor Aldred F Barker
(*Methuen*)

DRESS IN STONE-AGE PERIOD.
(4000 to 10 000 B C)

LET'S SEE THE LOWLANDS

By A A Thomson
Illustrated.
7s 6d net
(Herbert Jenkins)

We have nothing but praise for this charming discursion It is long since such a book came into our hands When a Scot and an unwilling Saxon embark on a tour of the Scotsman s native places one anticipates a lively adventure and such indeed was the adventure recorded in these pages Mr Thomson s method of linking up the geography of a place with its historical and literary associations is quite unique We are given many biographies in little, famous Scottish characters—tinkers, tailors soldiers sailors—are recalled and the setting of their excursions and alarms their romances and usually tragic endings fascinatingly represented We can suggest two uses for this book One, a reliable guide book that will not weary flesh or spirit, and the other—perhaps its highest recommendation a fascinating glimpse into the Robbie Burns country, the circumstances that nurtured, tortured, fulfilled and ultimately killed him One further thought What a couple of grand laddies Mr Thomson and his friend must be



From Modern Architectural Sculpture
By W Aumonier
(*Architectural Press*)

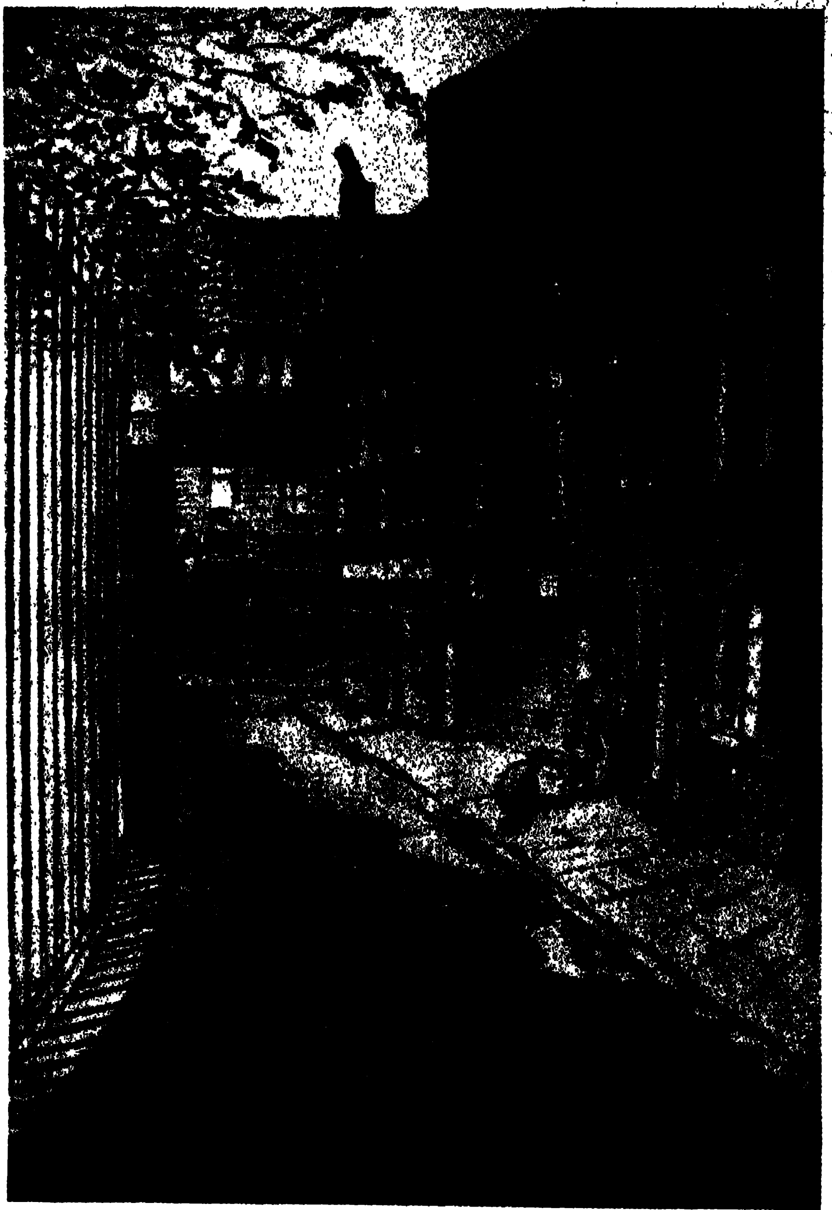
A PANEL IN THE CORRIDOR OF THE FREDERIKSBORG COURT HOUSE, COPENHAGEN.
(Sculptor Aage Edwin, Denmark.)

KATINKA

By Irene Forbes-Mosse. Translated from the German by Oakley Williams. 7s. 6d. (Bodley Head.)

This story is charmingly told and unusually well translated. The theme is almost as fantastic as "Lady Into Fox," but it has more general human interest. Do you like cats, and rejoice in their grace and agility and their superb detachment? If so, you will like Katinka and Kitty, and sympathise with their sorrows and overlook their shortcomings.

It is a pathetic little history, but the writer has humour and insight as well as tenderness; and even those readers for whom cats are mere mouse-catchers or disturbers of slumber will find much entertainment.



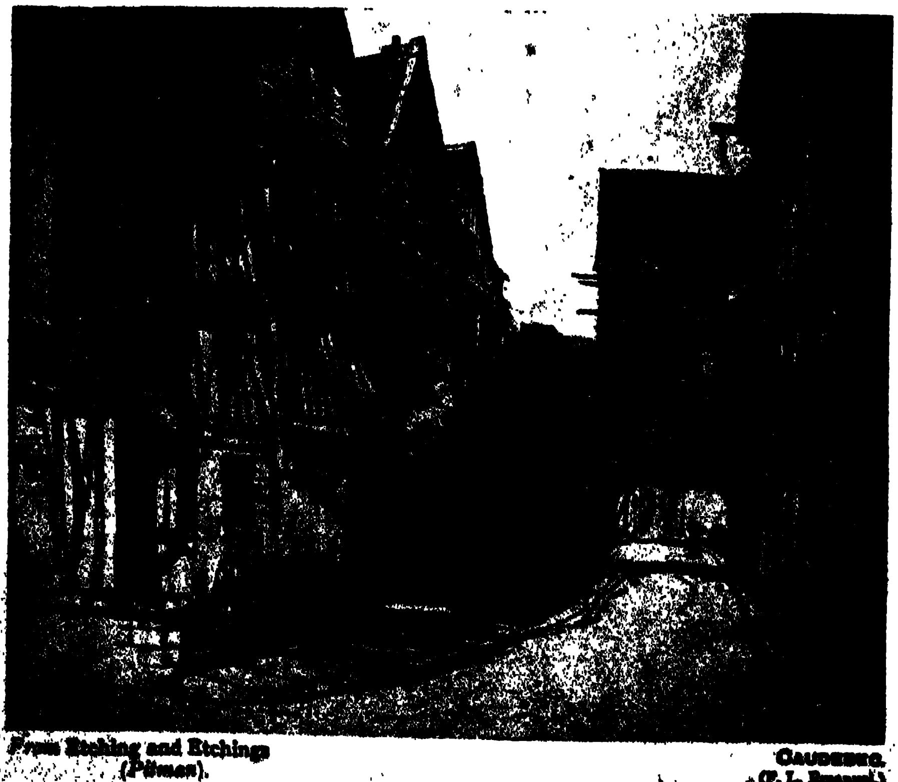
From London Lanes
By Alan Stapleton
(*John Lane*).

COOK LANE.

BRITISH RAILWAYS: THE ROMANCE OF THEIR ACHIEVEMENT

By G. Gibbard Jackson. 6s. (Sampson Low.)

Though most youngsters would revel in it, this is not primarily a boy's book. It is an authoritative account of the development of British railways from the earliest times until the present day. Mr. Jackson reminds us that for the true origin of the railway we must go back to the granite setts which the Romans used for their chariot ways. He deals at length with the early history of the railway proper, and follows the record of many of the hundred odd British companies which were grouped in 1923 into four powerful trunk systems. Looking to the future, Mr. Jackson is less optimistic than many railway economists, and sees the only hope in nationalisation and complete electrification. There are interesting chapters on railway organisation and working, and no less than seven devoted to the story of the locomotive. The illustrations are numerous and excellent.



From Etching and Etchings
(Pitman).

CAUDEBEC.
(F. L. Emanuel)

ENCHANTMENTS OF THE FIELDS

By H. A. Bryden. 15s. net. (Seeley, Service.)

These enchantments are for Mr. Bryden inseparably united with fox hunting, trout fishing, shooting and falconry at home, and with big game shooting abroad. It will surprise many British sportsmen to learn that until Somerville published his fine poem, "The Chace," in 1735, and Beckford printed his "Thoughts on Hunting" in 1781, all the honour and credit of the best treatises concerning hunting lay with the French. The author, who reveals a fine taste in books and pictures, has a specially fascinating chapter on "Old Sporting Prints."



From London Lanes By Alan Stapleton (*John Lane*). LEATHER LANE

air of aloofness and impersonality which adds enormously to their effectiveness.

MOBY DICK

By Herman Melville. Illustrated by Rockwell Kent. 15s. (Cassell.)

This very handsome edition of "Moby Dick" is lavishly illustrated with reproductions of Mr. Rockwell Kent's drawings which appeared in the three-volume limited edition printed in America. Mr. Kent's bold work is eminently suited to the story; his drawings are vivid and full of character, and every third or fourth page is enlivened with a vigorous black-and-white woodcut effect. A beautiful gift-book this, and one that will be treasured by all who can appreciate a truly artistic production.

SOUL'S DARK COTTAGE

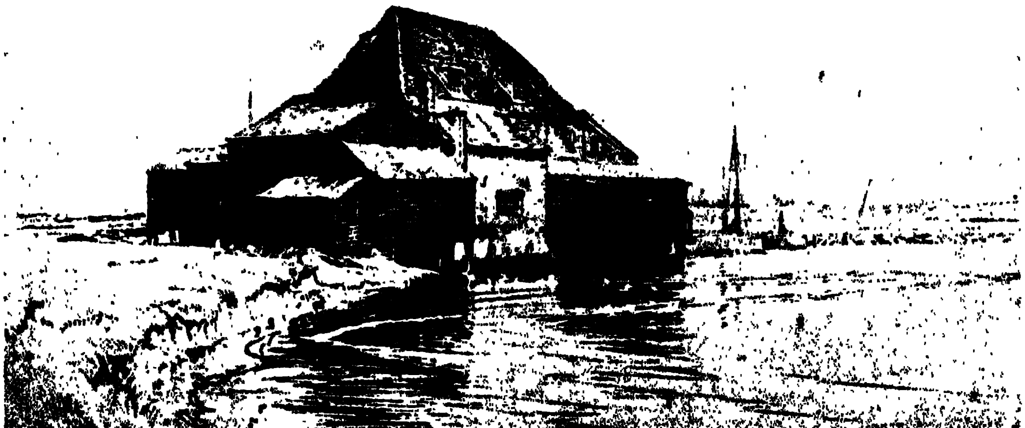
By Richard King. 6s. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

Mr. King has won an audience by his previous essays, so his new book is sure of a welcome. He writes once more of the thoughts and yearnings which rise in the minds of men when they stand apart from the common round, and think seriously of the world and of life. "Quarrelling," "Contrasts," "Parental Rights," are a few of his many themes. If Mr. King does not go very deep, he at any rate expresses for us, and not always without a hint of solution, some of the wistful wonders which often visit us in our more thoughtful hours. It is a real service.

PLATO'S BRITANNIA

By Douglas Woodruff. 6s. (Sheed & Ward.)

This book has the air of having been begun as a jest and finished as a serious treatise. The first part is good fun but no more. To satirise subjects such as London traffic, clubs, Olympia, and bargain sales in the manner of Plato—or rather, of Jowitt's translation of Plato—is too easy to be interesting. But the book soon develops into an extremely penetrating criticism of English life and politics, with the Platonic manner used less in the spirit of parody than as a method of giving the opinions expressed an

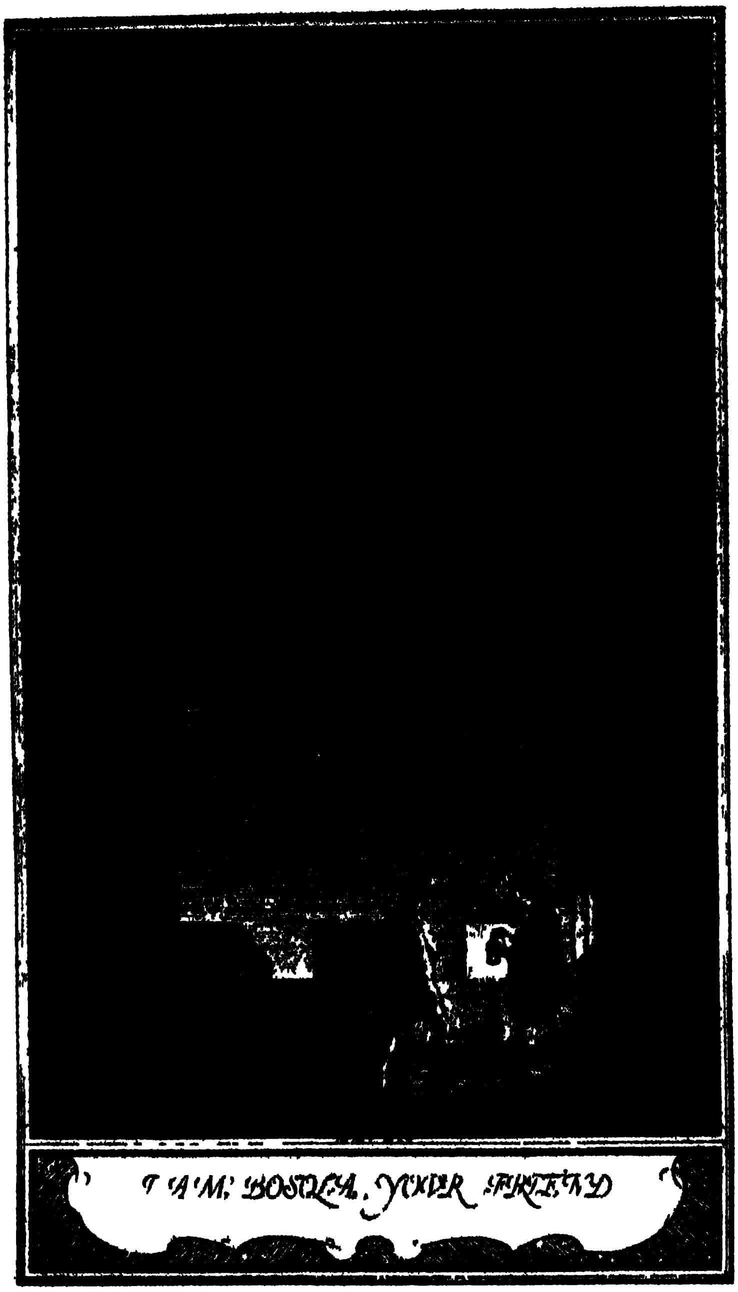


From Etching and Etchings (*Pitman*). TIDE MILL, WALTON-ON-THE-NAZE. (F. L. Emanuel.)

THE DUCHESS OF MALFI and THE WHITE DEVIL

By John Webster
Illustrated by
Henry Keen 21s
(Bodley Head)

Here of course the illustrations are the thing—the plays most of us prefer in a somewhat smaller format—and they have caught the macabre spirit of Webster admirably Mr Keen by the very restraint of his interpretation has heightened the horror the mad Ferdinand, the dying Brachiave, the murder of Antonio and the Duchess gazing wildly at the dead man s hand in her lap here are horrors treated as Webster himself treated them, as a matter of course Those who already love the great Elizabethan will welcome this illustrated tribute to the memory of genius Those whose acquaintance with him consists of ' Cover her face, mine eyes dazzle she died young may be induced by Mr Keen to go further into the text



From The Duchess of Malfi and the White Devil (*John Lane*)

"I AM BOSOLA, YOUR FRIEND."

AS THE HEART SEES

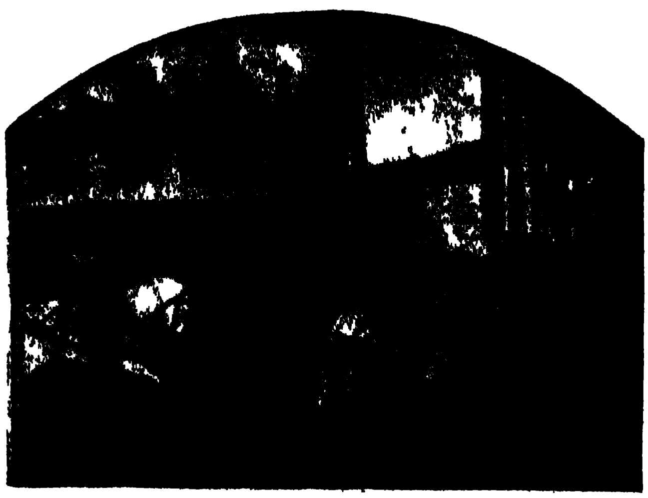
By May Belben
2s (Mate)

If you are looking for something rather special to send to a friend this Christmas, something more intimate than a Christmas card, yet small and dainty with an appeal of its own, Mrs. Belben s little book of essays will supply that need Her essays are short, almost in the nature of prose poems, and are beautifully illustrated with photographs she has taken herself She touches upon various subjects— Miracles, Praise, the Vices of Virtue, the Seeing Eye, the Really Happiest People—and always has something thoughtful and interesting to say. Furthermore she possesses the precious gift of brevity These small books of hers are unusual and very charming

MARY BAKER EDDY

By Lyman P Powell
20s net. (Nisbet)

Very flattering is this ' Life Size Portrait ' Mr Powell admires even the faults of his subject He has however made a fascinating volume out of the High Priestess of Christian Science, the founder of the Mother Church, the establisher of the *Christian Science Monitor*. When Mary Baker as a tiny child used to be asked, Mary, what are you going to be when you grow up ? she invariably replied, I will write a book " A very delicate woman for one half of her life, she came under the ministering care of Dr Phineas P Quimby, who was largely a faith healer Later she shook off his influence and took her own course which led to final triumph This biography covers her life from infancy, her three marriages and the people of importance who came under her hands



From An Informal Introduction to the Middle Ages
By G G Coulton
(*Cambridge University Press*).

A FIFTEENTH CENTURY STREET SCENE.

JERRY

The Story of an Exmoor Pony

By Eleanour Helme and Nance Paul Illustrated by Cecil Aldin 8s 6d (Eyre & Spottiswoode)

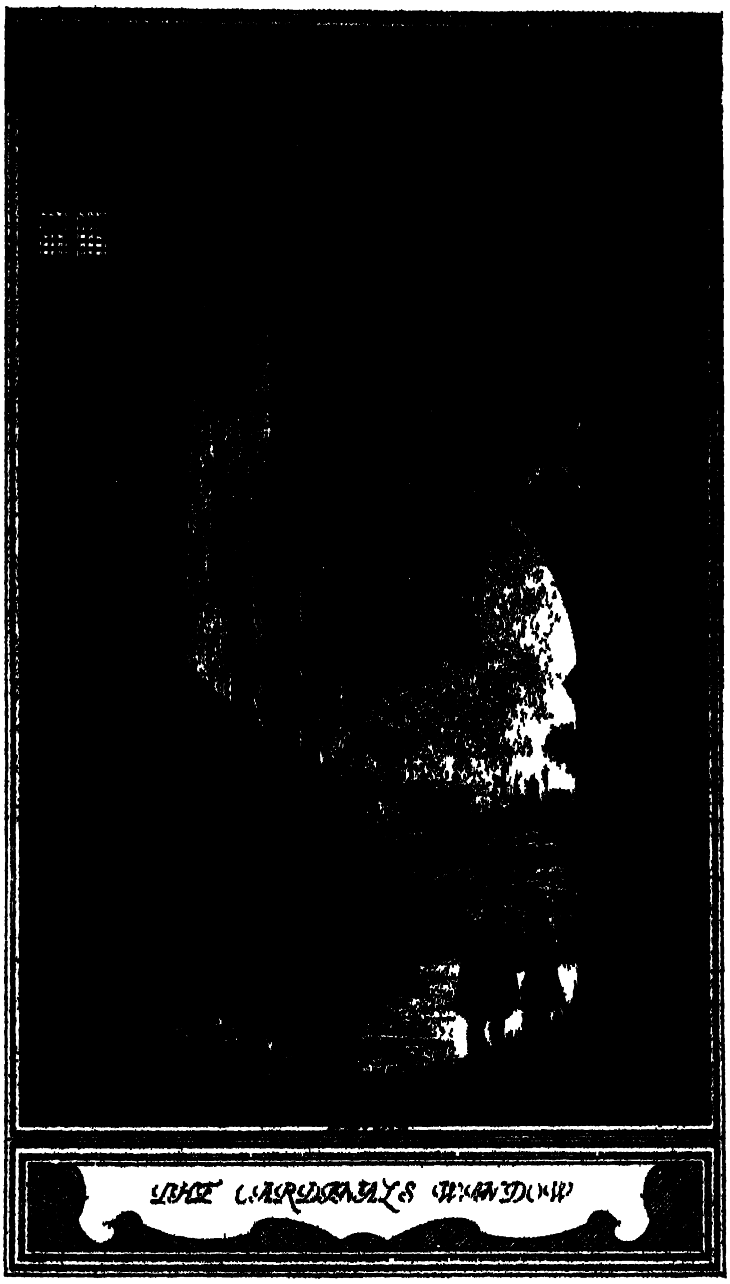
Jerry was a little wild Exmoor pony Robin caught sight of him when he was down on Exmoor with his mother and father and small sisters enjoying a summer holiday, and his father bought the little ragged pony for him Three years later, when they came to live in the district altogether, he and his father broke the pony in and Jerry learned to ride him They became great companions, and the adventures they had together are told in this charming book Robin's stag hunt at the end, when he sees the stag and will not betray it to the hunters, is particularly well done.

I HEARD THE BELLS ON CHRISTMAS DAY IT WAS THE WINTER WILD

And Other Christmas Verse

(Mowbray)

These are two booklets, handy to slip into a pocket, handy to send as a "special" Christmas card They contain a particularly good selection of verses, well known and less well known, ranging from John Clare to Longfellow, from Shakespeare to Tennyson, and including poems by Herrick, Christina Rossetti, Whittier, Phillips, Brooks, Southey, Ben Jonson, Crashaw, Wesley—and some "traditional" The covers of the slim blue volumes are decorated by a reproduction of an Old Master and half a dozen reproductions are included between the pages The little books should meet with a ready welcome



From The Duchess of Malfi and the White Devil (*John Lane*)

THE CARDINAL'S WINDOW.

LIGHTER LONDON

Verses by Hubert Steel Drawings by Herry Perry 6s (Delgado)

Here's an amusing book that Londoners in particular will enjoy The history and characteristics of many of its streets and 'sights" are satirised in light verse, and the happy-go-lucky rollicking spirit of the verses is reflected in the illustrations Lord's the Albert Hall, the Mint Fleet Street, the Strand, the Harrow Road, Cowcross Street are but a few of the places honoured Chelsea is dealt with thus .

> "Do you lament the passing of that type,
> With dirty blouse, unshaven chin, big pipe ?
> 'Tis better thus—they languish void of hope
> Who make of art a substitute for soap '

Author and artist work in happy harmony



From It Was the Winter Wild (*Mowbray*)

OLD CHRISTMAS IS COME FOR TO KEEP OPEN HOUSE. (Jordaens.)

THE YOMAH—AND AFTER

By "Shalimar" (F C Hendry) 7s 6d net. (Blackwood)

"Shalimar" has found some repute among the readers of *Blackwood's Magazine* with his short sea stories In this full-length novel the details of sailing and seamanship are well handled, but the author fails somewhat when it comes to character portrayal He is distinctly better at sea than on terra firma On the whole however it is a readable adventure yarn It is the story of Captain John Hume's arrogant supremacy, humiliating disaster and resurrection on a new basis An old theme but still with some interest

THE GONE AWAY

By Dorothy Una Ratcliffe 10s 6d (Bodley Head)

Mrs Ratcliffe, whose poems and plays of Yorkshire folk and country are already known, has now written 'A Romance of the Dales In Three Acts" There is a "setting" to the play An old nurse who is steeped in the tales of the country-side knits and tells them to the child who sits, learning to knit also, at her side So is told the romance of "The Gone Away" But the play stands clearly by itself, and is so carefully provided with stage directions that it might well be acted The characters are live and natural and diverse, and the dialogue is crisp and easy Songs are introduced, and the calls of the hunting horn are heard now and again The illustrations, by Charles Simpson, are strong in line and beautiful in composition, and they add distinction to an already charming book.



From Hunters' Moon and Other Verses
By Captain Edric G. Roberts
(*Constable*).

GATES.

"Hounds are running below in the vale,
See them go, where the grass-lands prevail,
Twenty couple together as one;
Just a handkerchief, fluttered in fun,
Would cover them now."

"TINKER, TAILOR——"

By "Greenhorn." 8s. 6d.
(Bodley Head.)

In this account of a journey round the world, following a reckless wager with a friend in London, the anonymous author, who produces self photographs in plenty, describes a dynamic five years' existence in American lumber camps, mines, sailing ships and tramps, as a Canadian Mounty, an Australian sheep farmer and, finally, how he worked his passage to South Africa as a plate boy in a third-class liner. "Greenhorn" writes with spirit and good temper and certainly with broad reality—his descriptions of a fight in a lumber camp and the killing of the shark giving a dramatic atmosphere to a tremendously vital narrative. With the introduction of the romantic element, bound round *Elaine*, the reader becomes rather disillusioned. The episode is neither convincing nor necessary, and introduces the kinema mentality into a hundred per cent. exultation of mad living, with the lust of adventure and the determination to "see it through" driving him on.

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"Hounds are running up over the hill,
See them go, by the derelict mill,
Altogether, and hunting a treat;
Not a doubt the proverbial sheet
Would cover them now.



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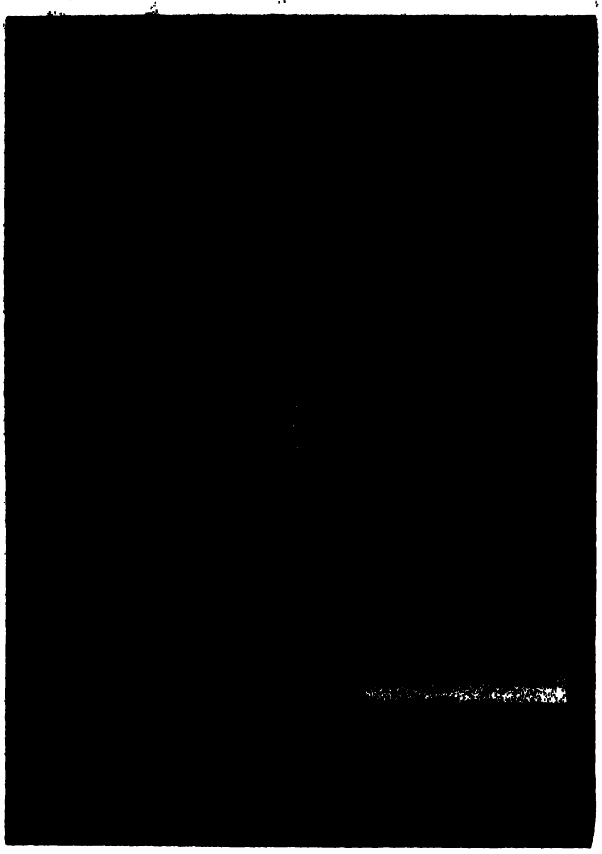
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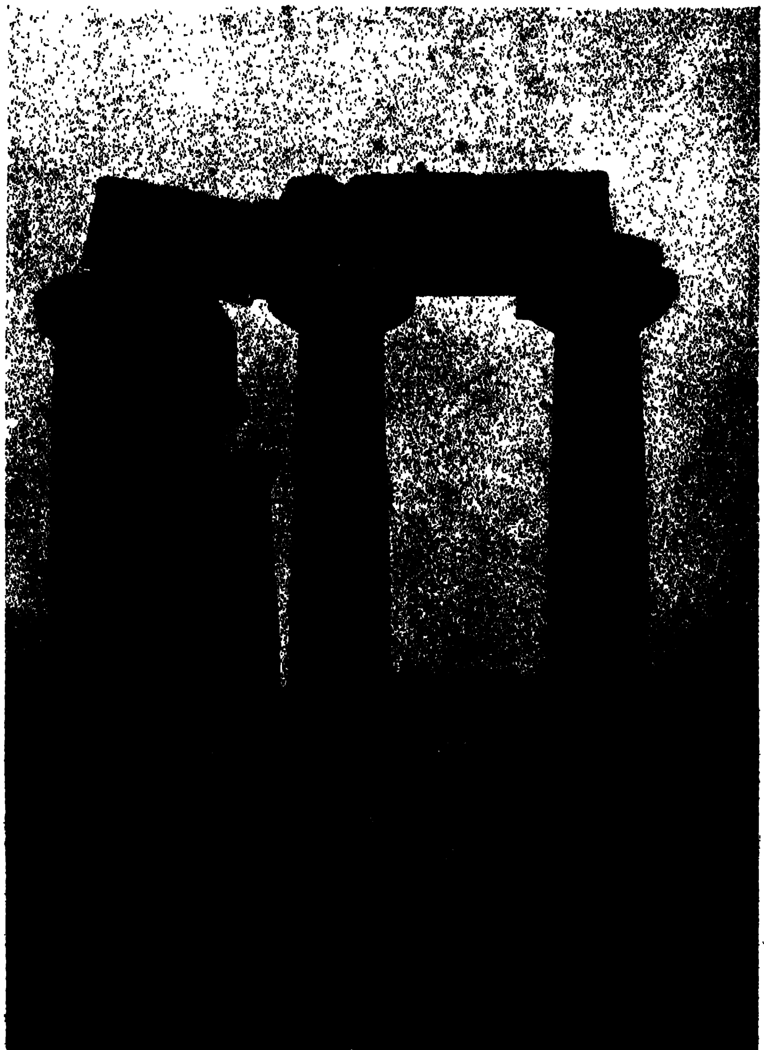
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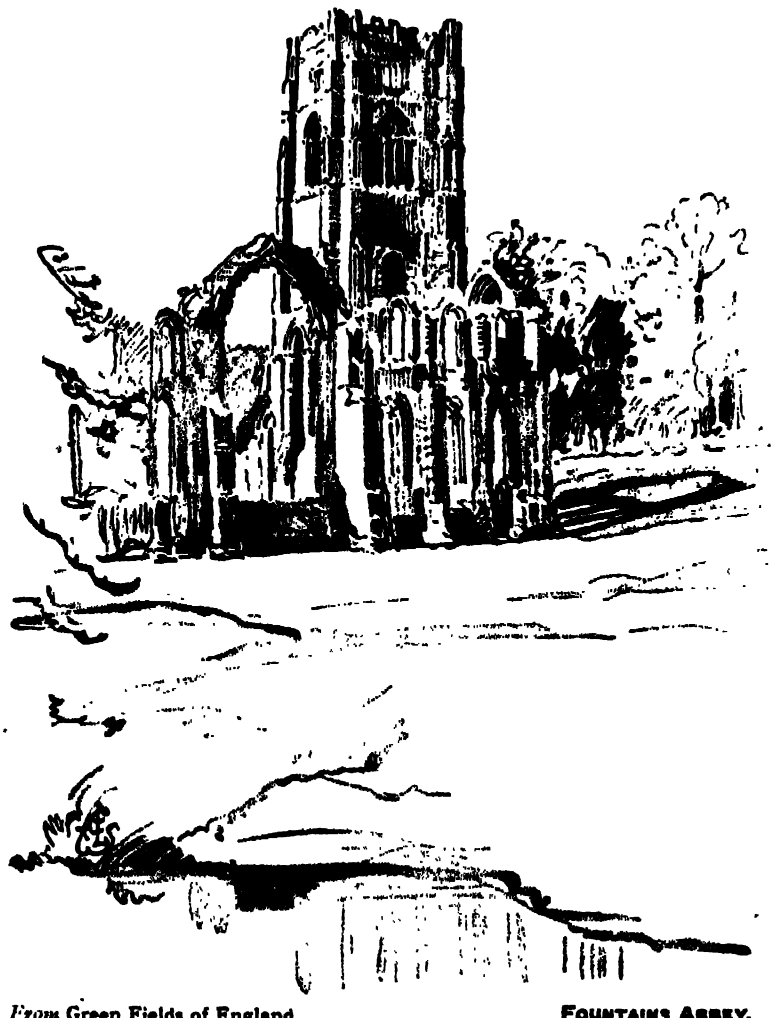
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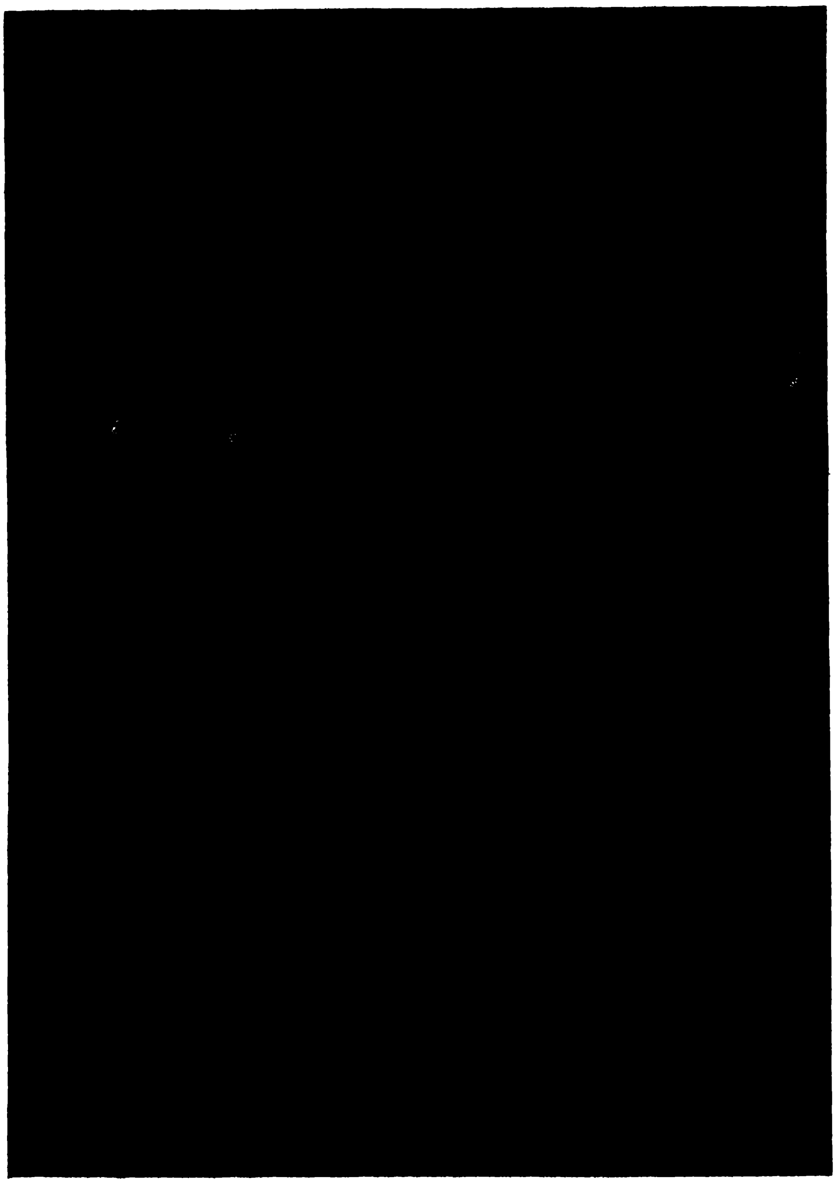
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Mr. Jeffery Farnol presumably knows when he is "on a good thing." He is conscious that the general novel-reading public likes his historical romances, which (though we do not wish to cast any doubts upon his historical accuracy) are really original fairy stories in which, after very wonderful vicissitudes, the wicked people are laid low and the good, kind folk go to the top of the class and live happy ever after. In style and in general trend of narrative (not necessarily plot) he has followed his usual recipe in this his latest novel. He is wise in this, for his is a fashion of story-telling that wears extremely well, and were he to change it and evolve a new Jeffery Farnol he would, whatever else, disappoint many readers of fiction and break a happy line of stories.

On opening "Over the Hills" one is soon deep in the chapters whose peculiarly Farnolian labels are liberally sprinkled with the atmospheric words "telleth," "giveth," "describeth," and the like. (Where would Mr. Farnol be without his "eth"?) One chapter heading excels itself in that it "touches something on the art of swordmanship."

For this tale we are in the days of the Old Pretender's ill-starred rebellion, a period in which the author has a thoroughly happy time. The story is in the first person, coming from its hero, one Adam, called Thursday, foundling and valiant coward; it is his odyssey, his record of joys and sorrows, his love story; in addition to Adam and his lady, it is particularly concerned with an intriguing character—a "right-beloved enemy." It matters little that the tale may be put down as "the mixture as before," that the people do the kind of things Farnol folk have been doing for some time, and that there is again a great dependence on coincidence in the plot. And if the bad people are confounded so amazingly and improbably, and the hero, heroine, and their well-wishers presented with unimaginable slices of good fortune, it is no monstrous drawback. Mr. Farnol is still a master of his own particular kind of story; his dialogue and dialect, time and circumstance still crash their ways successfully past credibility to an unresisting acceptance that is wholly enjoyable. His new tale flows well and is easy to read. Though this time he does not convey the sense of period as well as usual, this is essentially a book for a delightful and easy hour or two. It is smoothly written and neither jolts the intelligence nor burdens the mind. Even the scenes of violence and bloodshed are right and proper to the story, nicely and quite pleasantly done.



From English Romanesque Architecture Before the Conquest By A. W. Clapham (*Oxford University Press*).

REPTON, DERBYSHIRE, CRYPT. (Tenth century.)

A MODERN HISTORY OF THE ENGLISH PEOPLE, 1880-1922

By R. H. Gretton. 12s. 6d. (Secker.)

Here is an omnibus volume which will be eagerly sought after. It consists of the three volumes of Mr. Gretton's history, of which the first two have for some time been out of print. His method is to record not only democratic and political and economic movements, but to recall the events which were influencing the 'man-in-the-street." Even the crazes of the moment are recalled. And the result is a very vivid picture of the years we have lived through and a true picture, too, because the details are true.

THAT DOG OF MINE

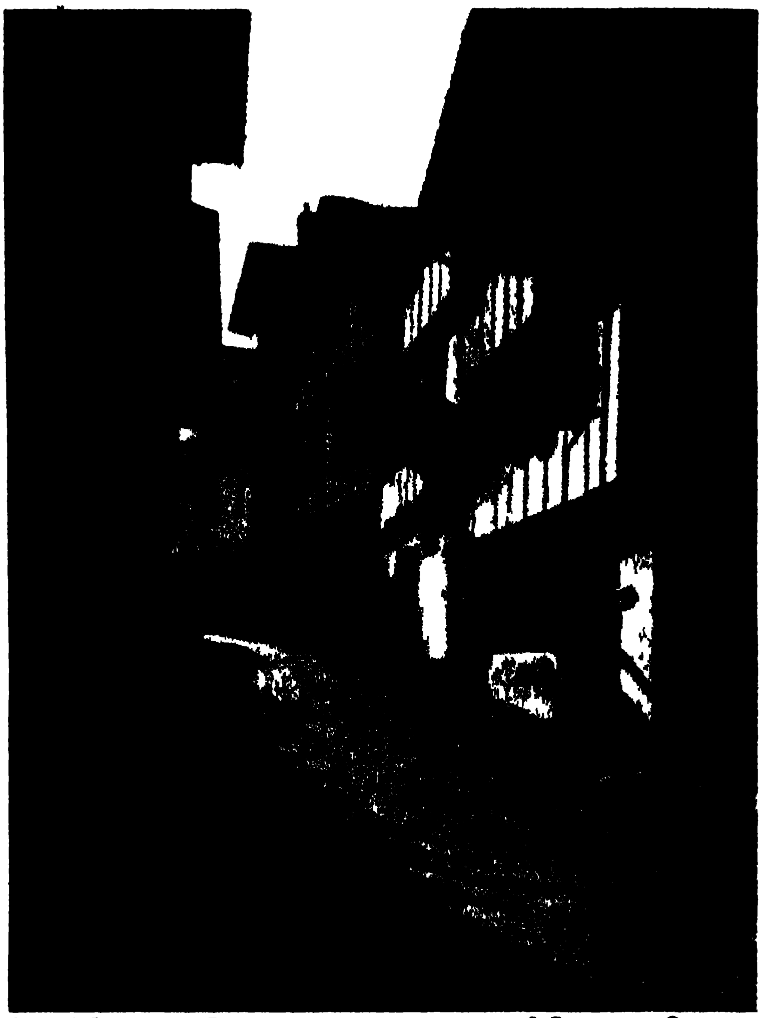
By Joe Walker. With over 50 illustrations in colour by G. L. Stampa. 7s. 6d. (Ward, Lock.)

It would be hard to say which has given us the keener delight, the whimsical, knowing verses with their truly "doggie" point of view, or the equally knowing, jolly and always appealing illustrations. Dog-lovers generally (and they form surely no small percentage) will be only too ready to welcome this delightful successor to "My Dog and Yours." Mr. Walker's verses flow as joyously and spontaneously as ever and Mr. Stampa has caught the varying moods with remarkable ease and success. One can almost read the question, "Wherever you may be, can you be happy, master, without me?" in the illustration we have chosen to reproduce here.

A BOOK OF THE BASQUES

By Rodney Gallop 15s (Macmillan)

In this era of omnibus publications it is a pleasure to find one devoted to the reserved—and somewhat mysterious Basque 'For A Book of the Basques' is an omnibus publication it discusses (intelligently and without fever) the origin of the Basques, their language and literature their folk-dances, their music, their superstition, even their games, the last of which will interest not only the casual reader but as well the tennis player, who may discover in the description of *pelota* the reason for Borotra's control of his matchless volley In short Rodney Gallop has written a book for varied tastes and written it pleasantly Photographs and sketches, many of them witty, supplement the text.



From A Book of the Basques
By Rodney Gallop
(*Macmillan*)

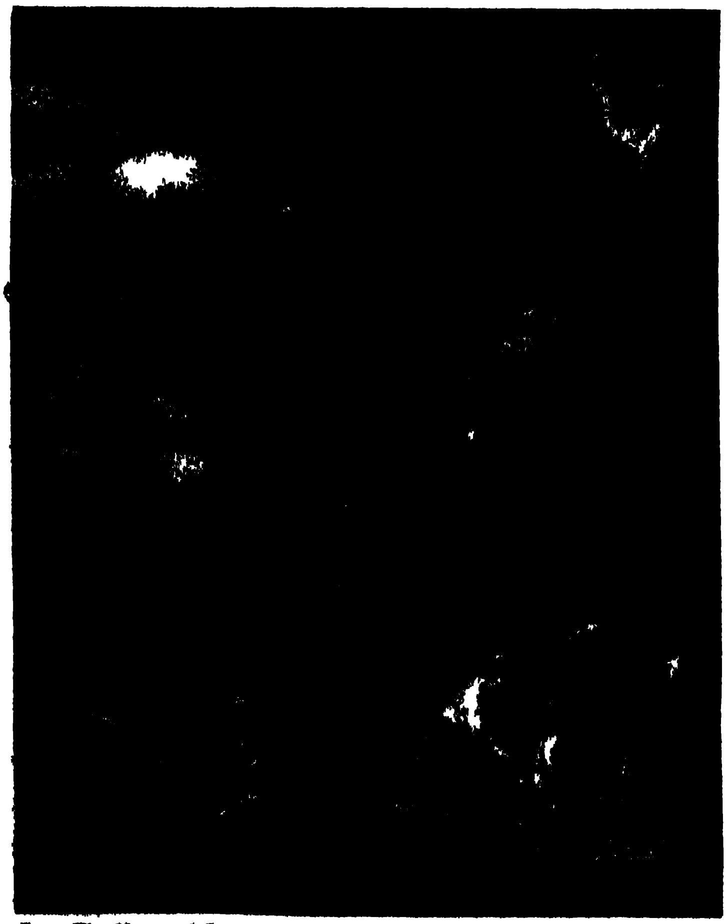
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A SAUNTER THROUGH KENT WITH PEN AND PENCIL

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(Kentish Express Publishing Company)

This is the 24th volume in the series by Sir Charles Igglesden, and it deals with Hythe and its environs The author has a deft descriptive touch, and an encyclopedic knowledge of the history and geography of the county The old Cinque Port of Hythe has much more than a local significance for the historian and this volume tells us why, and hints at its departed glories

We notice an old fashioned touch about the production of the book, which is not altogether against it There is one certainty about it, and that is good value for money.



From The National Gallery
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Translated from the Sanskrit by Alfred Williams
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A pathetic interest is attached to the production of this book in the fact that both the author and his wife (who helped him in a grim struggle for life) died shortly before its publication Alfred Williams, the 'Hammerman poet' was beautifully described in the *Times Literary Supplement* as 'the born artist who, sustained by beauty, early divined in it the key to complete experience, until all adversities of circumstance, of which he had so heavy a share, fell into subsidiary places and became transitional" The story of this poet's life reads like an epic This man, who fought the elements for a barren livelihood, steeped himself in the classics and finally gave us this translation from the Sanskrit The State was too late with its Civil Pension for this hero of literature and we must look to it that we are not lax in our appreciation of his work, of which this book is a fine example

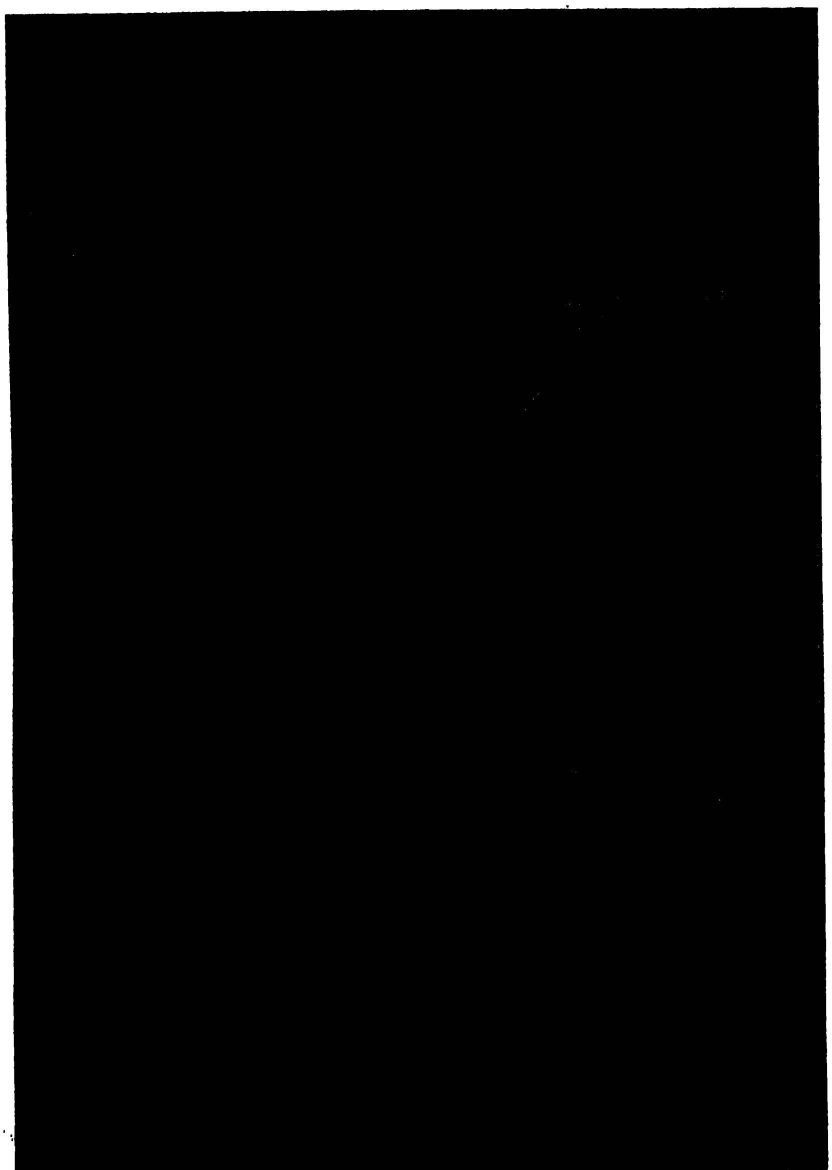
OUT OF THE ARK, OR ANIMALS FACETIOUS, IN CUT AND DOGGEREL

By R. D. 6s. net. (Peter Davies.)

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Fearful of a visitation
From the Board of Education."

This is one of the bright verses printed by the side of an appropriate illustration. The whole book is well conceived and excellently produced. Each picture is of some animal or animals and R. D. prints his witty comments in verse opposite. It is uncannily clever, and there must be few indeed who would not enjoy the joke. Mr. Peter Davies has evidently gone to a great deal of trouble with the production of the work, and has succeeded admirably in giving us the right sort of format for a book that demanded exact treatment to be a success—which it is.



From Dykes on Irises
By W. R. Dykes
Edited by George Dillistone
(*Baldwin*).

IRIS JAPONICA.

OLD SHIP

By Lennox Kerr. 7s. 6d. (Constable.)

This is the story of an almost incredibly bovine farm labourer who develops a passion for the sea, and of his murderous enmity towards an equally incredible shipmaster who uses beauty creams and powders his face. Dixon, despite the fact that he scarcely knows a ship when he sees one, manages to ship himself as a deckhand on the steamer *Hillgrove*. Though as unimaginative as an ox, he becomes obsessed with the notion that the ship is a living entity and that, like the rest of the crew, he is her slave. To him, Captain Busby, the degenerate shipmaster whose cabin is like a lady's boudoir, is part of the ship, and because of this he regards him almost as a superman, a sort of high priest. This persists until, for domestic reasons, Dixon asks to be paid off before the vessel completes her trip. The captain refuses, and thereafter the ex-yokel cherishes a growing hatred for him until, egged on by a communist seaman, he decides to murder him. The conclusion, though scarcely to be called " happy," is what convention demands. Incidentally Mr. Kerr attacks the system under which officers of the mercantile marine are granted their certificates, but does not suggest any alternative. His assertion that the " enforced inactivity " of a master mariner's life " saps his very manhood," seems strangely at variance with fact and tradition. Nevertheless the author knows the sea and ships, and the fact that he writes from the foc's'le angle may account for his inability to see anything good " abaft the mainmast."

DREAM DAYS

By Kenneth Grahame. 7s. 6d. (John Lane.)

It was the happiest occasion that brought about the collaboration of Mr. Grahame and Mr. E. H. Shepard, and nowhere have their combined efforts had a more welcome result than in this delightfully whimsical glimpse into the yearnings, imaginings and sprightly doings of Selina, Edward and Harold and their various friends. There is such a delicious crispness and neatness about Mr. Grahame's style which carries us along irresistibly, even though we may be long past the legitimate age for such diversion. Mere years in fact seem of little account in such joyous company. The same crispness and neatness fully characterise the numerous drawings, in fact we could not wish them better.

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This is an attempt on the part of one who from childhood has been captivated by the beauty of woman to provide an " up-to-date version of the old books of beauty in which early Victorian belles were engraved in steel." The compiler writes: " In the old books of beauty tender poems were addressed to the same name as that borne by the distinguished lady opposite, but since I am no poet, I have tried instead to make my book an analysis of modern beauty, a collection of the loveliest ladies I have ever seen, and, in time, it may become a sentimental document for our grandchildren."

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MR. CONINGSBY DAWSON.
Author of "Fugitives From Passion" (Hutchinson).



From **Ronald Firbank**
By Ifan Kyrle Fletcher
(*Duckworth*).

RONALD FIRBANK.
(From a drawing by Augustus John.)

ingenious and thrilling as one could demand from the author of "The Perfect Murder Case." Michael France, heavy-weight champion, dead upstairs in his mansion with a bullet through his head, and his faithful butler Somers dead downstairs, poisoned with a suicide confession in France's writing beneath his body. Three hundred excellent pages of alibis, clues and speculations follow. Mr. Christopher Bush is no Kenneth Hayles!

Nor is Arnold Fredericks, who, in "The Mark of the Rat,"[1] uses a new mechanism to tell his story—a really skilful blending of novel and serial—and moreover actually produces a new plot. Can a man actually murdered—murdered and as dead as mutton on the evidence of two doctors!—murder some two hundred pages later the man who murdered him? He can, and without coming back from hell either! But the gentle lady reader, despite charming love interludes in Virginia, where the action takes place, should have the strongest and most iron-nerved man she knows beside her if she reads "The Mark of the Rat" after twilight.

"The Pavilion by the Lake"[2] has a far-off resemblance to Mr Arnold Fredericks' book in the surprising solution to the murder of James Altamount, shipowner, found dead near a haunted pavilion in the grounds of his Bucks country house But the resemblance is common only in so far as both writers base their mystery on two different and obscure scientific facts. Mr Rees moreover has written a romantic novel with a deeper characterisation around his dual mystery, which rests in turn upon the disappearance of a miniature of Mary Queen of Scots. "The Pavilion by the Lake" is a first-class thriller, high above the usual detective novel for the ease of its style and its convincing atmosphere.

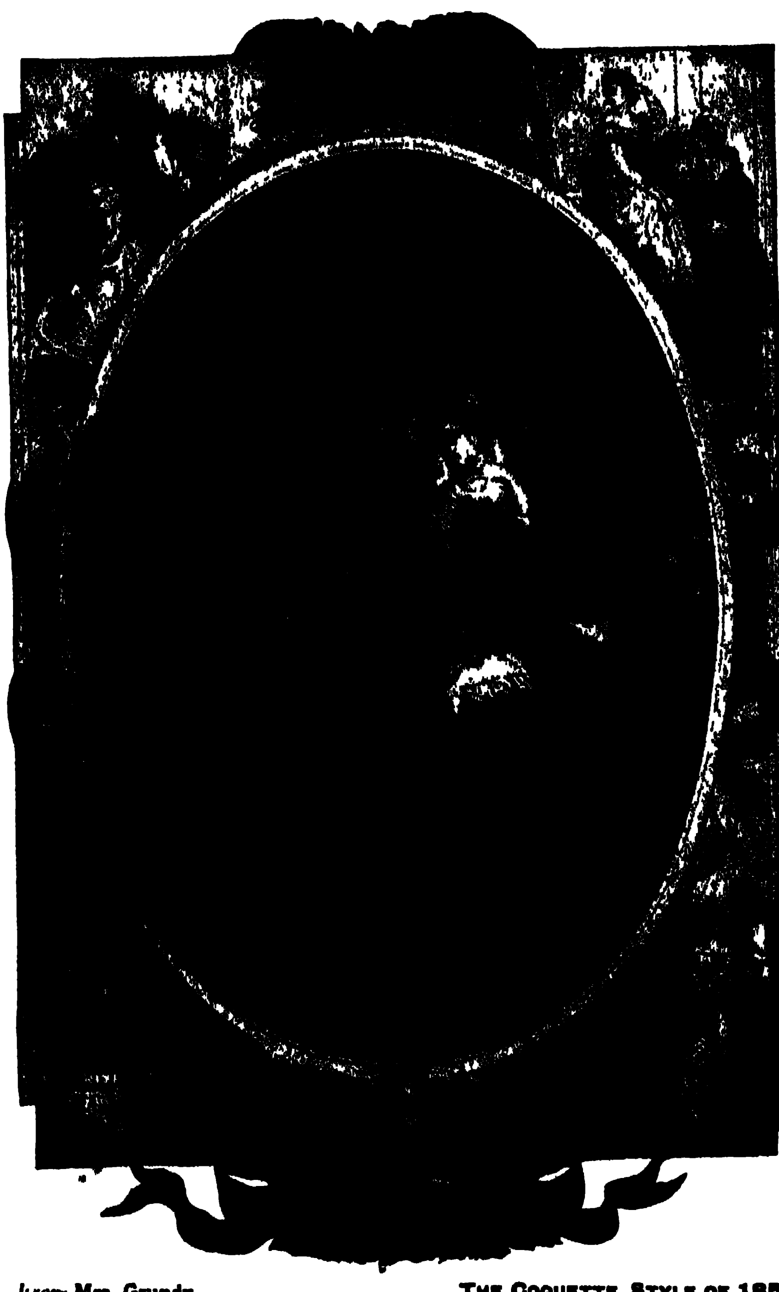
"The Avenging Ikon"[3] is at least the seventh thriller Mr Charles Barry has to his credit, and his Chief-Inspector Gilmartin again appears in this glorious blend of Oriental intrigue and Occidental setting. The dialogue is remarkably good, the "Avenging Ikon," indeed a trio of Avenging Ikons, grips the reader's attention at a very early stage, and there is a mild and pleasing romantic tinge.

"The Body on the Bus"[4] will give point to the opening question of this review, especially to a reader who turns to its pages fresh from Mr. Barry's cunning and sustained mass of motive and atmosphere. How do they do it? Mr. Hollingworth stages a solution-proof murder mystery the top of a London bus. One corpse, an amateur detective's vanity and weakness, an egoist's jealousy, that is the raw material. Apart from a questionable slip of Darton, the amateur detective, the reader is held to the final unravelling, conscious that Darton's idiocy is in keeping with his character, and without the slip, without a story.

A remarkable coincidence must puzzle the reader of these five books. Apart from two murderers Mr. Barry simply had to have committed for trial, five homicidal ruffians at least out of eight meet dramatic and not legal justice. The knot is cut by sudden death, self-inflicted or otherwise. The only scoundrel whose end will please the upholders of Jack Ketch is, and even this is by no means altogether certain, the masquerading wretch in "Dead Man Twice"[5] who could not write a decent and original thriller.

There is one consolation. Messrs. Fredericks, Rees, Barry, Hollingworth and Bush, on this showing, will never mount the scaffold.

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[1] "The Mark of the Rat" By Arnold Fredericks. 7s 6d. (Stanley Paul)—[2] "The Pavilion by the Lake." By Arthur J. Rees. 7s 6d (Bodley Head.)—[3] "The Avenging Ikon." By Charles Barry 7s. 6d. (Methuen.)—[4] "The Body on the Bus." By Leonard Hollingworth. 7s. 6d. (John Murray.)—[5] "Dead Man Twice." By Christopher Bush. 7s. 6d. (Heinemann)

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This for a first novel is a capital and most promising piece of work. Who would have guessed that the mystery of Gunner Rachelson, of the Garrison Artillery, would begin to get unravelled when the shell crashed into that tin tree of an observation post on the road to Bapaume in 1917? Of course the long arm of coincidence is rather busily employed; but why not? Murder most foul had been committed three years before, with lovers parted, and no end of trouble. All these things had to be put right, and so they are. The author may be congratulated on an exceedingly ingenious and most unexpected solution. The pace is fast and furious as the story unfolds; villainies are frustrated, and the heroines—for Embrance is as charming as Peggy—are not disappointed. As for that good fellow, Budockshed, he fully deserved his happiness. A thoroughly wholesome and diverting tale.



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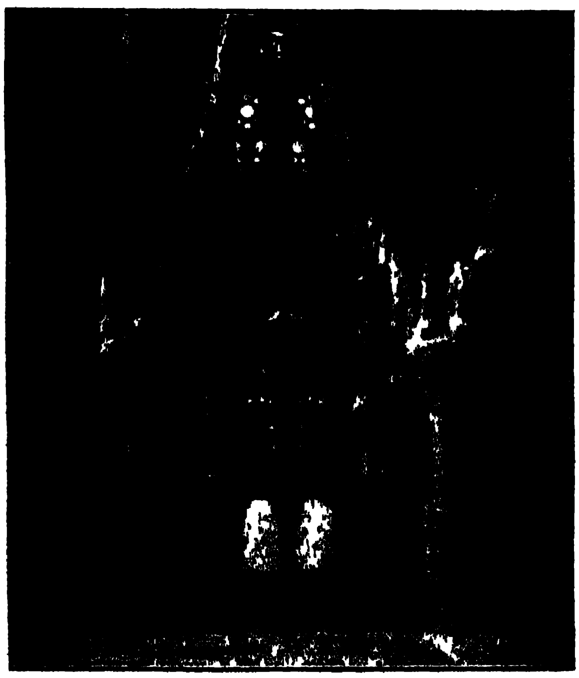
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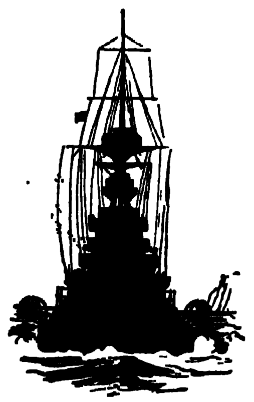
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(T Shephert—G F Harvell, engraver)

LIMEHOUSE THROUGH FIVE CENTURIES

By J G Birch. 3s 6d (Sheldon Press)

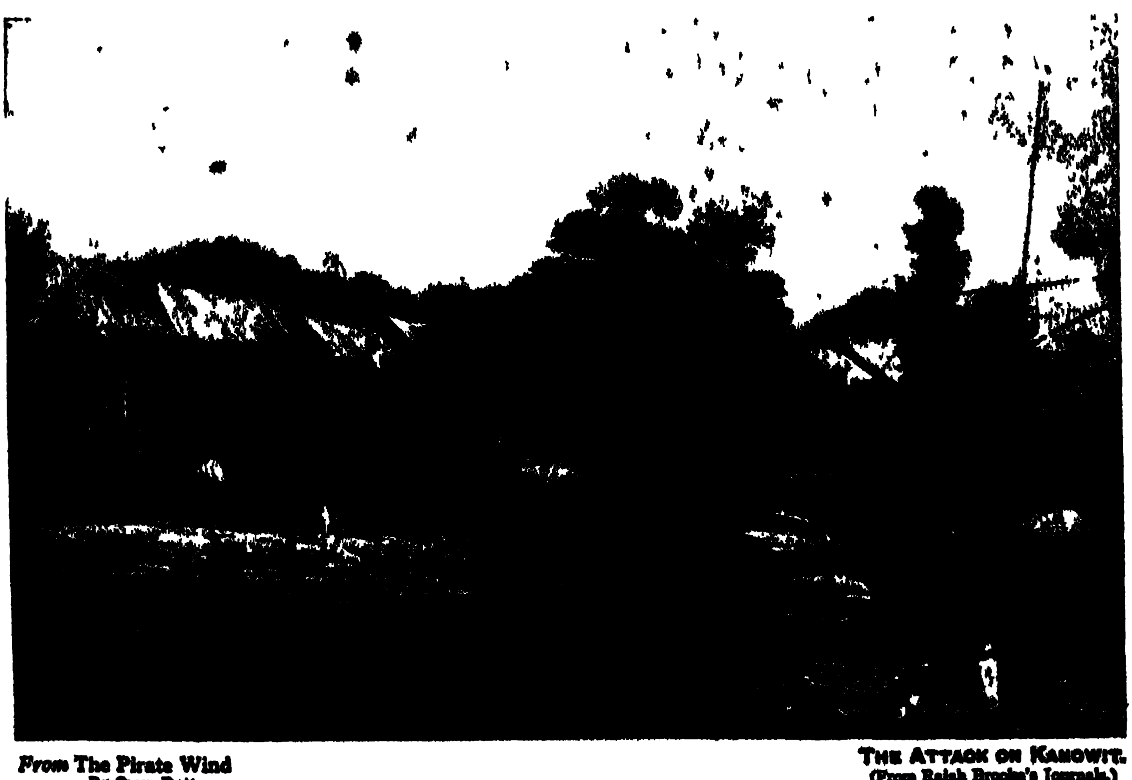
Ever since the time when Shakespeare, seeking a term of abuse, coined the phrase "a limb of Limehouse," that district of East London has had its traducers As it has always been connected closely with the sea, and as sailors are apt at times to be lively and disputatious, some of its reputation has certainly been deserved But Mr Birch, who, as Rector, knows the modern neighbourhood very intimately, shows that Limehouse has also played a very worthy and very romantic part in London s history, and has associations with many great and famous names Mr. Birch has told the record of five centuries very interestingly and lucidly, and writes briefly but authoritatively about the Limehouse of to-day He warns us against taking Mr. Thomas Burke's " Limehouse Nights " too seriously. That book, he says, "may be literature, but it is not Limehouse."

THE PIRATE WIND

Tales of the Sea Robbers of Malaya

By Owen Rutter, F R G S Illustrated With Maps
12s 6d (Hutchinson)

Mr Rutter revivifies the grim and ruthless exploits of scarlet mail-clad pirates on the Malayan seas a century ago The shipping of every nation trading in the Eastern seas suffered from the Pirate wind blowing swift war-boats eastwards from a thousand lonely bays. The Americans were more ruthless in reprisals against the pirates than the Europeans, although in Rajah Brooke and Admiral Cochrane the Malayan pirate princes eventually met their match. Dutch, Portuguese, Spaniards and British traders were jointly responsible for demoralising



From The Pirate Wind
By Owen Rutter
(*Hutchinson*).

THE ATTACK ON KANOWIT.
(From Rajah Brooke's Journals.)



From **Corsica the Beautiful**
By Major A. Radclyffe Dugmore
(*Hurst & Blackett*)

AJACCIO ABOUNDS IN INTERESTING NARROW STREETS AND ARCHES.

the peaceful Malayans by fomenting internal dissensions and disorganising their commercial enterprise. In Mr Rutter's twenty one chapters the rise and fall of the Illanun and Balanini pirate groups is graphically re-constructed from rare chronicles, official sources, and the author's own intimate knowledge of the Archipelago.

CORSICA THE BEAUTIFUL

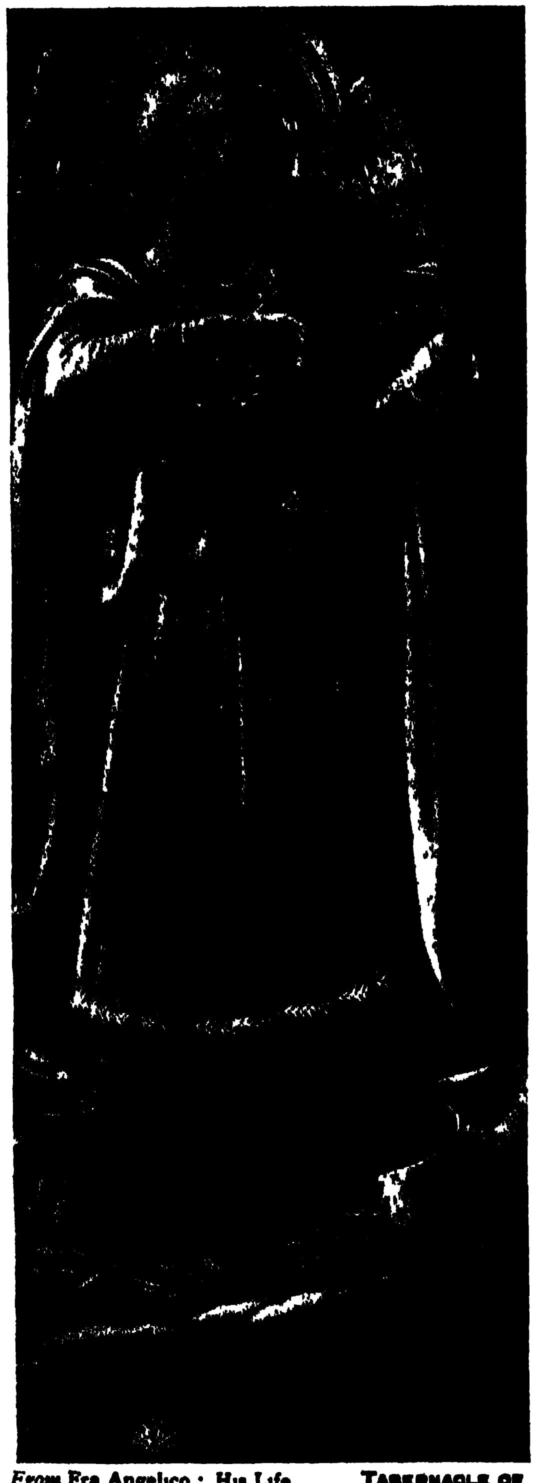
By Major A. Radclyffe Dugmore, F.R.G.S. Illustrated. 18s. (Hurst & Blackett.)

A painstaking piece of work that gives us a good impression of the island as it is to-day and an accurate account of its chequered history. The attractions offered the tourist are entirely natural: beautiful scenery, grand mountains, jade green rivers. The old unspoilt towns and villages, though architecturally none too beautiful, are important for their historical associations. The Corsicans are an interesting race who seem able to rise to great occasions but unable to keep up any sustained effort in history and commerce. They are too easily satisfied and apparently diffident. Altogether this book makes one wish to visit Corsica to explore its rugged beauty and make the acquaintance of its people. The American sightseer, it appears, has not yet started on Corsica and that fact in itself suggests a recommendation.

THE RIVIERA

Edited by Harry Golding. 5s. (Ward, Lock.)

An entirely new and inexpensive handbook to the Riviera is a treasure for those who already know "The Playground of the World," and those who are contemplating a visit to it. For this book, we think, there will be yet another public, composed of readers who have not been to the Riviera or are not likely to go, but who enjoy reading a book which gives them information and amusement at the same time. While giving full, useful, reliable help as a guide, Mr. Golding's writing is so vivid and at times amusing that, without missing any practical and necessary details, one reads on for the sake of the interest. The maps and plans are clear and helpful, the illustrations are generous and beautiful.



From **Fra Angelico: His Life and Work**
By Paul Muratoff
(*Warne*)

TABERNACLE OF THE LINAIUOLI.
(Florence: S. Marco Museum.)

EVELEIGH NASH & GRAYSON

I HOPE THEY WON'T MIND

The anonymous author of this light and racy volume of reminiscences is intimately acquainted with society and the musical world. His unusually acute sense of humour manifests itself in the store of excellent anecdotes which are to be found on almost every page. It is probably the best volume of gossip that has appeared since the publication of that audacious and witty book *Uncensored Recollections* **12s. 6d.**

DUMAS
FATHER AND SON

By Francis Gribble

MARJORIE BOWEN in the *Morning Post*: "Mr. Gribble makes the lives of father and son an entertaining affair."

Sunday Times: "Mr. Francis Gribble is an excellent critic, an admirable writer, and a most conscientious and trustworthy chronicler." **21s.**

THE WIPERS TIMES

Those who served in the Great War should possess a copy of *The Wipers Times*, an historical document to hand down to their children as a unique record of the wonderful spirit that prevailed in spite of the horrors of 1914–18. **8s. 6d.**

Evening Standard: "A real treasure of the war."

WIND DRIVEN

By Jacland Marmur

Times Literary Supplement: "This is Mr. Jacland Marmur's first novel. Mr. Marmur deliberately challenges comparison with Conrad. The similarity of style is so marked that there are portions of dialogue and whole paragraphs that might have been written by Conrad himself. His future work should be worth watching." **7s. 6d.**

THE EMPTY HOUSE

By Algernon Blackwood

SHEILA KAYE-SMITH in the *Sunday Express*: "As good and gruesome a collection of tales as it has been my good fortune to read for a long time."

HUMBERT WOLFE in *The Observer*: "I have nothing but admiration for his curious and sinister imagination." **7s. 6d.**

COMMON TO MAN

By Mary Chisenhale

A new Eastern novel by the author of *Man's Love*. **7s. 6d.**

THE DARK NIGHT

By R. Francis Foster

Another intriguing story by the author of *The Moat House Mystery*. **7s. 6d.**

EVELEIGH NASH & GRAYSON

GOD: IN CHRISTIAN THOUGHT & EXPERIENCE

By the Rev. W. R. MATTHEWS, D.D. *10s. 6d. net*

"This is exactly the book that is needed by the educated general reader anxious to follow up for himself the recent pronouncements of the Lambeth Conference. Dr. Matthews has made an important contribution to the most important of subjects and put the Church heavily in his debt."—*Week-end Review*

MARY BAKER EDDY

By Dr. LYMAN POWELL.

Buckram edition, 20s. net. Leather edition, 30s. net

"Dr. Powell has made a valuable contribution to our knowledge of the life and character of the founder of, perhaps, the most steadily growing Christian religion of our time. . . . Mrs. Eddy stands out in this book as a tremendous Christian warrior."—*The Observer*

THE REAL STANLEY BALDWIN

By WICKHAM STEED. *7s. 6d. net*

"The riddle of a public character has seldom been more engagingly set before its contemporaries than in this book."—*The Observer*

MOTOR CRUISING

By Commander HAMPDEN. *12s. 6d. net*

With a foreword by Lord Jellicoe.

This well-known expert's new book on motor craft and every detail concerned with them is certainly the standard work of information and reference for everyone interested in motor cruising and marine caravanning.

A MERCHANT VENTURER AMONG THE SEA GIPSIES

By LEOPOLD AINSWORTH. *15s. 0d net*

Horace Thorogood (in *The Evening News*) says:—"I read it with delight."

THERE IS A TIDE

By AGNES LOGAN. *7s. 6d. net*

"An arresting story—tragic, sordid, dramatic, piteous—but, through all, tenderly human."
Liverpool Post and Mercury

"Miss Logan proceeds to show us how true she can be to life as we know it."—*Times Literary Supplement*

THE STORY OF MARYAM

Englished by JOHN ANTHONY. *7s. 6d. net*

"Mr. Anthony has tapped a very rich vein of humour. It is to be hoped that he will continue to give us more of the same rare quality."
S. P. B. Mais, in *The Daily Telegraph*

"A book whose flavour is as unusual as it is refreshing."
Times Literary Supplement

PRINCES AND FAIRIES

By STELLA MEAD. *5s. 0d. net*

A book for children—but a book of a new kind. It is a collection of new stories worthy to rank with those of Grimm and Hans Andersen, told in a way that is always simple and sincere, but never childish. The illustrations are numerous and excellent. *Princes and Fairies* is a book that children read with joy and appreciate.

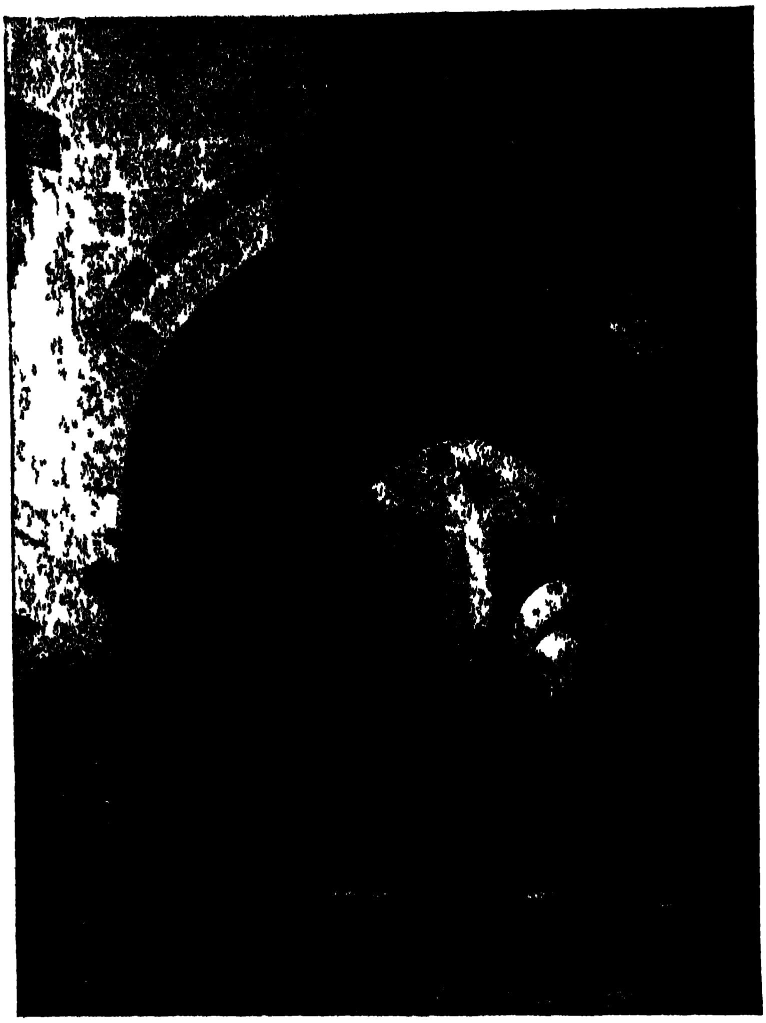
OF ALL BOOKSELLERS

NISBET

ANCIENT JERUSALEM

By James Baikie, DD, FRAS
With illustrations
2s 6d net
(Black)

As we are not all students of divinity, and yet may have a desire to sort out the real growth and history of that wonderful city of Jerusalem, one of the greatest cities of the world, let us at once say that there could scarcely be a clearer, more alive, yet sufficiently detailed account of its development, vicissitudes, glories and destruction than is to be found in this handy volume Page by page is revealed the wonderful story of this fortress on the hills, which grew to such size and splendour under the hands of David and Solomon, and on and on in wickedness, till the mighty Babylonian army sacked it and carried its people away captive and "By the rivers of Babylon" they wept Dr Baikie does not bring his story to a close there however Briefly he tells of the return and of the Jerusalem of Christ s day, and his picturesque and scholarly writing makes all very impressive Some beautiful and striking illustrations are included, four being in colour, by a well-known artist



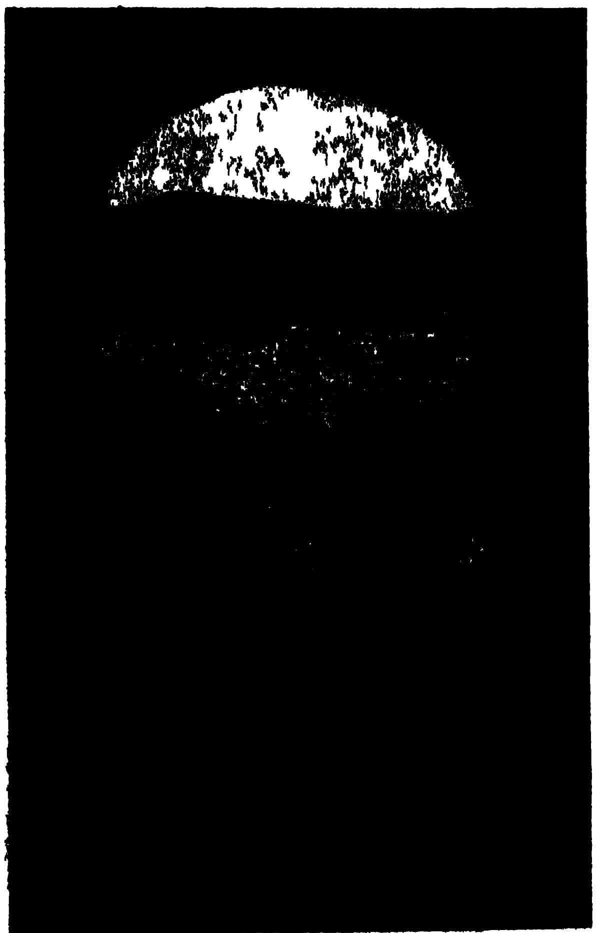
From Ancient Jerusalem
By James Baikie
(*Black*)

A STREET IN JERUSALEM.

THE FORERUNNERS

By Annie S Swan
3s 6d (Hodder & Stoughton)

Here is a happy idea, competently carried out We have first of all a section entitled St Andrews—Edinburgh, 1670" The middle of the book is concerned with "Moriston—Nithsdale, 1843 ' So far we have had an episode of Covenanting Days and an episode of the days of the Scottish Disruption The final part of the story is taken up with Etaples and France in the late War In all these stories we have a Rackstoun ready to suffer anything in order to keep the Faith, and the difficulties of each succeeding age exhibit the everlasting conflict that rages round the life of the spirit First there is Gilbert Rackstoun, done to death for preaching the pure Word of God then David Rackstoun, his descendant, ready to leave his home and manse on a point of religious belief, and, finally, a second Gilbert Rackstoun of our own days equally full of his duty as a Christian All are finely painted It is a full canvas and a moving story, told with the most sincere spiritual impulse We welcome particularly the part about the Disruption, which so many young folk have never heard of Mr s Burnett Smith has a peculiarly easy and winning style



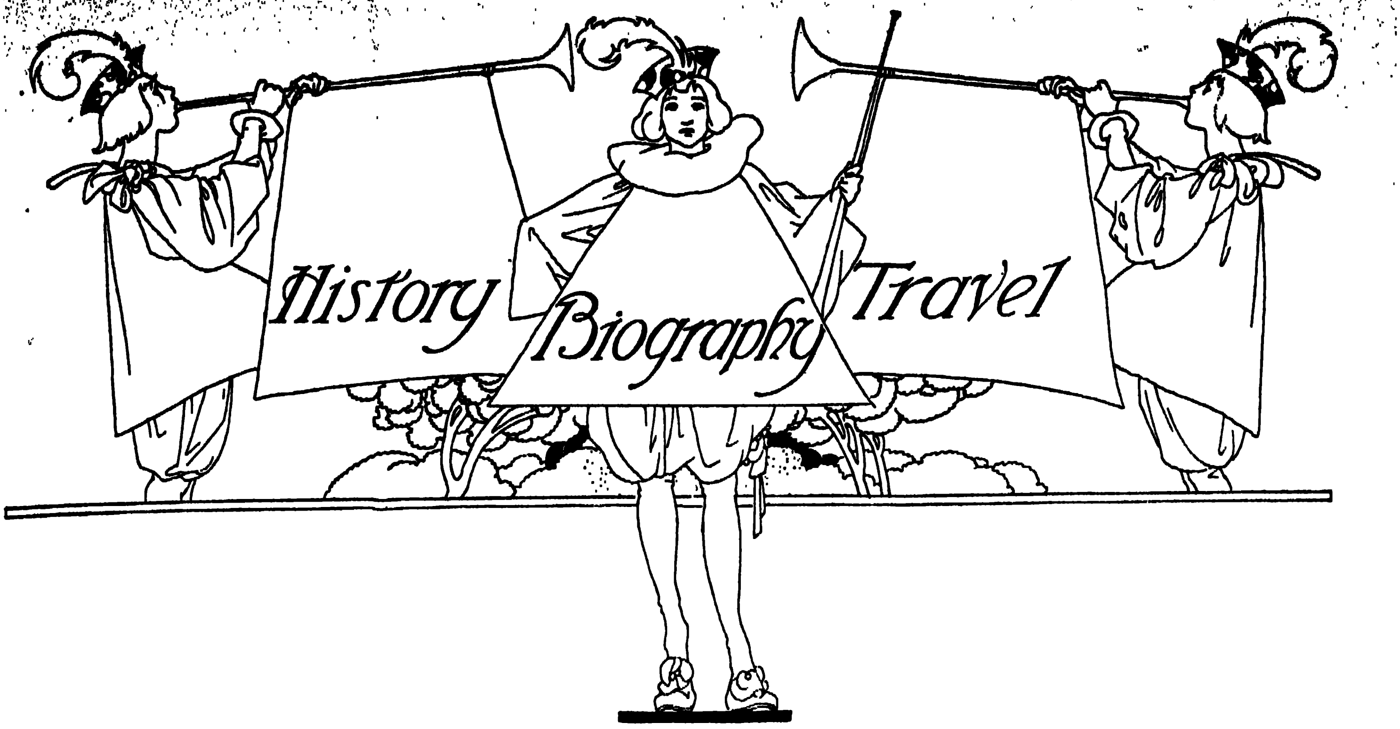
From The Riviera
(*Ward, Lock*).

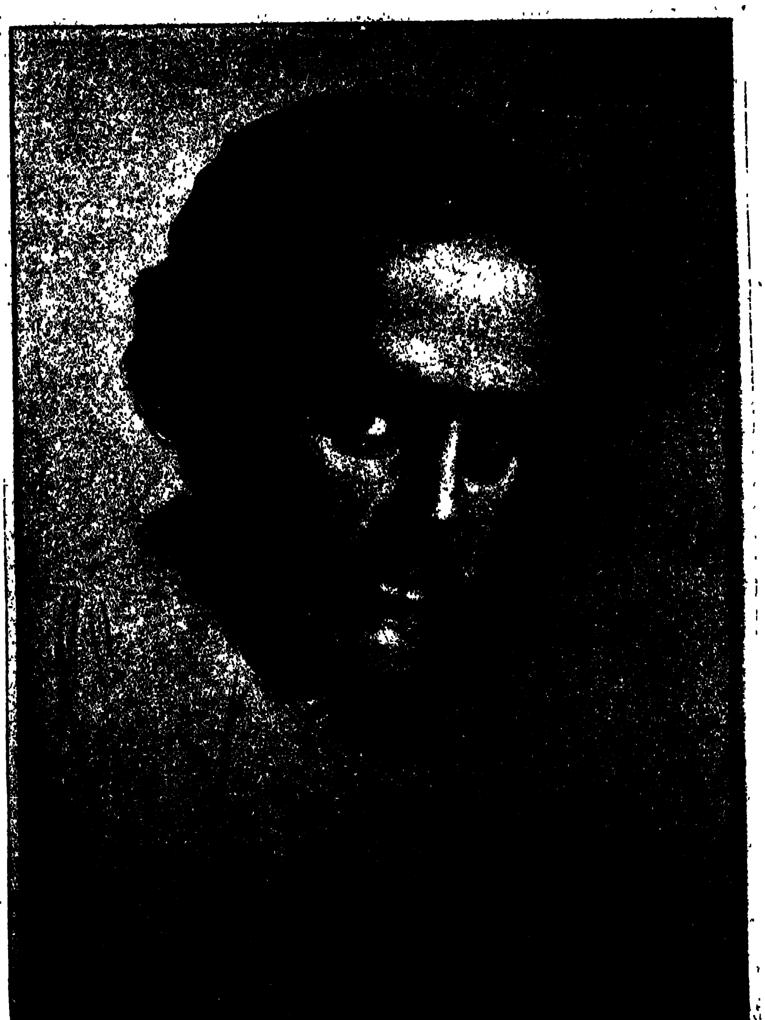
ALASSIO, FROM SANTA CROCE.



From The British Empire
By D. C. Somervell
(*Christophers*).

SYDNEY COVE IN 1788.





From Chapters of Autobiography
By Mrs. Edgar Dugdale
(*Cassell*).

ARTHUR JAMES BALFOUR (1877).
(From a drawing by George Richmond, R.A.)

DOES ADVENTURE CHANGE US?

"Blenden Hall" By J G Lockhart 10s 6d (Philip Allan)

"New Zealand Memories" By Brenda Guthrie 18s (Bodley Head)

"Under Peruvian Skies" By A Hyatt Verrill 21s (Hurst & Blackett)

"A Merchant Adventurer Among the Sea Gipsies" By Leopold Ainsworth 15s (Nisbet)

"Turkey Yesterday To-day and To-morrow" By Sir Telford Waugh 18s (Chapman & Hall)

"Life on a desert island discloses but does not change the nature of a man His faults and his virtues are shown in a fiercer light The coward, the wastrel and the egoist are branded as such, the man of resolution and character rises above his fellows, and all, good, bad and indifferent, return on their release to the old way of life, no better and no worse than they were in the days before their great adventure

So declares Mr Lockhart, basing his conclusion upon the passengers and crew of the East Indiaman *Blenden Hall*, London to Bombay, who, after the wreck of their ship in 1821, spent three and a half months on Inaccessible Island, some twenty miles from the lonely Tristan da Cuhna An extraordinarily unpleasant crowd they seem to have been, the crew surly, drunken, mutinous, the passengers (or nearly all of them) domineering cowardly bickering The captain (from the published narrative of whose son Mr Lockhart's story is retold) was gravely to blame for losing his ship in the first instance, though he did his best to repair the offence, he lacked the force of character which would have aroused our sympathy for him in his plight on the island Of the eighty odd souls thus cast ashore in circumstances sufficiently desperate to call forth a man's whole courage and resolution a mere handful acted like men The rest -well Mr Lockhart's story should serve as a tower of strength to cynics and as a very useful corrective to purblind idealists

Is it not truer a truism in fact to say that a man derives from hardship and adventure exactly as much as he puts into it? Take for instance the early settlers in New Zealand, as described by Miss Brenda Guthrie, whose book is concerned with the fortunes of her forbears In a poor and crowded ship her grandfather and his young wife travelled, a little over ninety years ago, to a country primitive, wild, and largely unexplored By dint of determination, persistence, and a high sense of social endeavour, they and their fellows laid the foundations of domestic and commercial life there, which are now bearing such excellent fruit by their adventure they conferred a benefit upon the world Miss Guthrie describes also the lives of her father and her brother– both officers in the New Zealand R A M C – and if her method of narration is occasionally a trifle laboured, her story is without doubt an inspiring one



From Turkey: Yesterday, To-day and To-morrow
By Sir Telford Waugh
(*Chapman & Hall*)

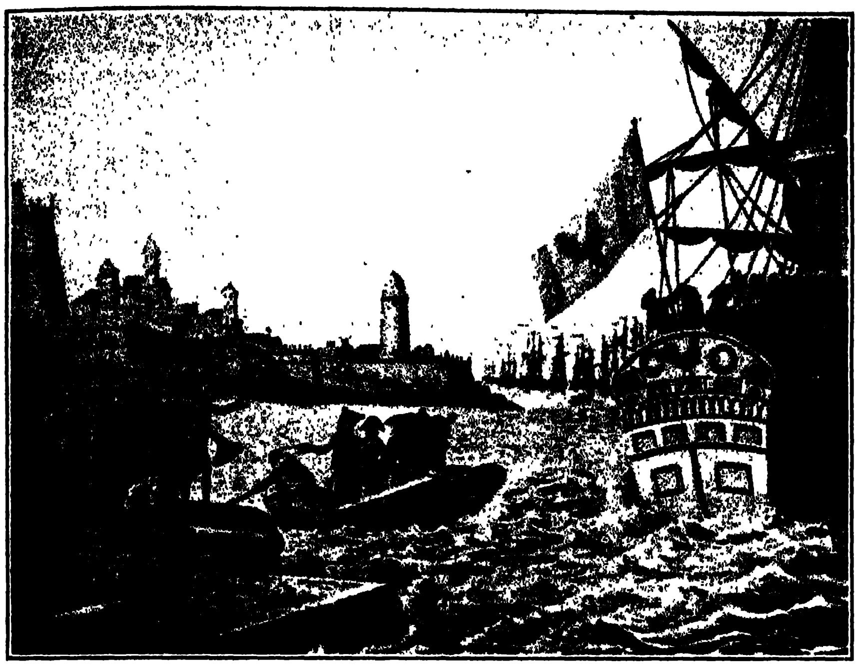
SCUTARI IN ALBANIA. FORTRESS AND BRIDGE OVER RIVER DRIN.

In Mr Ainsworth and Mr. Hyatt Verrill we meet adventure of a slightly different sort but both, I am certain, would admit to returning from it enhanced in mental stature and strengthened in moral fibre Mr. Verrill, who knows Peru as well as he does his hand, is primarily an archaeologist but he does not stress his



From Sitka
By Barrett Willoughby
(*Hodder & Stoughton*)

THE VACATION CABIN ON THE SHORES OF JAMESTOWN BAY.



From House of the Temple
By F. W. Ryan
(Burns, Oates & Washbourne).

GENERAL BONAPARTE LANDS AT DOGANA, VALLETTA, 12TH JUNE, 1798, AND IS RECEIVED BY HIS SUPPORTERS IN THE ORDER.

subject too greatly; he gives a wide and wholly admirable picture of Peru and its inhabitants, drawn with fullness and skill out of a genuine love for his subject. I read him—and his is a longish book—in two sittings separated only by the necessity of fortifying the inner man—and that in spite of the unrestful type in which his publishers have thought fit to enshrine his words.

Mr. Ainsworth's narrative, on the other hand, is as clear and honest as the page on which it is printed, indulging in no literary or typographical fantastics. He reveals himself as a survey expert and not a "professional pen driver"; but he loves Malaya, and at the invitation of a merchant—whom incidentally he never saw again—he landed on a formerly uninhabited island in the Mergui Archipelago and there established and supervised a successful saw mill. The majority of his workmen were sea gipsies, Mawken who spend their lives in precarious canoes about the islands, but whom he transformed into efficient workmen on land; he writes of them with real affection, describing their ways of life and something of their methods of thought, and managing to include accounts of magic and snakes and drinking in the Tropics, and an amazing Englishman who lives semi-native as the "Great White Chief." Mr. Ainsworth's book is certainly one which ought to achieve popularity, so fascinating is his tale and so unvarnished and sincere the manner of its telling.

I suppose one can call the diplomatic life adventurous; at least Sir Telford Waugh has the power of making it seem so. Sir Telford spent forty-four years in Turkey, forty-four years which effected profound changes in the character, customs and politics of that country. His book of reminiscences follows the diaries he kept throughout his long period of service—except the chapter which he calls "To-morrow," and in which he estimates "the value of the various factors making for success or failure in the future." It is true that he refuses to prophesy; but of the past he is less cautious—his story, though discreet, is full, entertaining, informative, and lit by streaks of sly humour and gentle irony. From the long adventure of Turkey and diplomacy, Sir Telford has returned with the stature of a shrewd and kindly giant.

Mr. Lockhart will have to look again at human nature.

W. BRANCH JOHNSON.

SITKA

By Barrett Willoughby. 20s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

When San Francisco was little more than an adobe mission, the foundries of Sitka were casting bells and the young Russian colony was establishing a new mode of life in a land more northerly than any the white man had ever settled before. To-day a few buildings, a small parade ground, and an occasional priest of the Orthodox Church are all that is left in Alaska to remind the traveller of the Russian occupation. The Thlingets, the perfidious Indians with whom the Russians fought and traded, are likewise disappearing or surviving only when shorn of their old customs. But the spirits of both remain, and Miss Willoughby has caught and translated them for us with an easy art which must have been difficult in the making. She introduces her tales of Baranov, first Governor of Alaska, of the Potlatch feasts of the Thlingets, and of such modern eccentrics as the Father of Pictures, with a casual meeting, a reminiscence, or a meditation on a tombstone, and each with an easy grace which carries the reader on



From Early Travellers in the Alps
By G. R. de Beer
(Sidgwick & Jackson).

VIEW OF THE GLACIER OF THE RHÔNE, *circa* 1777.
(Drawn by Besson, engraved by Niquet *fils*, from de Laborde's "Tableaux Topographiques, Pictoresques," etc., Paris, 1777–80.)



From Memoirs of My Early Life
By the Rt Hon Winston Churchill
(Thornton Butterworth)

MEMBER FOR OLDHAM.

delightedly from tale to tale until at last the picture of a romantic land is complete Combining lightly carried learning and a warm interest in everyday things she has made with them one of the most fascinating books of travel we have had this year



DR. SIDNEY SPENCER BROOMFIELD.
From Kachalola : The Early Life and Adventures of Sidney Spencer Broomfield
(Related by Himself)
(Davies)

THE MAN THEY COULDN'T ESCAPE

The Adventures of Detective Michael Fiaschetti of the Italian Squad (New York Police)
18s (Selwyn & Blount)

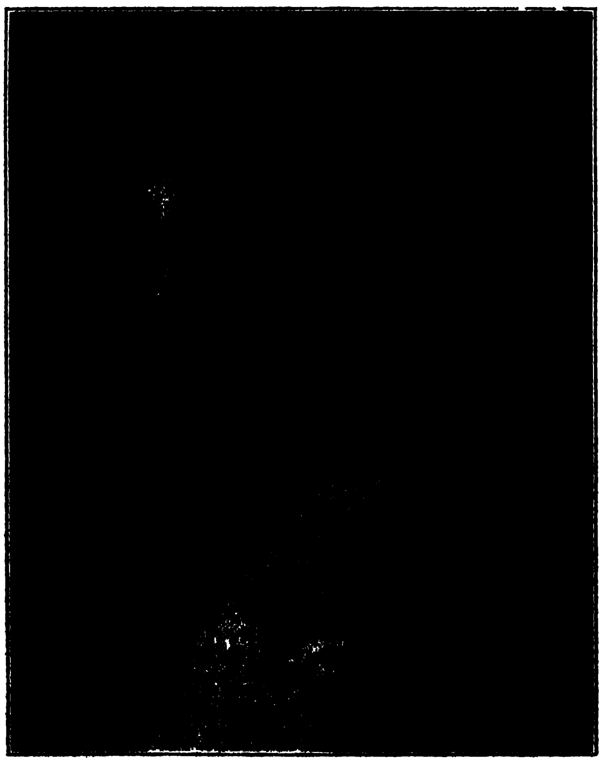
STEINHAUER. THE KAISER'S MASTER SPY

Edited by S T Felstead With Introduction by Admiral Sir W Reginald Hall
18s
(Bodley Head)

These two books, dissimilar in many ways, have a withering candour in common Despite the romantic head lines and resounding adjectives lavished on these careers, the writers leave their readers no illusions If the life of Fiaschetti, told in the most fluent American, appears at first reading to be the Twenty-two Glorious Tales of the Renaissance Bravo turned New York Crime Cop, an alternative sub-title speedily suggests itself : " The Bleak Epic of the Stool Pigeon " Fiaschetti was for sixteen years leader of a special squad dealing with Black Hand cases, and six more years chief of the Italian Squad. He made over one thousand arrests, covered the most celebrated crimes, and sent twelve men to the electric chair. In 1920 he visited Italy in disguise and penetrated the inner circles of the Camorra. Bombs, cocaine fiends, gangsters, cryptograms, Fiaschetti, with the hard jaw and love for the opera, knows all about that He can tell, too, an amusing tale of his French colleague and the poignant tale of the murderer who shouldn t have gone to the chair, just to prove he likes a joke and has a heart But he speaks with amazing frankness about his methods " The commonest way to detect crime is to trade freedom for information It beats the cigar ashes and green whiskers all hollow " Though his matter is excellent, his vocabulary and personality are even more fascinating He sums up the world Everybody's stealing Everybody s shouting

Gustave Steinhauer, guiding spirit of German Secret Service in England, 1900–1914, takes his melodramatic nickname with a non committal modesty He also mentions his not unfriendly acquaintance with the late William Le Queux But he had little to learn from that colourful sensationalist, although he does destroy the legend of the ubiquitous and well paid German spy He describes his operations in Great Britain, mainly on naval espionage, and his accounts of his adventures in Scotland, June, 1914, are particularly vivid and absorbing There are, in addition many glimpses of romance, treachery and terror, with close character studies of the spies of all nations The second part of his memoirs is a straightforward and unflattering picture of the ex-Kaiser whom he served as officer and bodyguard for many year

DESMOND RYAN



From The World I Used to Know, 1860–1912
By Frau Marie von Bunsen
(Thornton Butterworth).

FRAU MARIE VON BUNSEN.



From Mayerling By Claude Anet (*Hutchinson*). RUDOLPH.

MAYERLING:

The Love and Tragedy of a Crown Prince

By Claude Anet
10s 6d
(Hutchinson)

Truth is proverbially stranger than fiction, and few novels could surpass in human interest and excitement this record of an actual romance and tragedy, culminating in the shooting-lodge at Mayerling in 1888, when the Austrian Heir-Apparent, Prince Rudolph, shot his seventeen-year-old lover, Baroness Marie Vetsera, and then committed suicide Of the interplay of character and circumstance that led up to this tragedy, with its redeeming element of loyalty, Mr Ault writes after a thorough survey of all the available facts, and his style is vivid and moving without violating due restraint

A HISTORY OF RUSSIA

By N Brian Chaninov
8s 6d
(Dent)

M. Chaninov's history is a serviceable work which, while not always in proportion, gives as fair an impression of the chequered course of Russian history as could well be done within so small a compass. Starting from the premise that Russian civilisation has never blossomed to the full—a premise which can be admitted only if one ignores the literary and artistic renaissance of the nineteenth century—he gives a good account of the early town-republics, and then passes rapidly over the Tartar invasion and the "time of trouble" to the reign of Peter the Great. To Peter he does full justice, as he does in slighter measure to Ivan the Terrible—another monarch whom recent historians have somewhat rehabilitated. But it is not until he comes to the women who ruled in Russia in the eighteenth century that he enters wholeheartedly into the spirit of his subject Around Elizabeth and Catherine the Great he has drawn a picture of Russian life in the eighteenth century which is at the same time a picture of Russian life, as he sees it, in all times It is not of course a complete picture. M Chaninov seems to be one of those Russians whose faith has been impaired by the events of the Revolution. But it is a true one, and one which every Englishman who would understand the Russia of to-day should know



From Mayerling By Claude Anet (*Hutchinson*). MARY.



From The Royal Navy By Geoffrey Parratt (*Sheldon Press*). ADMIRAL JELLICOE.

FAMOUS SEA-FIGHTERS

By C L Lewis
10s 6d
(Harrap)

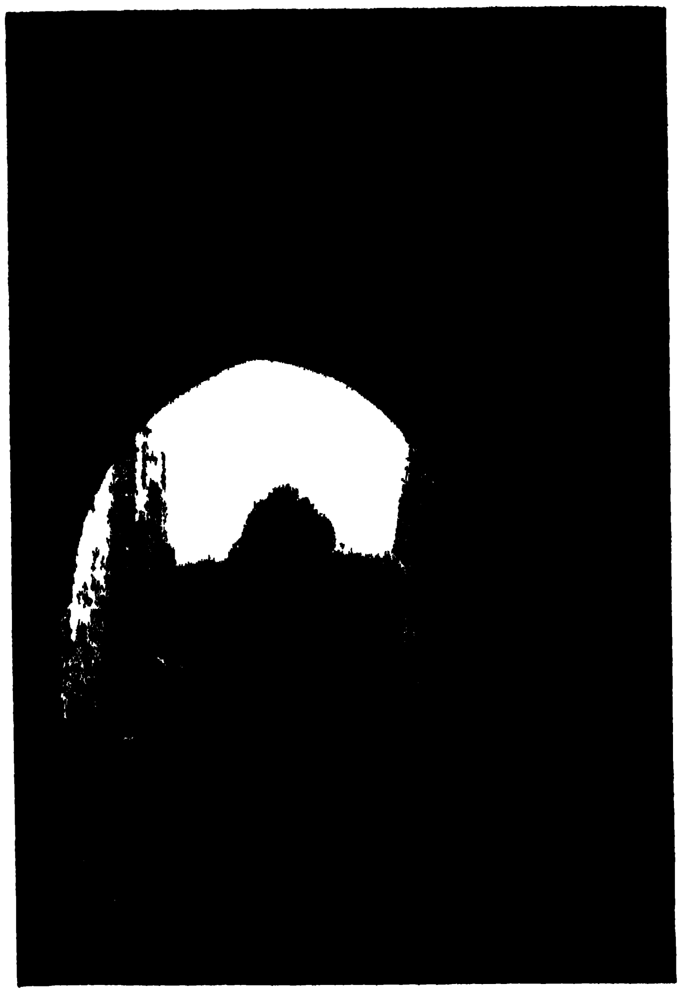
Though many people believe that our sophisticated youth have lost the taste for adventure stories, publishers' obviously do not. For once more in Mr. Lewis's book we have stories of life and adventure on the High Seas. "Famous Sea-Fighters" is a collection of the adventures of famous admirals and sea-rovers We may think that yarns of the sea have been exploited to the utmost limit; Mr. Lewis proves otherwise In his book we have a wider range than usual. His characters are not all Englishmen. They include Roman, Viking French, Austrian and Japanese.

Of course, no story dealing with the sea would be complete without its Drake and Nelson, and this book is no exception The author deals very fully with our national heroes, not provocatively, but not in any way dully. The whole book is pleasant and easy reading.



From Arabian Peak and Desert
By Ameen Rihani
(*Constable*)

SANA, THE COURT AND FOUNTAIN OF THE HOUSE WE OCCUPIED



From Life of Jesus
By Basil Mathews
(*Oxford University Press*)

TWO WOMEN CREPT OUT LIKE SHADOWS FROM THE CITY TO THE ORCHARD.



From The Messiah Jesus and John the Baptist
By Robert Eisler
(*Methuen*)

THE SLEB, A TRIBE OF WANDERING CRAFTSMEN OF SYRIA AND ARABIA.
(So-called from the mark of the cross (Salib) on their foreheads.)



From Wanderings in Wildest Africa
By Dugald Campbell
(*R.T.S.*).

THE TRANS-SAHARAN POSTMAN.

EARLY TRAVELLERS IN THE ALPS.

By G. R. de Beer. 10s. 6d. (Sidgwick & Jackson.)

A large number of people will be going out to the Alps within the next few weeks, and they all ought to read this



From Sam Pollard
By Walter Pollard
(*Seeley, Service*).

SHOEING A HORSE IN THE BED OF A RIVER.

book to still their grumblings and help them to count their blessings. When they are in their sumptuous hotels they may remember the unfortunate tourists of 1545 who had to sleep in a fowlhouse, and the unhappy experience of John Evelyn, the diarist, who a century later occupied a bed recently vacated by a smallpox patient. The discomforts of travel nowadays are trivial indeed compared with those of earlier days, and this record, illustrated



From Early Travellers in the Alps
By G. R. de Beer
(*Sidgwick & Jackson*).

VIEW OF GRINDELWALD, *circa* 1700.
(Drawn by Meyer, engraved by Zingg, from Gruner's "Eisgebirge des Schweizerlandes," Berne, 1760.)



From The Story of Fergie Bey
Told by Himself and some of His Friends
(*Macmillan*).

"I ALSO HAD MY HOUR."

with reproductions of contemporary woodcuts and engravings, is of singular interest.

THE STORY OF FERGIE BEY

Told by Himself and Some of His Friends

18s. (Macmillan.)

As a District Commissioner employed by the Sudan Government, Captain Fergusson did wonderful work among the wild tribes, identifying himself particularly with the Nuers. He had inherited an aptitude for medical and surgical work which came in extraordinarily useful, and his unselfishness, optimism and capacity for hard work made him popular wherever he went. Owing to treachery he was murdered by the Nuers in 1927. This is his story, gathered from his own journal and other sources—an inspiring story of a full life gallantly spent.

THE LIFE OF A LONDON BEAK

By H. L Cancellor.
With a Foreword by Sir Chartres Biron
Illustrated 18s (Hurst & Blackett)

Mr Cancellor had a very wide experience of life on the London Bench at Marylebone, Thames and Marlborough Street Police Courts These memoirs, written during a busy life, were interrupted by death a few months after his retirement in August, 1929 A thoughtful mind, a humane reformer, and a conscientious magistrate are unconsciously reflected in these restrained but informative pages Part One is occupied with personal recollections of the first seven years as a Beak, Part Two with such problems as gamblers, husbands and wives, poor prisoners, children, fraudulent persons, betting laws and the Boys' Garden Colony at Basingstoke, Part Three with the good judges' friends and colleagues incidental to fifteen years' varied experience



ARTHUR KIPPS, ESQ.
(From a sketch by H G Wells)
From H. G. Wells
By Geoffrey West
(*Gerald Howe*)



From The Life of a London Beak
By H L Cancellor
(*Hurst & Blackett*).

SIR JAMES FITZ-JAMES STEPHEN.
(From a sketch by the late Sir Frank Lockwood, Q.C.)

The book has an apt title for, although witty stories abound and famous cases are recalled, the actual duties and methods of a magistrate and his daily unravelling of tragic tangles in London life are here minutely described and have the greater prominence

OUT OF THE DEPTHS

By Joseph Hocking
7s 6d (Ward, Lock)

This daring plot, in which an ex-convict out in a rough mining district of South Africa suddenly takes the place of a parson about to proceed to a Cornish parish, is triumphantly pulled off One might have thought that even in Mr Hocking's experienced hands the whole business might have been rather too improbable to be swallowed. Not at all! The reader, fascinated at the idea of a convinced unbeliever arriving to wear a dead man's shoes, reads on, enthralled. Treleaven, at the death of Barcroft so suddenly out there in the wilds, is resolved to become respectable again, and snatches eagerly at the idea of impersonating the man who has just passed over. How he carried through the services, preached, visited the dying, is all told with spirit and conviction.



From Dumas : Father and Son
By Francis Gribble
(*Nash & Grayson*)

ALEXANDRE DUMAS PÈRE (1840).

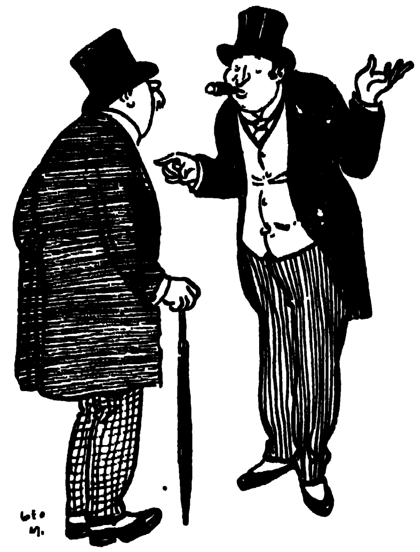


BARRINGTON PICKING THE POCKET OF J. BROWN, ESQ., OF BRANDFORD.
From The Prince of Pickpockets
By R. S Lambert
(*Faber & Faber*).

which Mr. West quotes freely, lighten up the story of his early struggles, which are related in the most fascinating detail. The later life of Wells the successful novelist, pamphleteer and prophet, almost, though never quite, degenerates into a list of books, but it ends with a shrewd appraisement. Mr. West glosses over nothing. Complimentary and uncomplimentary stand side by side, and he does not spare the rather painful relation of Mr. Wells's war-time jingoism. The general impression of the book is, as it should be, of the greatness and exceeding vitality of the man. It mav well be called a sketch, for there has been incident enough in Wells's life for volumes. Certainly the complete portrait will never be written without Mr. West's book as its foundation.



From The Conversations of Dr. Johnson Edited by R. W. Postgate (*Knopf*). TALKING EARNESTLY, IN A KIND OF CONFIDENTIAL WHISPER.



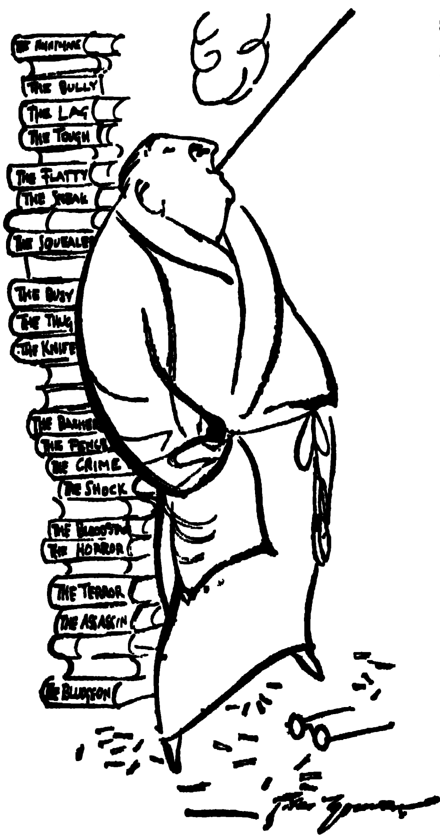
From Wisdom for the Wise By A. P. Herbert (*Methuen*). THE FINANCIER.

H. G. WELLS: A SKETCH FOR A PORTRAIT

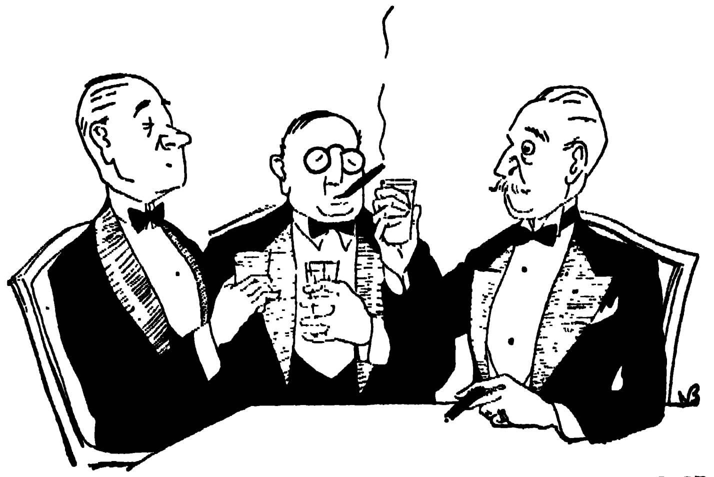
By Geoffrey West. 10s. 6d. (Howe.)

For this book, the first full study of his life, Mr. Wells has given every assistance, though, as he says in his introduction to himself, he sees no reason "why the particulars of an author's life need to be recorded." His brother, Mr. Frank Wells, and many others, particularly his close friend, Mr. Arnold Bennett, have also given freely of information and letters; and the result is one of those irritatingly absorbing books that must be read at a sitting until the fire is out and the hour decidedly a.m.

Wells must be a delightful correspondent. The vigour and fun of his letters,



From Meet These People By Reginald Arkell (*Herbert Jenkins*). "I LIKE EDGAR WALLACE IN SPITE OF HIS BOOKS."

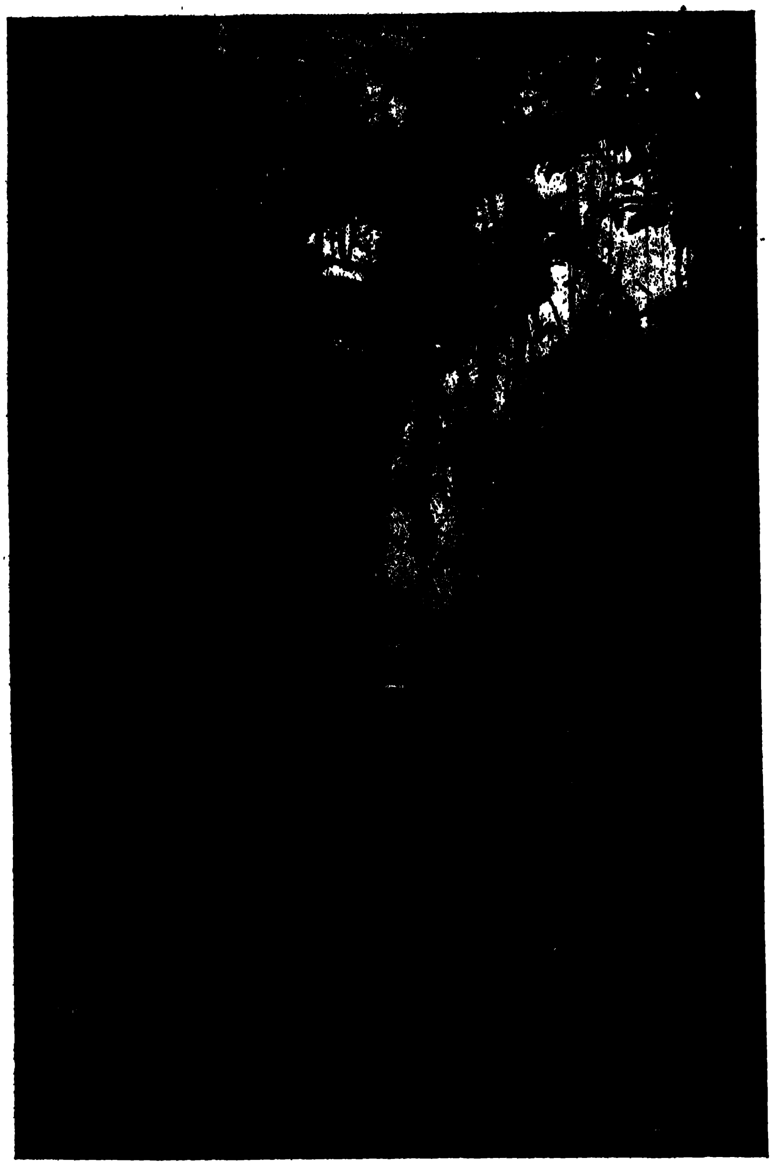


From New Cautionary Tales By H. Belloc (*Duckworth*). AT WASHINGTON. INSTEAD OF WINE THEY GIVE YOU WATER FROM THE SPRING WITH LUMPS OF ICE FOR FLAVOURING.

THOSE PEOPLE

"Meet These People." By Reginald Arkell. With caricatures by Bert Thomas. Revised and enlarged edition. 3s. 6d. (Jenkins.)

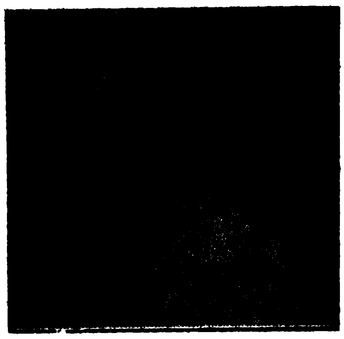
Mr. Arkell's comments on celebrities of all kinds in his charming and disarming verse and Mr. Thomas's brilliant drawings have made this book something of a classic. Every page sparkles with fun and, for those who have the misfortune not to know it, we can recommend no more lively Christmas book to "self."



From Amazon and Andes
By Kenneth G. Grubb
(*Methuen*).

THE BRAZILIAN FOREST.

amusing to consider how this rather solemn son of an entirely reckless father turned a love affair of his own into a kind of moral lesson in which it is the duty of a lady of pleasure to sacrifice herself on behalf of French male nobility.



MISS MARJORIE LAURIE,
Who has now completed the translation of the Works of Guy de Maupassant
(*Werner Laurie*).

ROC

By Edmund Vale. 6s. (Dent.)

By this fanciful conceit, temperate and unsentimental, the vogue of the dog in literature stands a good chance of being re-established. Roc is an Irish setter and the story "gives a dog's-eye view of battle-fields, back areas, British soldiers, and French peasants." The author is gifted with a fine feeling for historic scene, and for the strange, sad poetry of desolation. The hare chase with the dog's illusion of freedom, the dramatic incident of the lone dog's visit to no-man's town, culminating in the word picture of the burning church, rival the imaginative power embodied in the description of the ghost dog in searing brevity. A skilful touch here and there forces the narrative out of the sombre key of death—the spacious plain of Douai, "a scene of great beauty, and yet it was sinister, so sinister that he could not recall a single work of art that could equal it in this respect."

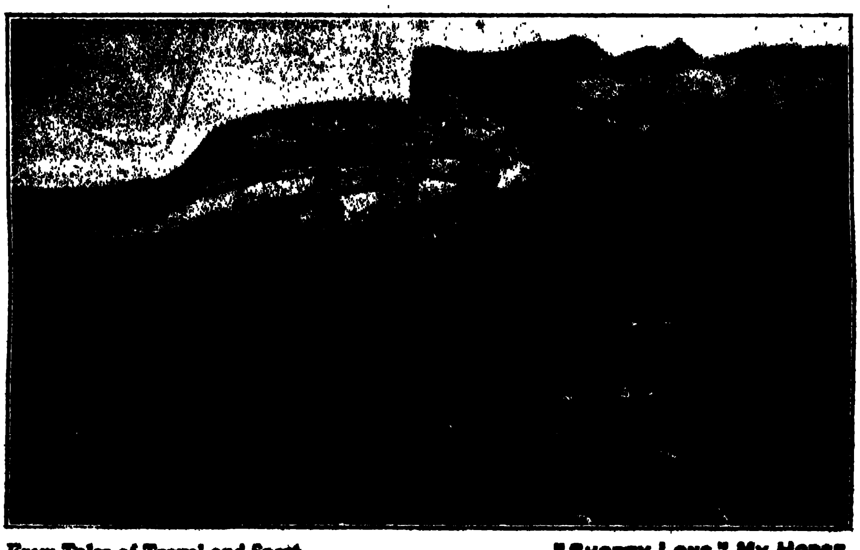


MISS JOAN CONQUEST
Author of "The Reckoning"
(*Werner Laurie*).

DUMAS FATHER AND SON

By Francis Gribble. 21s. net. (Nash & Grayson.)

The laughing glory of Dumas the elder, the literary fame of his more circumspect son, and the prowess of that Munchausen-like mulatto, grandfather General Dumas, are delightfully recorded by a loving and slightly ironic hand. This is one of Mr. Gribble's finest achievements in biography. In one very circumstantial chapter, the partnership between Dumas *père* and his business associate, Maquet, is told in detail. One is convinced that Maquet did a great deal of the immense work credited to the more famous pen; but is Mr. Gribble right in stating decidedly that Maquet "devised the stories and wrote them," leaving Dumas to make paraphrases, put in incidents and supply unlimited padding? That is claiming rather much for the lesser Frenchman. In the outlines of the life of Dumas *fils* the whole story of "The Lady of the Camellias" from its inception in life is fully detailed, with the transmutation of Marie Duplessis, the notorious courtesan, into the tender and high-souled Marguerite Gauthier. It is

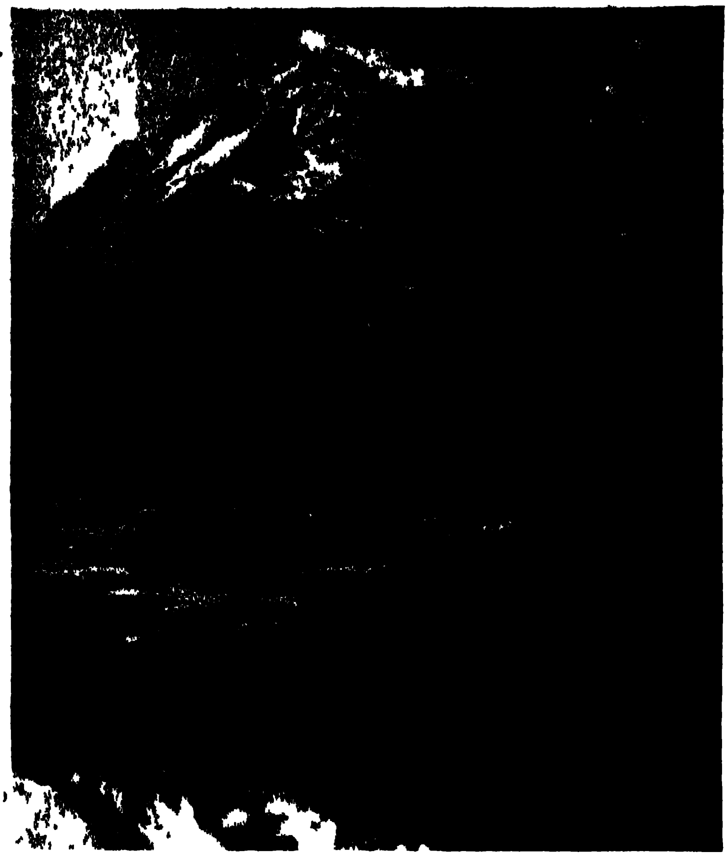


From Tales of Travel and Sport
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(*Thornton Butterworth*)

"SHORTY LONG," MY HORSE WRANGLER IN ALBERTA.

GOLDSEEKERS AND BUSHRANGERS IN NEW ZEALAND

By J. R. Elder. 3s 6d (Blackie)



From Goldseekers and Bushrangers in New Zealand
By John Rawson Elder
(*Blackie*)

MOUNT TUTOKO, MILFORD TRACK, SOUTHLAND, SOUTH ISLAND.
(New Zealand Government Publicity Photo.)

In five full and documented chapters John Rawson Elder, Professor of History in the University of Otago, New Zealand, tells the romantic, thrilling and sometimes sombre epic of early gold-mining and bushranging in a far dominion Prospectors, scientists, settlers and miners in the forties and sixties of the last century endured and dared much to found the young colony's prosperity. As the pioneers are here revealed their spirit, adventures, hardships and devotion surpassed all fiction in a constant round of peril, frequent disappointment and occasional ultimate reward Four chapters cover the Coromandel Thames, Nelson, Westland, Otago and West Coast goldfields and their sturdy explorers and conquerors The concluding chapter deals with the rare but dark episodes of robbery under arms in New Zealand's history The villainy of Burgess and his gang is a melodramatic contrast to the manly adventures of camp and bush the writer so well depicts



BERTRAM ATKEY,
Author of "The House of Strange Victims"
(*Appleton*)

THE LETTERS OF TWO FISHERMEN

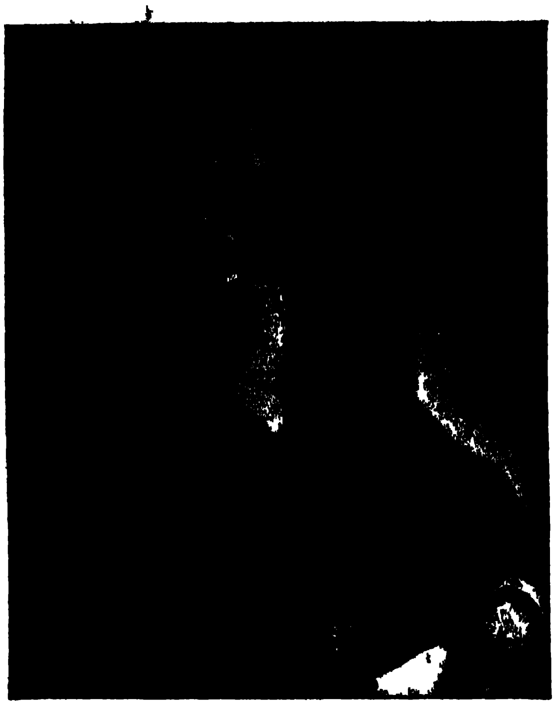
By Hugh Copley Illustrated 6s (Warne)

Angling experiences in West Africa and on English rivers have been used by the author in this pleasantly written little book to construct a series of sixteen letters between two young engineers One correspondent relates adventures on West African coasts and seas The other remains in England. But the common interest deepens as the correspondence grows and in a very readable form the reader can learn much about the art of catching fish, from landing pike to battling with sharks and other deep-sea monsters Mr Copley claims the sea-fishing possibilities of the West Coast of Africa are even to this day practically unknown and unexplored There is an appendix on suitable fishing-tackle for anglers the author's enthusiasm persuades to explore tropical waters, and twelve excellent plates.



From The Letters of Two Fishermen
By Hugh Copley
(*Warne*).

A BRIDGE IN NORTHERN NIGERIA.



From A Basketful of Memories
By Thomas Okey
(*Dent*)

THOMAS OKEY.
(From the painting by Sir George Clausen.)

FROM SCOTLAND'S PAST

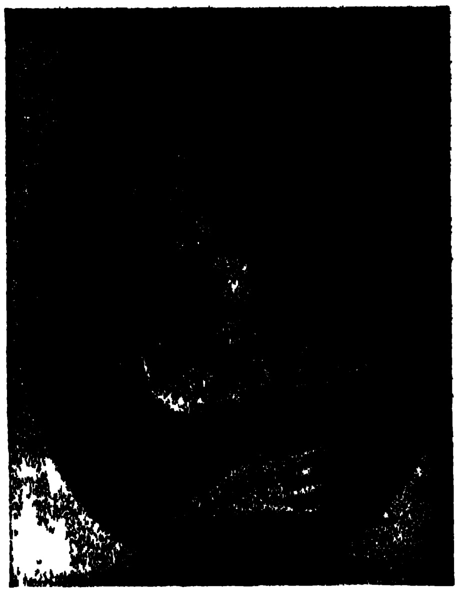
By J G Fyfe 6s (Heath Cranton)

A thoroughly readable book is a treasure for anyone to light upon, and that is what we have here in these chapters on the high events of Scotland's history It would be good if more of history could be taught, in a general way, by so entertaining a method, for Mr Fyfe's work is trustworthy and clear as well as attractive Like most good Scots he begins with the Queen, Mary, and her troublous life, begins indeed with Andrew Lang's striking words, "For Mary men poured out their blood like water She was more to them than a woman; she was a religion, an ideal" The chapters lead on to the attempt on King James's life, lured by the pot of gold, and on, with many a side piece of history, to the days of Prince Charlie, and that disastrous ending. The past lives again in the hands of this skilled narrator

HIGHWAY INTO SPAIN

By Marcel Aurousseau 21s (Peter Davies)

"Highway into Spain," by Marcel Aurousseau, is fruit from a different tree; it is, to put it briefly, "a stream of consciousness" travel book of a walking trip from Paris to Madrid, a trip which lasted for some fifty days The descriptions of the countryside and of the people met *en route* are well done and convincing; it is a leisurely work, even as it was a leisurely excursion, and the author finds material enough for seven hundred pages This reviewer can only say, so subjective is the book, that if this is the sort of thing you like, you will like this sort of thing.



ELIZABETH CLAYPOLE.
From a miniature by Samuel Cooper
(Copyright of the Duke of Devonshire)
From Studies in Cromwell's Family Circle
By R W Ramsey
(*Longmans*).

THE ADVENTURE OF PAUL OF TARSUS

By Rev H. F B. Mackay 7s 6d. (Philip Allan)

Biographies of Paul are many, but the story will always bear retelling by anyone who can strike the old keys with a new touch This Mr. Mackay can certainly do He recounts the tale as one of splendid adventure, and so it should be told. Thus it gets a kindling and arresting quality which more pedestrian "Lives" often lack The author's personal knowledge of the East enables him to paint vivid pictures of the Pauline itineraries. Besides this, he has that power—so dangerous if not kept under control, so helpful if disciplined—of getting inside the character of his man, and thus revealing not only the exterior, but the soul. Altogether a very fine book, and one from which even those who already know the mere facts of Paul's career from beginning to end will learn much.



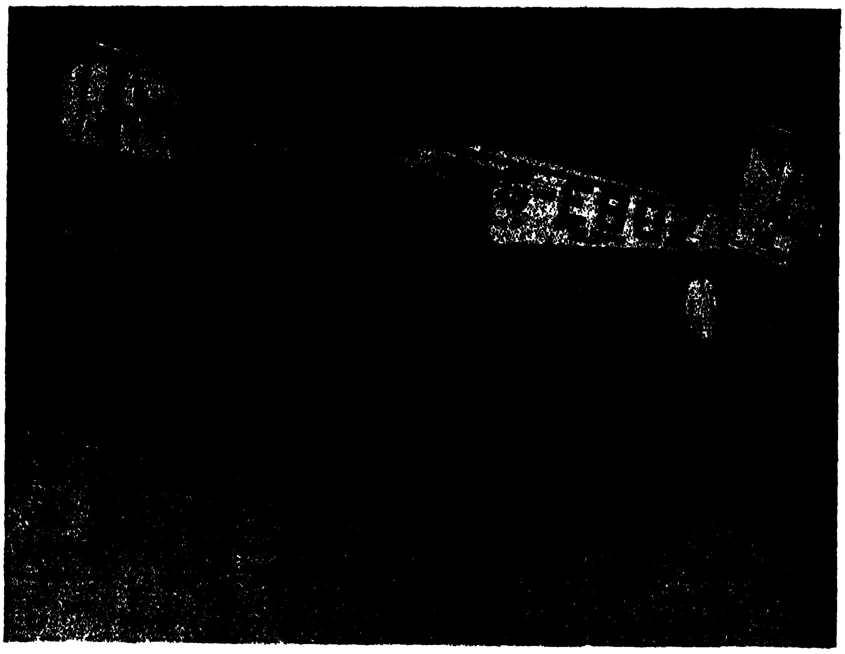
From Byrd's Great Adventure
By F Trevelyan Miller
(*Stanley Paul*).

BYRD'S MOTHER AND HER FAMOUS SON.

THE ROMANCE OF A MODERN AIRWAY

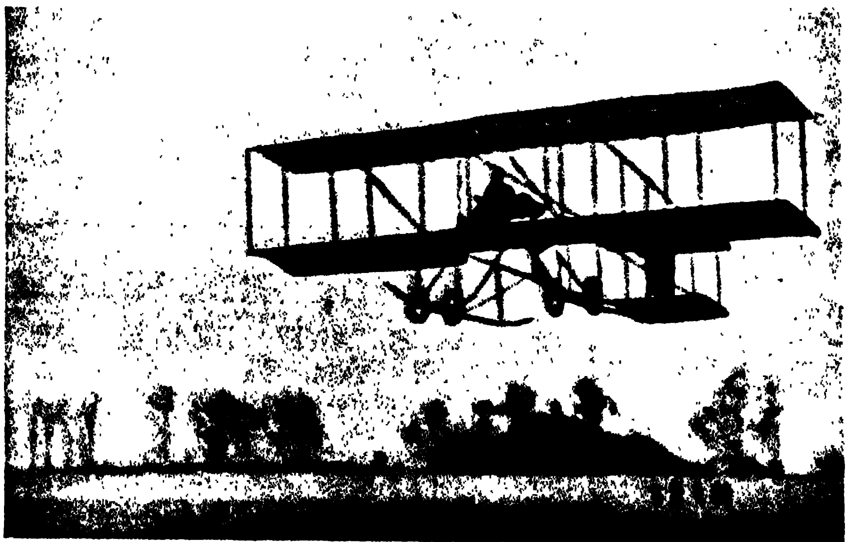
By Harry Harper.
6s. (Sampson Low.)

The introduction to this volume gives a poignant note of tragedy. It is from the pen of Air Vice-Marshal Sir Sefton Brancker, who, as director of Civil Aviation, lost his life in R101. In the concluding paragraph he welcomes the work " as an additional means of educating the British Public to the great possibilities of commercial aviation, and its vital importance to our future as a nation." Mr. Harper divided his book into four sections ; A Peep into the Past ; A Modern Airway Station ; Wonders of Airway Progress ; Thrills and Delights of Airway Travels. As a reference book on modern aviation it is excellent. The hundred admirable photographic illustrations are a very considerable aid to the digestion of the reading matter.



From The Romance of a Modern Airway
By Harry Harper
(*Sampson Low*).

AIR PASSENGERS FROM PARIS ALIGHTING AT CROYDON.



From Flying
By Claude Grahame-White
(*Chatto & Windus*).

MR GRAHAME-WHITE ASCENDING ON HIS FIRST ATTEMPT TO FLY FROM LONDON TO MANCHESTER IN APRIL, 1910.

FLYING

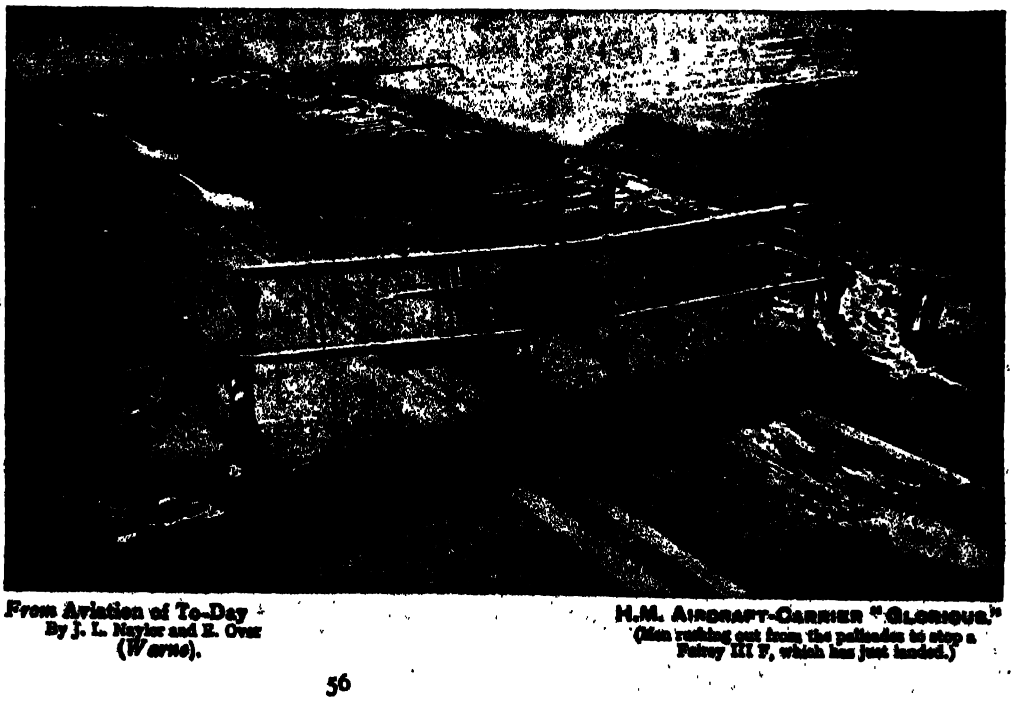
By Claude Grahame-White. 12s. 6d.
(Chatto & Windus.)

In this book we have one of the best non-technical works on the development of aviation. The author is very well fitted for his task.

He was one of the great pioneers of English flying and in the Great War did great service as a pilot and instructor. Yet the book is in no sense a reminiscence. It is the history of aviation up to the present day and a forecast for the future. It is the latter which proves most interesting. Mr. Grahame-White carefully points out that, with international conditions and regulations as they are, the "development of long distance commercial flying will have little or no chance. He suggests a board of international air control, functioning in connection with the League of Nations.

Another chapter of great significance is that dealing with airships. The author, writing without any bias, compares the progress made by the giant airship to that of the aeroplane and arrives at the conclusion that, whatever the case for the airship there is a stronger one for the aeroplane, which will serve us better in the long run than any airship could possibly do.

The other parts of the book are all excellent : interesting and well written. The illustrations are remarkable and the book is a worthy acquisition for any library.



From Aviation of To-Day
By J. L. Naylor and E. Over
(*Warne*).

H.M. AIRCRAFT-CARRIER "GLORIOUS."
(Men rushing out from the palisades to stop a Fairey III F, which has just landed.)

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By Nicholas Size With illustrations 2s 6d net. (Warne)

"The Real Romance of Unconquered Lakeland" is the sub-title of this book, and it will come as a surprise to many readers to learn that while all the other counties of England were held in the iron grip of William the Conqueror, Cumberland and Westmoreland defied him Not only did they defy him, but they kept themselves fed by mysteriously capturing the convoys of food that came up as far as Carlisle for the use of the baffled armies of the Norman It is a fine, proud story that Mr Size tells embellishing a little here and there, but never falsifying the chronicle The illustrations are fascinating, showing a bit of country well worth defending Mr Hugh Walpole has added an appreciative and sympathetic foreword Lakeland will have many a new visitor, we prophesy, after the reading of this book



From The Secret Valley By Nicholas Size (*Warne*)

WILD FIGHTING COUNTRY ON THE STYHEAD.



From Paterson of Hebron By W Ewing (*Clarke*)

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PATERSON OF HEBRON

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The noble story of a noble gentleman who, through his devoted and unsleeping labours brought light and comfort to many who suffered in the grey old city of Hebron. Dr Paterson, a Scottish missionary, went to Hebron first in 1893 and left it in 1922. His medical skill took him into countless homes, he had thoroughly mastered the common speech and could gauge the subtle workings of the Eastern mind We are all aware how great have been the troubles and ferment in the vexed land of Palestine Dr Paterson was able constantly to give good counsel to those in authority and his influence was far-spread Professor Nicol, Convenor of the Church of Scotland Jewish Committee, told the General Assembly from personal witness how Paterson was loved Visiting a little patient he had cured, the father of the child, one of the Sheikhs of the Great Mosque, threw himself on the doctor's neck murmuring, "What *is* it that makes you Christians show such kindness to us poor Moslems ?" This is a fine stirring biography of a man who is one of our living heroes, and whom Palestine could ill spare



From The Seven Lost Trails of Africa By Hedley A. Chilvers (*Cassell*).

LEOPARDS PREPARING TO ATTACK THE WHITE HUNTER'S OXEN OUTSPANNED ON THE WAY TO THE LOST VALLEY OF PRECIOUS STONES.

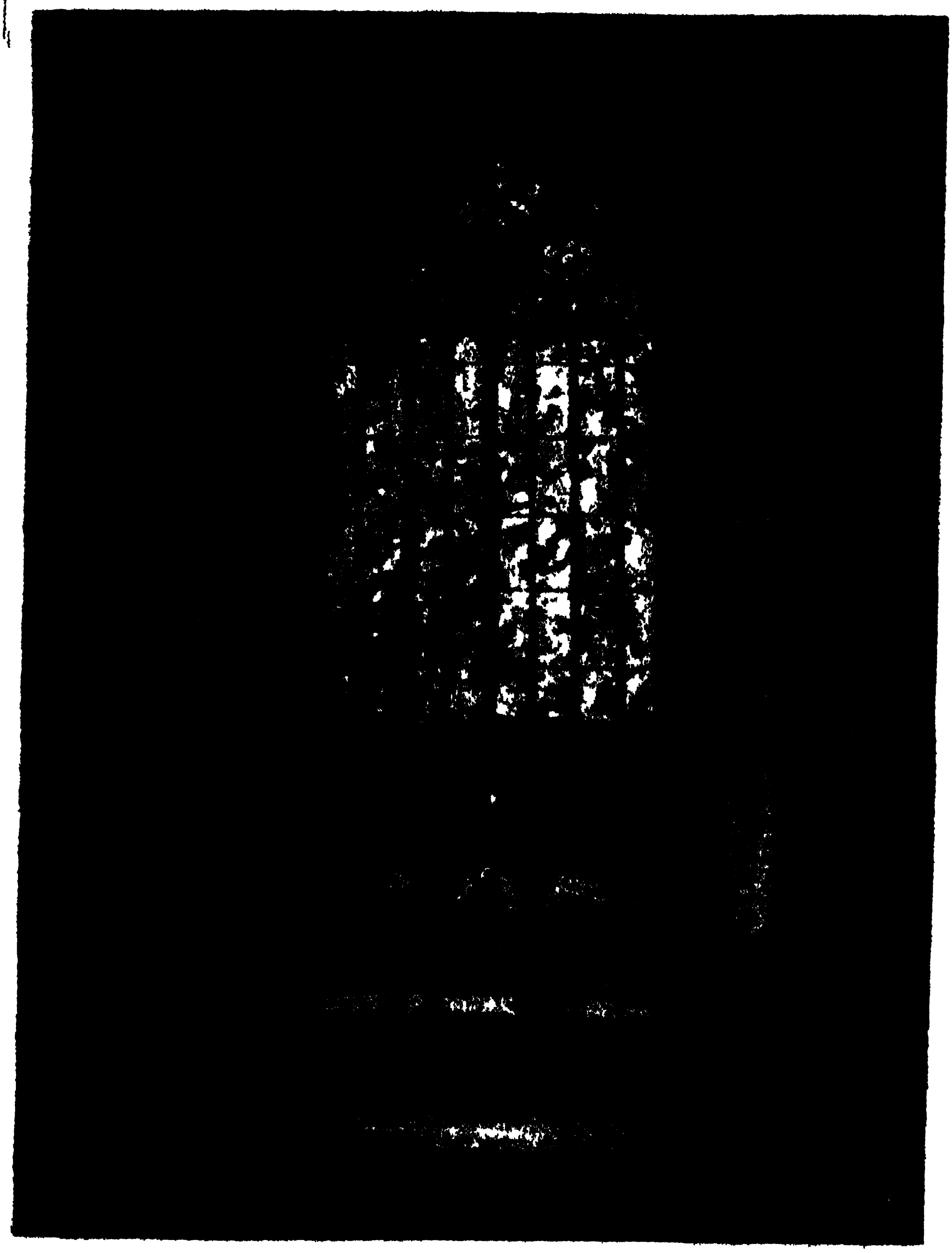


JOHN MASEFIELD POET LAUREATE A PORTFOLIO BY EUGÈNE HASTAIN



Drawing by Eugène Hastain

THE POET LAUREATE



THE COMING OF CHRIST *Painting by [illegible]*

'Hail little captain, tender browed, with
fingers far too frail for swords'



BEAUTY

Painting by Eugène Hastain

'I have seen the lady April bringing
the daffodils'



SPANISH WATERS

Painting by Eugène Hastain

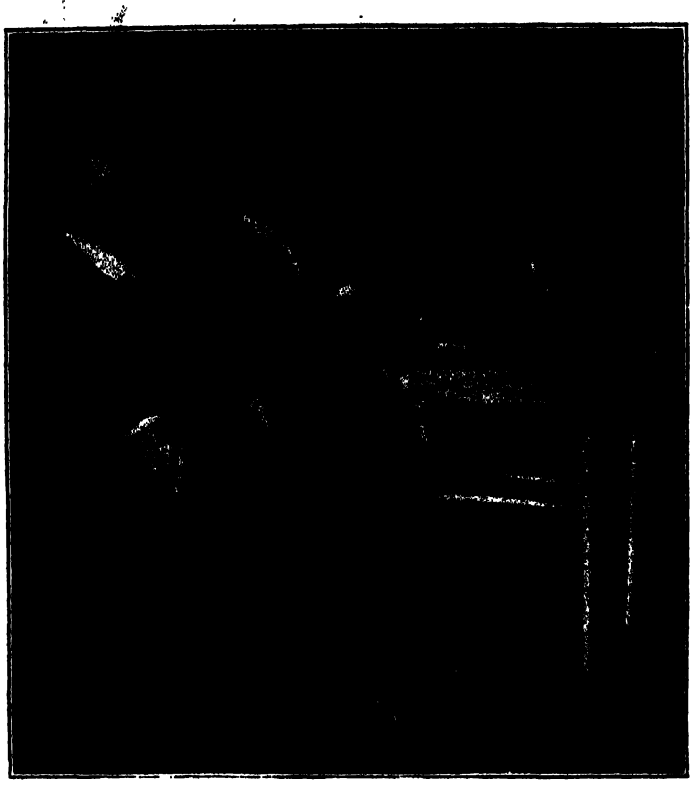
'I'm the last alive that knows it
All the rest have gone their ways'



CARGOES

Painting by [illegible]

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From Essays and Speeches on Various Subjects
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(*Thornton Butterworth*).

DR. GUSTAV STRESEMANN, SIR AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN, AND M. BRIAND AT THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS PALACE.



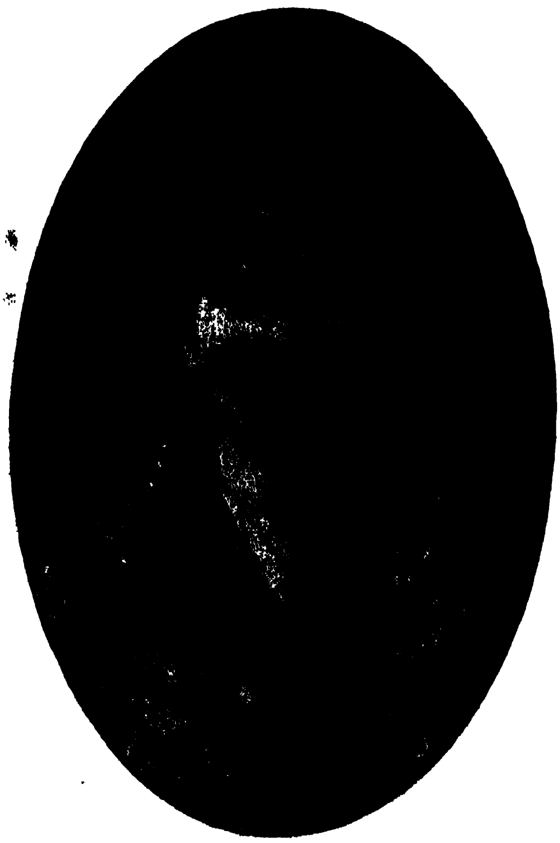
MR. PHILIP INMAN.
Author of "The Silent Loom"
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Mr. Chichester is a young man who left England, his birthplace, and travelled steerage to New Zealand, returned home first-class and flew back to Sydney. The book is the story of his flight and subsequent adventures on route. By now the route to Australia seems to have become one of the most popular ways of getting to that country. The author however had only been flying for three months, so his achievement is all the more meritorious.

The book is not quite as successful as the flight, but it has the virtue of being a consolation to amateur pilots who find themselves unable to fly a plane after the first few attempts.



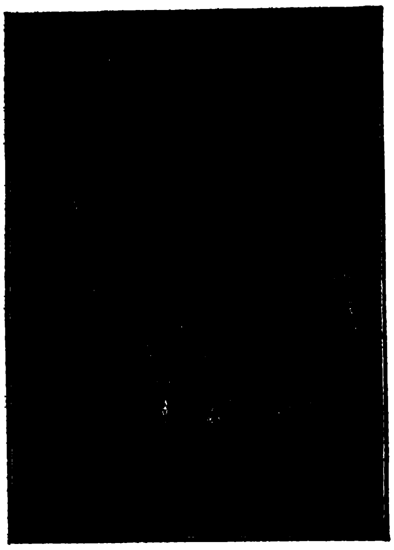
From A Book of Grace
By Grace Rhys
(*Dent*).

MRS. GRACE RHYS.



From Parachuting
By Charles Dixon
(*Sampson Low*).

COLONEL CHARLES LINDBERGH, THE CHIEF CATERPILLAR—WHO HAS SAVED HIS LIFE FOUR TIMES WITH AN IRVIN PARACHUTE.



MR. UPTON SINCLAIR,
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Dr. Ivens, who is the most conscientious of workers and brings to his labours a happy curiosity, has taken for his present research problem the question of how and why the people of Mal construct their artificial islands, the antiquity and doubtful origin of the practice, with a description of the social organisation, magic and religion of the inhabitants. Among scores of curious details, one comes across an instance of how the body of a chief is held in reverence. No one may cross over his legs. To do so is to despise him, being tantamount to a declaration of the infidelity of his wife. The book is profusely illustrated from photographs which are even more interesting than the text.



From The Island Builders of the Pacific
By Walter G. Ivens
(*Seeley, Service*).

STORE HOUSE.
ADA GEGE ISLAND.



From Digging up the Past
(*Ernest Benn*).

BAKING CLAY TABLETS AT UR.
(The tins are being put in a furnace heated by vaporised oil from the reservoir on the house roof.)

V. S. S. COLES

Edited by J. F. Briscoe, M.A. 7s. 6d. net. (Mowbray.)

This is a biography of one who held a high place among the workers of the Anglo-Catholic movement. To those who knew Mr. Coles the book will be a cherished memorial; and to those readers who did not know him the letters and addresses which make up a large part of the volume will reveal a fine intellect and a fine spirit. Those who want to know the inner side of the Anglo-Catholic movement during the last fifty years cannot afford to let the book go unread.



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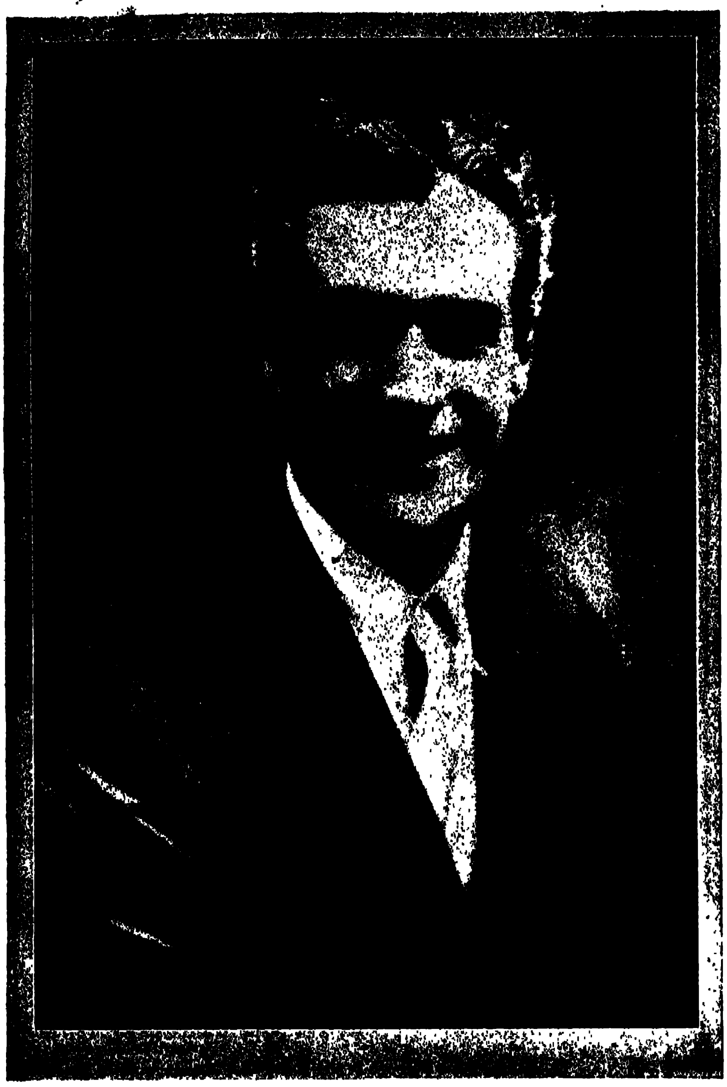


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From Black Cap : Murder Will Out
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PATRICK MAHON.



MR. H. F. BIRKETT,
Author of "The Isle of Dreams"
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PLENTY COUPS: CHIEF OF THE CROWS

By Frank B. Linderman. 10s. 6d. (Faber & Faber.)

This life of a chief of the Crow Indians of Montana sustains the reputation which Mr. Linderman made for himself with his biography of a Blackfoot chief. The Crows of to-day are a peaceful people, with much to commend them, and nothing to their discredit. But Plenty Coups remembers the days when wars with neighbouring Sioux were part of the ordered round of life, and when Indian chiefs made treaties with the President of the United States. Mr. Linderman has allowed him to tell his own story in his own words, interposing only with explanations which serve as foot-notes, though not so cumbersomely placed. The tales Plenty Coups tells are of wild adventure, of reverent communing with the spirits, and of a love almost elegiac. His language is that of the Indian, often in parable and always beautiful. And the result is an unorthodox but inspiring record of an inspiring people, which makes one regret with Mr. Linderman that contact with the white race should have led so surely to its extinction.



From A Leaf in the Wind
By Patrick Macdonogh
(*Quota Press*).

PATRICK MACDONOGH.



MR. TREVOR PINCH,
Author of "Stark India," published by Messrs. Hutchinson.

MYSTERIES AND HISTORIES.

"Pendragon" By W Barnard Faraday 7s 6d net (Methuen)

"Elfwin" By Fowler Wright 7s 6d net (Harrap)

"The Minion" By Rafael Sabatini 7s 6d net (Hutchinson)

"The Uncertain Traveller" By John Fisher 7s 6d net (Duckworth)

"The English Paragon" By Marjorie Bowen 7s 6d net (Hodder & Stoughton)

Detective fiction is evidently affecting the historical novel, for three of these books are based on mysteries of the past In "Pendragon" Mr Faraday is concerned with the problem of King Arthur He tells us in a note that forty years ago he heard unlettered shepherds and wayside labourers in the Arthurian country side say, "When Arthur comes again the poor man shall come into ease and happiness," but the Arthur who comes again in his pages is very different from the hero of Geoffrey of Monmouth, Malory, Tennyson—or Mark Twain Sometimes one is reminded, as the overgrowth of legend is stripped away, of the old woman in the nursery rhyme with her petticoats cut round about —"'Lawk a mussy on us' she cried, 'this is none of I!'" Mr Faraday shows us a real and human Arthur—not actually a king, but of royal British birth—who was a mercenary of the later Roman Empire, and saved Celtic Romanised Britain Immense knowledge and research have gone to the making of this book

Mr Fowler Wright deals with a less familiar problem the treachery of Edward, King of Wessex and son of Alfred the Great, when Mercia was annexed The story of Elfwin and her Danish lover was well worth telling, and this little known period has evidently been very closely studied Only once or twice (and then he apologises) does Mr Fowler Wright dispel the atmosphere of forgotten Saxon days by digressions about Napoleon and the Great War

Mr Rafael Sabatini's "Minion" is Robert Carr, the favourite of James I, and his mystery the murder of Sir Thomas Overbury to which, with sympathy and understanding he supplies a solution In this coloured and dramatic story Mr Sabatini makes an effective use of characters and background It will please his numerous admirers



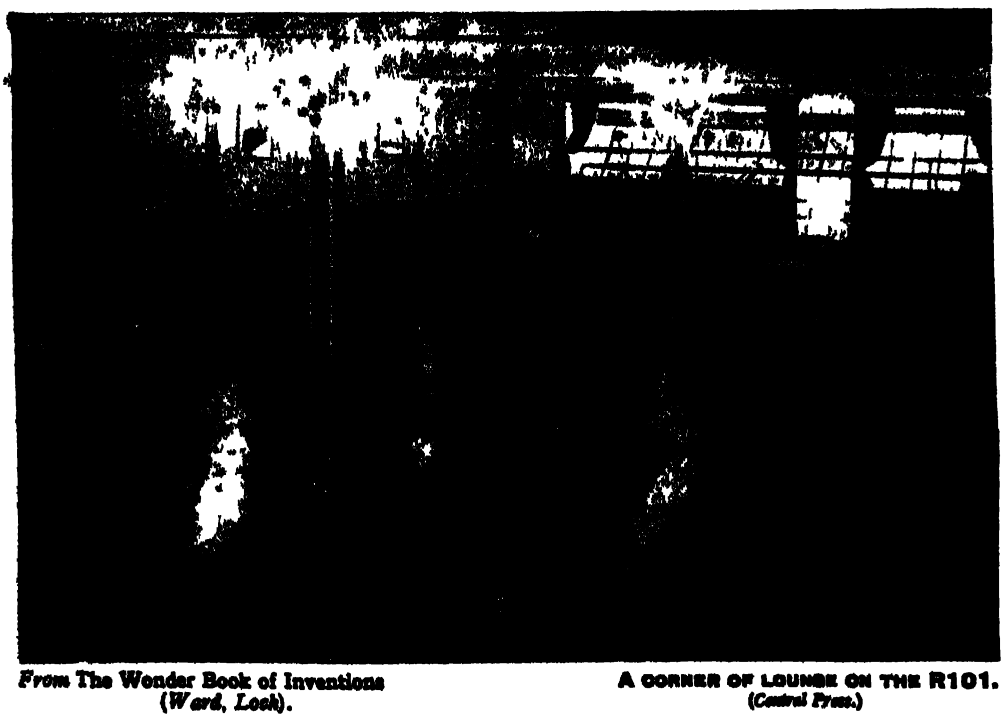
From Under the Red Star
By Norah Rowan Hamilton
(Herbert Jenkins)

STREET VENDORS IN TIFLIS.

Mr John Fisher's "The Uncertain Traveller" is certainly, as its publishers claim a memorable first work by a young author, and I think we shall hear more of him It is perhaps a little weak in construction, but the writing is clear, direct and vivid, showing no hint of the amateur England, Italy and the United States of the mid nineteenth century are admirably depicted, and he draws a convincing picture of Garibaldi, "a great golden lion of a man on a tall white horse, his red shirt gleaming through the folds of his white poncho, his negro riding behind him on a horse as black as ebony"

Last, but by no means least, we have Miss Marjorie Bowen's "The English Paragon" Seville, Avignon the Pyrenees, Limoges—Don Pedro, Chandos, Queen Philippa, Du Guesclin, Pope Urban V, John of Gaunt—are names which Miss Bowen, with her knowledge of history and its by-ways, knows how to blend into a fine story of the Black Prince and his days. She is able to preserve the picturesqueness of chivalric times even while stripping from chivalry the false glamour which less competent writers have attached to it.

A. T. SHEPPARD.



From The Wonder Book of Inventions
(Ward, Lock).

A CORNER OF LOUNGE ON THE R101.
(Central Press.)



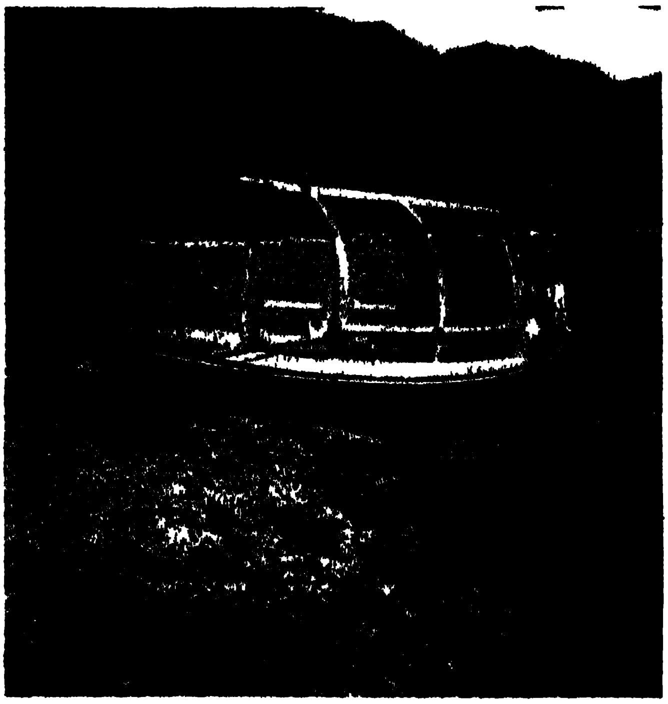
From A Mounty's Wife
By Luta Munday
(*Sheldon Press*).

BABY POLAR BEAR AND CINDERS

A MOUNTY'S WIFE

By Luta Munday. Illustrated. 7s. 6d net (Sheldon Press)

Here is a story within a story It is the history of twenty years devoted duty to a husband in the Royal North-West Mounted Police, and to the service that organisation has given to Canada. Mrs Munday's life has been one of almost constant hardship and anxiety, and this comparatively unemotional record of heroism, misery, breathless



From Idle But Happy
By Vere Ker Seymer
(*Chapman & Hall*)

AT DERVIO, LAKE OF COMO.

adventure and the will to serve commands our respect. It is incredible that certain of the situations the author describes did not deprive her of reason. On the contrary she was wise enough to take it all in as part of life's experience If we may venture a criticism, it is that the phrasing of the sentences is not always too happy. Certain minor incidents might have been omitted to allow for fuller description of more important things. But that is always difficult when a person's everyday life is fraught with danger and adventure, and at the least cram full of incident.



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By Lady Kitty Vincent
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From A Kenyan Farm Diary
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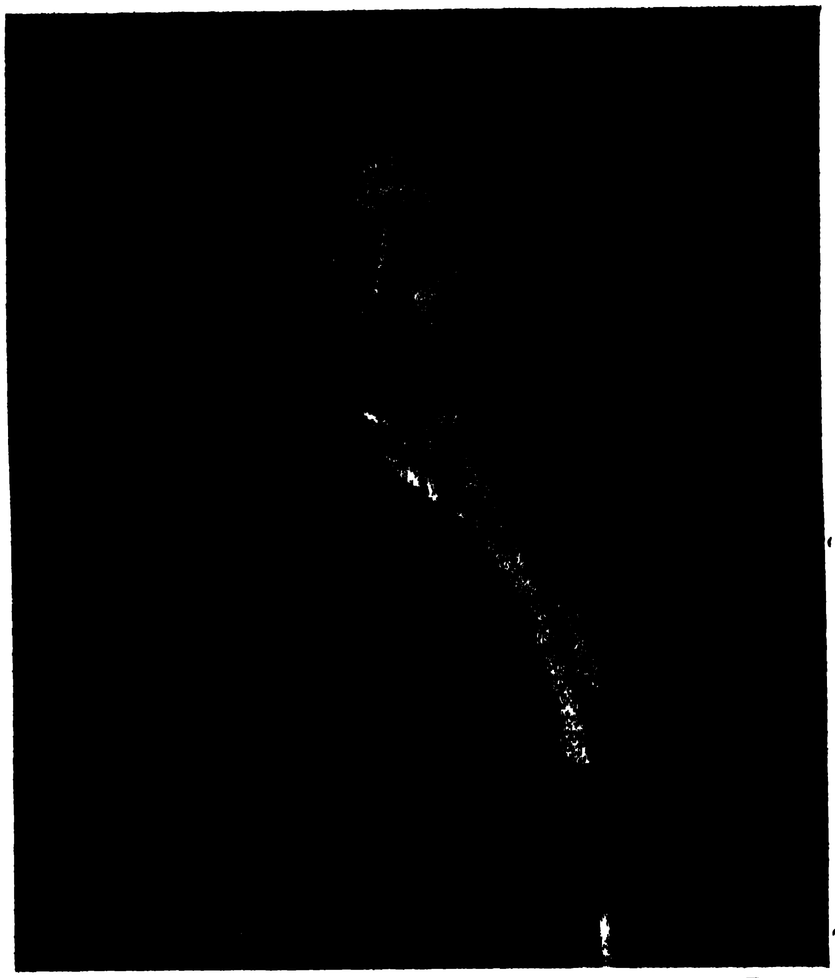
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From Charles Talbot, Duke of Shrewsbury
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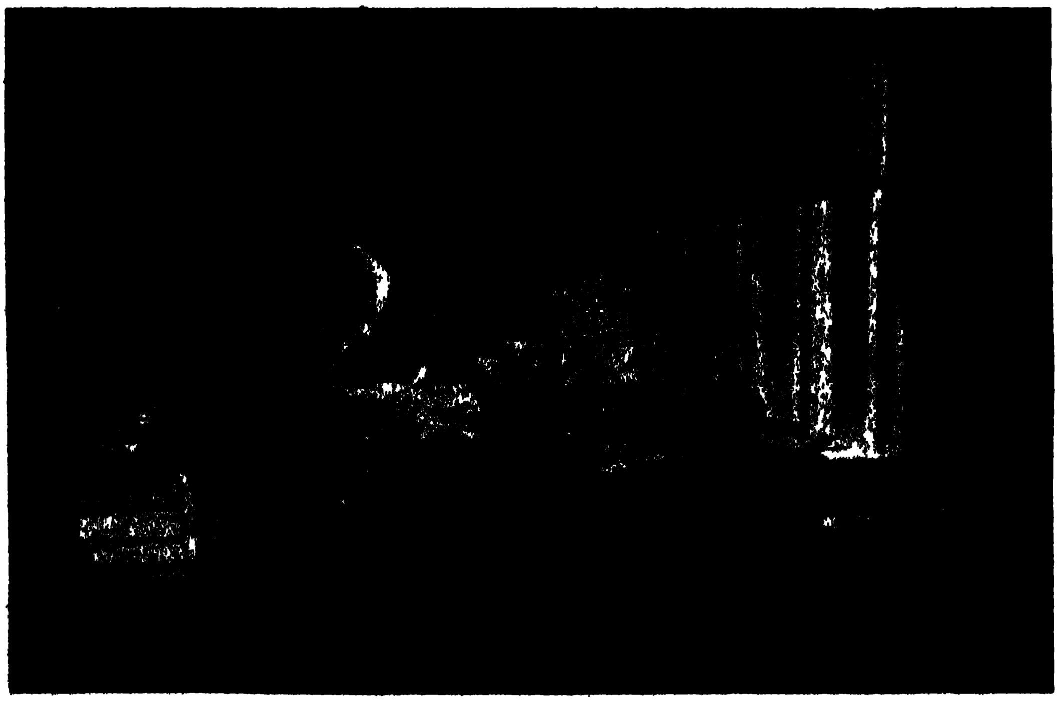
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(From the portrait in the National Portrait Gallery.)

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This book is the result of a long residence in Angmagsalik. Angmagsalik, we hasten to explain, is what its inhabitants call East Greenland. They also have several other charming names and words. Should you be there in December a note with the one word, " orpiharkugaluarpavtigit," may arrive—this is not a threat. On the contrary it is an invitation to Christmas dinner.

The author has used the special privileges she enjoyed to compile a very interesting book about the lives and habits of the people of Greenland; it may be a surprise to learn the boys smoke at an age when most English children are riding in their perambulators. This may of course account for the prevalence of consumption, a disease very common in Greenland. The people as a whole are industrious and friendly, though the tradesmen, we fear, are not unlike some of their more southern counterparts. In addition to an account of the life of the inhabitants, the author has supplied, in an appendix, a great deal of very interesting botanical data. It is a large book, well illustrated and written in straightforward style.



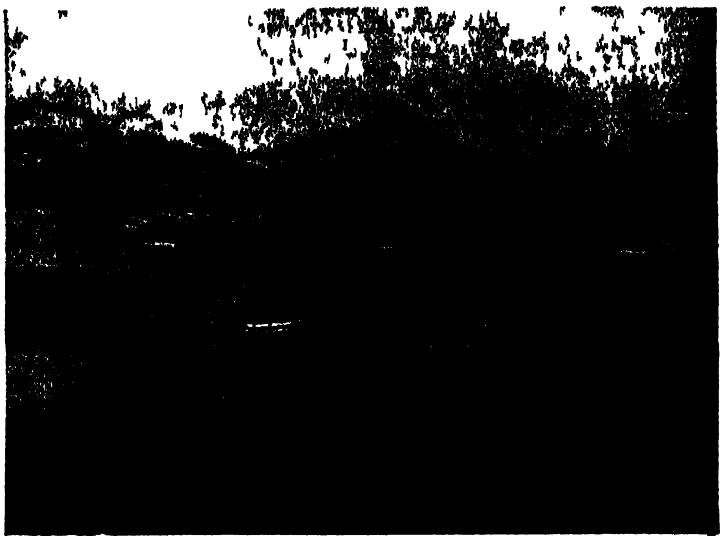
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From Maiden Voyage
By Doris Estcourt
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ON THE MEKONG RIVER.



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By Isobel Wylie Hutchison
(*Blackwood*).

"GERTRUD RASK" IN HARBOUR AT ANGMAGSALIK, EAST GREENLAND, 1927.

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We are most grateful to Miss Estcourt for the thumbnail sketches in this vivid and engaging little record We rise from its perusal feeling we understand more exactly than we did what a street in Peking looks like It may be a mixture of club, dormitory, dining-room and bath-room On one corner imagine a cook, turning out exotic soups and queer dumplings, while the customers sit round him, squatting on their heels and jesting Farther down a wandering barber, seizing a client, shampoos and brushes his long hair and rebraids it into a queue, here and there are people serenely sleeping Through a million wrinkles an old toyseller smiles at small children, who are staring at his fearsome painted tigers and sugar dollies If Miss Estcourt had not shrunk from the idea of getting old in San Francisco and had contrived to pass two years in China and two in Siam, we should not have had these delightful experiences. We are glad it fell out as it did Her book makes a capital present for the modern maid in her teens



From I Sailed With Chinese Pirates
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From Life in Spain To-Day
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LIFE IN SPAIN TODAY

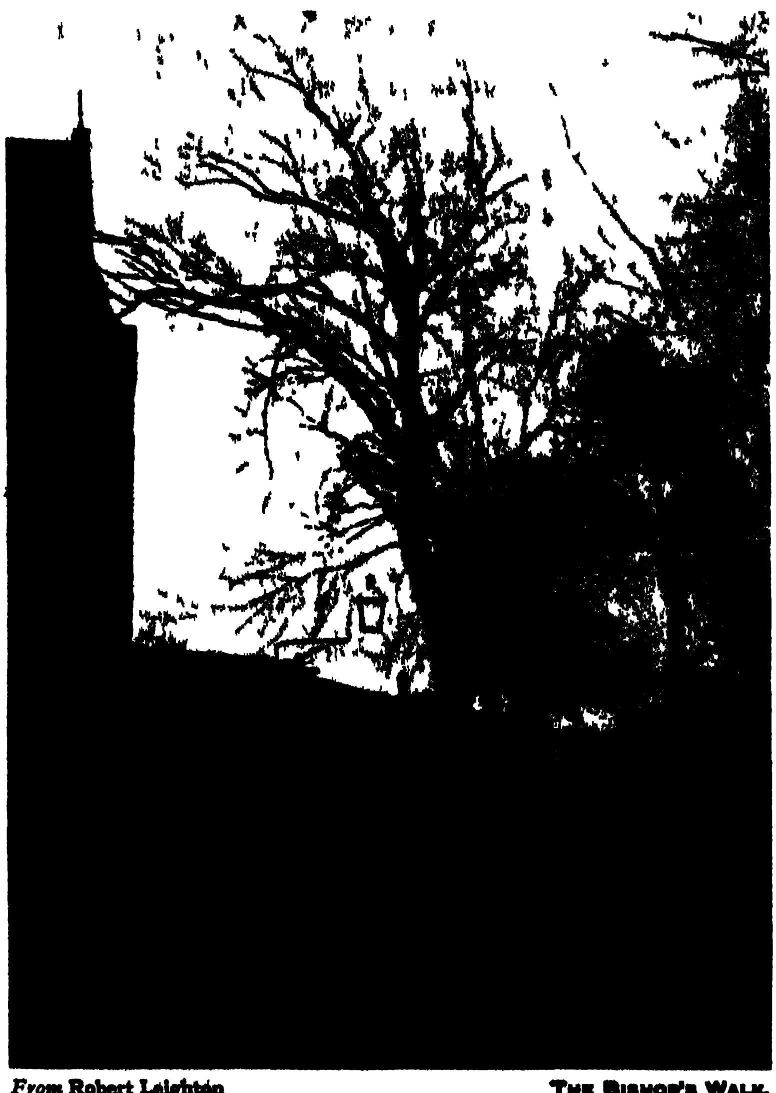
By Charles Wickstead Armstrong 10s 6d
(Blackwood)

"Life in Spain To-day," by Charles Wickstead Armstrong, is a book with a central thesis surrounded rather informally by lesser theses, and unfortunately the central thesis is too big for the book The author assumes (he produces no adequate evidence) that the Spanish race, whatever that may be, has sadly deteriorated and that regeneration is to be found only in the introduction of "Nordic blood" through the establishment in the peninsula of "agricultural colonies" of immigrants from "Britain, Germany and Scandinavia,' these adventurous Nordics to mingle with Spain's "Mediterranean population" But if the reader, to avoid unnecessary irritation, ignores this fantastic scheme, of which even the desirability is questionable, he will discover in the book many picturesque details of modern Spanish life.

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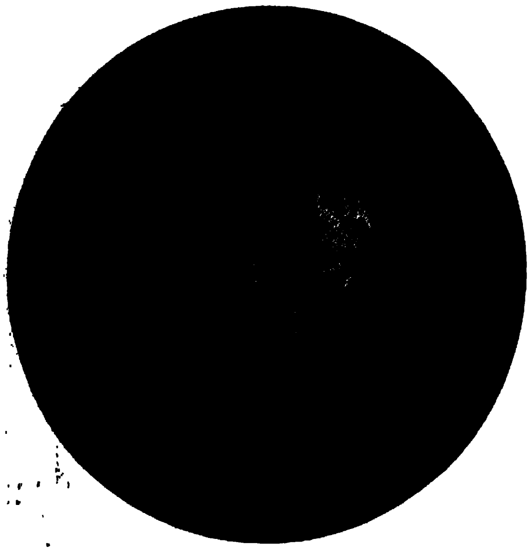
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(*Constable*).

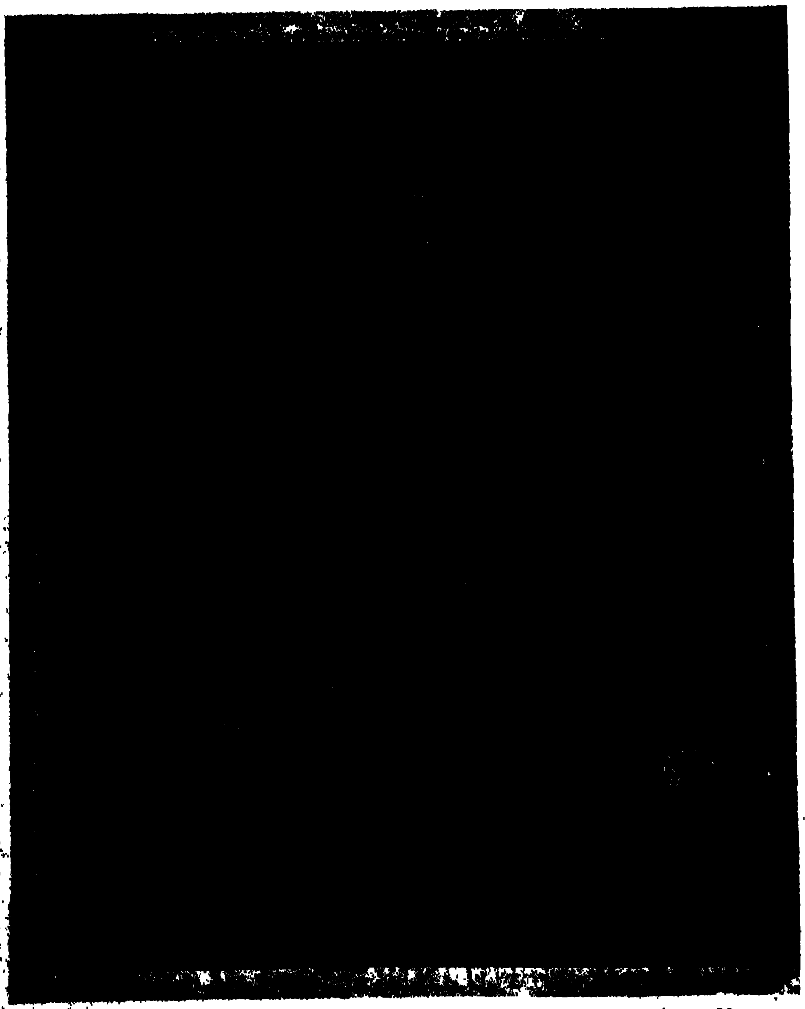


From **Heinrich Heine**
By Professor H. Walter
(*Dent*).

Heinrich Heine, 1827.
(Drawing by Ludwig Grimm.)

two groups—that which concerns itself with a strictly scientific interest in the origin, speech and customs of an enigmatic people, and that occasioned by the purely romantic conception of a wandering race of outcasts.

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George Gibbs,
Author of "The Fire Within"
(*Appleton*).

writing about them grows with ever increasing volume.

To the respectable citizen of to-day the gipsy appears much as he did to the Austrian monk of 1122 as a man "travelling far over the world." What he sees in his travels, what he thinks (as far as we are given the secret of it), what he hopes and believes and sings and hates are gathered in this book for us to judge him by. An ideal gift-book.



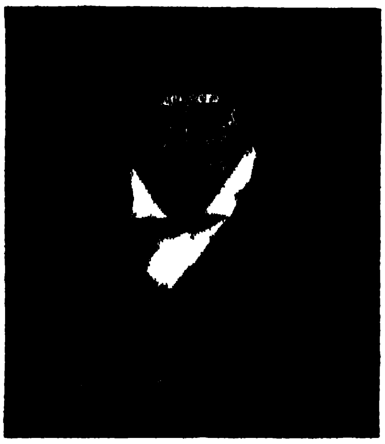
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As London correspondent of the *Frankfurter Zeitung*, Dr Kircher was



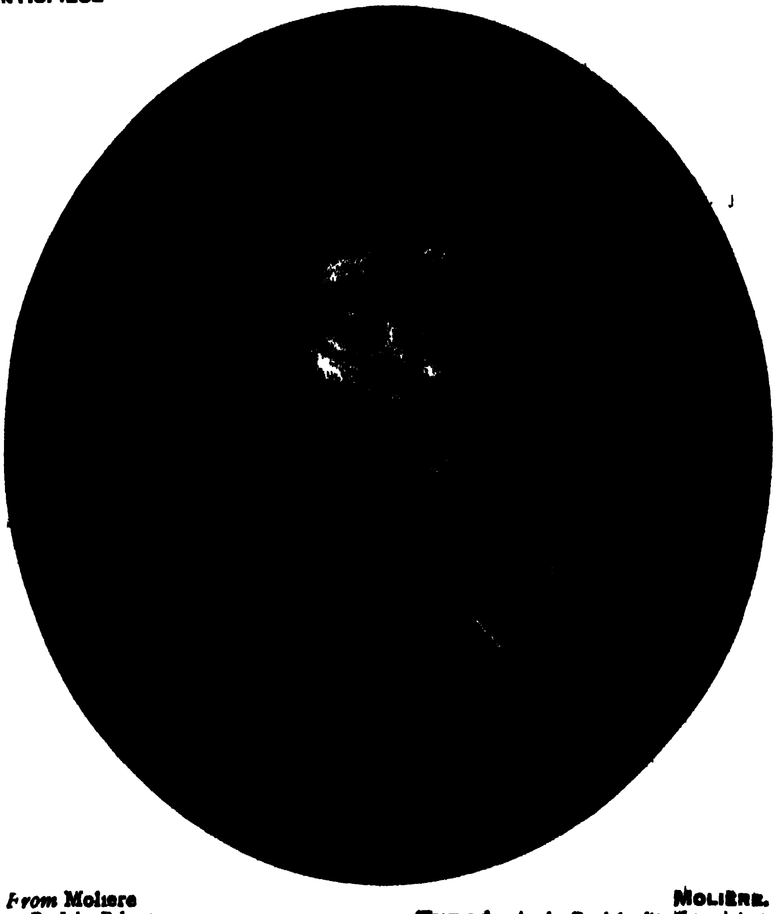
PORTRAIT OF LORENZO DA PONTE.
(By Samuel F Morse)
From Memoirs of Lorenzo da Ponte
Translated from the Italian by Elisabeth Abbott
(*Lippincott*)

known to be an honest and intelligent observer of English life. His present book is a serious attempt to explain by means of the knowledge then gained the nature of English men and institutions While there is nothing that is trivial, there is much which reveals the writer's profession Too many hares are started which are never hunted down, conclusions are drawn from recent incidents which may prove in the light of history to be no more than the aftermath of the War, and some of the sections, such as that on modern literature, are frankly little more than jottings



JOSEPH C LINCOLN,
Author of "Blowing Clear"
(*Appleton*).

Occasionally Dr Kircher reminds us of matters which we too often forget—that English production has *increased* since the War, and that the standard of life is very little, if any, lower now than in 1914 and of others which we prefer to ignore—that a great part of our difficulties in India, Egypt and elsewhere is due to the colour bar But for the rest his conclusions are in general gratifyingly like those drawn by our own countrymen Compromise is the heart of our political system, and the Labour Party, by insisting on governmental responsibility to party, is making compromise difficult and threatening the tradition by which English democracy has always been a matter of delegation King George, a greater man than his father, is the centre of the English Constitution, not least because he is the abiding link with Dominions who otherwise would have nothing but language and habit in



From Moliere
By John Palmer
(*Bell*)

MOLIÈRE.
(From a drawing by Roujat, after the painting attributed to Pierre Mignard.)



From Jane Austen
By R. Brimley Johnson
(*Dent*).

STEVENTON PARSONAGE.

common with the Motherland. A measure of Dr. Kircher's impartiality is to be found in his discussion of the East African Mandate, which he treats in a more reasonable manner than any German has yet done. The translator's English is at times not without a Continental quaintness.

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We are well aware of the rooted objection some people have to abridgments, but for the large number whose leisure is scanty there is a great deal to be said for the "half a loaf" measure We ourselves have found the epitomised "Pepys," which was the forerunner of this volume, delightful for dipping into, and are happy to place this beside it on the shelf. Again there has been much careful preparation, with continuity and perspective kept well in mind, while the range covers the complete text and the "Tour to the Hebrides." Sensitiveness, delicacy and vigour are well blended in Mr. E. H. Shepard's numerous illustrations which vividly reflect that robust and picturesque period.



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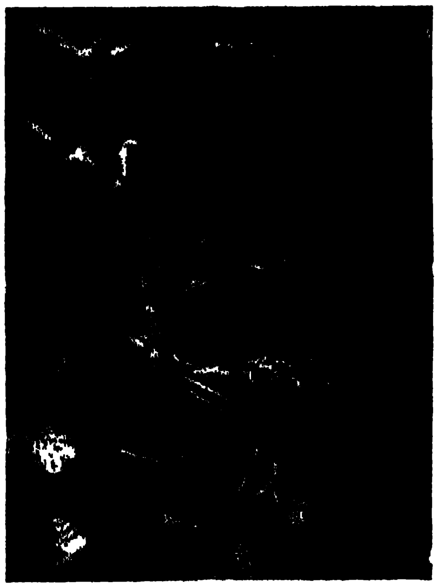
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"A Woman with White Eyes" By Mary Borden. 7s 6d (Heinemann)
"But Not For Love" By Beatrice Kean Seymour. 7s. 6d. (Chapman & Hall)
"Shallow Seas." By Richard Dehan. 7s. 6d. (Thornton Butterworth)
"The Perfect Marriage" By Ruth Brockington. 7s. 6d. (Chapman & Hall)
"Cherry Gambol." By Eden Phillpotts 7s. 6d (Hutchinson)
"Out of Great Tribulation." By H. A. Vachell. 7s. 6d (Hutchinson.)
"The Unforeseen" By J. C. Snaith. 7s. 6d. (Hodder & Stoughton.
"The Gladiator." By Nikolai Gubski. 7s. 6d. (Elkin Mathews & Marrot)
"They Die Young." By John Sommerfield. 7s. 6d. (Heinemann.)

It ought not to be difficult to enlist a large enough body of determined lovers of first-rate fiction to get hold of Miss G. B. Stern and secure from her, under threats of awful vengeance, that she will go on to the end of her days writing about Rakonitzes and Czelovars and about nobody else It is possible, indeed probable, that the British public will never regard them with quite the same affection which they feel for the Forsytes, for they are after all people of an alien race, and as much at home in Paris and Vienna as they are in London. But nobody who has read "Tents of Israel" and "A Deputy was King," and then reads "Mosaic," can possibly experience any other feeling than a desire to know more of these entertaining and intensely human people. Great as the two former books were, there is in "Mosaic" something that makes this book Miss Stern's highest achievement so far. This book is made by the two sisters Berthe and Letti, the former a magnificent creation, using the word very much as a costumier uses it; the latter a subtler piece of portraiture, which repays close attention. Page after page is devoted to the life of these two in Paris, to their mutual reactions and to

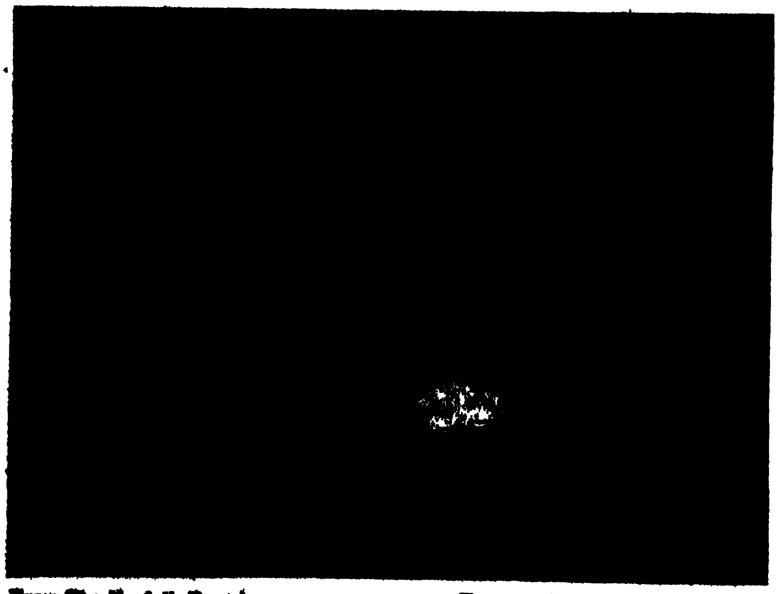


WEASEL LOOKING OUT FROM WATER-VOLE BURROW.
From The British Girl's Annual
(*Amalgamated Press*).



From The Girl's All-Round Book
Edited by Mrs. Walter Wood
(*Nelson*).

WHITETHROAT AT ITS NEST.
(Photo: Owen Martin.)



From The Norfolk Broads
By W. A. Dutt
(*Methuen*).

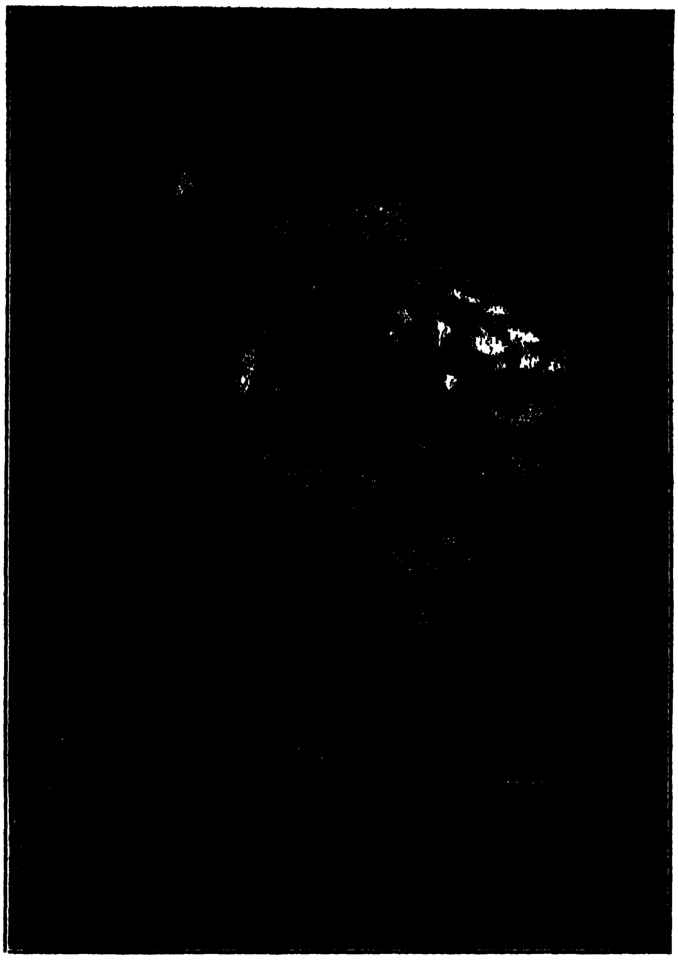
FEMALE MONTAGU'S HARRIER AND YOUNG.

their relations with the innumerable horde of family connections, especially, as far as Berthe is concerned, with the almost equally vital Elsa in London. The book ends with Berthe and Letti reunited after a short but tragic parting, and a gesture of friendship from the hitherto implacable Elsa, urged thereto by the news of the approaching birth of her first grandchild. It is a point from which Miss Stern must start again; her admirers will not be refused.



From A History of the Birds of Norfolk By B. B. Rivière (*Witherby*).

FEMALE MONTAGU'S HARRIER AND YOUNG AT NEST.



From Close-Ups from Nature By F. Martin Duncan (*Sampson Low*).

THE LITTLE OWL MAKES A CHARMING AND INTERESTING PET.

How different is the impression left by Mary Borden's new book. Greatly as the character of Caroline Merryweather will catch and hold the attention and sympathy of readers, it is doubtful if anyone will want to hear more of her. Not only is her story a very painful one, but the method Miss Borden adopts for the telling of it makes it more painful still. She has never chosen an easy subject in the whole of her literary career, and every line she writes bears witness to the agony of creation. This makes the fastidious critic anxious to read everything she writes, but it also makes it hard to describe her work as in any way entertaining. If, as some have said, the end of art, and especially of the art of fiction, is to entertain, Mary Borden must be written down a failure, but she has one supreme merit, she is entirely sincere, and it may be that sincerity is a truer and more lasting criterion than entertainment.

Richard Dehan is an old hand. She has given us one great story and a number of good workmanlike books. Her latest is not among her best, and it is almost certain to disappoint her public. She has a good tale to tell of German spies and Eastern mystery, but none of her characters come to life, and she makes things difficult for her readers by an involved style of writing as well as by unnecessary complexities of plot.

Beatrice Kean Seymour has found an excellent theme for her particular talents in her new story, but she has been handicapped by finding that it was too much for a short story and not nearly enough for a full-length novel. Had she been able to restrict herself to the story of the marriage of Vickey and Murray Gullan and its sensational, but by no means inartistic end, she would have credit for something quite out of the ordinary. As it is, we have



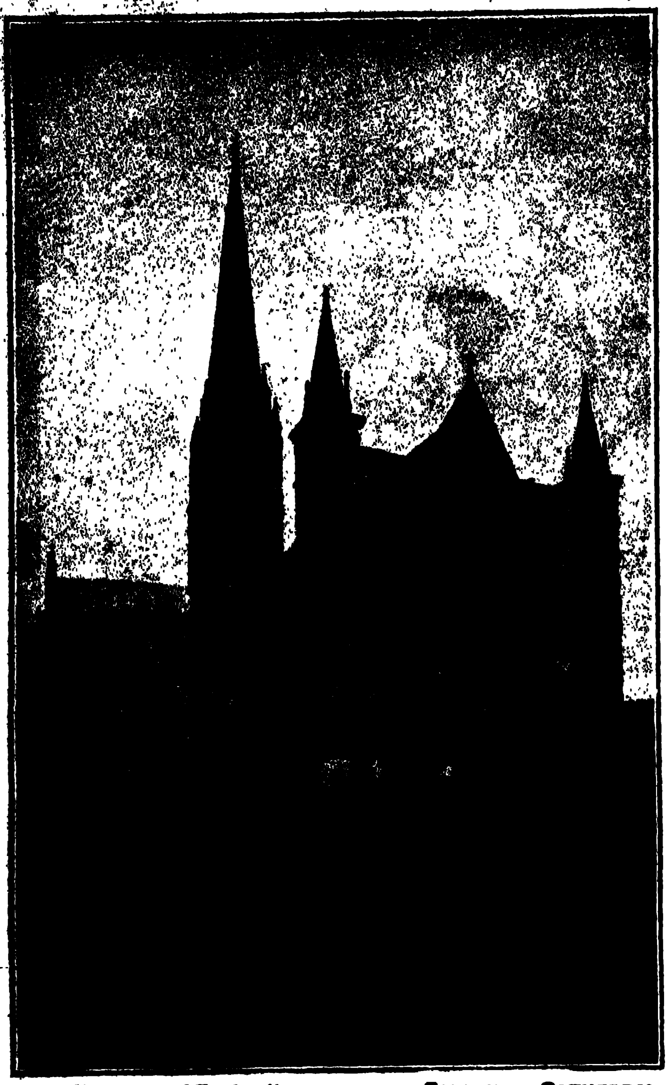
From Nature Rambles By Edward Step (*Warne*).

COCOON OF EMPEROR MOTH. SPRING TO SUMMER.



From Nature Rambles By Edward Step (*Warne*).

CATERPILLAR OF EMPEROR MOTH. SPRING TO SUMMER.



From The Story of England's Churches
By Rev. W. Escott Bloss
(*Mowbray*).

SALISBURY CATHEDRAL: WEST FRONT.
(Frith.)

a lot of preliminary matter which does not signify anything, though presumably the author means us to understand that what came later had its origin in it all.

A young author who is making her way quietly but surely is Ruth Brockington. In "The Perfect Marriage" she has chosen a subject which suits her very well. It demands quiet, even unexciting treatment, and that is just what she is qualified to give and does give it. It is the story of the marriage of a sensitive, self-effacing girl to a very ordinary, selfish man, and the effect upon her conscientious nature of the reappearance of the man whom in her undeveloped girlhood she had really loved. There is no condescension to what is supposed to be modern taste in the description of the relations of the lovers. They are passionately in love, but they act as so many people in real life do, they deny themselves indulgence in the satisfaction of their desires, and not until the husband is removed tragically, but quite legitimately, is happiness possible for them.

After five women, five men, and first among them one of the masters of his craft, Eden Phillpotts. He would probably agree that "Cherry Gambol," which is a collection of short stories, does not show him at his best, but nevertheless it is a collection which provides some capital entertainment and proves that the author's hand has not lost any of its cunning.

Of Mr. Vachell's story it is hard to say more than that it will serve to while away an idle hour. It is not great stuff, and one feels that more might be made of the plot. It is an unusual foundation to have as two of the chief actors a middle-aged widower and a middle-aged widow, just engaged and deeply in love. That ought to have led up to something better than this.

"The Unforeseen," on the other hand, is perhaps the best book that Mr. J. C. Snaith has written. It tells the story of a murder, for which an innocent man has to suffer many years of imprisonment, thinking that by so doing he has saved the woman he loves. He believes her guilty, and she thinks the same of him. When he comes out and the mutual understanding is cleared up and they are married, they spend their energies in discovering the real murderer, and a very interesting person he proves to be.

"The Gladiator" is a book about Russia, written by a Russian, but written in first-rate English. The noteworthy thing about it is that, though written in an alien tongue, it is Russian through and through. It tells of the drab and dreary existence with which the stories of the great Russians have made us familiar, and does it extremely well.

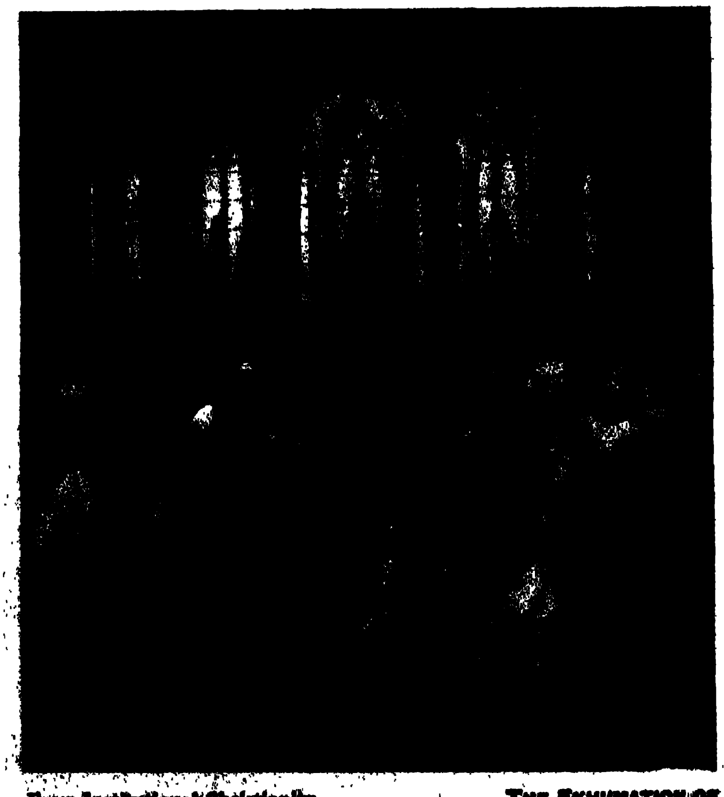
Readers of "They Die Young" will probably keep an eye on Mr. John Sommerfield also. Here is a most irritating, but at the same time a most remarkable first novel. The hero is painfully introspective, distressingly promiscuous and quite undisciplined by either himself or anyone else, and yet has considerable charm. One forgives him for his many shortcomings and follows his whirlwind career with real interest. His early death, however, is a relief. Mr. Sommerfield will write something better than this with his manifest gifts.

R. S. FORMAN.

THE STORY OF ENGLAND'S CHURCHES

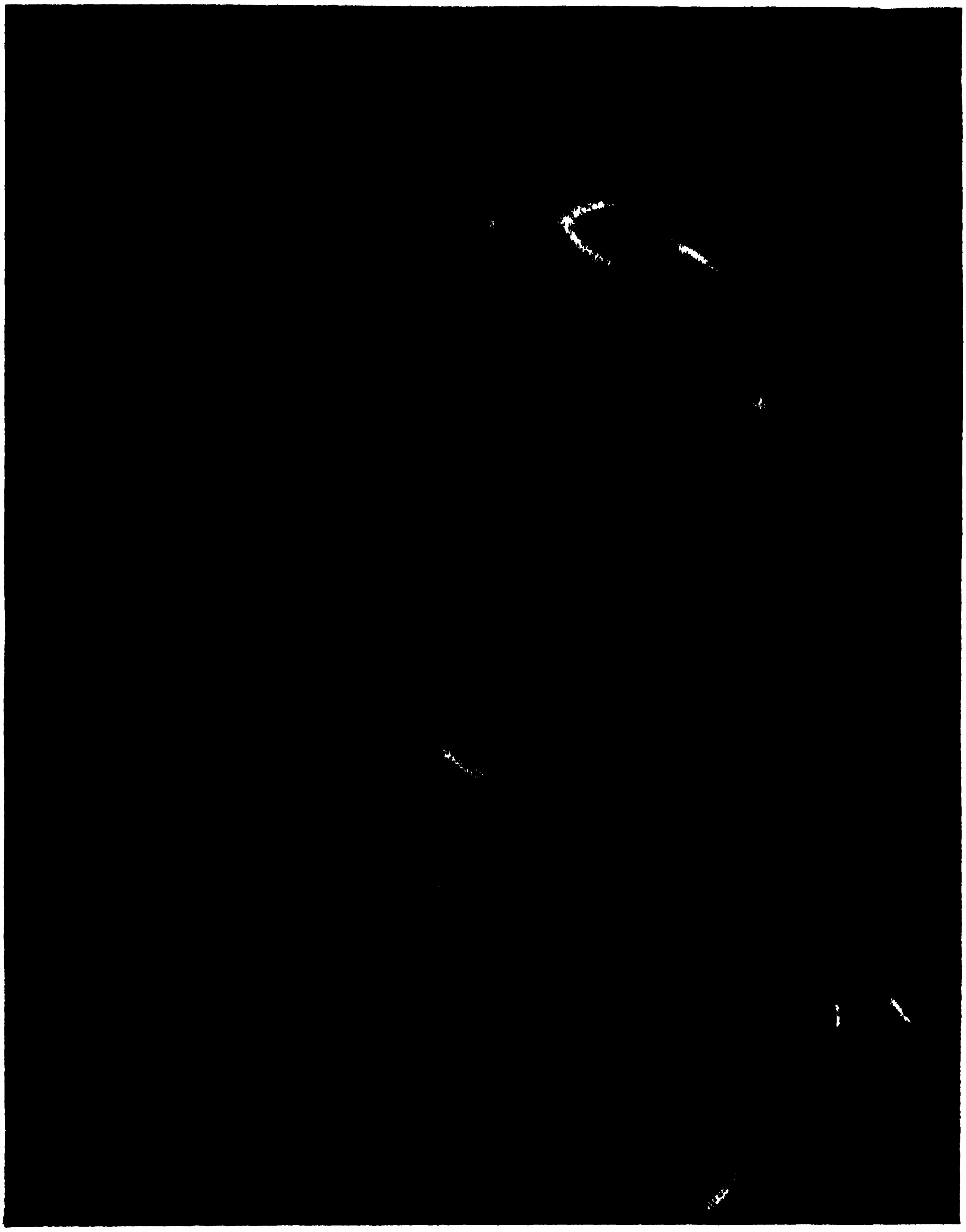
By Rev. W. Escott Bloss. 10s. 6d. net. (Mowbray.)

There has been a number of books lately dealing with the church architecture of England, but Mr. Bloss has worked on a plan of his own. He has adopted the historical method—that is, he has passed in review the successive periods of our religious history and shown the different types of church which each period produced. For the general reader, whom a strictly architectural classification is apt to bewilder, this method is a real advantage. There are numerous illustrations.



From Institutional Christianity in England
By J. Gordon Hayes
(*Richards Press*).

THE EXHUMATION OF ST. HUBERT.



STONECHATS. A. W. SEABY

FICTION AND MISCELLANEOUS LITERATURE

FLY FISHING

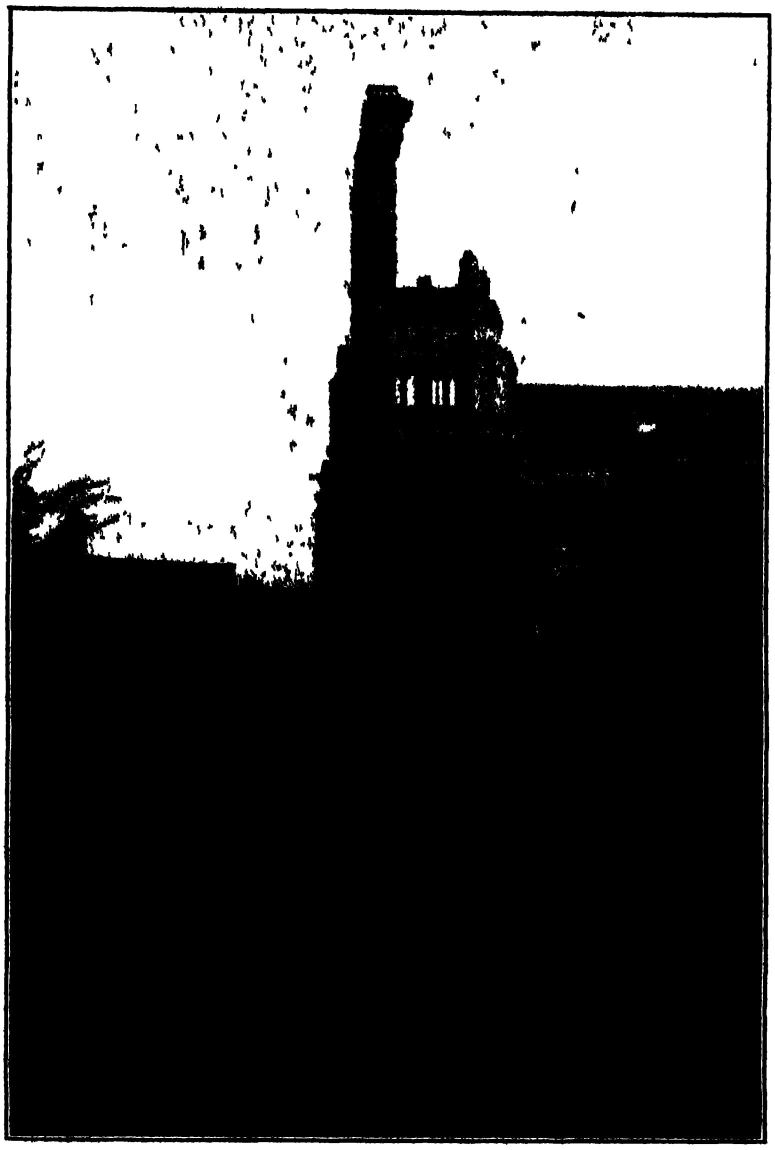
By Viscount Grey of Fallodon. With two additional chapters and wood engravings by Eric Fitch Daglish. 10s. 6d. (Dent.)

In 1899 this delightful book of Lord Grey's first came into the world as the worthiest successor yet that Izaak Walton has had. It is indubitably literature, distinguished on every page by personality and written throughout with a pleasant, easy style. When the place of Edward Grey comes to be considered in the history of our day, "Fly Fishing" will be invaluable for showing what manner of man lay behind the diplomatist. This new edition differs only in the new chapters and in Mr. Daglish's wood-engravings. The chapters, one on Spring Salmon Fishing, and one a Retrospect, are partly autobiographical; and sadly so. Lord Grey writes of his failing eyesight with a heartrending simplicity which all fishermen understand and admire. By 1918 he could no longer see a small fly floating on the water; by 1919 he could no longer see rises, and since then his eyesight has gone from bad to worse. It is tragic for one so wrapped in the joys of angling, in his beloved birds and in the world around him.

CLOSE-UPS FROM NATURE

By F. Martin Duncan.
6s. (Sampson Low.)

Mr. Duncan has written the most fascinating contribution to the study of the bird, animal and plant life around us which has appeared for many years. His aim, he tells us, was to give "the general reader a series of intimate sketches of some of the wonderful phases of Animal, Insect and Plant Life that form a part of the animate world around us," and he has more than succeeded. He writes charmingly on a fascinating subject. We must congratulate the publishers on having put out this book with its 100 delightful photographic reproductions at what is nowadays the astonishingly cheap price of 6s.



From Good-Bye to the Battle-fields By H. A. Taylor (*Stanley Paul*).

SOISSONS. THE CATHEDRAL.

GIRLS' ALL ROUND BOOK

Edited by Mrs. Walter Wood. 5s. (Nelson.)

It has been a general complaint of editors and publishers in the past that except for a few writers, who are in danger of over-writing, it has been almost impossible to get stories suitable for girls of school age—stories that is which register their interests and emotions. Messrs. Nelson however have put out in the "Girls' All Round Book" a volume which seems to give the lie to this complaint. The stories are varied and interesting; the articles on sport very well done; the contributions on hobbies just as they ought to be, and the illustrations in line and photographic reproduction quite effective. This will make a charming gift-book at Christmas.

NATURE RAMBLES

By Edward Step, F.L.S. 2s. 6d. each. The set of 4 volumes in leatherette case. 10s. (Warne.)

A most attractive gift for the nature lover, for whom the name of Edward Step is sufficient guarantee. In this set of four delightfully produced little volumes he has gathered together all the manifold interests, animate and inanimate, which one meets with during a country ramble the whole year round. Each of the four seasons offers its own especial inducements, and each is studded with many successful colour plates as well as black-and-white drawings and photographs of roots, flowers, fruit, birds and creatures of all sorts. For practical purposes the division of the seasons into separate booklets is a most happy one.

THE PURPLE DAWN

By Mary Florence. 6s (Stockwell.)

David Everdene was so attached to Blythe, whom he believed to be his sister, that he could not fall in love with any other girl and decided to get married simply because it was the usual thing to do. Then his real father appeared upon the scene and the tragedy of the past was revealed, changing David's destiny and carrying him off to America. The purpose of Miss Florence's story is to show how blessings come through suffering and that, inspired by religion, mankind, however depraved, is capable of amazing possibilities.

THE BRITISH GIRL'S ANNUAL

5s (Amalgamated Press)

This Annual lives well up to its name, for throughout its pages the characteristic we like to know as "British" is well displayed, a matter for admiration, encouragement and inspiration. Stories by well-known writers tell of hockey adventures, skating, tennis, holidays, schooldays, Girl Guides. Even a boys' story is included. Then there is an article on the making of inexpensive gifts, then articles on animals, wild and tame, on using a pen or a brush with fine skill, and other absorbing subjects.



From The Shropshire of Mary Webb
By W Reid Chappell
(*Cecil Palmer*)

SPRING COTTAGE, LYTH HILL

TRIUMPHS AND WONDERS OF MODERN ENGINEERING

By G Gibbard Jackson
6s (Sampson Low)

What will London be like in fifty years? Anyone who has seen the London of 1981 or thereabouts, as forecast by the films may have felt trepidation or scepticism But let us consider the progress made in the past half-century What has been the outcome of all our experiments? In a lucid and well illustrated volume Mr Jackson has reviewed the progress made by engineering We read how from a contraption of two wooden wheels the modern bicycle has been evolved, and what the first flying machine was like

The book is very useful, for the subjects examined are things seen and used almost every day, and even if one has no great interest in engineering it is pleasant to have some slight knowledge of things in common use But the book, we think is intended more for the enthusiastic young than the inquisitive old!

THE SHROPSHIRE OF MARY WEBB

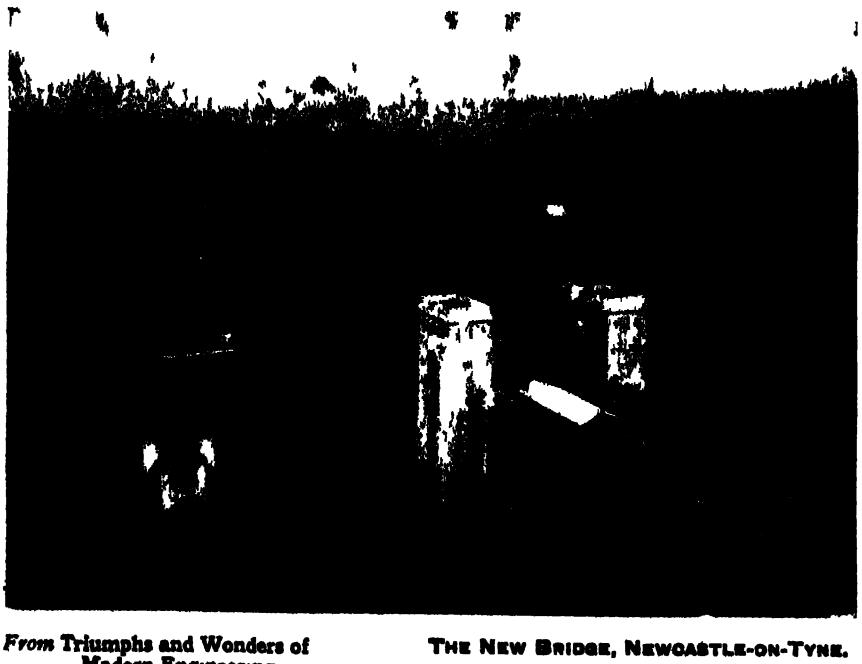
By W Reid Chappell 7s 6d (Cecil Palmer)

The countryside of Shropshire as depicted by Mary Webb has laid hold of the imagination of many especially since the ironic stroke of fate which brought her such widespread posthumous fame, and now Mr Chappell actually brings it to life with his delightful pen and camera pictures Few writers, if any, have excelled Mary Webb in the witchery of her nature imagery, and it is delightful to wander, even at second-hand, among the people and scenes where many unforgettable memories had their source Many of the happenings and customs described had their groundwork in fact Mr Chappell too builds up a steady foundation for the historical bent in Armour Wherein He Trusted," the novel Mrs Webb destroyed in a mood of depression, and alas, was not able to finish re-writing! Many of her choice reviews for THE BOOKMAN were written at the cottage reproduced on this page.



From The Inky Way
By Alice M Williamson
(*Chapman & Hall*)

OUR SURREY COTTAGE



From Triumphs and Wonders of Modern Engineering
(*Sampson Low*).

THE NEW BRIDGE, NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.

A MIDDLE CLASS MAN

By Leonhard Frank
7s 6d (Peter Davies)

This is the sort of novel that one reads to the end against one's own will held by the brilliance of the writing The sufferings of the chief character, a rich young idealist in a German provincial town, are depicted with so stark a reality that at times the writing tears at the nerves of the reader with an almost physical effect The construction of the book is cinematographic, a series of vivid "shots" showing incidents in the life of the chief character as if seen through his own distorted vision Sometimes these "shots" are of isolated moments, sometimes they cover hours and days, but always they have the same merciless vividness.

THE ROMANCE OF THE SPEEDWAY

By Sprouts Elder. Foreword by Colonel the Master of Sempill. Illustrated. 2s. 6d. (Warne)

Sprouts Elder, most dashing of dirt-track knights, describes in this non-technical, vivid and amusing little book not only the romance but the inside story of motor-cycle track racing. He has many hints for those engaged in the sport on handling machines, the art of broadsiding, rules, etiquette and tracks. There are many lively personal sketches and reminiscences as well as concise and lucid descriptions of outstanding performances and records. He thinks a silent dirt-track display, even if possible, would be like beef without mustard, a roundabout without music, while "once you get the speedway habit you look upon bull-fighting as a kind of dairy farming."



From Water Polo
By Capt D. A. C. Shephard
(*Chapman & Hall*).

SKEGNESS OPEN AIR POOL.
(Photo: Capt. B. W. Cummins.)



From Twickenham Calling
By Capt. H. B. T. Wakelam
(*Bell*).

A SCENE IN THE MATCH BETWEEN ENGLAND AND FRANCE, 1930. A FRENCH FORWARD SCORES.
(*Sport and General.*)

WATER POLO

The Game and the Rules Explained

By Captain D. A. C. Shephard. 2s. 6d. (Chapman & Hall.)

This clear and well illustrated little book should appeal to the wide public interested in a universal and picturesque sport. The rules and detailed explanations, although of special value to water-polo referees, should be read and marked by the many enthusiastic followers and spectators of the game. The author claims that 75 per cent. of present-day players have never read the rules, while among the remainder varied and conflicting views are held He uses his experience as player and referee to sketch in six common-sense and readable sections, a brief historical synopsis of water-polo, essential qualifications for players, observations on referees and refereeing, the lighter side, rules of the game, and an exposition of the rules, with explanatory sketches.

TWICKENHAM CALLING!

A Practical Book on Rugger

By Captain H. B. T. Wakelam Illustrated 5s. net. (Bell.)

Thousands of people have heard Captain Wakelam's microphone commentaries on famous Rugby matches, and know how fascinatingly he can describe the game. Here he is in this book telling us how to play and how to watch the game intelligently. In view of the increasing interest in Rugby football there ought to be a good market for this handbook, which is illustrated so as to demonstrate exactly what the author means. In criticism we suggest that the title is an unhappy one. The publishers will do well to emphasise exactly what the book is. The sub-title describes it.



From The Romance of the Speedway
By Sprouts Elder
(*Warne*).

SPROUTS ELDER.

ZOO WAYS AND WHYS

By T H Gillespie 3s 6d (Herbert Jenkins)

The contents of this volume were, in their origin, among the writer's popular "Zoo Talks," broadcasted for children during the last four years from Edinburgh and Glasgow The fact that the chapters have been written for children encourages the hope," says Mr Gillespie, "that grown-ups will read them!" Certainly every child under ninety will revel in these delightful animal sketches by the Director of the Edinburgh Zoo In a foreword, Professor Sir J Arthur Thomson while paying tribute to the author's many other fine qualities emphasises the main point that "Mr Gillespie avoids the error of reading the man into the beast But he recognises animals as personalities of a simple sort to be understood by love as well as by learning." The illustrations, from photographs taken at the Edinburgh Zoo, are uncommonly fine



From Zoo Ways and Whys
By T H Gillespie
(*Herbert Jenkins*).

A "BABY" CROCODILE FROM WEST AFRICA

LET'S TALK OF DOGS

By Rowland Johns 6s (Methuen)

Mr John's method of stringing his dog stories together is always ingenious, and in his new book he takes as his central character Mr John Francis Dolloy a man of keen observation, interested, among other things, in dogs and people who discuss them Here we find several adventures Mr Dolloy has had with dog-lovers recorded in Mr John's most entertaining manner, and all varieties of dogs dealt with As a short story writer Mr Johns possesses the rare gift of keeping a surprise for the end you never know what is going to happen next, and you go on from story to story with undiminished enthusiasm The book is delightfully illustrated by Mr Len Taylor



From Let's Talk of Dogs
By Rowland Johns
(*Methuen*)

STILL A REBEL, ESPECIALLY AGAINST THE GAME LAWS.



From That Dog of Mine
By Joe Walker
(*Ward, Lock*)

THE QUESTION



From Portrait of a Dog
By Mazo de la Roche
(*Macmillan*)

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"Marble monuments ought to be kept more or less polished; they should be washed with Castile soap and then treated with beeswax and turpentine . . . a very high polish should not be sought." This is an extract from the fourth report (28–29) of the Central Council for the Care of Churches, a most interesting and valuable book which all those of us who love our English churches should study with hope and gratitude. Parochial church councils may now, we learn, avail themselves of the Report on the Care of Churchyards, containing the well-thought-out advice of many people all over the land. It is pleasant to read of the far-flung work of the diocesan advisory committees.



From Recollections of a Defective Memory
By Fred Kerr
(*Thornton Butterworth*).

MISS CATHLEEN NESBITT AND MR. FRED KERR IN "THE GRAIN OF MUSTARD SEED," 1920.

PORTRAIT OF A DOG

By Mazo de la Roche. 7s. 6d. (Macmillan.)

Into this delicately sensitive—at times poignant — portrayal of canine nature, Miss de la Roche has brought the same penetrating understanding that characterises her saga of the Whiteoaks family. She has called it a "Portrait of a Dog," and while it remains that in its inimicable delineation of Argyle Bunty, a Scotch terrier, a great more is deftly woven into its fabric. Countless little episodes, showing a number of dogs in moods sensitive, impudent, ingenious and all the various stages of appeal and despair that they engender, are blended with what we take to be biographical happenings, both joyous and the reverse, concerning the author herself. What a real "doggy" household it was; sometimes the family boasted as many as sixteen dogs at a time. It is naturally a book for dog lovers, and one that they will find irresistible in its tender and whimsical appeal. The very delightful drawings by Mr. Morgan Dennis add a real contribution to the charm of the book.

OBSESSION

By Marita Lee.
7s. 6d. (Toulmin.)

Edna May is obsessed by her infatuation for the husband who has left her. That briefly is the theme and the recurring theme of this extraordinary novel. In retrospect we get the story of Edna's romance, of her childhood, her struggle to earn a living in New York, working in a bargain basement; her meeting first with Norrie Thutt, then with Wilbur, the song-writer, whom she marries. But Wilbur, we gather, was never a satisfactory husband. He "had made a habit of sneaking off in the night. He was constantly going, constantly coming back. . . ." At last he comes back no more, and Edna May, burdened with her obsession, goes away from New York to nurse an aged aunt and to ruminate on her own past, with its esctasies and disappointments.



From The New Spirit in the Cinema
By Huntly Carter
(*Shaylor*).

THE CABINET OF DR. CALIGARI.

This book will be reviewed at length in the January BOOKMAN.

EDITH WHARTON'S

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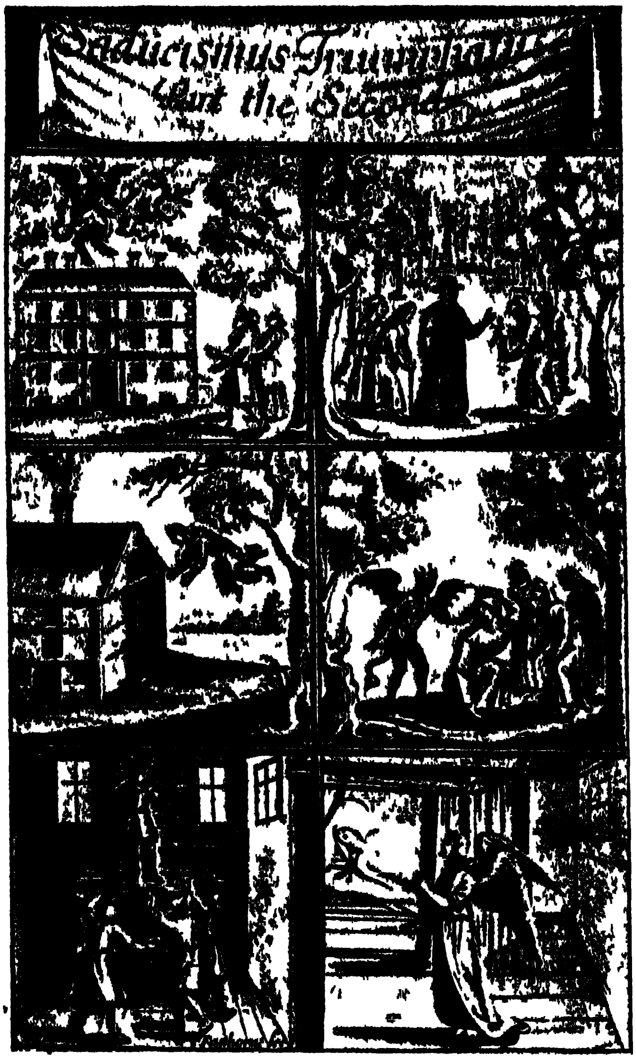
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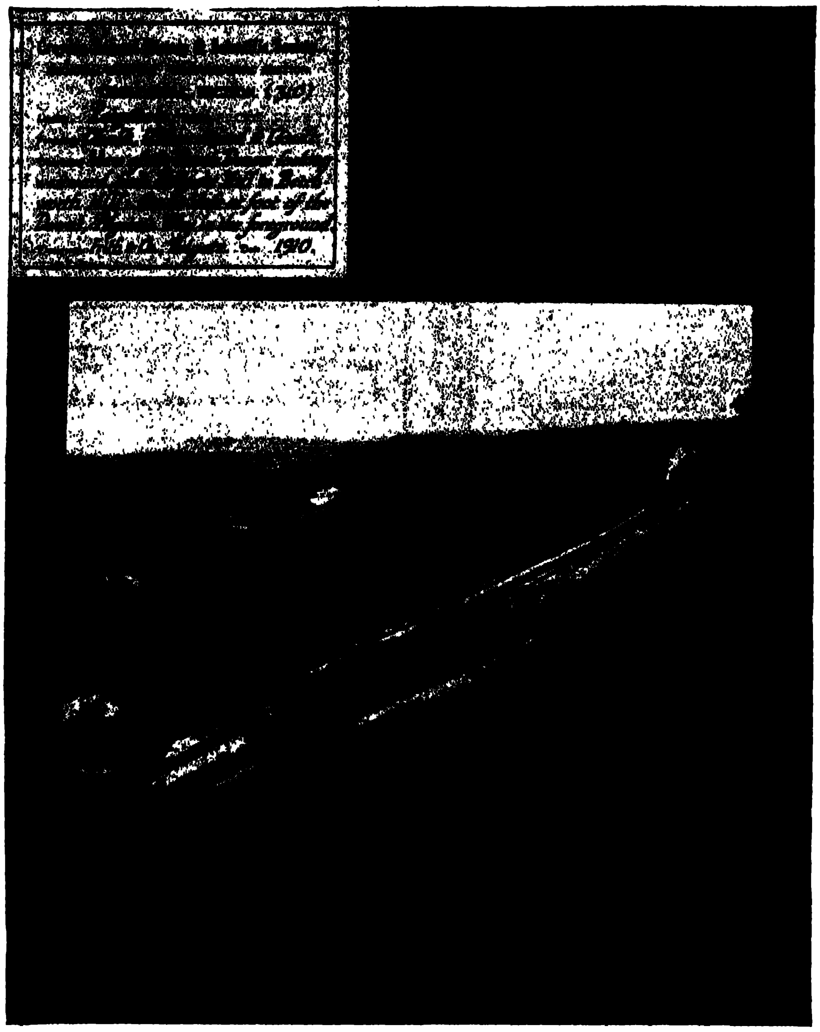
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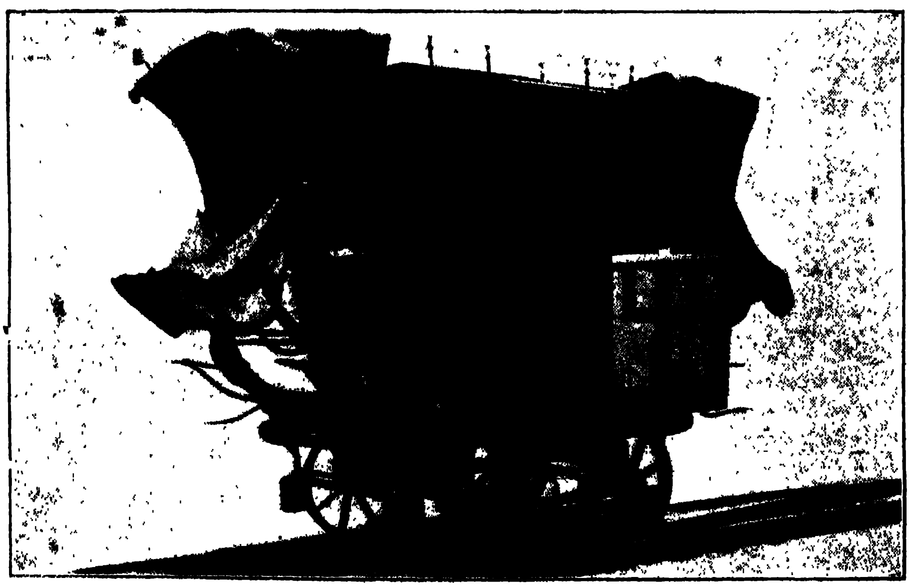
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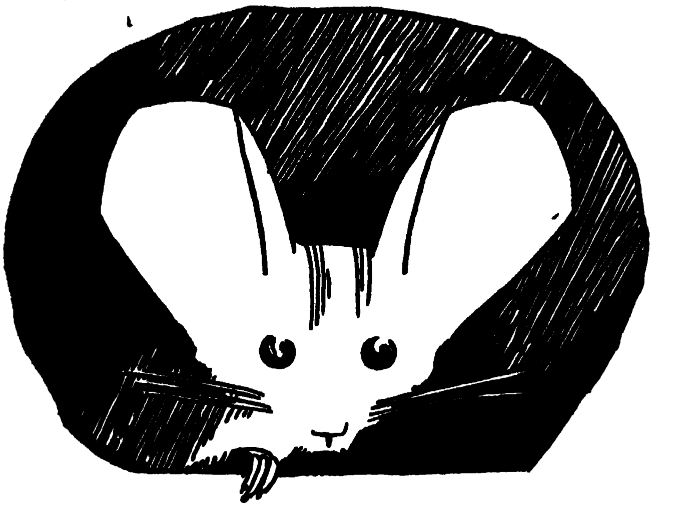
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> (As Plans well may),
> He'd take a look
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> And do it again in a different way."

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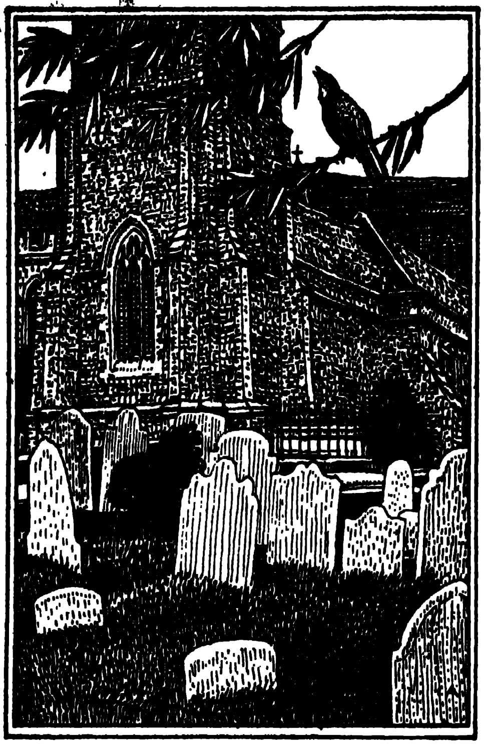


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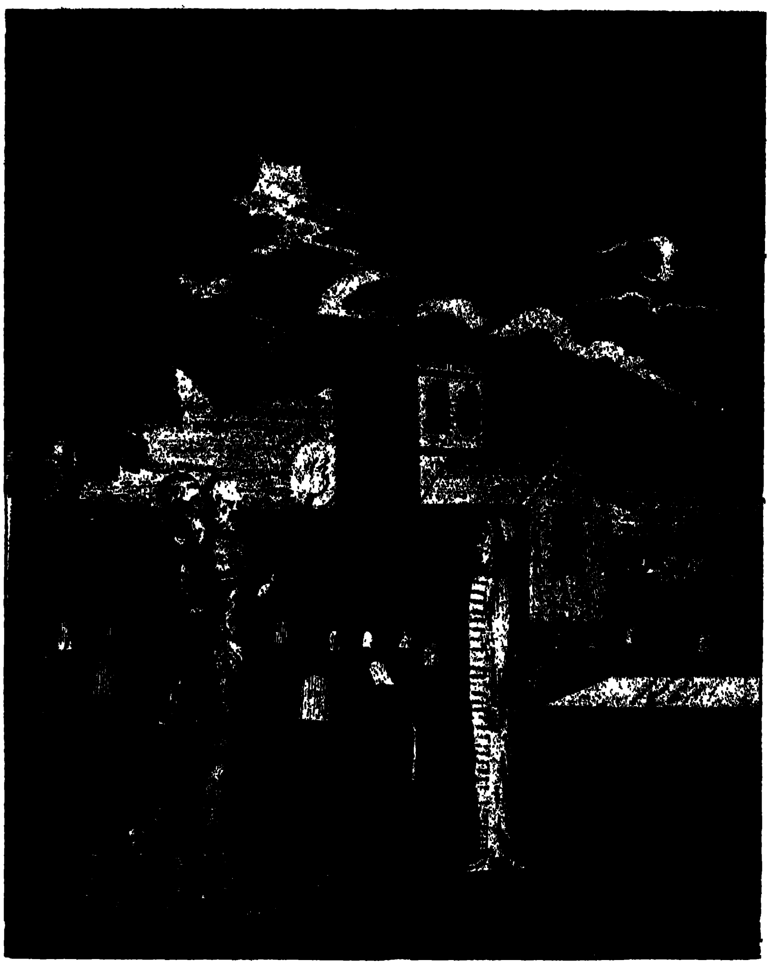


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By Dr. James Baikie, F.R.A.S. 6s. (Seeley, Service.)

In a fascinating fashion Dr. Baikie tells the story of the Bible's coming to Britain and to the world, from the Septuagint down to the translations made by modern missionaries for heathen lands—of course taking Wycliffe and the version of King James on the road. The method is strictly historical. That is, we are led down the ages and made to note the growth of the original Bible and the different versions of it which each successive age brought forth. Both text and illustrations are excellent, and for teachers the volume is ideal.



II
THE ROAMING LIFE

From The Wind on the Heath
By John Sampson
(*Chatto & Windus*).

THE ROAMING LIFE.



From My Oul' Town
By Louise McKay
(*Stanley Paul*).

"I SIT BY THE FIRE AND TALK TO THE KETTLE."

PEREGRINE

By B. Dyke Acland. 7s. 6d. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

This novel will certainly enhance the writer's already considerable reputation. The first half of the book is a very charming and amusing description of the childhood of two engaging scamps, Peregrine and Tom Okewood, the children of an equally engaging and original father, an ex-naval captain. The chronicle of the nursery, the dame school, and the preparatory school is written with sparkling humour and notable literary skill. The story is episodic in character and moves swiftly on to Peregrine's no less interesting and masterful career as a man of business. At every stage of his progress Peregrine is a fresh and attractive figure, and he is seen at his best in his wooing of Ursula who, with excellent humour and understanding, steers him into a political career. It is a pleasure to acclaim this clean and clever book, which arrests one, also, by the terseness of its style.



Princess Pocahontas.
(Drawing by John Hassall.)
From Hayden Coffin's Book
By Hayden Coffin
(*Alston Rivers*).

FRENCH WINES

By Paul de Cassagnac. Translated by Guy Knowles. 6s.
(Chatto & Windus.)

This is neither an exhaustive study of the subject nor one of those rather self-consciously literary essays on the pleasures of wine. It is a thoroughly sound and useful book for the ordinary wine-drinker of average means. There is a particularly good chapter on the choice of the right dishes to accompany fine wines.



From Love in Ambush
By Barbara Willard and Elizabeth Devas
(*Gerald Howe*).

A Decoration by Barbara Willard.



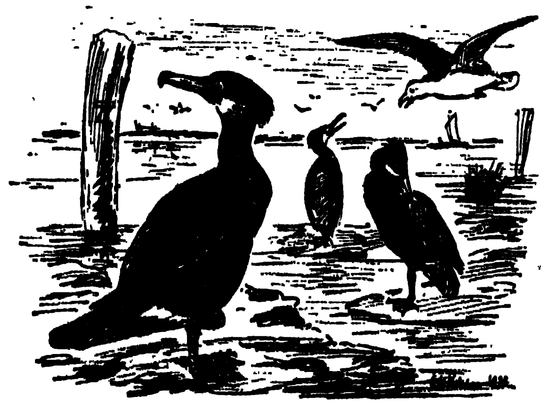
From The Children's Book of Wild Flowers and the Story of Their Names
By Gareth H. Browning
(*Chambers*).

The Hop Clover. The Flax.

MORE POINTS OF VIEW

4s. 6d. (Allen & Unwin.)

This is a second collection of addresses which have already been heard on the wireless. The topics are various. Perhaps the best way of giving an idea of their themes is to list the speakers. These are: The Archbishop of York, Viscount Grey, Sir James Jeans, Dame Ethel Smyth, Sir Josiah Stamp, Sir Henry Newbolt, and Mr. Hilaire Belloc. Every name, it will be seen, is weighty; and the addresses were well worth preserving in this permanent form.



From A Norfolk Naturalist
By Arthur H. Patterson
(*Methuen*).

Cormorants.

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From English Children's Costume Since 1775 By Iris Brooke (*Black*).

1835-1840.

ENGLISH CHILDREN'S COSTUME SINCE 1775

Drawn and Described by Iris Brooke. With an Introduction by James Laver. 6s. (Black.)

It is rather alarming to realise, as one turns the pages of this unique and uncommonly fascinating little book, how dominated we have always been by Dame Fashion. Miss Brooke has made a careful study of the subject, and shows us in pictures, amplified by brief word-descriptions, the manner in which fashions in children's clothes have changed since they first began to vary from adult fashions towards the end of the eighteenth century. From simplicity to elaboration and back again to simplicity the costumes of little boys and girls have progressed through gradual transitions. Merely from the point of view of general interest the book is extremely useful, but to those who for any reason want accuracy and precise details it will be more useful still, and Miss Brooke is to be congratulated on an unusual piece of work capably carried out.

THE CHURCH AND THE PEOPLE

By Canon T. Guy Rogers, M.C., B.D. 7s. 6d. net. (Sampson Low.)

This very valuable and stimulating book ranges over a variety of topics such as those implied in its sub-title, "Problems of Reunion, Sex, Marriage, Women's Ministry, etc." The background of the whole treatment is Canon Rogers's conception of reunion. He hopes for a reunion which is not a mere absorption of other Churches by the Church of England, but rather a sort of federation in which each Church shall keep its own distinctive witness. How, this attained, the other problems might be dealt with, Canon Rogers proceeds to show. His answers to the many questions thus raised cannot of course be treated at length here. But a word of real welcome must be given to a work so thoughtful, so carefully wrought out on a basis of impartial inquiry, so finely catholic in spirit. Canon Rogers speaks very plainly—for instance, in regard to some of the findings of the Lambeth Conference—and is obviously impatient with the "die-hards" of every denomination. If every book on Church questions were like this, and had as much vision and sympathy behind it, some of to-day's religious problems would seem less insoluble than they sometimes do.

SIMPLE STORIES FROM "PUNCH"

By Archibald Marshall. 6s. (Dent.)

With an ambiguous smile the author turns to the task of betraying the foibles of our history, legend, and next-door neighbour (excluding of course ourselves) in twenty-four patently unsophisticated but slyly uproarious tales. Some readers may fear that Mr. Marshall is rather over dubious as to our sense of justice ("The Fur Box"), and that he is not sufficiently respectful to our leading human belief in the omnipotence of the Public School production ("The Cannibal"), but not even the most carping can deny the sovereignty of his imagination and humour. The Artist, The Jumble Sale, and the Joint of Meat rival the best of George Morrow's delicious drawings, which accompany the prose. In that Mr. Everyman will meet, with a private chuckle, relations, acquaintances and friends.



From Simple Stories from "Punch" By Archibald Marshall (*Dent*).

BROWN JUKES QUITE ENJOYED PAINTING HER.

FICTION AND MISCELLANEOUS LITERATURE

THE ROMANCE OF THE HEAVENS

By Gerald Beavis. Illustrated. 6s. net. (Sampson Low.)

There are two things which amaze one in reading this book. First, what an extraordinary knowledge of the universe scientists possess, and second, more humbling thought, what a colossal amount they have yet to learn. Let us say at once that Mr. Beavis has performed his difficult task with distinction, and as a popular survey of the methods by which men explore the heavens and the state of our knowledge up to date, it is as good as anything we have yet encountered. The photographs are a history in themselves.

The chief difficulties astronomers had seem to have been theological, but now that sort of repression is past, our universe becomes more wonderful to us, and more and more are we led to detect mind and providential purpose behind it. A book like this does much to answer the ordinary man's questions in a way that inspires as well as instructs.



From English Children's Costume Since 1775 By Iris Brooke (*Black*).

1835-1840.



From The Four Leaf Clever By Owen Rutter Illustrated by Doris McLaren (*Elkin Mathews*).

THE CASE FOR THE SEA-SERPENT

By R. T. Gould. 12s. 6d. (Philip Allan.)

After reading Mr. Gould's book, even the most sceptical will be inclined to agree that the author has made out an exceedingly good case for the existence of this semi-mythological monster. Having collected, collated and examined a vast amount of evidence on the subject, he is satisfied that the creature exists and is either a marine serpent proper or a survival of the supposedly extinct pleiosaurus. But whether one accepts his conclusions or not, the book makes fascinating reading, for of necessity it records many sea adventures sufficiently thrilling apart from their value as evidence in the case under discussion.

THE BLUE RIBAND

The Romance of the Atlantic Ferry

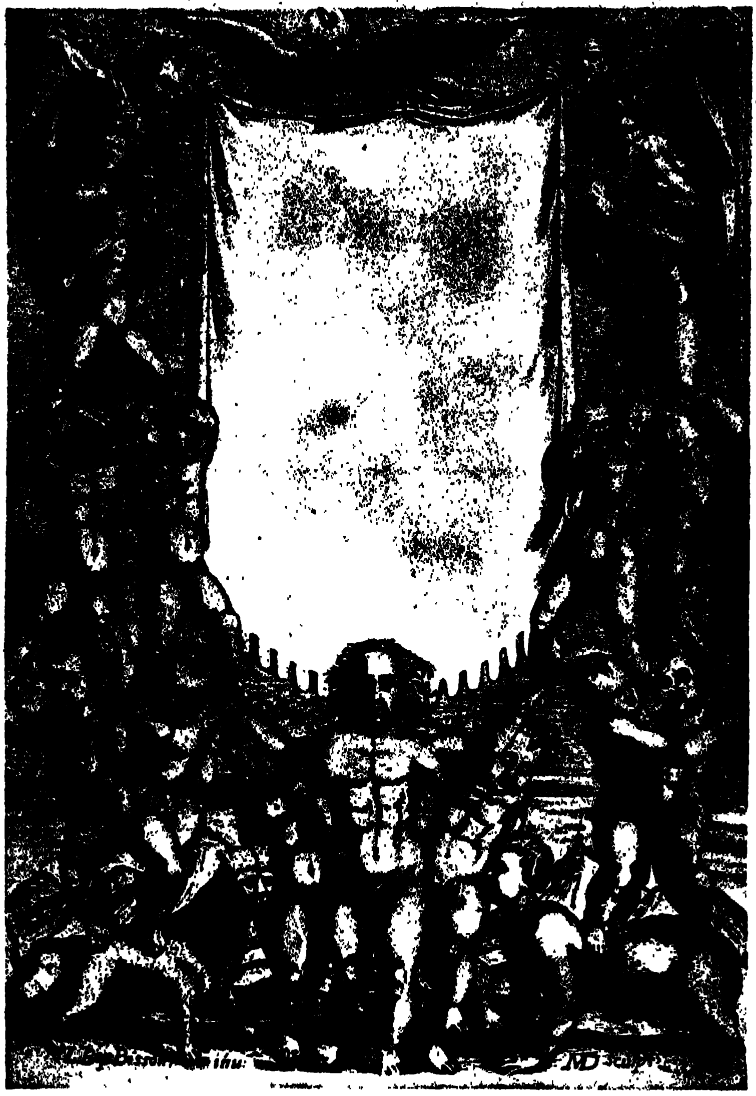
By Charles E. Lee. 6s. (Sampson Low.)

The Blue Riband has long been applied to the fastest Atlantic passage between Europe and America, but Mr. Lee very properly extends his story to the rise and progress of the steamship lines which have catered for the transatlantic passenger and mail traffic even before Samuel Cunard started the race in earnest. And in these days when daring pioneers are conquering the air with new epics of courage and tragedy, there is an added interest in Mr. Lee's chapters on the American, British and German struggles to win in speed and size on the great waters between New World and Old. Nothing is omitted: from a table of record runs and details of the largest liners down to the many colour and half-tone illustrations of famous steamships; from *Britannia*, the first 1840 Cunarder, to the Norddeutscher Lloyd *Europa* of 1930.

THE NARRATIVE OF JASPER WEEPLE

By J. R. Sutherland.
7s. 6d.
(Eric Partridge.)

A strange land whose people are ignorant of our world and its ways and needs to have its customs and beliefs logically explained is always a fascinating theme for the satirist. Mr. Sutherland employs it with much freshness, wit and originality in his entertaining story, told by Jasper Weeple. In this instance, the mysterious country is hidden away somewhere in the middle of England, some magic has concealed it from the makers of maps and only an occasional wanderer has found the way to it. Jasper finds the way, guided by an old document that comes into his hands at Oxford. Its inhabitants have a habit of falling into deep slumber which lasts for several years, and is only disturbed when a stranger accidentally roams into their midst and kisses the princess. Jasper's sojourn in Midanglia, his extraordinary adventures, his endeavours to describe familiar things in the world he comes from to an innocent, unenlightened, newly awakened people, are related with delicious humour. But the sceptic may, if he wishes, accept the theory of Jasper's uncle, the Reverend Daniel Weeple, who doubted the mentality of his young relative when, having disappeared into oblivion, he returned with such an amazing explanation of his absence.



From Mystery and Lore of Monsters
By C. J. S. Thompson
(*Williams & Norgate*).

"De Monstrorum Natura," Fortunio Licetus, 1634.
(Engraved by J. Bap. Bissonina, M.B.)

SALLY AMONG THE STARS

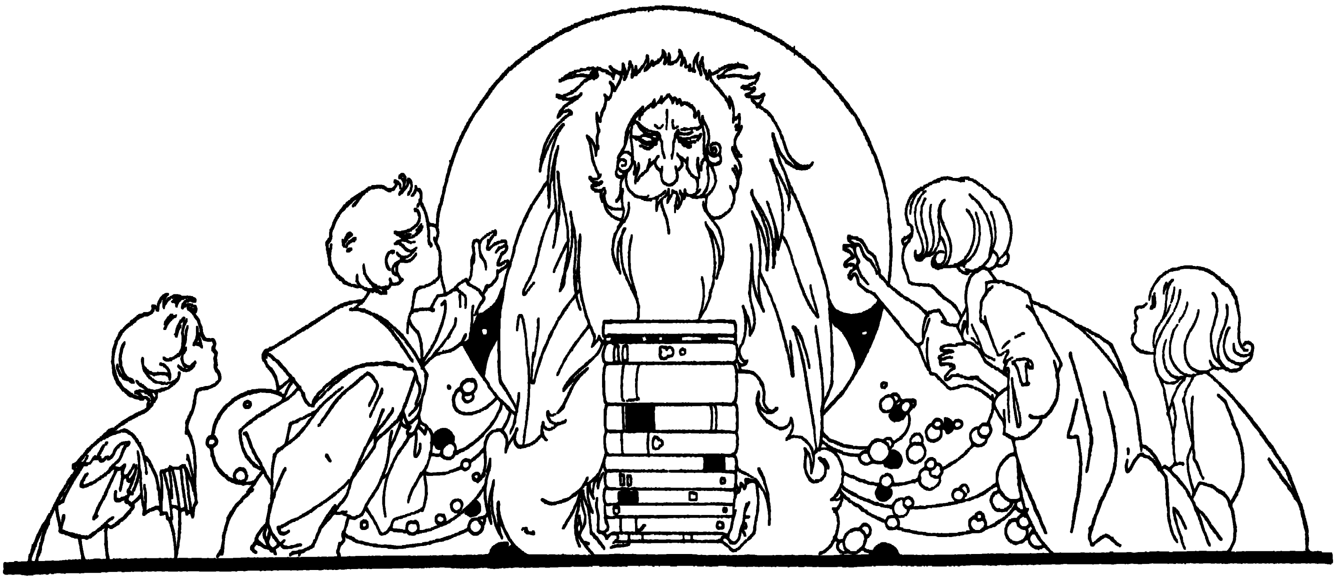
By Concordia Merrel.
7s. 6d.
(Hodder & Stoughton.)

How charming and simple, how countrified and sweet is this heroine, Sally! She is as white as milk, as red as roses and as frisky as an innocent lamb. "Sally didn't scamp her work (in the hat shop that gave such a starvation wage); Sally didn't dance all night and every night; Sally didn't talk about boys; Sally didn't make casual dates; nor did she use rouge or lipstick. Naturally they couldn't make head or tail of Sally." She is kidnapped in a very charming sort of way in a long, low, lovely car by a young man who says to her: "You see, buttercups and daisies was my standard, and you absolutely come up to it." Read the romance yourself to see why he carried her off. The film studio is realistically pictured and the film actresses are vividly outlined. For the young and sentimental this is the very novel.



From William III and The Defence of Holland, 1672–4
By Mary Caroline Trevelyan
(*Longmans*).

The Entrance of William III into Utrecht, 1672.
(From a contemporary print in the Fitzwilliam Museum, Cambridge.)



CHILDREN'S BOOKS.



From Cinderella
(*Dean*)

A Royal Footman finds Cinderella's Slipper

FATHER CHRISTMAS, HIS BOOKSHELF

Whatever there be of slump or sadness in the world, Father Christmas will have none of it.

He comes in as jolly as ever, with his gifts for good boys and girls and even for bad ones. Christmas gift-books for children have been coming back in increasing numbers since the War. When the Christmas gift-books dwindled we shed at least a lot of rubbish. I can remember a pre-War time when many books for children tended to be blatantly foolish. I am sure the children would have none of them, but one felt sorry for the poor child upon whom some indiscriminating person had foisted such a folly. I find nothing foolish in the Christmas gift-books of this year. Though they are all good in a degree, the best of all are those written for children by writers of quality, who still understand the mind of a child and realise the effect on the child's mind of what it reads.

Easily first in my budget comes Laurence Housman's "Turn Again Tales."[1] This book will mean happiness to the child who receives it. Laurence Housman is a poet of distinction, as well as an artist. He has put his mind and heart into these charming tales, simple, gay and beautiful. The children who pore over this book will learn precious things from it. I commend it most heartily to all who would choose a book for children. It sends one's mind back to those early short stories of Mr. Housman's which were instinct with the Franciscan spirit. The book is charmingly illustrated and produced in a way that befits the matter.

"The Heroes of Asgard"[2] reminds one of the very excellent novels of Annie Keary which had so high a repute in the last half of last century. She may be forgotten in the wild rush of books to-day; if she were here to say it she might say perhaps, as Wordsworth said to Coleridge—or vas it the other way about?—"Let us stand aside while this crowd goes by." Her "Heroes of Asgard" at least is not forgotten. Here is a charming new edition for the children, illustrated by C. E. Brock, which might pair worthily with Laurence Housman's book. There is wit and imagination in these stories and a knowledge of what will appeal to the mind of a child. There will be much delight for the winter evenings by the nursery fire with this reissue of a book which the children's elders loved long ago.



From No. 8 Joy Street (*Blackwell*). MR. DAPPOM AND HIS FRIEND.

For children who will delight in the last two books reviewed "No. 8, Joy Street"[3] will make a joyous third. I have my Joy Streets up to No. 4, and I shall certainly fill the gap, because these annuals are just the kind of books to be borrowed from the nursery by discriminating grown-ups. Like all Mr. Basil Blackwell's publications, it is beautifully produced with an originality in design which takes the eye and the heart at once. The colour plates are quite beautiful, and when I give a few names from the list of contributors, it will be enough to vouch for the quality: Laurence Housman, Algernon Blackwood, Madeleine Nightingale, Eleanor Farjeon—all the names are those who have the art of writing for the children and their elders. There is a piquancy in Mr. Algernon Blackwood's presence, and I am delighted to find again Mr. Compton Mackenzie among the contributors to this children's annual. Since he wrote his first book for children—that midsummer book full of beauty, with quips and cranks and imagination and fantasy—I have closed my eyes to the Compton Mackenzie of the novels and have rejoiced in this one.

This book is so excellent that one looks for one or two names expecting to find them. Rose Fyleman and Walter de la Mare come to mind, and "No. 9, Joy Street" should



From The Book of Simon By A. S. M. Hutchinson (*Hodder & Stoughton*). THIS ASTOUNDING CONCENTRATION OF THOUGHT.



From Warne's Pleasure Book for Children (*Warne*).

"IF YOU PLEASE, I'VE HURT MY FOOT!"

give us a story by Mr. Denis Mackail—but even with these omissions the book is admirable. Every nursery should have the whole set of Joy Street. There is nothing better among the children's books.

Mr. A. S. M. Hutchinson has given us "The Book of Simon,"[4] inspired doubtless by his own little son. The alluring little picture on the cover draws one on to read, but one comes to the conclusion that it is rather the book for adoring parents than for children. Mr. Hutchinson's "If Winter Comes" had a success, which I had heard ascribed to the fact that most men saw something of themselves in the hero. Many children might see something of themselves in Simon, but I am not sure that the objective is the best way to please the children who are seldom interested in each other. The child I know best at this time has listened attentively to the reading aloud of a novel in proof, showing so much interest that his elders were puzzled, till they made the discovery that he took all the grown-ups in the story for children. Their ways must have been piquant, taken for the ways of children, but no doubt the patient listener of six years was the more interested because of the unexpectedness.



TAIL-PIECE TO "LOBSTER POTS."
From The Adventures of Mr. Woggins
By Olwen Bowen
(*Collins*).

There is a certain egoism in children that would prevent their being immensely interested in the minds and ways of other small children unless they had a wicked appeal. Mr Hutchinson's book is certain to be bought largely by the parents.

Once again "The Greatest Story in the World" is told for children in the "Greatest Gift,"[5] by Maurice Kerr and Eleanor E. Helme, with coloured plates by Harold Copping. Doubtless the children never tire of this story. The book is composed of episodes from the Old Testament leading up to the New Testament, told in a simple explanatory way to prepare the children for a further knowledge later on. It is sure to be much in demand this Christmas.

And now we come to the Christmas Annuals, always so surprisingly good and cheap and so diversified in their contents. "Arthur Mee's Story Book"[6] strikes an original note in these annuals. It is composed of stories, every one true, which appeared in the *Children's Newspaper*. Each of these stories is written about some wonderful true tale of courage, self-sacrifice, self-abnegation. Nothing could be better for growing boys and girls. The stories deal with all the ages and inclusiveness is shown by the telling of something so recent, so easily overlooked by the general reader, as the story of Kevin O'Higgins's condemnation of Rory O'Connor to death as a hard duty, and the recognition his motive met with when Rory O'Connor left all he possessed to the friend who had so condemned him. This annual is of the stuff to make brave men and women.

Here are all the old favourites in "Granny's Book of Fairy Stories"[7]—it is very ample and one misses none of the immortalities which have descended from child to child through the years of the world. The stories are told with a simple picturesqueness and just enough humour—for be it remembered that children have their own sense of humour and are apt to take their fairy stories seriously. This is an amazing three-and-sixpenny worth.

"Cassell's Annual"[8] is another full and excellent Annual, but one feels a little blankly that we often do not know who to thank for the pleasant stories and pictures. However, Cassell's Annual is an old and tried friend, and the children will not ask any questions when it comes to their lot to receive it once again, because the children are faithful, and "good wine needs no bush" might have been their adage.

"Warne's Pleasure Book for Children"[9] has a gay gold cover which is a symbol in itself of the good things



From Bunny and Brownie
By Ida Rentoul Outhwaite
(*Black*).

BUNNY BUSY WITH HIS PEN.



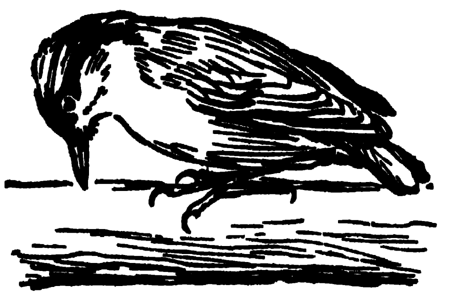
From Heroes of Asgard
By G A and E Keary
(*Macmillan*)

HEAD-PIECE.

within it These stories and pictures are for little children, and nicely calculated to please them, and there are the things children love—birds and beasts and all manner of good and pleasant things. "Warne's Pleasure Book" is fittingly named As regards small children, it should much ease the cares of nurses and mothers, keeping the little ones happy and content while the ordinary tasks are being accomplished.

"Open and See"[10] is another of these children's Annuals of which the same things can be said. You need not pass by "Open and See" when choosing a book for small children

"The Children's Treasury"[11] is a little different in that, with stories, poems and pictures, it also gives the children instruction how to amuse themselves by using their fingers as well as their eyes There are all sorts of ingenious devices here to relieve the tedium



From Old Man of the Woods
By Marcus Woodwood
(*Toulmin*)

THE NUTHATCH.

of too much reading, for children love variety It is a winter store house against tedium in the long afternoons

"Bunny and Brownie"[12] comes out of its due place in this review I should have placed it between "The Heroes of Asgard" and "No 8, Joy Street," if it was only for its charming pictures I think they are quite the prettiest of any of the Christmas gift-books I have seen this year The little stories in which Bunny and Brownie figure are told with just the right simplicity and *naïveté* for imaginative nursery readers. Mrs Outhwaite is a very notable addition to the workers in children's literature. The children deserve the best we can give them, and the pictures in this book are certainly of the best, while the letterpress is in happy keeping with them What dear, delightful, moth-winged fairies! One wants to be a child again to possess this book.

KATHARINE TYNAN



From The White Man's Garden
By Mervyn Skipper
(*Elkin Mathews*)

A YOUNG PELICAN ALIGHTED ON A TREE ABOVE THEM.

[1] "Turn Again Tales" By Laurence Housman 7s 6d net (Blackwell)—[2] The Heroes of Asgard By A and E Keary Illustrated by C L Brock R I 6s net (Macmillan)—[3] No 8 Joy Street" (Blackwell)—[4] "The Book of Simon" By A S M Hutchinson 7s 6d net (Hodder & Stoughton)—[5] "The Greatest Gift" By Maurice Kerr and Eleanor E Helme 10s 6d net (R T S)—[6] "Arthur Mee's Story Book" 7s 6d net (Hodder & Stoughton)—[7] "Granny's Book of Fairy Stories 3s 6d net (Blackie)—[8] Cassell's Children's Annual" 5s net—[9] "Warne's Pleasure Book" (Warne)—[10] Open and See" 2s 6d net (Wells Gardner) [11] The Children's Treasury" 2s 6d net (Nelson)—[12] Bunny and Brownie" By Ida Rentoul Outhwaite 10s 6d net (Black)



From Turn Again Tales
By Laurence Housman
(*Blackwell*).

A GANDER AND HIS GEESE.

OLD MAN OF THE WOODS

By Marcus Woodward. 2s. 6d. (Toulmin.)

A collection of light-hearted and highly instructive yarns given by "Old Man" to Boy Scouts on their rambles. We had best quote, to give some idea of the sort of thing that is found between these charming covers:

"One question," said Joe, by no means inclined for hare hunting. "How fast can a hare run?"



From Cartwheels and Catkins By Wilfrid Thorley (*Shaylor*). THE WITCH.

"Not so fast as a cheetah, supposed to be the fastest animal in the world over short distances; and not so fast as the greyhound, which can cover a quarter of a mile in twenty seconds. A hare can gallop at from thirty to thirty-five miles an hour. This I have often proved when in a car at night."

Nature's romance is assuredly more interesting than any other, and here, for half-a-crown, is a gift-book that must illuminate every young and eager mind. We are glad of the pictures, and emphatically commend the volume.



From Old Time Fairy Tales and Nursery Rhymes (*Raphael Tuck*). CINDERELLA.

OLD TIME FAIRY TALES AND NURSERY RHYMES

3s. 6d. (Raphael Tuck.)

No matter how many new rhymes and stories are introduced, we very much doubt if they will ever be allowed to oust the old favourites. Here is an excellent collection of the latter, containing all the good old "regulars," and many lesser known ones besides. The choice of illustrator has been particularly happy, for Miss Jennie Harbour has given a fresh and delicately whimsical depiction of many old familiars, both in colour and black-and-white: in each case the treatment is equally pleasing. It is a delightful addition to Messrs. Raphael Tuck's popular "Golden Treasury" Library.



From The Atlantic By Stanley Rogers (*Harrap*).

THE WORLD'S BEST STORIES FOR CHILDREN

Selected by Winifred Biggs. 7s. 6d. (Jacks.)

Here is a book that will surely settle all age difficulties between six and sixteen, and completely overlook those of sex altogether. By thus disposing of two outstanding problems the compiler of this collection has won our real gratitude. We need do no more than give a few of the authors' names whose stories are included: Walter de la Mare, Katherine Mansfield, Sir Edward Abbott Parry, E. Nesbit, A. A. Milne, Eleanor Farjeon, besides numerous others.



From The World's Best Stories for Children Selected by Winifred Biggs (*Nelson*). "HE RETURNED TO HIS BOOTS."

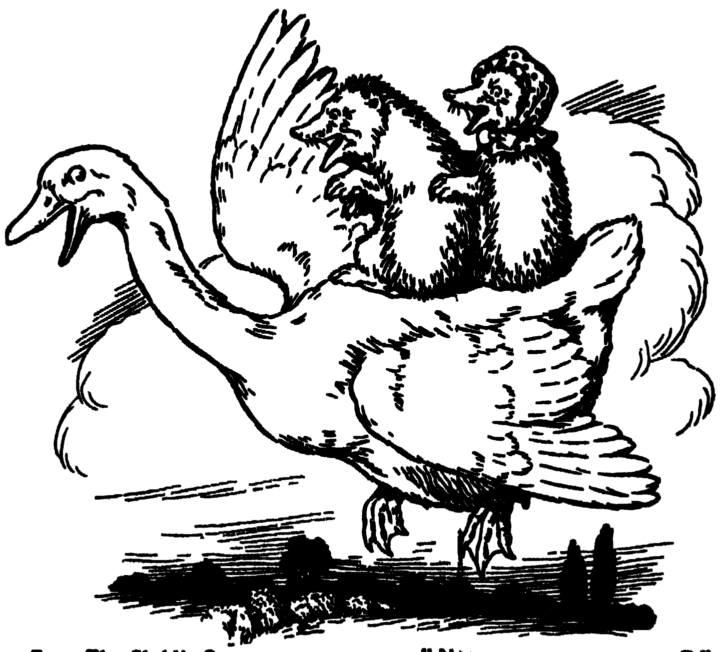
THE WHITE MAN'S GARDEN

By Mervyn Skipper.
With illustrations by the Author. 6s. net.
(Elkin Mathews & Marrot)

This is a book not to be missed, by the author of "The Meeting Pool." It is a tale, or rather, a series of connected tales, told in the garden of the White Man who lived in Borneo, and it is primarily a book for children, as Kipling's "Jungle Books" were books for children In this Garden" the numerous trees and shrubs of Borneo talk and tell tales, and in so doing reveal a great deal to us that a mere botanist might not think of mentioning The stories are amusing, cunning, characteristic. The White Man, his wife, and small son are one day seen to be packing their possessions, they go away over the sea, and the garden wonders about it, and is glad to be rid of discipline Later, the garden is lonely and overgrown, and uncomfortable, and it wishes the White Man back again It suffers, it tells stories, and in course of time the White Man, who has been away because there was a Great War, comes back again. The style of the book is easy and charming, and the illustrations are most excellent The solid yet delicate work of the tropical trees is only rivalled by the nonchalance of the Chinese Boy who carried the Emperor's snuff-box, or the down-dropped eyelids of the Rajah's youngest daughter or— but they must be seen We ourselves have been charmed



From Granny's Book of Fairy Stories (*Blackie*) THE UGLY DUCKLING.

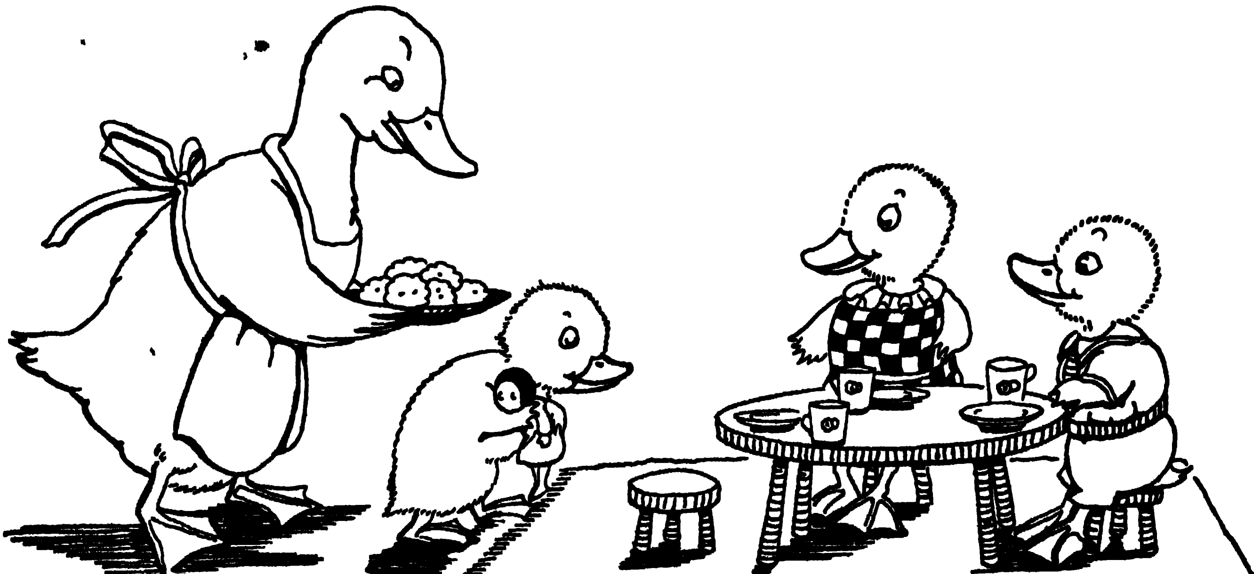


From The Child's Own (*N.S S U*) "NOW WHERE DO WE GO?"

THE NURSERY BOOK

3s 6d (Nelson)

A large book, with large bold type, so suitable for the little ones who are just beginning to read, and a real profusion of pictures of all sizes and colourings One poem, "The Farmer's Boy," takes up quite a number of pages and covers the whole range of the farmyard, growing in snowball fashion There is another version of the woman who lived in a shoe, this time it is a wee little mouse, and she and her family are shown on one of the attractive colour plates



From The Nursery Book (*Nelson*) FEELING QUITE CHEERFUL.



From Little People's Annual (*Raphael Tuck*).

"THE MICE SANG CHORUSES."

CINDERELLA

Illustrated by Frederick Spurgin.

2s. 6d. (Dean.)

"Cinderella" is the hardiest of perennials among children's literature, and here it is in still another edition, with three other favourite fairy tales—"Beauty and the Beast," "The Sleeping Beauty" and "Puss in Boots." Produced in a large, attractively shaped volume, with coloured front board and many admirable illustrations in colour and line, and printed in very bold, clear type, a better edition could not be desired at the price. It should easily be a best seller among the season's gift-books for young people.

LITTLE PEOPLE'S ANNUAL

4s. (Raphael Tuck.)

The quite small children are delightfully provided for in this generous collection of stories, verses, puzzles and pictures galore. We quite envy the grown-ups who have the opportunity of sharing in the fun. Two very good points to note are the clear, large type and the unusually heavy paper which should stand harder wear than is generally the case. Five particularly delightful colour plates form a sequence of nursery pictures which make one long to lift them out and frame them.

THE PLAYTIME ANNUAL—1931

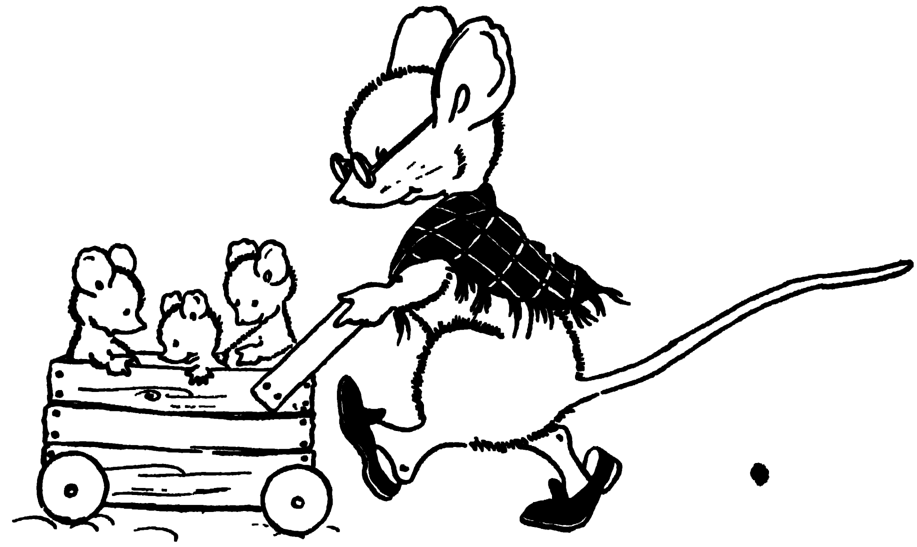
6s. (Amalgamated Press.)

This is an Annual specially planned, we realise, for the entertaining of children. There are stories in it of course, and verses, and pictures, but the marked feature of the volume lies in the puzzles and games, the jokes and jobs, the wealth of suggestions for heads and hands to think out and do. There is a play to act, there are codes in which the children can write to one another and keep up all the thrill of a secret correspondence. Instructions are given for making easy toys. Scores of interesting things are given for children to guess, and ask, and make. Indeed it is a play box in itself, able to keep a big party sufficiently noisy, or a family quietly employed. And gay colours rollick from cover to cover.

PLEASURE BOOK FOR BOYS.

2s. 6d. (Warne.)

Here is a collection of good stories interspersed with a few articles. It will while away many a dull hour on a wet day. The illustrations both in colour and line add to the charm of the volume. Parents faced with the problem



From The Playtime Annual (*Amalgamated Press*).

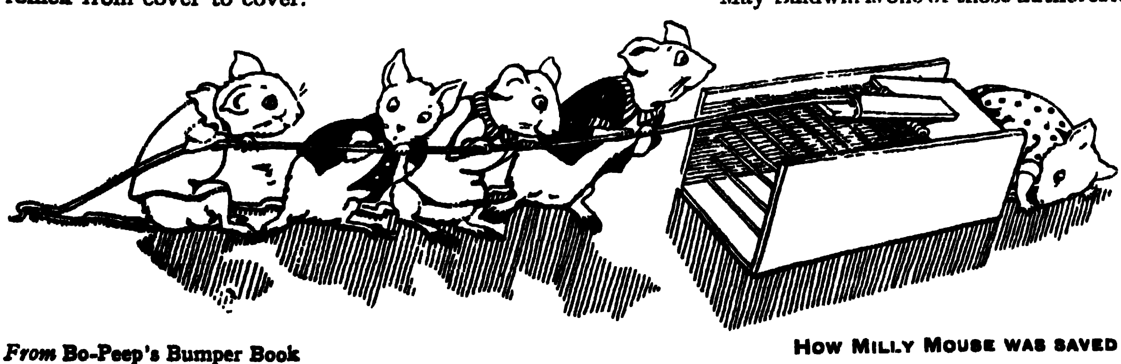
WIDOW MARTHA WAS WALKING OUT WITH THE LITTLE ONES.

of providing literature at Christmas time for boys between the ages of thirteen and fifteen couldn't do better than secure this year's "Pleasure Book."

NOT AN ORDINARY GIRL

By May Baldwin. 3s. 6d. (Chambers.)

May Baldwin is one of those authoresses who help to belie the often heard statement that no one can write good schoolgirl stories. Here she has a delightful tale to tell and tells it charmingly. It is a story of a girl's adventures in Normandy. The heroine's French cousin Athalie is a delightful creation.



From Bo-Peep's Bumper Book (*Amalgamated Press*).

HOW MILLY MOUSE WAS SAVED



From Rosamund Takes the Lead
By E. E. Cowper
(*Blackie*).

SOMEONE WAS TAPPING VERY GENTLY ON HER DOOR.

ROSAMUND TAKES THE LEAD

By E. E. Cowper. 3s. 6d. (Blackie.)

Miss E. E. Cowper has herself for so many years " taken the lead " in writing for school maidens the breathless, terse and thoroughly improbable yet convincing adventure story, that there is no doubt the tale of Rosamund will find many readers. Of the more delicate literary graces the story is entirely bare ; it is hurriedly, almost mechanically told, but there is no cessation in the ripple of the narrative. Rosamund is determined, backed by her school friend Ina and a plucky little lad called Adam, to clear up all the terrors that hang round Lakewood Manor. She catches sight of that sinister thing, *the Ghost Van*, and her bright eyes are open for every sinister sign, and she never flinches in her purpose. Your sporting girl will read the book and like Rosamund, but we have never met any Rosamund such as this in real life.

THE BIBLE STORY IN MODERN ART

21s. (R.T.S.)

What can one say of such a book more than that the text is from the Bible and that it contains sixty-four large colour plates from the original paintings by Harold Copping. Mr. Copping has brought back from the Holy Land a vast store of impressions and characteristic detail and to these he has allied all those distinctive qualities which have made his work so valued. There is no need to speak here of its strength and dignity, its rich warmth of colouring and vital suggestion of the Eastern atmosphere, it is far too well known. Nowhere, despite the large number of plates, can we see the least hint of hasty work, and though everyone will naturally have their favourites, each picture carries its own illuminating and persuasive charm.

"YELLERLEGS"

By L. C. Douthwaite. 3s. 6d. (Chambers.)

" Yellerlegs " is the slang name for members of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police, and this is the tale of a young constable, put in command of a particularly rough and dangerous district. He overcame his first enemy, a giant nicknamed Goliath, and turned him into a friend ; but he had other quarry to tackle. His exciting adventures make absorbing reading, and the drama intensifies when he falls into the hands of his two deadliest foes and is left tied to a tree to be devoured by wolves. How he escapes, to be captured again, and finally through his heroism wins promotion, forms the thrilling climax of a thoroughly good yarn for boys.

The Mounted Police are favourite heroes of the film ; they have even been made the heroes of musical comedy. Here, in book form, they will be equally appreciated by the boys of to-day as were the trappers and redskins who preceded them by the boys of yesterday.



From The Bible Story in Modern Art
Pictured by Harold Copping
(*R.T.S.*).

THE WELL OF SYCHAR.

THE LUCK OF THE OAKLEIGHS

By Irene Mossop 2s net (Warne)

"When Oakleigh's luck afar doth roam,
An Oakleigh maid shall bring it home"

The Oakleigh Luck "roamed" at the beginning of this story for girls. The old and honoured firm of Thomas Oakleigh & Son, seed merchants, was seriously threatened with ruin, the beautiful home of the four girls, Delphinium, Geranium, Nigella and Petunia, was let to a stranger, and they themselves were sent to the care of a charming lady who undertook to care for and educate them with five others who were already with her The chronicle of their life while with Miss Ambrose is rather 'off the lines" of the usual school story, and it makes very attractive reading The Oakleigh Luck does come home again, and the loyalty and sturdy friendliness of Nigella, the chronicler, brings it about The nine girls of the story are well worth meeting and the everyday life at Miss Ambrose's is naturally and often amusingly shown

EVERY BOY'S HOBBY ANNUAL

6s (Amalgamated Press)

This is excellent in its conception and admirably carried out It is packed with intriguing lures for the boy who likes to use his hands Here he may learn how to raise Pepper's Ghost compound invisible inks, construct a two valve set, manufacture a cutlery cabinet and learn all the tricks that can be done with matches This is a very inadequate résumé of the contents of a really admirable gift-book At the end of a month it should be well thumbed, and at the end of a year in spite of the excellent paper on which it is printed it should be in tatters



From The Greatest Gift
By Maurice Kerr and Eleanor E Helme
(*R T.S*).

WHILE JACOB WAS TALKING WITH THEM RACHEL CAME TO THE WELL.



From Dream-o'-Day Jill
By Evelyne M Williams
(*Cassell*)

"HOLDING THEIR BREATH, THEY WATCHED THE BEAUTIFUL FIGURE SLOWLY FLOAT DOWN THE STAIRS."

THE WISHING WOOD.

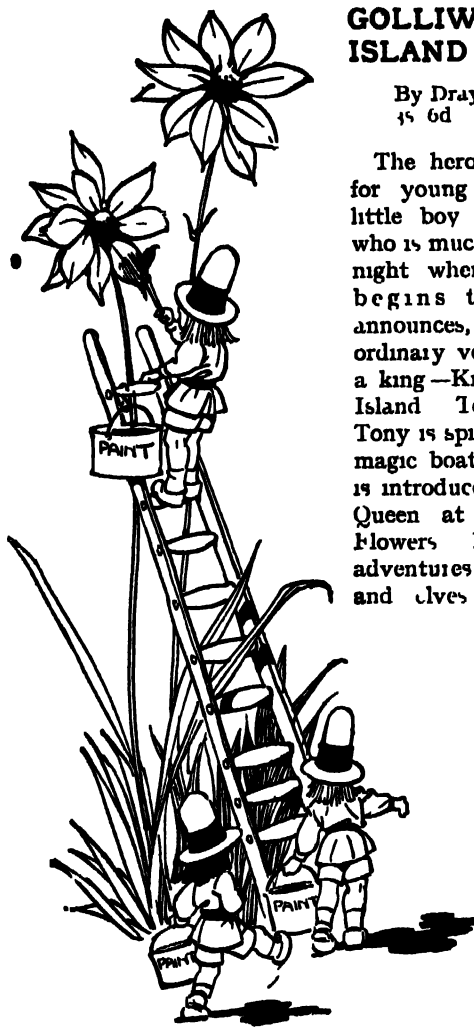
By Margaret Beatrice Lodge
5s (Oxford Press)

Whimsical, original, amusing charming—it is hard to sum up in a word the outstanding quality of Miss Lodge's pleasing story for children Miss Lodge keeps a very firm hold on the everyday world and her characters are real people, yet she is conscious all the time of magic things unexpectedly mixed up with ordinary ones When the twins, Celia and Delia went to stay in the country with their great-aunt Susan and great uncle James they discovered by accident a magic place in the wood where wishes came true This story is of how they coaxed different people to the spot and made them express their dearest wish—and what happened when each wish in turn was realised The illustrations by Miss A H Watson are full of life and energy and have caught the refreshing atmosphere which haunts the book from beginning to end.

CHATTERBOX

5s (Simpkin Marshall)

This is the sixty-third appearance of this doughty volume, surely a noble achievement, and from a glance at the contents this venerable favourite has lost none of its vigour To begin with there are two excellent serial stories, which are interspersed with a remarkable range of general knowledge articles nature notes, short stories and poems These, added to the eight plates in colour and over two hundred and twenty black-and-white illustrations, form a generous and richly varied feast



From Golliwog Island
By Draycot M Dell
(*Black*)

"TUMMY" HAD HELPED TO DO THE WORK

GOLLIWOG ISLAND

By Draycot M Dell 3s 6d (Black)

The hero of this story for young children is a little boy called Tony who is much surprised one night when his golliwog begins to talk, and announces, in a perfectly ordinary voice, that he is a king—King of Golliwog Island To that island Tony is spirited away in a magic boat, and there he is introduced to the Fairy Queen at the Court of Flowers He has many adventures among dwarfs and elves before being captured by the King of the Dragon Flies, from whom he is finally rescued by the Golden Beetle All very young folk with a spark of fancy will enjoy this tale which has four coloured plates and other illustrations

TOYS

By C W Beaumont 5s (Beaumont)

This dainty little book of rhymes is written and published by Mr Beaumont and attractively decorated by Eileen Mayo Taking the alphabet through each letter provides a topic for one or more (generally more) verses in true nursery language, to which the pictures are admirably adapted

BLACKIE'S GIRL'S ANNUAL

(Blackie)

Among the annuals for girls this season, Blackie's' stands well to the fore as regards handsome appearance and attractive contents There are stories in it galore to suit both the home-keeping and the adventurous tastes, stories by writers who understand girls Then also there are articles which, even alone, would make a fascinating book One of these is by Violet M Methley, who tells of the successful plan made by a girl living in the country who could not leave home and yet needed to make money The plan—"The Amateur Actor Aid Association" makes capital and inspiring reading Then, that girl's favourite, Angela Brazil, tells about colours, some of the common superstitions, and why they came Margaret Middleton tells us how to make a perfect tent Poems are here too, coloured illustrations as well as others, games, needlework, and a play which is 'actable' From cover to cover the volume is packed with good things

SEVEN SUSPECTS

By Florence Ryerson and Colin Clements 7s 6d net (Skeffington)

Four murders and a suicide is surely a full allowance even for "Dead Man's Gulch" in California But the Lymans were a terrible bad lot, and with two of them 'bumped off' for a start, and then two more because



From Children's Book of Pantomimes (*Cassell*).

ALADDIN.

they knew too much, well might Jimmy Lane, author of numerous successful films, exclaim, "As usual, Ma Bascum is right Only the Lymans were murdered and I should say it was a good riddance" But Ma Bascum was a culinary genius and her passion for providing marvellously appetising dishes of quail and blueberry (let alone "venison pot pie with cranberry tarts to follow") left no room for sympathy with people like the Lymans "If ever there was a bunch that needed killin' it was them" However it's a pretty puzzle the authors of this exciting mystery story set the reader, and the secret is most carefully kept



From Every Girl's Annual (*N S.S.U.*).

THE SURPRISE OF THE EVENING HAPPENED.

HERE BE DRAGONS

A Book of Children's Verse

By F. Gwynne Evans. Illustrated by George Morrow. 7s. 6d. (Macmillan.)

" So I think I'll stay on land and be a highwayman instead,
And ride about in moonlight with a price set on my head;
I'll wear lace ruffles on my sleeves, a mask upon my face,
And astonish all the ladies by my gallantry and grace



From Dream Days
By Kenneth Grahame
(*John Lane*).

THEN HE WAS CALLED UPON FOR TRICKS, JUGGLINGS, ETC.

" I will choose rich people only to relieve them of their wealth;
To the poor ones I'll give money to buy wine to drink my health;
And when for years I've baffled all the efforts of the police
I'll settle down at last and be a Justice of the Peace."

So sings the young man who couldn't be a pirate because he suffered from seasickness—one of the many delightful people and animals and strange creatures you will meet in this companion volume to " Puffin Puma and Co." Both pictures and verses are highly amusing, and not only children will find them so!

TOLD

By Compton Mackenzie. 6s. (Oxford Press.)

A collection of stories and poems sure of a wide and appreciative public is Mr. Compton Mackenzie's new book for children, " Told." Illustrated by various artists, with four colour plates by Miss A. H. Watson, both verses and tales have a quaint humour which grown-ups as well as children will thoroughly enjoy Whether you like the Dickensian type of Christmas story such as " The Fairy God-Daughter," or a fantasy like " Mabel in Queer Street," or such odd, imaginative tales as " Candlelight Cottage," " The Unpleasant Visitors " or " The Adventures of Two Chairs," you are sure to be pleased—so long as you are young enough in spirit—because Mr. Mackenzie has made variety the key-note of his book. A safe gift this to choose for any boy or girl with a taste for reading and the ability to recognise good writing.



MABEL IN QUEER STREET.
From Told
By Compton Mackenzie
(*Blackwell*).



From Here Be Dragons
By F. Gwynne Evans
(*Macmillan*).

THE WITCH.

UNDER THE FOEMAN'S FLAG

By Robert Leighton. 2s. (Pilgrim Press.)

Mr. Leighton's hand never loses its cunning and his new book is full of vigour and dramatic force. It is a story of the Spanish Armada, and of four young English people—a girl, two youths of quality and a tutor—who, crossing the Channel, unwittingly ran foul of the Spanish fleet and " went through the battle of the Armada, and passed through peril and privation under the shadow of the Foeman's Flag " Full of thrilling incidents and exciting descriptions of naval warfare, it is just the kind of stirring adventure book every healthy boy likes to read.



From Dorothy's Dilemma
By Elsie J. Oxenham
(*Chambers*).

"WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO, D.C. P"

BLACKIE'S CHILDREN'S ANNUAL

(Blackie.)

A monster Annual, with twenty-four coloured pictures, eighty other illustrations and fifty stories and short poems, this magnificent book for boys and girls is undoubtedly one of the best annuals published this Christmas. The contributors include many well-known writers, and everything has been done to give newness and variety to the contents. Plays and a song are among the items that will win especial favour, and there are all sorts of stories to appeal to every sort of taste. The illustrations, both plain and coloured, reach a very high level, and altogether the production is one that leaves little room for criticism.



From Blackie's Children's Annual
(*Blackie*).

THE CLOCKWORK GOVERNESS.



From Bobbety the Brownie
By May Wynne
(*Warne*).

MOST OF THE WATER RAN OVER BOBBETY'S FROCK.

BOBBETY THE BROWNIE

By May Wynne. 1s. (Warne.)

Another of the little "Welcome" series. Here is the story *par excellence* for the little maid of eight or ten. Bobbety meant to be such a particularly good Brownie, and such a great joy to mother! But when she tried to help, how hard she found it! She got hot and flustered trying to clean the grate, and it ended up by refusing to shine. She broke grannie's cherished blue vase, she could not chop the toughest bacon she'd ever met, and while she was fetching the cutting-out scissors to see if they would do, Gyp the dog ate it all up. And mother looked so dreadfully worried, although she was kind about it. Miss Wynne, who dedicates her charming and natural tale to the Brownies of the 8th and 9th Victoria Dock packs, is to be congratulated on another success.

THE BOOK OF ADVENTURE AND SPORT

6s (Raphael Tuck)

Many authors and many artists have combined to produce this volume for sport loving boys and girls, too, we think The "send off" is "What Sport Has Done for England," by Harold M Abrahams, who was captain of the British Athletic Team Olympic Games in 1928 It is a capital article on sport in general Lord Baden-Powell has written an excellent account of the Prince of Wales as Scout The great Jack Hobbs has something to say about cricket F H Temme tells "How I Swam the Channel" An ex champion writes about tennis The appeal of the book is wide Appropriate stories are interspersed and the illustrations by well known artists C E Brock, R I, Bernard Gribble, Fred Buchanan and others, are on a high level, six of them being full page coloured plates It is a lively volume, with much sound sense in it



From **Game Fish of the Pacific: Southern Californian and Mexican**
By G C Thomas, Jun, and G C. Thomas 3rd
(*Lippincott*)

TEENS

By Louise Mack 2s (Pilgrim Press)

This tale of a schoolgirl friendship in Sydney is a school story quite out of the common It is not all about school life, for the homes of Lennie Leighton and her friend, Mabel James—such different homes!—and Lennie's mother and father and brother and three young sisters play prominent parts in the lives of the two girls. The characters are remarkably well drawn and the whole story is so natural one feels it must be to an extent autobiographical Lennie's feelings at the examination, her mortification at only just passing, her adoration of Mabel, their founding of a school paper—all is charmingly told, and marvellous value for two shillings!



From **Cross and Sword: A Story of Joan of Arc**
By David Ker
(*Chambers*)

ROBIN UTTERED A CRY, AND WITH ONE BOUND HE WAS AT THE STRANGER'S SIDE.



From **Boys' Book of Trains**
(*Dean*).

A POWERFUL TANK ENGINE AT WORK AT THE DOCKS.



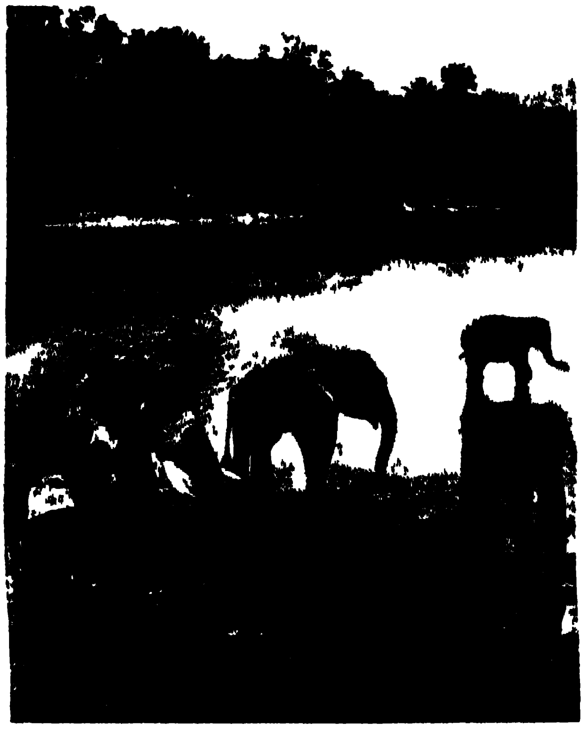
From **The Book of Adventure and Sport**
(*Raphael Tuck*)

A DESPERATE HAZARD.

ZOO AND ANIMAL ANNUAL

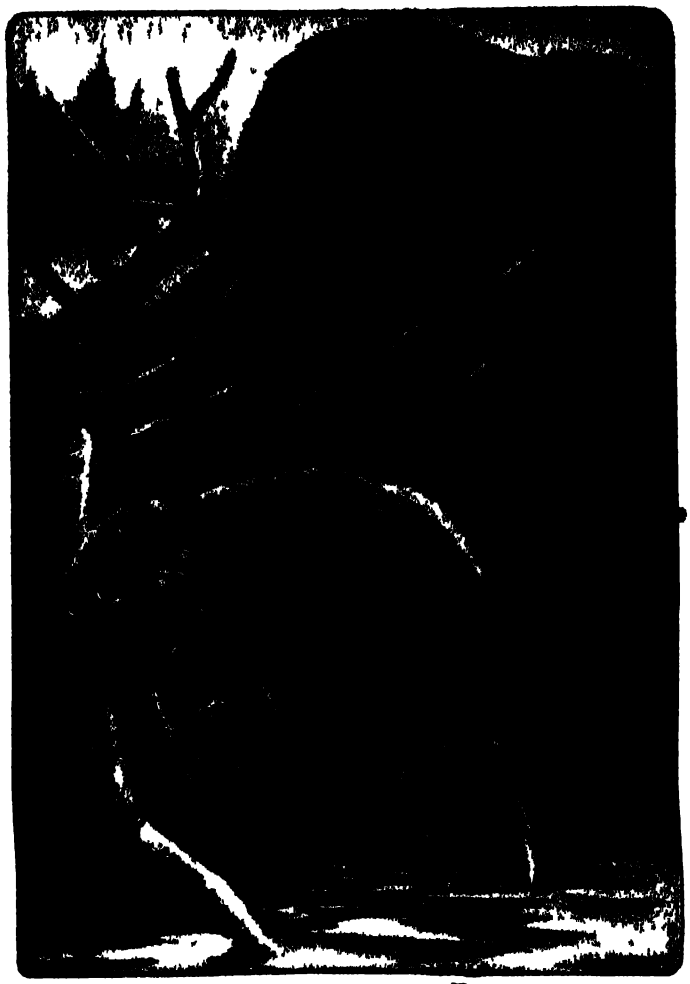
Edited by H Mortimer Batten F Z S 5s (Collins)

All children, it is said, are fond of animals however indifferent they may grow to them in later life, and it is certainly extraordinary how interested children invariably are in all forms of animal life This splendid book of



From Zoo and Animal Annual
Edited by H Mortimer Batten
(*Collins*)
ELEPHANTS ENJOYING A DIP

animal stories, with special articles on such subjects as "An Indoor Aquarium " and " A Zoo of Our Own " will prove of immense attraction to numerous boys and girls— though it is a pity children should be encouraged to keep birds and animals in captivity, better that they should read about them and learn how to watch them in their natural state The book is profusely illustrated.

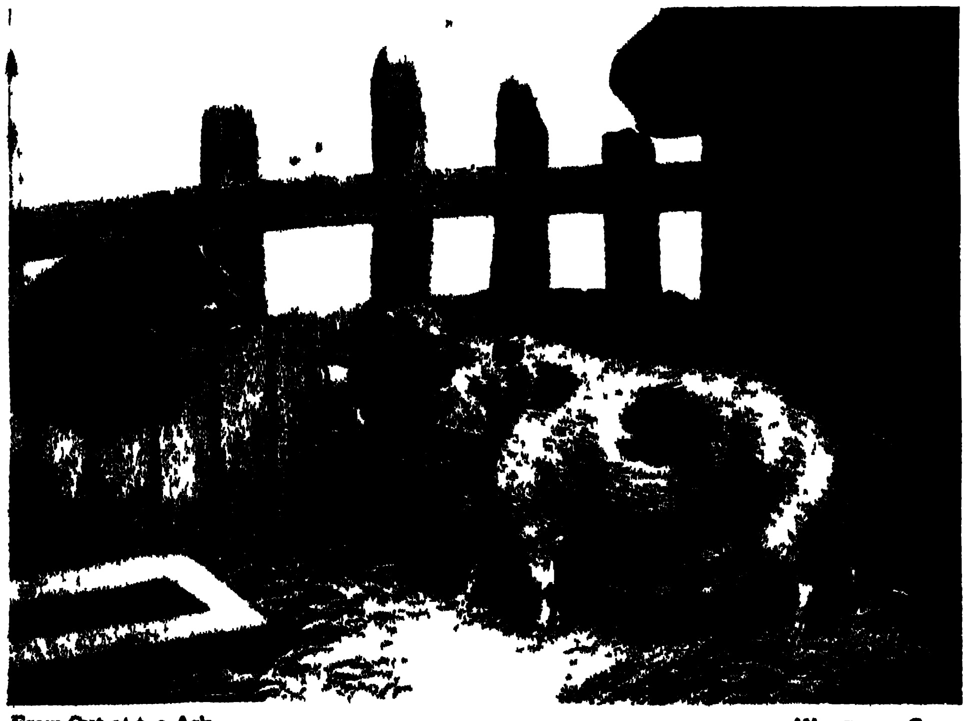


From The House In the Water
By his G D Roberts
(*Ward, Lock*).
THE FINEST AND MOST PRETENTIOUS MUSKRAT HOUSE HE HAD EVER SEEN

FOR YOUNG PEOPLE

2s 6d. net. (Wells Gardner)

Here is a big, gay Annual for the young people of about the age that still believes in fairies We do not mean to say that this is a book full of fairy stories it certainly is not but in addition to short tales of everyday boys and girls, there are stories and verses told by and about animals and flowers, dolls and vegetables There seems to be a picture, too, on almost every page, and the bright scene on the cover, showing the fairy queen in her pretty gown of green leaves and daisies, surrounded by smiling elves and gnomes and winged fairies, is an inviting sign of the good things to be found inside. Stories and poems are all printed in an admirably big, bold type, easy for the smaller readers and very pleasant for the bigger ones Many of the poems, we think, will soon be learnt " by heart." So many books for "the young" fail to understand and answer the child's need that it is a double pleasure to come across one so eminently suitable.

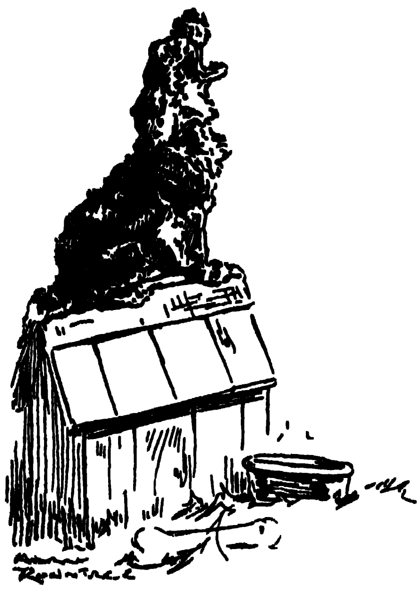


From Out of the Ark
By R D.
(*Davies*).
WOLF AND SOW.
(From All Talkie.)

LONE COWBOY

By William James 8s 6d net (Scribners)

All those who have read " Smoky " and the four other books of Mr. William James, will turn with avidity to his life story. Born on the prairie, reared as an orphan from four by a French Canadian trapper, living his life in the saddle and in the open air, the author has had an astonishing career. The French Canadian died when he was not yet sixteen, having helped him first to wrestle out the alphabet, read French books and understand the simpler arithmetic Bopy, as he calls Jean Beaupré is really the hero of the book Now at the age of thirty-eight Mr James, having got through his adventurous boyhood, earned his living as a cowboy, been in prison and in the army and tried out the business of film acting, has settled down as an author – and an artist His talent for drawing horses began when he was a child on the prairie before his father's death, was encouraged by Bopy and enabled him eventually to earn a living His medium as a writer is a very simple English American but he uses it with the skill of an artist and it is very effective This is one of the most delightful autobiographies published in recent years



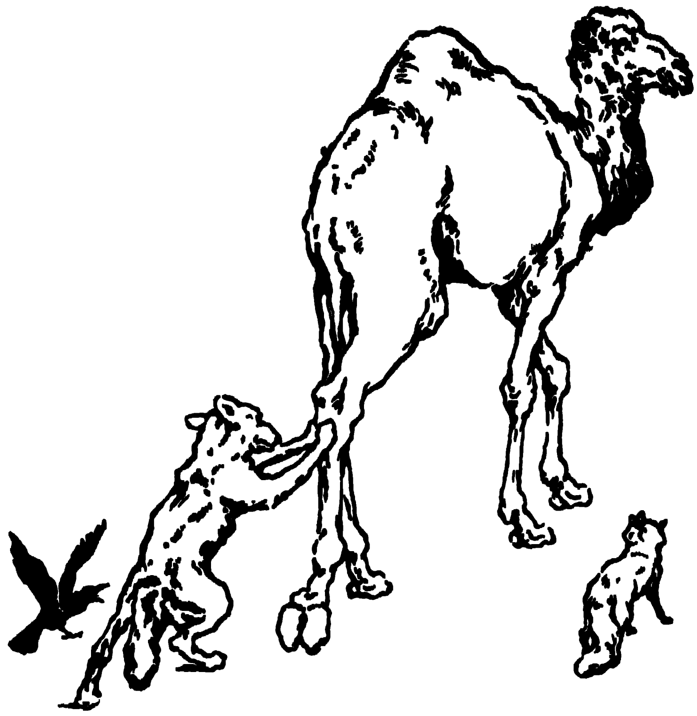
From Re[illegible]ie's Band
By D[illegible]ris Twinn
(*Warne*)

WUDGY CLIMBED ON TO THE ROOF.

CHUMS

12s 6d (Amalgamated Press)

Schoolboys, according to the editorial management of *Chums*, are creatures incapable of reading anything which calls upon them to pause for reflection even for a paragraph or so Their only stories are film pictures splashed into print Everything must hurtle in a thickening nightmare Incident must follow incident, and the greater the number of these incidents that can be squeezed into a chapter the more successful the story, from the editorial point of view This year's volume is packed between its red covers with fiction of this kind Even the school yarns get a move on and when one reaches a story like "The Master of the World" by John Sylvester, incidents fall upon the reader like a cascade of bricks from a felled mill chimney. It is a question whether the providers of these feasts of thrills do not underestimate the taste and intelligence of the average boy No wonder we have no classic boy authors now—though strangely enough the works of Talbot Baines Reed still sell, and Ballantyne and Jules Verne have not yet been relegated to the dust heap of oblivion. *Chums* for 1930–1931, for what it sets out to do, is an amazing production of 832 pages, and every boy who has seen it—or even taken it—in its weekly parts will want to possess the bound volume.

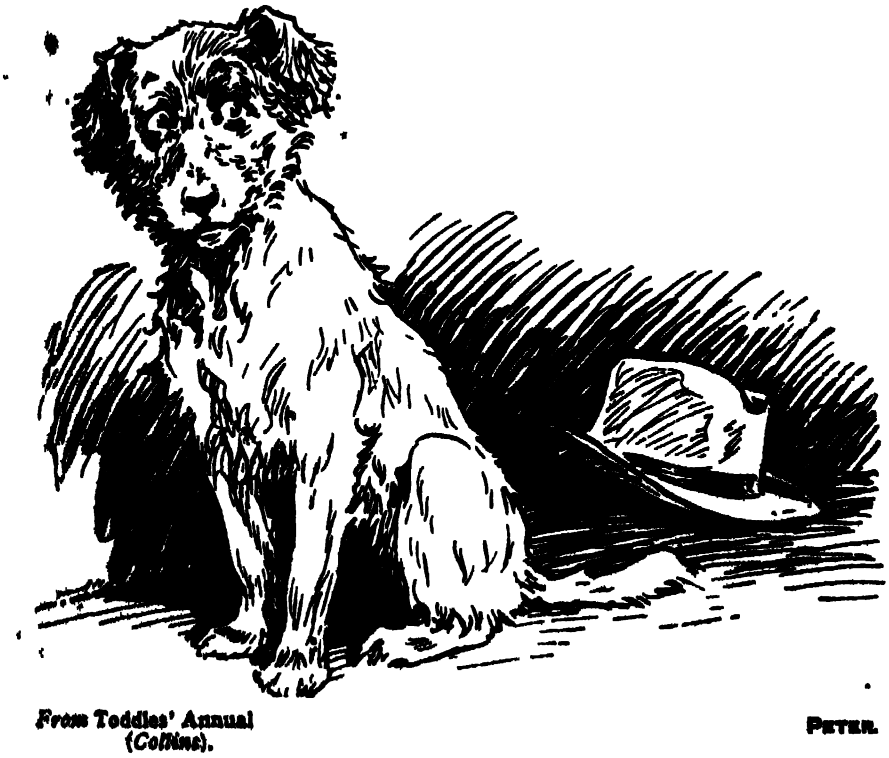


From Legends of Animals Far and Near
By Rose Yeatman Woolf
(*Raphael Tuck*)

THE CAMEL WAS RELUCTANT TO GO DESPITE THE BRILLIANT PROSPECTS.



"CHEEP, CHEEP," CRIED THE CHICKS, AND THEY STARTED TO RUN.
From Timmy and His Friends
By G D Rowlandson
(*Warne*)



From Toddles' Annual
(*Collins*).

PETER.

FREDERICK WARNE & Co., Ltd.



A charming new work, illustrating in colour and black-and-white, the Poem by

ROBERT H. CHARLES

(as first published in "Punch")

entitled:

A ROUNDABOUT TURN

The illustrations are by the well-known artist

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A massive old oak bole, twenty feet in girth, was placed this summer in Kensington Gardens, and on it Mr Ivor Innes has carved some of the well-known characters of Fairyland

In this book the artist's wife describes all the quaint figures that are to be found, and it is illustrated in colour and line by Mr Ivor Innes

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A Comprehensive Work

AVIATION OF TO-DAY

ITS HISTORY AND DEVELOPMENT

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RONALD, RUPERT AND REG By Harry Rountree

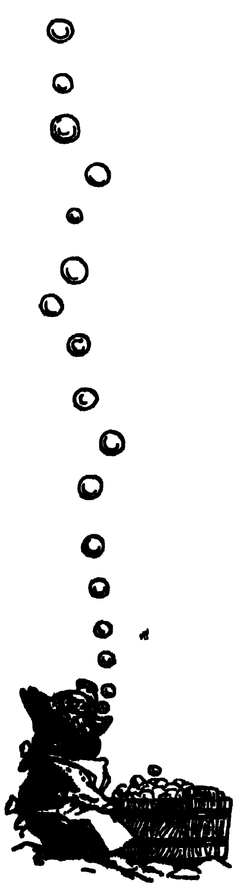
THE TOY TOWN BOOK By G S. Hulme Beaman

TABBYKINS AND HIS FRIENDS By G. D Rowlandson

TIMMY AND HIS FRIENDS By G. D. Rowlandson

Beautifully illustrated in colour

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This drawing is one of Harry Rountree's decorations in "Ronald, Rupert and Reg"

An Entirely New Work

Written and illustrated in colour and line by

BEATRIX POTTER

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THE TALE OF LITTLE PIG ROBINSON

A charming story and a worthy companion to "The Tale of Peter Rabbit"

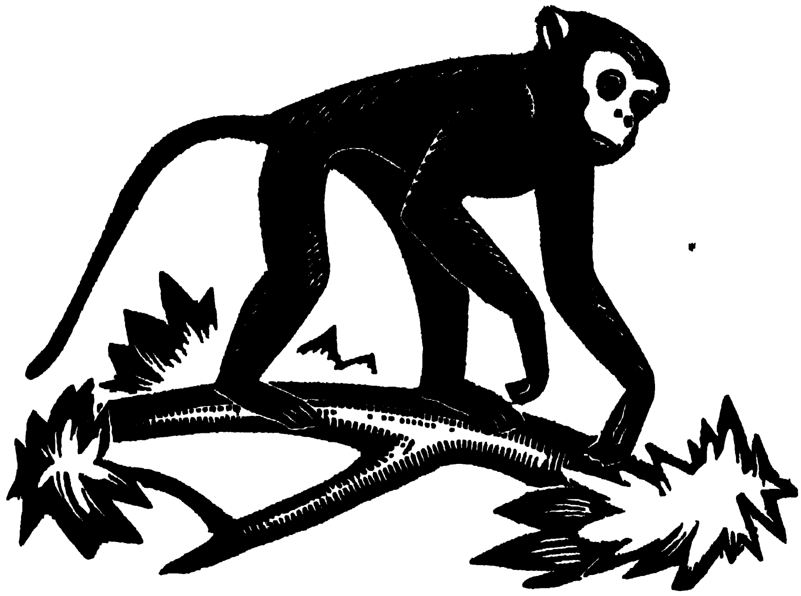
Cloth gilt **3/6** net

CHANDOS HOUSE, BEDFORD COURT, LONDON, W.C.2

THE BOOKMAN CHRISTMAS 1930

A BOY'S LIFE OF SIR HENRY SEAGRAVE

By Captain Malcolm Campbell and J Wentworth Day. 7s 6d (Hutchinson)



From How It Happened
By Rhoda Power
(*Cambridge University Press*)

THE FIRST MONKEY WAS ALREADY TRYING TO PELT BARTHALA WITH NUTS.

It is right that men who have the spirit of courage and adventure, coupled with modesty and humour—who devote their lives—and give their lives, if necessary—to a cause—should be held up for the admiration of the young. It was therefore an excellent idea to produce a Boy's Life of Sir Henry Seagrave. In "The Lure of Speed" Seagrave wrote his own autobiography; this is written from the boy's point of view with the technical and scientific details mostly omitted. Here we have the whole story of the man who travelled faster by land and by water than anybody has ever done before and ended his life on Windermere. The book with its interesting illustrations will make an admirable addition to the boys' library of heroes.

THE CHRISTMAS PICTURE BOOKS FOR CHILDREN

1s each (Mowbray)

Each a perfect little Christmas anthology, with a vivid picture of the Babe in the manger on the cover. The title of the four books are 'Hark, the Herald Angels Sing,' "Good Christian Men, Rejoice," "Good King Wenceslas Looked Out" and "While Shepherds Watched." Fathers and mothers who wish their children to see something deeper in Christmas than the mere giving of presents and pulling of crackers may turn young thoughts in a different direction by slipping one of these books into the stocking, and it will be pondered over, verses and prose and pictures too, on the blessed morning. We heartily commend the volumes.



VIGNETTE ON TITLE PAGE.
From Fairy Tales of Hans Andersen
(*Faber & Faber*)

MR PAPIN GAY'S CARAVAN

By Marion St John Webb. Illustrated by Frank Rogers. 6s (Collins)

We are pleased to take this opportunity of introducing one of Mrs Marion St John Webb's last books to a still further public, though we have previously reviewed it in these columns at some length. Her passing last spring was a real loss in the realm of children's literature. She undoubtedly ranked high among the writers of to-day in that sphere, and was beloved by a very wide circle for her remarkably sympathetic interpretations of the child mind. On countless programmes her delicate, whimsical verses are to be found, and the characters which kept popping up in her different books and articles, especially the renowned Mr. Papingay, Robin and the rest, have steadily inveigled themselves into our affections. Mrs. Webb stamped a hall-mark on all she wrote—that of a tender and true understanding—and her books will be treasured accordingly.



From Folk Tales of a Savage
By Lobagola
(*Knopf*)

A LARGE OLD MONKEY WALKED INTO THE VILLAGE.

VAPEX

(REG. TRADE MARK)

INHALANT

Breathing Passages Clear . .
Germs Overcome . . . .
Your Cold must disappear .

This is how "Vapex" conquers colds. Whilst the breathing passages are choked with mucus the respiratory system cannot function properly. If the germs are not dealt with, the real cause of the cold is left unattacked.

"Vapex" succeeds because it deals with both the problems at the same time.

The simple act of breathing the "Vapex" vapour from your handkerchief—

Opens a way through the mucus-laden passages of nose and throat.

Carries a powerfully active germicide right into the breeding places of the germs.

How "Vapex" acts

You can definitely feel the first part of the "Vapex" activity—the stuffiness and congestion are rapidly relieved, the head clears, breathing becomes easier. And all the time the germicidal vapour is fighting the hidden infection which is the real cause of the trouble.

How Germs grow

The warm dark moist surfaces of the mucous membrane form an ideal nursery for germs which multiply at a most amazing rate, a single germ being capable of developing into seventeen millions in twelve hours. Hence the importance of dealing with a cold at the first symptoms.

Always keep "Vapex" in your Home.

Fly to "Vapex" at the first sign of a cold—the "stuffiness" which means that the germs are multiplying. Clear them out of your system by the safest, swiftest, most effective treatment for colds.

Use "Vapex" and Breathe!

Of Chemists 2/- per bottle. Double size 3/-

Thomas Kerfoot & Co. Ltd. Bardsley Vale, Lancs.

V67

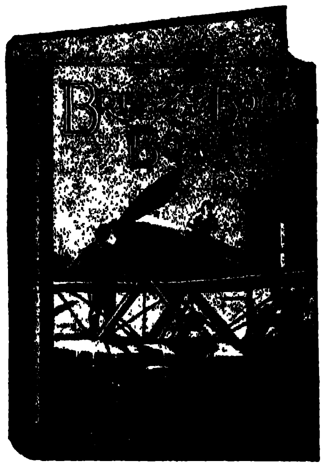
Dean's Mickey Mouse Annual

2/6 net

Size 8¾ × 6¾ × 1¾ in.

The book contains 132 pages of Mickey's droll and delightful doings. Four coloured plates. Bound in strikingly attractive full coloured, stiff boarded cover, varnished.





Dean's Monster Books

2/6 net

Size 7 × 9½ in.

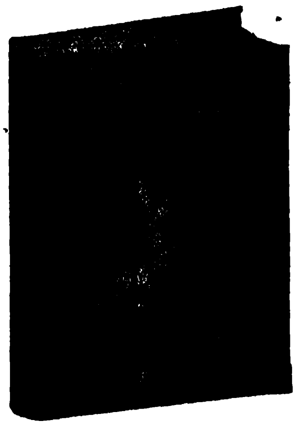
A splendid series of books containing delightful stories well illustrated in colour and black. Bound in stiff pictorial boards, varnished, cloth backs. Three titles.

Dean's Best Books

1/- net

Size 5½ × 7¼ in.

Delightful books for girls and boys, containing 96 pages of exceedingly interesting stories, which are charmingly illustrated. Strongly bound with pictorial covers, varnished. Three titles.





Dean's Easy Painting Books

1/-

Size 8½ × 11 in.

A fine series of painting books designed on new and very bold lines, specially produced for young artists. The pictures are most delightful, yet all are done in absolutely flat colours, so that any child can copy them. Each book contains twenty-four pages printed on strong cartridge paper. Covers varnished. Six titles.



Dean's Cinderella

And Other Stories

2/6

Size 11½ × 8¾ in.

A most attractive book of nursery stories, charmingly illustrated by Frederick Spurgin in a delightfully new way, which cannot fail to attract.

DEAN & SON, LTD.

Debrett House, 29 King Street, Covent Garden, W.C.2



From The Sweep and the Daffodil
By Mabel Constanduros
(*Alston Rivers*)

COOK WAS MOST TERRIBLY ANGRY.

THE SWEEP AND THE DAFFODIL

By Mabel Constanduros
3s 6d (Alston Rivers)

Gay verses on all sorts of subjects, also dialogues, and at the very end two plays One, ' The Dragon s Bride, ' a comic opera *en casserole* is manageable at home and would be very effective acted on an afternoon of the Christmas holidays, with a king a princess village wench, gardener, villain and dragon (who only appears as a hiss !) But young folk will like the poems best

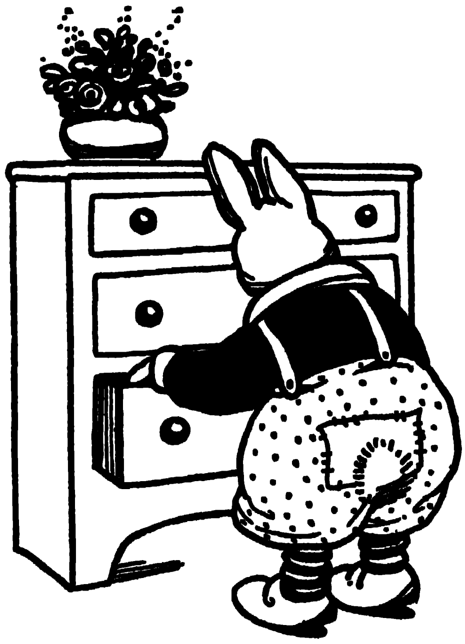
> The Crocuses so gay and small
> Are pushing up their yellow faces
> Not where I planted them at all
> But in most unexpected places

Mr. Harry Folkard supplies pictures in black-and-white and colour, with plenty of character and spirit

NODDY GOES A-PLOUGHING

By Margaret and Mary Baker 3s 6d net.
(Blackwell)

The author and artist of this most attractive book appear to think the same thoughts, so perfectly do the illustrations accord with the letterpress The story which runs along the appropriately-shaped pages tells of Noddy, the orphan son of a farmer, who had neither home nor money Noddy had however a cheery, contented nature and a kind heart, and his good nature and kindliness lead him to fortune He wins the ploughing match which earns him the post of ploughman to the Duke of Duckpuddle There is plenty of humour in this volume. The illustrations are in silhouette style, and we give them unstinted praise They are instinct with life and reveal some beautiful work



From The Big Cosy Corner Story Book
By H G C Marsh Lambert
(*Ward Lock*)

BENJIE WAS DETERMINED TO WEAR HIS VERY BEST CLOTHES.



From Noddy Goes a Ploughing
By Margaret and Mary Baker
(*Blackwell*)

NOT ONE OF THEM BUT COULD EAT EVERY DAY TILL HE WAS SATISFIED.

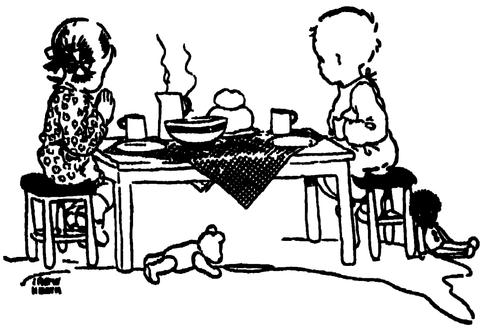


From John and Me and the Dickery Dog
By Marion St John Webb
(*Harrap*)

A BIRTHDAY BOOK FOR CHILDREN

By Irene Heath 2s 6d (Warne)

This idea may have been carried out before, but it can hardly have been done more delightfully The daintiest little drawings of tiny tots in all manner of occupations appear on every page, together with several lines of verse, whilst several pages are provided at the end for memory notes There will be no doubt whatever of its welcome



From A Birthday Book for Children
By Irene G Heath
(*Warne*)

THANK YOU FOR THE BREAD WE EAT.

WARNE'S COSY CORNER BOOKS

1s 6d each

WARNE'S BONNIE BOOKS

6d each

Messrs Warne have made wonderful provision for all varieties of purse, the slender no less than the ample In the two series mentioned above are to be found delightful little stories and a profusion of the most entertaining pictures, coloured and otherwise In each instance the value for the small cost makes one wonder how it can possibly be done We have been particularly charmed with Mr S G Hulme Beaman's quaint little creatures and their antics in "The Toy Town Book" (1s 6d), and would much like to have given the names of other authors who have contributed but, alas, space forbids



From The Children's Treasury
(*Nelson*).

THEY REACHED THE DRAPER'S SHOP.



From Saucy and All
By Helen Shackleton
(*Macmillan*).

"BUT EAT YOUR TEA, DO!"

THE ADVENTURES OF JOHN CARFAX

By Lawrence R Bourne 5s (Oxford Press)

Something there is entirely novel and attractive in the binding of Mr Bourne's new romance of the far-away days of Bonaparte It is in rough cream linen, with a sailing-ship boldly outlined in black on it Mr Bourne thoroughly understands the ingredients that boys like to be put in the pudding Here we are introduced to young Carfax, a young lusty lad who, having got into trouble over a smuggling affair, is sent abroad with his tutor to see the world He is pressed into the Navy, and tis he up on topmast cross trees who presently spies a sail "She's a Frenchie," declare the crew with satisfaction Jack is given a special tot of grog he doesn't want for his cleverness "Try her with bow chaser, Mr Bates, I'll luff a trifle This is the sort of stuff the boys enjoy



From The Browser Family
By Irene Heath
(*Warne*).

PETER PLANTING PRIMROSES

WESTWARD HO! WITH DRAKE

By Escott Lynn. 5s. (Chambers.)

It is to be hoped that, even now, no boy can resist the lure of a book with the sub-title " A Story of the Spanish Main." This story tells the wonderful adventures of Vivian Audley who, when his father was reported dead found himself surrounded by enemies at his ancestral home. Befriended by his father's old shipmates he went filibustering with Drake, rescued his father from the Inquisition, and returned to share Drake's reception at the Court of Elizabeth. The story is written by a practised hand and the interest is unbroken. Mr. Burgess, the illustrator, has entered into the spirit of the narrative.

THE OXFORD ANNUAL FOR BABY

3s 6d (Humphrey Milford.)

The instincts of a baby to look at pictures and to destroy develop at the same time. It would be an exceptionally lusty youngster, however, who could tear or otherwise damage the thick rag boards which make the pages of this book. The illustrations, printed in colour and depicting children and animals, are admirably adapted for their purpose, and the small amount of letterpress is just of the kind to interest young readers who have begun to like a story of the simplest and briefest kind.



From The Oxford Annual for Girls *(Oxford University Press).* PAMELA'S PROVERBS.



From Westward Ho! With Drake: A Story of the Spanish Main By Escott Lynn *(Chambers).*

"'TIS BUT AS A LOAN I OFFER IT." CICELY CRIED.

THE STRANGE OLD MAN

By S. H. Skaife. 7s. 6d (Longmans)

The old man in this unusual and very ingenious story for children is a professor who has devoted his whole life to the study of birds, insects, spiders and other wonderful creatures. He discovers a drug which causes all who swallow it to become very small indeed, and he uses this drug when he goes out to study the wild creatures in their natural haunts. Adopting two orphan children, he allows them to share in his adventures, first among the insects, then in a beautiful little aeroplane among the birds, and finally in a miniature submarine to learn something of the ways of the sea-creatures. The story is not only very good fun, but supplies much natural history lore in a palatable form. The photographs, with the figures of real children apparently reduced to the size of insects, are a novel and intriguing feature of the book.

THE GOLDEN YEAR

5s. (Wells Gardner.)

The size of the " Colden Year " will, we are sure, commend itself highly to children and to parents. It is so beautifully big: a good size larger than most annuals. And it has such a frankly Christmassy cover, with children in paper hats and crowns with such rich red in their cheeks! Altogether a very jolly book (this is the correct adjective), and eminently suited to the young and mirthful. The illustrations, which are many, have a royal and lavish touch about them, and the stories and verses are good and gay. Till the babes are about eight years old this book will be very welcome in the nursery, and it is always nice to have big coloured pictures as well as the black-and-white ones. It is pleasant, too, to come on some of the old fairy stories bound in with the others.



From Leading Strings
(*Chatterbox Company*).

A VISIT TO THE DOCTOR

THE CHUMMY BOOK

3s. 6d. (Nelson.)

An excellent name for the jolliest of volumes. It is packed from cover to cover with the most whimsical creatures imaginable. Here are more of Mr. Hulme Beaman's inimitable little figures, this time doing a deal in Hot Cross Buns, of course in Toytown, while a glance at the Contents shows a number of other well-known names and promises a real feast of entertainment.

LEADING STRINGS

2s. 6d. (Simpkin Marshall.)

An excellent gift for the little ones round about five and six, who will delight in spelling out the easy words for themselves and following the profusion of pictures. We wonder how many little heads and hands will be busy this Christmas over "Easier Than It Looks," and finding out "Who Is Helping Mousie?"

FATHER TUCK'S ANNUAL

5s. (Raphael Tuck.)

Father Tuck's Annual has brought its contribution to the joyousness of the Christmas season for thirty-three years, and this year it has more than maintained the old traditions. It has kept well abreast of the times in all directions, having not only added several new features, but sixteen extra pages, and is printed on stouter and more durable paper.



From Cassell's Children's Annual
(*Amalgamated Press*).

"YOU'VE GOT THE WRONG KIND OF THROAT FOR SINGING," SAID DOCTOR PECK.



From The Chummy Book
(*Nelson*).

AND HE LAUGHED MERRILY.



From Father Tuck's Annual
(*Raphael Tuck*).

THE ELEPHANT AND THE PANCAKES.



From Ray at Greenwater
By Mary Gervaise
(*Warne*).

"MY FRIENDS, BIRDS," SAID THE OLD MAN QUIETLY.

THE AMAZING ADVENTURES OF LITTLE BROWN BEAR.

By Dorothy Burroughs. 2s. 6d. (Methuen.)

A jolly book for kiddies, with illustrations by the author. Little Brown Bear who hated Arithmetic, and all the other amusing animals he met will soon be favourites in the nursery. The book, by the way, is a very good size to fit into a stocking !

THE NEW NATURE BOOK

6s. (Amalgamated Press.)

What an amazing production this is. It is a veritable art gallery of pictures, no. only of all the well-known members of the animal kingdom, but of a great many lesser known and in some instances very peculiar creatures. The book is evidently supposed to be for boys and girls, but the age limit will have to be considerably extended when it is about. Both pictures and stories reveal the creatures either in their natural surroundings or displaying many of their curious idiosyncrasies in captivity. We have been amazed at the success of some very difficult photographs, and no less delighted with the entertaining and instructive letterpress.

RAY AT GREENWATER

By Mary Gervaise. 2s. (Warne.)

Ray had an exceptional sort of life. Her young uncle looked after her usually, in London with a governess, while her parents lingered in South Africa. But suddenly the governess went off to Vienna, and the uncle's play was accepted, so he had to take it to New York. There seemed nowhere at all for young Ray to go, and no time to fix anything up. She was dead against the idea of school, being unconventional. The uncle bethought himself of an old friend, a certain Miss Howard, who lived in a lonely house called The Tower in Devonshire. He wired to her that he was dispatching Ray, and she arrived to find a vague, wild and miserable looking hostess in a weird old dwelling. Now Ray was a "sport," and when she sat up in bed that very first evening and heard footsteps creeping cautiously by, she merely muttered "'Horror by Night,' or the 'Secret of the Tower'!" Then a bat came in! It is all very amusing and lively, and above the average. How little too this excellent tale costs !

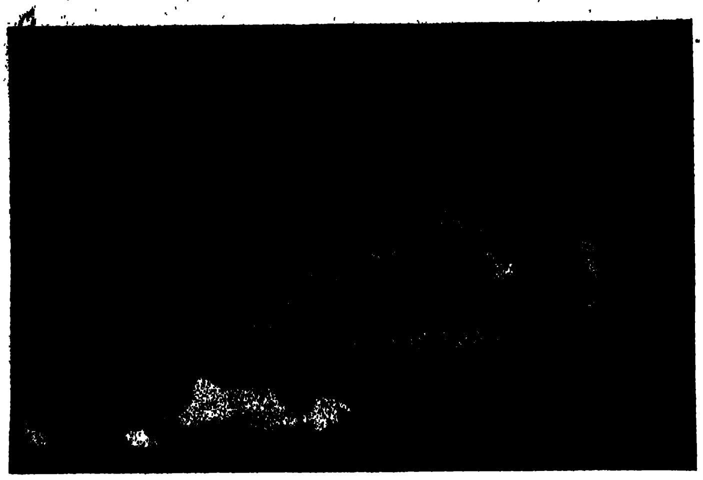


THEY TOSSED EVERYTHING OUT OF THEIR MISTRESS'S WORK-BASKET, AND THEN TURNED IT UPSIDE DOWN.
From Tabbykins and His Friends
By G. D. Rowlandson
(*Warne*).



From Our Girl's Annual
(*R.T.S.*)

SHOULDER HIGH ROUND THE GROUNDS.



From Katie, My Roving Cat
By Frances Pitt.
(*Arrowsmith*).

TO GET A GOOD SNAPSHOT WAS INDEED AN UNDERTAKING.

KATIE—MY ROVING CAT

By Frances Pitt. 5s. (Arrowsmith.)

Miss Frances Pitt's animal books ought to be given to every child; not only are they interesting as stories, but they will help to broaden the imagination and to make children understand and be kind to animals. Katie was a real character, and the tale of her life is as entertaining and dramatic as any school story! The realism is added to by a quantity of splendid photographs which show Katie at different periods of her career, and give glimpses of her animal friends, and the strange children she adopted.



From The Tale of Little Pig Robinson
By Beatrix Potter
(*Warne*).

THERE WERE CROWDS IN THE STREET AS IT WAS MARKET DAY.



From Warne's Pleasure Book for Girls
(*Warne*).

"I WAS LEARNING TO RIDE QUITE CREDITABLY DURING MY STAY AT WARRINA."

WARNE'S PLEASURE BOOK FOR GIRLS

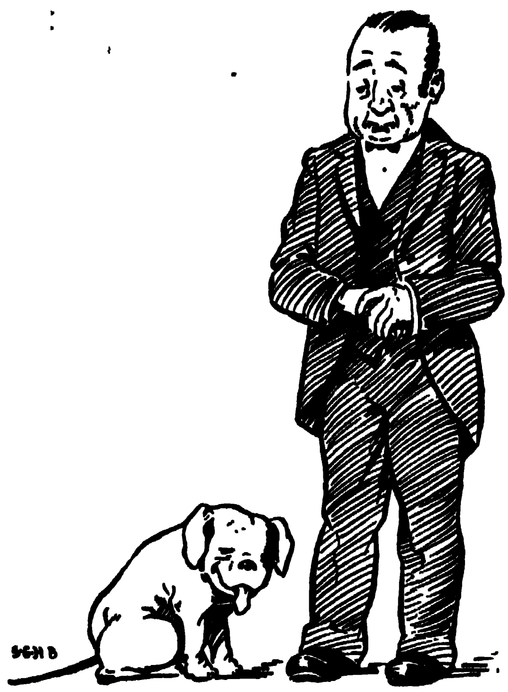
3s. 6d. (Warne.)

Magnificently cheap, and full of short stories for girls. "She ran lightly up the fire escape." "She would go out to-morrow, and if she came across any of the fugitives she would help them." "The Fates were against that feast." "What," inquired the Matron in mingled horror and rage, "is the meaning of this behaviour?" "There's something wrong: Elsie can't stay under the water longer than nineteen seconds." "You're no Jackaroo, Nan," he said. "I take that back. You're a Bush hand now, old girl." These are just a few sentences taken at random from these diligently exciting stories which are each and all adequately illustrated.

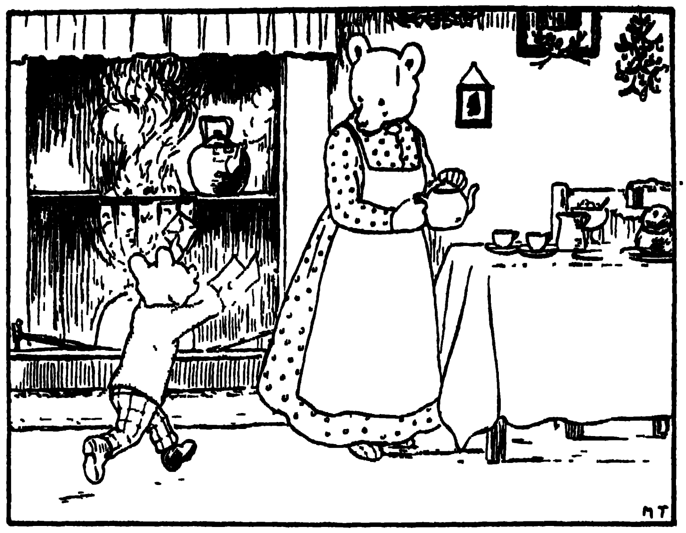


From The Christopher Robin Birthday Book
By A. A. Milne
(*Methuen*).

JULY.



From The Oxford Annual for Scouts (*Oxford University Press*) "THE DOG HORACE, MADAM."



From Rupert in Trouble Again By Mary Tourtel (*Sampson Low*) RUPERT AND THE FANCY DRESS PARTY.

THE OXFORD ANNUAL FOR SCOUTS

Edited by Herbert Strang. 3s. 6d net. (Oxford Press.)

There seems to be no end to the resource and ability of Mr. Herbert Strang. This is another example of the "instruct and amuse" books now prepared for boys and girls. Each story in this volume is of definite interest to the Scout, with references to tracking, camp cooking, the Jamboree and a host of other things that fascinate lads in the Movement. The book stirs the blood and keeps one tinglingly alive. Our advice to boys is that they should go and buy it for themselves -if it is left to father there may be some delay in presentation.

THE CHICKABIDDIES' ANNUAL

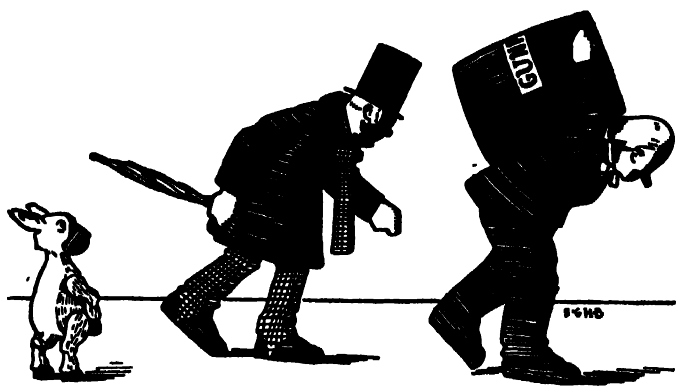
3s. 6d. (R.T.S.)

How many little tots will be able to read Mrs. Blackbird's lesson, we wonder, which we would say is cunningly composed of pictures, words, objects, signs, etc., all jumbled up together. When they have finished this they will find an abundance of delightful stories and verses, and the jolliest of pictures. It is, as is usually the case from the R.T.S., an excellent production.

WIRELESS IN TOYTOWN

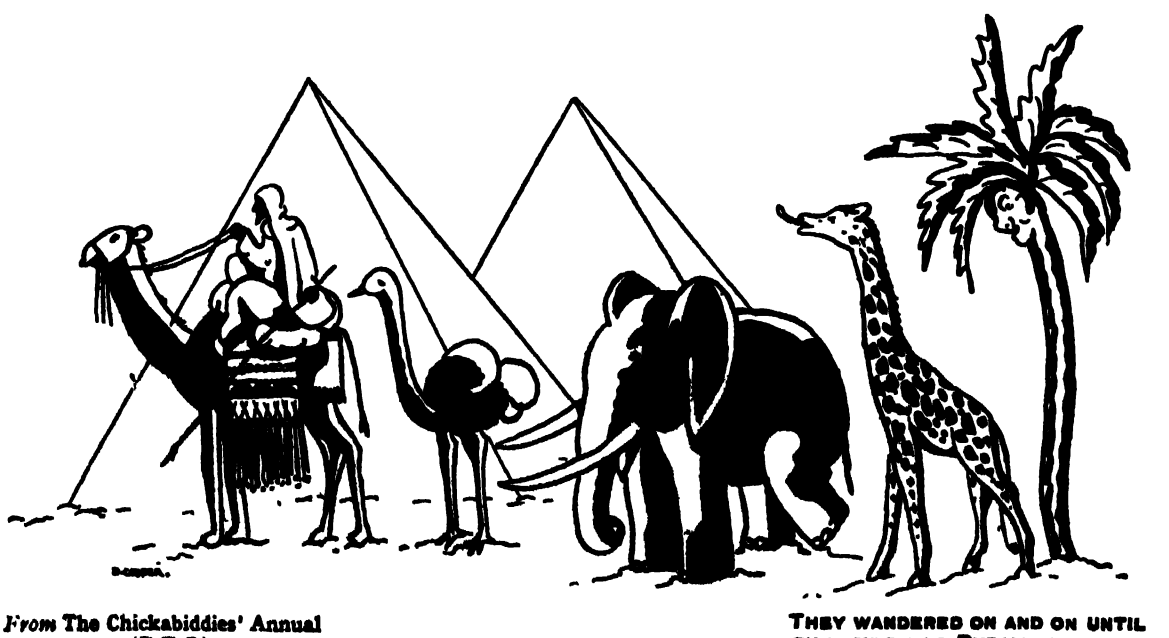
By S. G. Hulme Beaman. 5s. (Collins.)

Whether they represent animals or humans, Mr. Beaman's grotesque, square little figures are masterpieces of art. How he manages to put so much vigour and expression

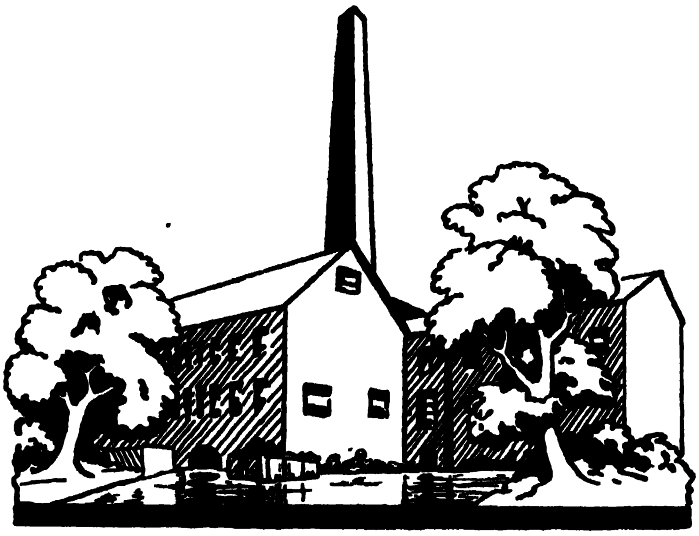


From Wireless in Toytown By S. G. Hulme Beaman (*Collins*). THEY WERE CARRYING A HUGE BARREL.

into them is nothing short of marvellous. All the old friends of the author's wireless talks are here met with again—the Mayor, Ernest the Policeman, the Magician, Larry the Lamb and the rest of them, all adding their share to the joyous entertainment provided.



From The Chickabiddies' Annual (*R.T.S.*). THEY WANDERED ON AND ON UNTIL THEY MET TWO PYRAMIDS.





From Good King Wenceslas Looked Out (*Mowbray*) CHRISTMAS ANGELS.



From Children's Story of Literature By Edward Albert (*Collins*). INTERIOR OF AN EIGHTEENTH CENTURY COFFEE-HOUSE.

No explorer had ever a more difficult task, for his researches took place in the heart of the Gobi Desert in the China of to-day, with its official bandits in the form of soldiers, and its unofficial bandits who behaved in exactly the same way. The story of the Flaming Cliffs is a wonderful narrative. The illustrations are excellent and it is difficult to conceive of any book which will be more welcome on the home shelves Here we have real adventure and real romance.

FRIENDS OF THE CHRIST CHILD

With illustrations by Jenny Oliver Dick 2s 6d (S P C K)

This is another of the "Pax Books" which the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge is publishing from time to time. It is composed of poems and what may be called short biographies of some of the saintly persons who knew well, or met, or followed the Christ Child. The first poem, rightly, is of "Our Lady," Christ's Mother, and the second is of St Joseph Then follow St Christopher, St. Francis, the Holy Innocents, and others, ending with St. Theresa, who, walking one day in the shade of the cloisters, saw a child at her side. She asked him his name, but he asked her to tell him her name, first. "Theresa," she said, and told him that after she became a nun the title "of Jesus' was added

> "'Theresa of Jesus you are called,'
> The Boy said, and He smiled,
> And then, as mild as any lamb,
> 'I Jesus of Theresa am'
> He was the Holy Child"

There is a mediæval rhythm about many of the poems, and all are picturesque and simple and devout. The full page illustrations are appropriately simple with much careful work in them.

ROY ANDREWS—DRAGON HUNTER

By Fitzhugh Green 6s. net. (Putnams)

This is a most striking addition to the publishers' Adventure Series. Here we have the amazing story of how Roy Andrews discovered a dragon's skull and a nest of dinosaur eggs which had been buried for ten million years—to mention only a few of his discoveries.



From Friends of the Christ Child A Pax Book (*S.P.C.K.*). S. EDWARD THE CONFESSOR

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THE IVORY TALISMAN

By Captain F A M Webster 3s 6d. (Warne)

Do you know a lad who likes specially to read of natives, of Africa, dense unexplored forest, elephants and lions? If so, this is the appropriate book, and here is the right mixture Captain Webster has quite evidently travelled himself (is he not late the King's African Rifles?) He tells his tale of Luke Whitman, professional big game hunter, in a dashing and decorative manner The real hero of the story is a schoolboy, Bill, who goes to South Africa to see if he can find traces of his father who has not been heard of for a long time and whose signet ring with a strange ivory talisman has been found by Luke Bill eventually discovers his parent safe and sound, and the fever of Empire building, now in his bones, turns him to a yet greater adventure

THE BOY'S OWN ANNUAL

12s 6d (R T S)

When testimonials from two prime ministers are printed on the inner cover, a reviewer may hesitate to express his own opinion But as, like Mr Ramsay MacDonald, the present critic browsed upon the very first number of the Annual and has read nearly every subsequent number, he may be entitled to give an opinion or at any rate to raise a lament that there are no really first class writers of boys' stories now The present number of the *Boy's Own Paper* is as good, or better, than any similar periodical on the market but its contents have not that unique flavour that they once had There is something automatic about the production, as if the editor set himself to collect a certain class of literary material featuring certain well-known forms of adventure and left it at that But the *Boy's Own Paper* is still the *Boy's Own Paper*, it is a mine of romance and adventure, and some of its articles are interesting and informative



From Boy's Own Annual (R T S)

A KNIFE GLITTERED IN THE TAWNY LIGHT.



From Ivory Talisman By Capt F A M Webster (*Warne*).

THE POOR BRUTE, TRUMPETING MADLY, TORE AWAY WITH ITS STRANGE BURDEN.

THE TALE OF LITTLE PIG ROBINSON

By Beatrix Potter 3s 6d (Warne)

A new Beatrix Potter book is more than sure of its welcome We hardly know which has charmed us more the delightful stories of Susan the white cat, Aunt Dorcas the speckled hen, Aunt Porcas and her nephew little pig Robinson, etc, or the equally delightful illustrations, showing these quaint folk in their whimsical aping of the humans, six of which are tinted in the most delicate colourings

FROZEN IN

By Clarke Crichton Junior With illustrations 6s net (Putnams)

To the publisher's well-known series of Boys' Books by Boys Clarke Crichton contributes an interesting account of his experiences as cabin-boy in the fur-trading schooner *Nanuk* The ship was caught in the Siberian ice and her rescue was effected by intrepid airmen, two of whom lost their lives while trying to save the valuable cargo of furs This narrative, which is very fully illustrated, is told in a simple and graphic way that will hold the attention of juvenile readers better than many more pretentious records.

THE CHAMPION ANNUAL FOR BOYS—1931

Illustrated. 6s. net. (Fleetway House.)

This is the sort of book that fathers, in a superior fashion, buy on the way home to give to their sons, and then postpone the gift until they have read it themselves. This Annual contains an admirable mixture of fable and fact, though one regrets that so far as the fiction is concerned the "sword and cloak" romances of earlier days have given way to the internal combustion engine adventure. However that may be, here is a fine present for your boy —full of well-written stories and interesting articles. The editor had at least one stroke of genius—when he asked Mr. J. B. Hobbs to tell us how to play cricket.



From The Champion Annual for Boys (*Amalgamated Press*).

GINGER, RAISING THE PAIL OF WATER: "WHERE'S HIS NECK?"

LORNA DOONE

By R. D. Blackmore. 6s. (Chambers.)

One of the perennial favourites is undoubtedly "Lorna Doone," and the edition to hand from Messrs. Chambers is a delightful one, being embellished with no less than thirteen pictures in colour and sixty-one pen and ink drawings by Gordon Browne. The former have caught the spirit of the moors and their doughty, fearless inhabitants with marked success, while the latter, down to the very smallest, are equally true and appealing. A particularly pleasing gift-book.

TRUE TALES OF AN OLD SHELLBACK

By Stephen Southwold. 3s. 6d. (Longmans.)

These delightfully told stories of the sea and sailors will please all those who already know Mr. Southwold's genius for understanding the mind of the young. The sea in any case is a fascinating subject for boys, and all its varied romance is brought out in just the right way in this book. There are many good illustrations.



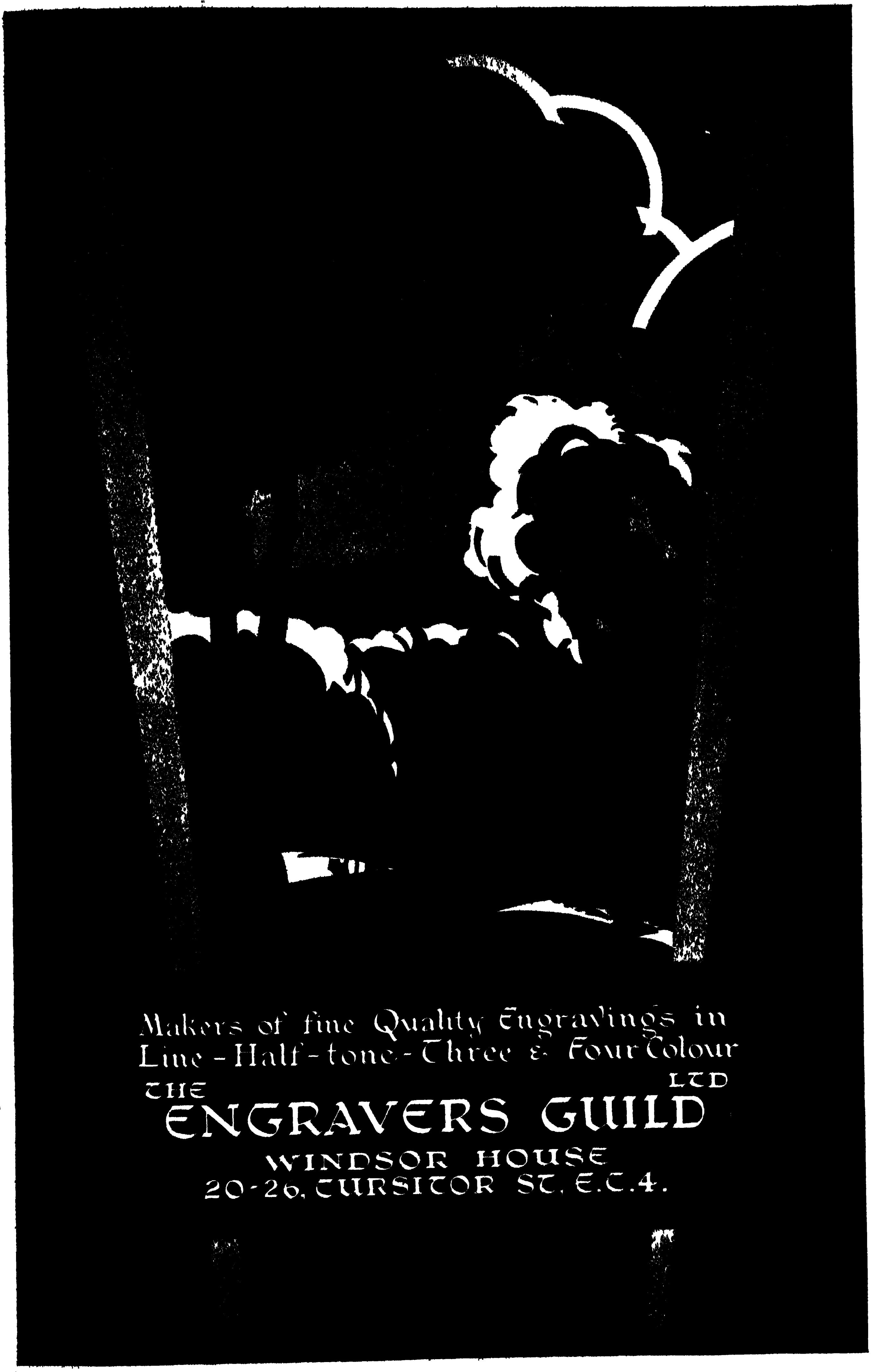
From Dare at St. Martin's: A School Story By D. Stapleton (*Chambers*).

THE JOYOUS OCCUPATION OF DRAGGING THE FAT AND SQUEALING TUBBY OUT OF BED.



LAID HOLD OF DEAR ANNIE IN A HIGHLY COMFORTING MANNER.

From Lorna Doone By R. D. Blackmore (*Chambers*).



Makers of fine Quality Engravings in
Line - Half-tone - Three & Four Colour
THE ENGRAVERS GUILD LTD
WINDSOR HOUSE
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KNIGHT TEMPLAR

By Leslie Charteris. 7s. 6d. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

You will not like "the Saint" if you dislike exaggeration. But if you do enjoy reading of a regular swashbuckler, of an unemployed Archangel, here is a hero that will fascinate you as much as did, no doubt, the Scarlet Pimpernel. In fact the Saint is a worthy companion to him, being an equally intrepid soul. The narrative here races on from thrill to thrill, but always the author is concerned with his picture of the hero whom he quite properly adores. How does "the Saint" talk? Like this: "Queer fish are my hobby. . . . There was a smear of bloater paste, once, that fetched me from the Malay Peninsula, via Chicago, to a very wild bit of Devonshire." Personality and vivacity shine through this adventure story.

THE LONGER DAYS

By the author of "Miss Tiverton Goes Out." 7s. 6d. (Jarrolds.)

This is an entertaining story of Victorian family life as lived in cultured and artistic circles running side by side with a theme of fantastic unreality. It is told by the heroine's daughter, who has gathered together what facts she could of her mother's early days and interpreted them in the light of after knowledge.

Even in childhood beautiful Brenda is not quite like other people, and after her idiot son is born the most vital part of her inhabits a dream world with him while she retires more and more from contact with ordinary life. The early scenes have great charm which is somewhat dissipated by the length of the book and its many anti-climaxes.



From St. Palfry's Cross
By Cosby Hadath
(*Cassell*).

"She uttered with a little gasp, 'Man, you're starving!'"



From Eustacia Goes to the Chalet School
By E. M. Brent-Dyer
(*Chambers*).

Again and again she had called

CÆSAR

By Patrick Russ. Illustrated by Harry Rountree. 5s. (Putnams.)

A book that shows an amazing knowledge of wild life is this story of a Panda leopard by a boy of sixteen. The leopard cub's earliest recollections were concerned with killing and eating, but after many adventures he was captured and put in a zoo. His master succeeded in taming and training him, and took him hunting. The man however was lost in the high snows and Cæsar ran wild until he found a mate, and died defending her and their young. The story is told graphically and is astonishly well done. Mr. Rountree's illustrations are of course a most valuable addition.

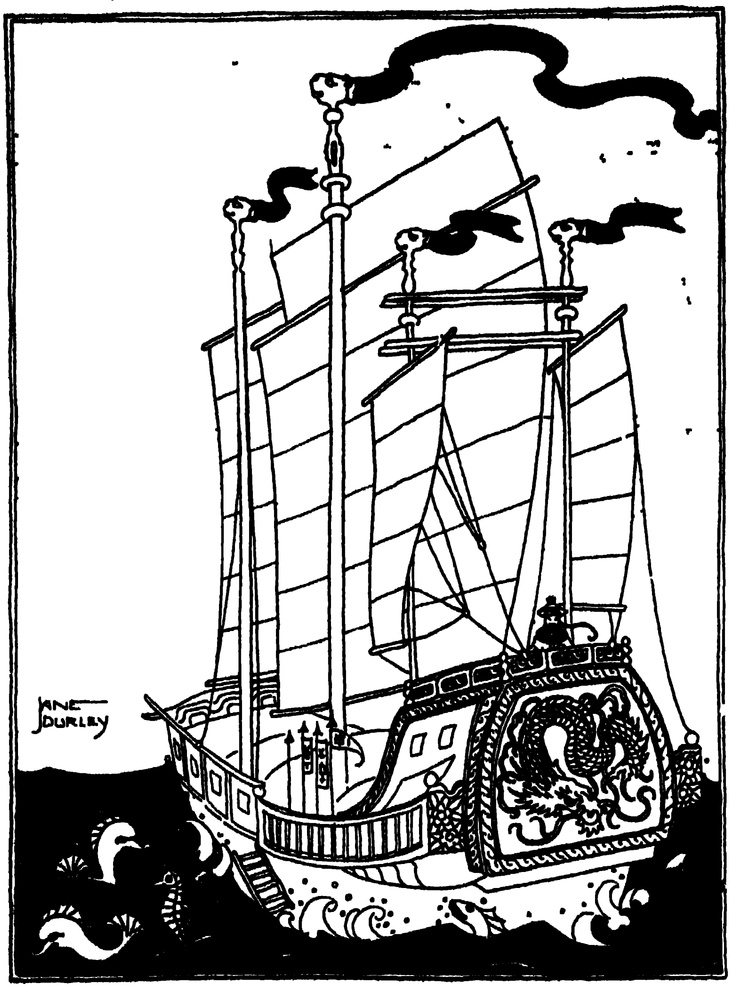
LACEBURY MANOR

By Robert Gathorne-Hardy. 7s. 6d. (Collins.)

Lacebury Manor is another case of the Victorian revival. Though the scene is laid not in England but in an island colony off the coast of Canada, there is no doubting the period, which is the middle of the nineteenth century. The story describes an autocratic old father (sketched with considerable humour) and his three daughters, who might be sub-titled Resignation, Resentment and Revolt. Those who are not irritated by the artificial atmosphere and can extract pleasure from his shrewd observation will find much quiet amusement in Mr. Gathorne-Hardy's book.

T. & A. CONSTABLE, LTD

UNIVERSITY PRESS, EDINBURGH



From Cartwheels and Catkins
By Wilfrid Thorley
(*Shaylor*).

THE GALLEON.

CARTWHEELS AND CATKINS

By Wilfrid Thorley Illustrated by Jane Durley
3s 6d (Shaylor)

The freshness of the ideas and the swinging, lilting measures of Mr. Thorley's poems will make his book of verse a source of endless pleasure to children and grown-ups alike He never writes aimlessly, every poem has an original fanciful turn or some quaint notion that lingers in the memory, and the lines run with a delightful smoothness, also the lyrics are short and crisp " Of Pools " is a good example

"In April down the country lane
The night sky following the rain
Makes every pool a window pane.

"And thence the fairies looking through,
Say 'How's the weather? Is it true
That overhead again there's blue?'

"But by and by a cart will pass
With heavy, heedless wheel alas
And shatter all the shining glass'

Miss Durley's drawings show a pleasing and unusual combination of boldness and daintiness.

THE TRADER'S WIFE

By Jean Kenyon Mackenzie 6s. (Hodder & Stoughton)

In this short and lovely novel there is that curious atmospheric glamour which marked Sheila Kaye-Smith's "Tamarisk Town," Elinor Wylie's " Jennifer Lorn " and Joseph Hergesheimer's " Java Head." Lucy Harford, the reformed slave trader's wife with " white arms and black hair, the daffodil blossoms of the candles and a golden light on her breast," is a thing of faery, not of life. Her taciturn and cold-blooded husband, who sees his wife wasting away under the cruel African sun, appears the type of male person who strangely attracts such fragile beauty. There is pathos in Lucy's arrival as 'a smiling, crinolined queen at the trader's dark island': there is tragedy in her distracted end. Here is an unforgettable book about old days when American slavers sailed from Newport to the breeding grounds of their serfs.

LIZA

By Edith Young 7s 6d (Dent)

Something of Liza is always shrouded in mystery even when she is trying to reveal herself most fully (for part of the book consists of extracts from her diary) In spite of her passionate nature, she is one of those inviolates who in her own words is ' unmoved by all experience once it has become 'a memory.' The slight, rather sordid story is beautifully and subtly written, betraying the author's wide culture and pictorial gifts of a high order In the creation of a tense emotional atmosphere by a few swift touches she is particularly successful We shall look forward to other work from her sensitive pen

THE MAN WHO MADE GOTTLIEB.

By Anthony Bertram
7s 6d (Chapman & Hall)

Daniel Loveday, the son of a Sussex farmer, has musical talent, and having had his head turned by a local success, he goes to London in search of fame and fortune As a young man of promise Loveday is totally unconvincing, and does not even suggest the touch of genius he is held to possess, but his failure (which is hardly to be wondered at in a man of no musical education) and gradual disillusionment are well handled by Mr Bertram who gives to the ageing self-styled professor one ray of satisfaction in the world-wide success of a former pupil, Gottlieb Upon this alone Loveday's self-respect depends, and when he is denied all participation in Gottlieb's triumphs his life's tragedy is complete



From The Sea Captain's Hostage
By Dorothy Dell
(*Warne*).

"LOOSE THE PAINTER, GILES, AND SET US ADRIFT," ORDERED MY FATHER.

THE CHILDREN'S PLAY-HOUR BOOK

4th Hour

Edited by Stephen Southwold. 6s. (Longmans.)

Each Christmas season brings an increasing crop of books for youngsters which have been contributed to by authors of outstanding reputation. This book is an excellent example, for we have Henry Williamson telling a delightful story of how he saved some tiny titmice from a bomb in the shape of a cuckoo's egg, verses by John Galsworthy, the late Marion St. John Webb, John Drinkwater, Sir Henry Newbolt, Walter de la Mare, "The Romance of an Air Port," from G. G. Jackson. These and many more stories, verses, playlets, games, pictures, etc., by well-known people, including the editor, are included in this most welcome book.

BLACK BEAUTY

By Anna Sewell. With illustrations. 6s. net. (Oxford Press.)

There is something of a thrill about a new edition of "Black Beauty." It is one of the "loved" books of England. It made its own position as soon as ever it was published, nearly sixty years ago, and it has never lost its hold. It is the autobiography of a horse, told in simple words, with thorough knowledge and understanding and without undue sentimentality. This new edition contains a short introduction telling us a little about Anna Sewell, the crippled author, and it is illustrated by, seemingly, a horse lover, H. C. Metcalfe. The coloured frontispiece is specially charming, of Black Beauty as a foal, and his mother. It has been said that if everyone who had to do with horses was to read "Black Beauty" there would be very little cruelty in England. This is a good edition to begin with.



From Warne's "Top All" Books for Toddlers (*Warne*). BROWNIE FARM.



From Black Beauty By Anna Sewell (*Oxford University Press*). A TALK IN THE ORCHARD.

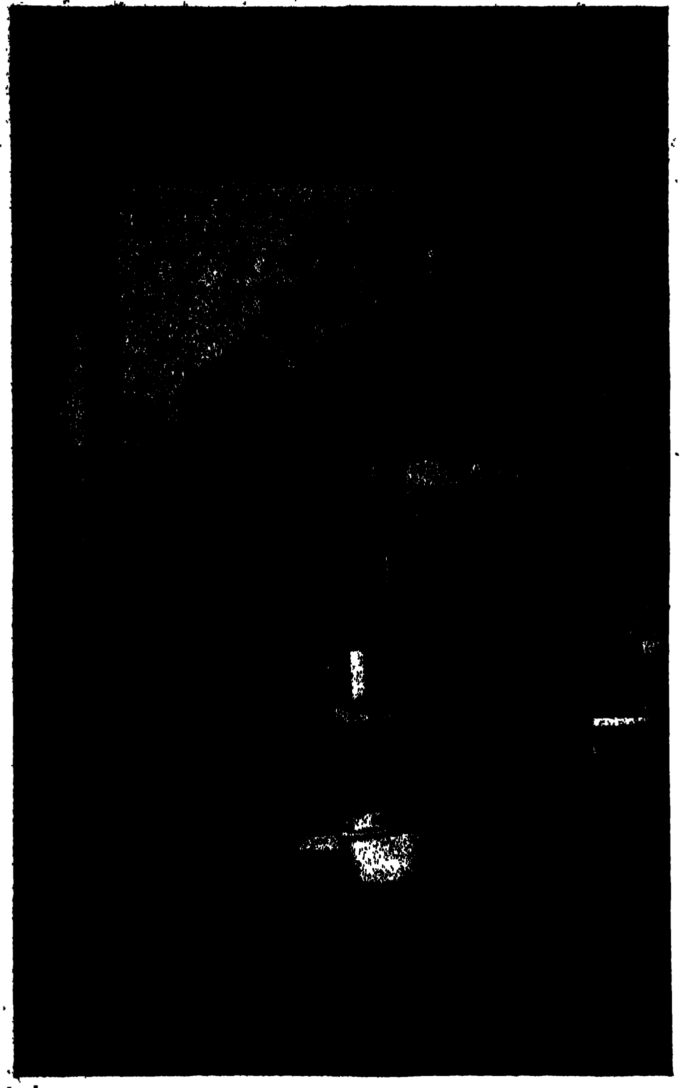
THE PLAYGROUND

By Katharine Tynan. 7s. 6d. (Ward, Lock.)

Miss Katharine Tynan has brought her narrative gifts to bear on a story of great benevolence and idealism. John Tracey was born in a Dublin slum, where with his parents, five brothers and a crippled sister, he inhabited one room of a tenement house. He was a thoughtful, good little boy with a knack of attracting influential friends. Early in life he was helped and educated by a wealthy farmer who, seeing that John had a gift for gardening, apprenticed him to Sir Joshua Dent's famous Formosa Nurseries. After that his rise to the top of his profession was rapid and easy, culminating in marriage to Sir Joshua's daughter. Throughout his successful career John cherishes the memory of Nonie, the little sister who died at an early age, Nonie who loved flowers and longed so for the country she never saw, and in memory of her John dedicates his energies to making playgrounds for the benefit of slum dwellers.



From The Children's Play Hour (*Longmans*). TRESPASSERS IN THE FARM YARD.



From A Mystery of the Broads
By Percy F. Westerman
(*Blackie*).

UNDER WATERLOO BRIDGE.

A MYSTERY OF THE BROADS

By Percy F. Westerman. 3s. 6d. (Blackie.)

Mr. Westerman is an old hand at an exciting yarn, and boys will settle down to his latest story with keen anticipation. In the first chapter we are led on board the *Zoroaster*, a motor cruiser depending mainly upon her fifteen-twenty horse-power. In charge, and just about to take his beloved Putney Sea Scouts on a trip, is Scoutmaster Forbes, who in real life is employed as a detective. Just when the *Zoroaster* is starting for the Medway, Forbes is called to a case. He must occupy himself with the mysterious disappearance of one Dellifer. But he decides that he can work both mystery and Sea Scout holiday together by changing the ship's destination to the Broads. This is a capital plot, and to the Broads they go, and if by the time a boy has read this book he is not crazy to be a Sea Scout, we shall be surprised. Never a father but who will be most happy to read it all too. The chain of evidence in the Dellifer case is most cunningly linked.

DOWSED LIGHTS

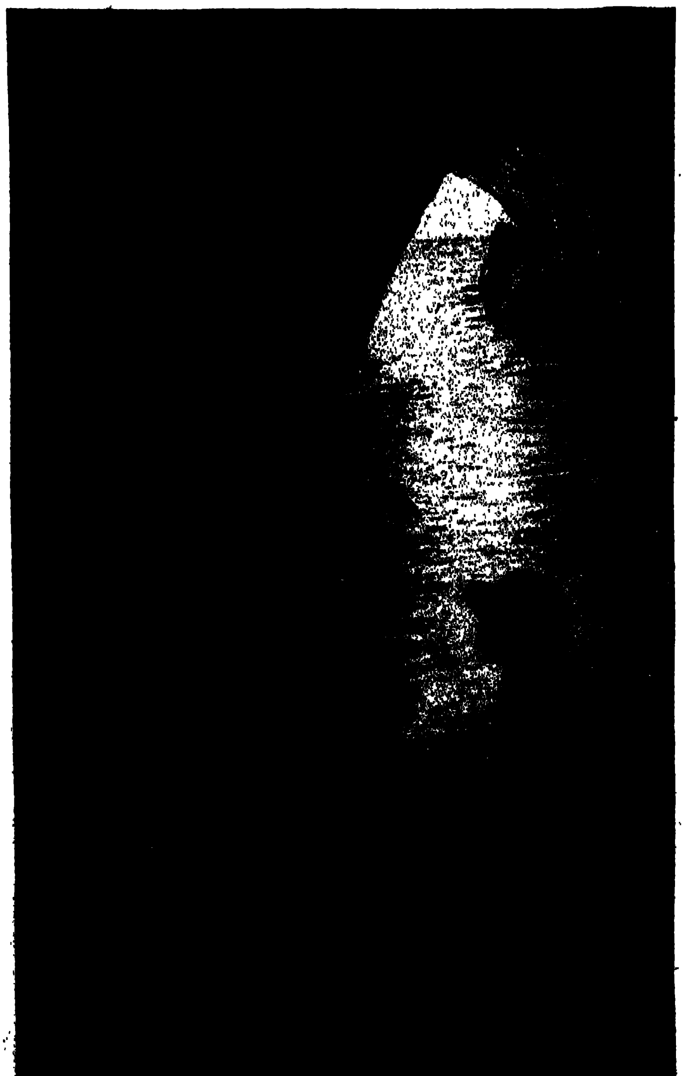
By Adam Sadler. 7s. 6d. (Ward, Lock.)

Sailing under dowsed lights and in the company of Captain McGrath certainly promised much in the way of excitement and adventure, but it fulfilled no less. The reader falls as surely under the spell of this wiry, loose-limbed Scot as did Matheson himself, the journalist who was knocking about the South Seas at the behest of his fancy and preserving his self-respect by acting as newspaper correspondent. McGrath was the ideal hero-villain, with his lazy slouch and nonchalant appearance, he had only to look or speak and things happened. Round his various ventures in the service of Yuan Pei-fu and rescuing an English girl from captivity, Mr. Sadler has embroidered a vigorous pattern of mystery, intrigue, jealousy and revenge. One is almost breathless with the rate at which rajahs are removed and replaced, while treachery is dispatched with equally alarming speed and neatness. We have purposely resisted giving away any of the thrills, the pace is too steady and even for mutilation.

THE WORLD'S COARSE THUMB

By W. B. Phillips. 7s. 6d. (Elkin Mathews & Marrot.)

Only the prologue of this novel is laid in the trenches. The story proper deals with some of the problems and questionings that confronted the demobilised. The opening scene concludes with the dying confession of Harry Peveril to his chum Dennis Harvey that he had wronged a girl in their native village, and with his entreaty that Dennis should befriend her and keep the facts from the Peveril household. All this on his return Dennis loyally carried out, with the result that the world put its coarse thumb on his friendly interest in Nellie Gunter, and created suspicion and estrangement between Dennis and Harry's sister, whom he loved. In the end his loyalty was fully repaid and he triumphed over the malice of business rivals who had gladly availed themselves of the lying rumours. The story is written with obvious earnestness, but the handling betrays inexperience. Much of the dialogue is ineffective and unnecessary, and the reflections on social questions are superficial.



From Haunted Islands
By Isabel M. Peacocke
(*Ward, Lock*).

KNEELING ON THE ROCK HE HELD OUT HIS SINEWY BROWN HANDS TO HER.



From Hey, Diddle Diddle
By Stephen Southwold
(*Collins*).

THE HEDGEHOG LISTENED TO THEIR CHATTER.

THE KNIFE THROUGH THE ACE

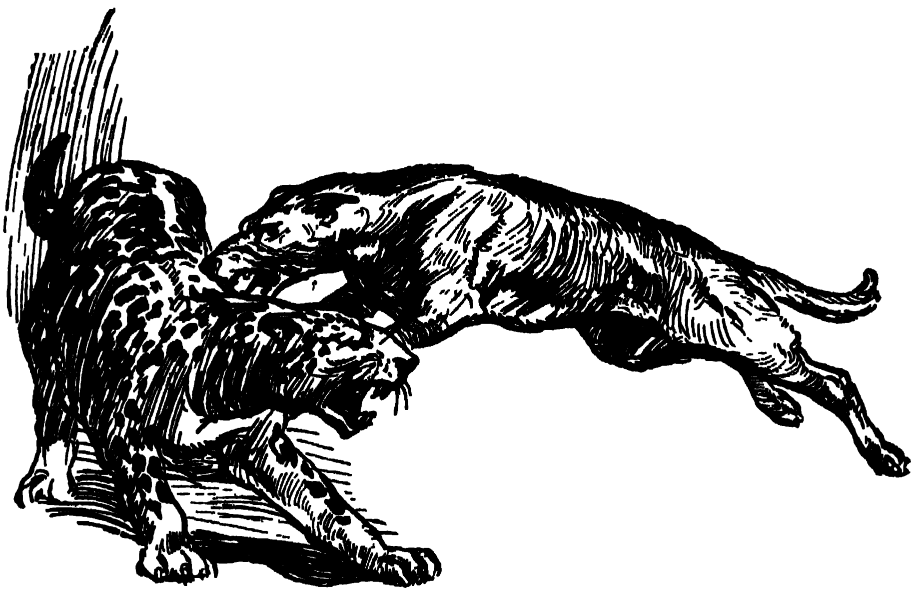
By William Macleod Raine. 7s. 6d.
(Hodder & Stoughton.)

Raine is an author of great popularity with a public which likes to read of sheriffs and tenderfeet, cattle thieves and valiant cowboys, lone range riders, bonanzas and sparkling Western girlhood. His latest novel is as racy as any of its predecessors. Young Jim Rutledge is a prince of cattlemen, doing immense deeds of daring against Dave Moss and his hellion sons, and incessantly depriving them of their ill-gotten gains. It was unfortunate for Jim that he shot the heroine's brother, Steven, a red-headed lad who kept bad company; but vigorous young Ellen Lawson could not help loving her chivalrous admirer. The novel is packed full of knightliness, villainy and shooting.

HEY, DIDDLE DIDDLE

By Stephen Southwold
Illustrated by Ernest Aris 6s.
(Collins)

If some of the stories in this book are likely to distress sensitive and imaginative children you must blame Nature, not Mr. Southwold. It is not his fault animals prey on each other and big fishes eat little fishes, and he has for the most part woven his tales around the facts of life—only taking the licence of translating the language of birds and beasts and fishes into human speech. And several of the stories are simply amusing and not sad at all. There is the one about the brier bush, for instance, with its homely moral which children will be quick to appreciate, and the one about the sparrow and the old toad, and the one about the sociable scarecrow—indeed, it is an admirable collection of nature tales, full of variety. Mr. Aris's many illustrations add greatly to its fascination.



From Warne's Pleasure Book for Boys
(*Warne*).

BULLY'S LAST FIGHT.

THE THREE MAIDENS

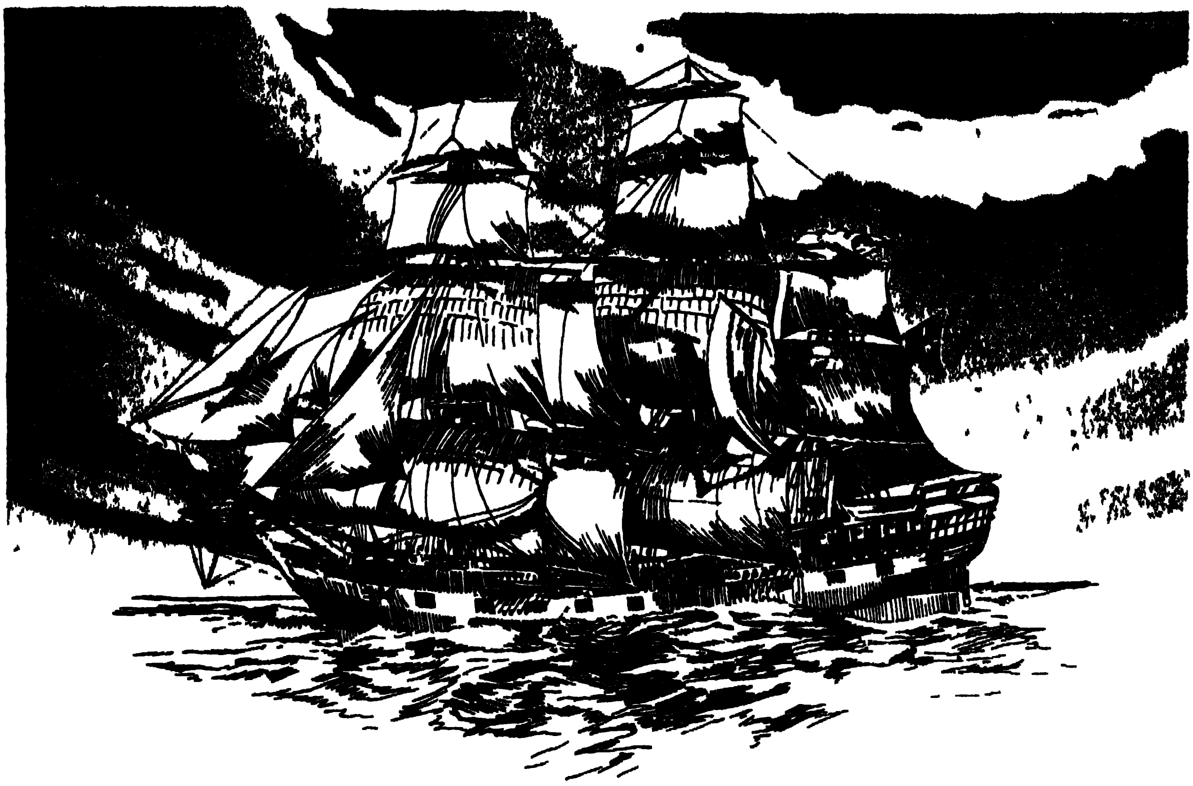
By Eden Phillpotts. 7s. 6d. (Hutchinson)

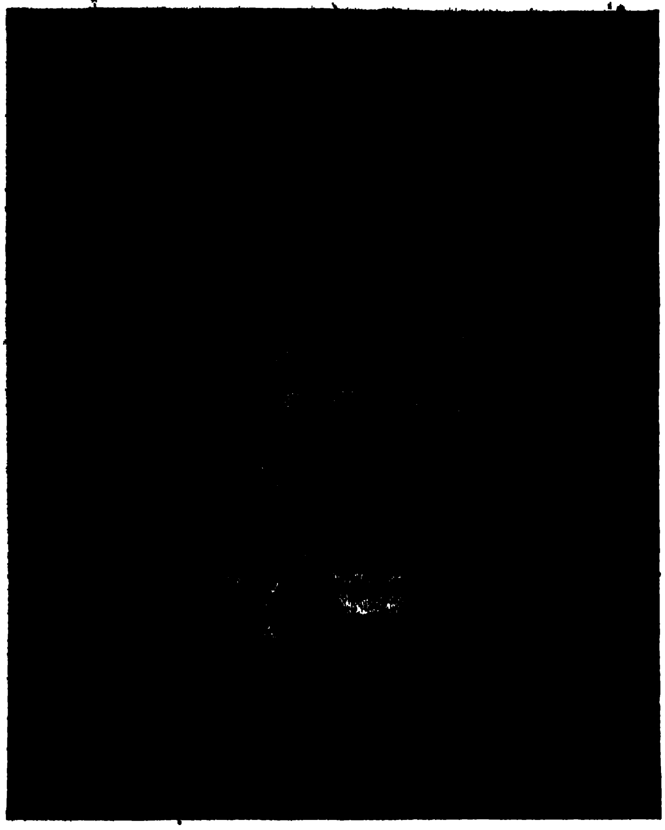
This is a story of East Devon, told with the knowledge of local scenes and people which made the success of "The Farmer's Wife." Mr. Phillpotts's characters are always homely people (in the English, not the American, sense) and he has the rare gift of holding our interest in them, with no help from melodramatic incidents or rich uncles dying overseas. The main story concerns the adventures in love of three maidens, Marian, Freda and Lily. Freda is a philosopher and her shrewd sense expresses itself in many a phrase of worldly wisdom. "If he ain't right now," she tells Lily, "he won't never be right, because marriage don't change 'em more than a cold in their heads." Freda is a good friend and Lily's ultimate happiness is hastened on by her practical methods. Then there are the countrymen who are always much in evidence in a Phillpotts story, farmers and gamekeepers and poachers, men whose talk has a character and edge of its own. The whole book goes with a pleasant swing from start to finish.



From Kalulu The Hare
By Frank Worthington
(*Collins*).

AND THE NEXT VILLAGE THEY CAME TO WAS THE VILLAGE OF LION.





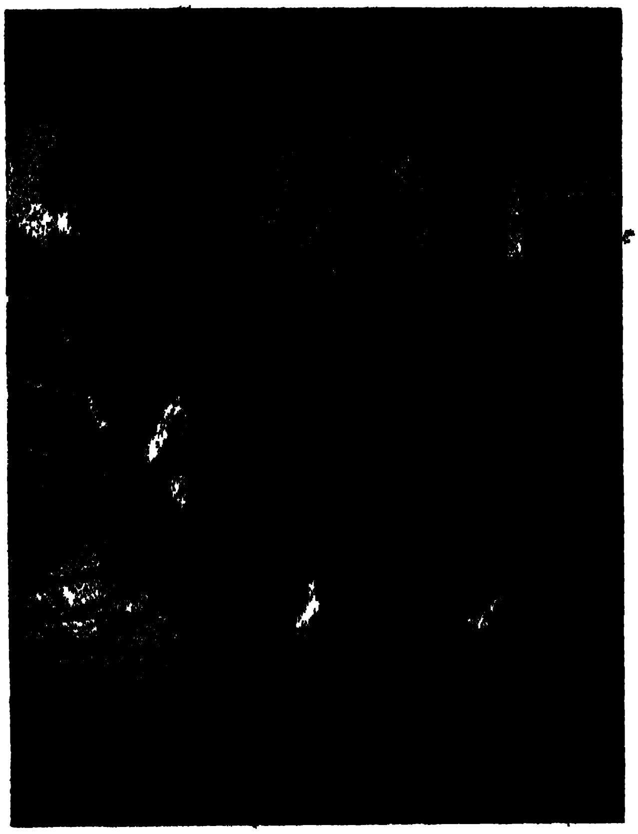
From Animals In the Wild and In Captivity
By E. G. Boulenger
(*Ward, Lock*).

THE TIGER TAKES A MIDNIGHT PROWL.
(Photo by F. W. Champion, Indian Forest Service.)

TRIO

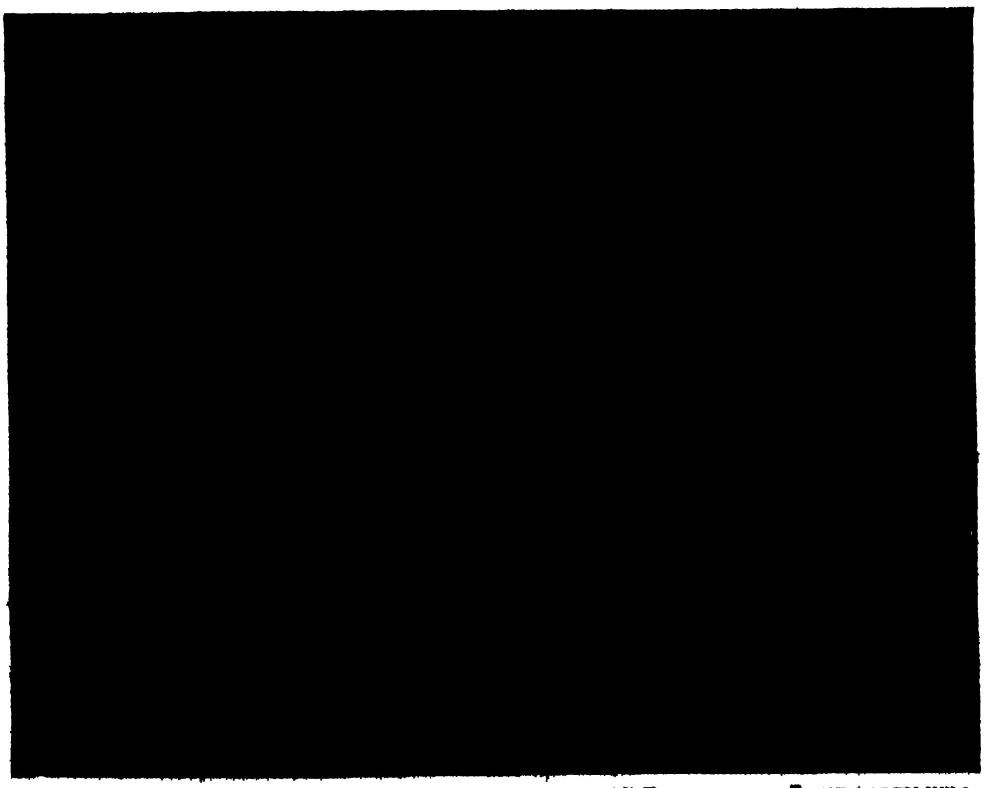
By Phyllis Bentley. 7s. 6d. net. (Gollancz.)

Miss Bentley's method is an austere one. She is not afraid of writing about such everyday matters as the weather, clothes or the baby's under-linen. The wonder is in fact that with such unadorned matter-of-factness she manages to keep our interest alive; but she does. Here is the story of three girls' lives—three diverse characters bound by common circumstance into a "trio." We begin with their school days and we quit them only after marriage. We watch them first in their separate antagonisms and affections (a fine study in the clash of characters), and then we watch them as these antagonisms and affections widen to the world in general and to their prospective husbands in particular. If anything, with the exception of Rachel, who remains until the end a rather dim creation, the girls are overdrawn: Esme is too obviously "catty," and Lena is too obviously designed to win our sympathies in her battle against the harsh odds of life. Nevertheless it is a fine tale that Miss Bentley tells, despite the rather wearisome monotony of its telling. We are carried along surprisingly against our will. It is not often these days that a writer can be accused of keeping her writing "down" too much; but Miss Bentley's work, mature in many ways as it is, would certainly benefit by a little indulgence of the poet that must be present in every good prose-writer's make-up. As it stands one can almost see from the beginning how her novel was planned. One can certainly see how it will end.



From Five Thorns Farm
By Eleanor E. Helme
(*R.T.S.*).

"NOW THEN, TONY, UP YOU GET."



From Animal Fun and Frolic
By Jessie Pope
(*Ward, Lock*).

"GET UP," BETTY CRIED, "THE PARTY WILL SOON BE HERE," AS SHE TICKLED HER NOSE WITH A LONG STRAW.



From Martin Thorn—Adventurer
By Mona Tracy
(*Oxford University Press*)

I DODGED JUST IN TIME TO ESCAPE A BLOW FROM HIS WICKED FLIPPER.



From Little Folks
(*Amalgamated Press*)

SHE WHIRLED ROUND WITH A LITTLE SHRIEK, ONLY TO MEET THE GRINS OF THE OTHER GIRLS.

MARTIN THORN—ADVENTURER

By Mona Tracy 3s 6d (Oxford Press)

A close-knit yarn by one who understands just how much boys and girls love adventure Miss Tracy writes well and clearly, and she has contrived for innocent Martin (wrongly accused of crime) a magnificent series of terrible happenings The glimpse of Norfolk Island with its ragged and tattered convicts is impressive, and among them we find poor Martin, who is in reality a proud baronet of England That right is done at last to the fine young hero goes without saying He has a stainless name and great courage Miss Tracy does not know how to be dull

LITTLE FOLKS Vol 112

5s net (Amalgamated Press)

Lives there the man who could write of a "Little Folks" Annual without affection Reviewers of to-day remember it in their own nursery days It may conform to more modern needs, the fashions of its pictures may change, the subjects of interest widen, the very shape of the page may be altered, but "Little Folks" remains "Little Folks," and its hold on the young affections continues. The present volume contains pleasure for all. The stories are told with all the verve and thrill, humour and appeal that 'Little Folks" stories have ever been noted for, the editor talks to his readers in a manner that amuses them, wins their confidence, and makes them long for the next number; there are Clubs and Societies, a Parliament, a Page for Young Brothers, and a Competition Corner that is worthy of a volume "all to itself."



From The Topping Book for Girls (*Dean*).

THE ABBEY SECRET.



From A Roundabout Turn
By Robert H. Charles
(*Warne*).

"WELL, AND WHAT HAVE YOU FOUND, DEAR ?"

THE OXFORD ANNUAL FOR TINY FOLKS

3s. 6d. (Oxford Press)

Just brimful of joyous laughter and fun is this delightful book for the tiny tots. What whimsical and jolly creatures are pictured on every page and what uncommon names some of them have. Some of the pictures nearly tell their own stories, they are so numerous, while others peep in and out of the jolliest tales.



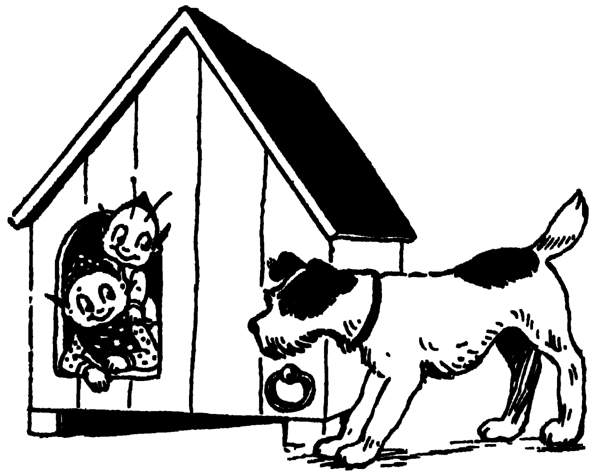
From The Oxford Annual for Tiny Folks
(*Oxford University Press*).

JERRY HUMBLE AND TOBY.

A ROUNDABOUT TURN

By Robert H. Charles. With drawings by L. Leslie Brooke 3s. 6d. net. (Warne)

The verses of "A Roundabout Turn" originally appeared in *Punch* and rightly so. They tell the short tale of a Toad who lived on Albury Heath, and quite realised its merits. But Albury Heath was flat, and he had been given to understand that the world was round, and he wanted to go and see. So he started to see, and he saw, and he felt Seventy-nine rides on the Roundabout were sufficient. All we who have known and loved Mr. Leslie Brooke and his drawings since we first met him and them in "Johnny Crow's Garden" many years ago, will know full well what he can do with such a subject as this. These drawings of Mr. and Mrs. Toad, and of the great adventure, are inimitable. One may well envy the child who gets this volume. Four of the "plates" are in colour



From The Playbox Annual
(*Amalgamated Press*).

THE PIXIES FIND A NEW HOME.

THE ISLAND OF PENGUINS

By Cherry Kearton. 10s. 6d. (Longmans.)

In the space available here one can barely touch the fringe of the amazing and interesting experiences of Cherry Kearton on the Island of Penguins. To begin with its bird population seems staggering. Just a piece of rock, certainly no more than four miles square, and yet at certain seasons of the year there are no less than (quite literally) five million penguins Some small idea is gained from the frontispiece which shows but a small section of one colony. And here Mr. and Mrs. Kearton have spent many months on the most intimate and friendly terms with the birds. "I saw the comfortable old gentleman, the social outcast, the mischief-maker, weddings, fights, the tragic collapse of a house—every happening almost that would provide a head-line in our newspapers if it occurred in London or New York. Yes, Mr. Kearton has revelled in his fascinating adventures and we in turn have delighted in his descriptions.



From Quinton Kicks Off!
By Michael Poole
(*Cassell*).

"THE PAIR OF THEM WERE ACTUALLY TIED TO THE CHAIRS IN WHICH THEY SAT."

THE SKIPPER OF THE TEAM

By A. L. Haydon. 3s. 6d. (Warne.)

The materials may be familiar, but a school story of this type can never be told too often. It tells the story of the downfall of Deane Aylmer, who was led by conceit into failing to play the game, and his place of pride at Brideford was captured by his rival, Venables, who succeeded in impressing his schoolfellows by sheer strength of character. The story is full of exciting episodes, thrilling matches, breaking of bounds, ragging of masters and suchlike delectable tit-bits. The boys are well drawn and differentiated, and the book may be commended not only as a thoroughly healthy and interesting yarn, but as marvellous good value for the price.

FAMILY GROUP

By Sibyl Phillpotts. 7s. 6d. (Arrowsmith.)

That the primness of the Victorian maiden was only skin deep is being made increasingly plain to us by recent novels of the period, and the theory is reinforced by Miss Sibyl Phillpotts's exceedingly natural picture of Victorian life.

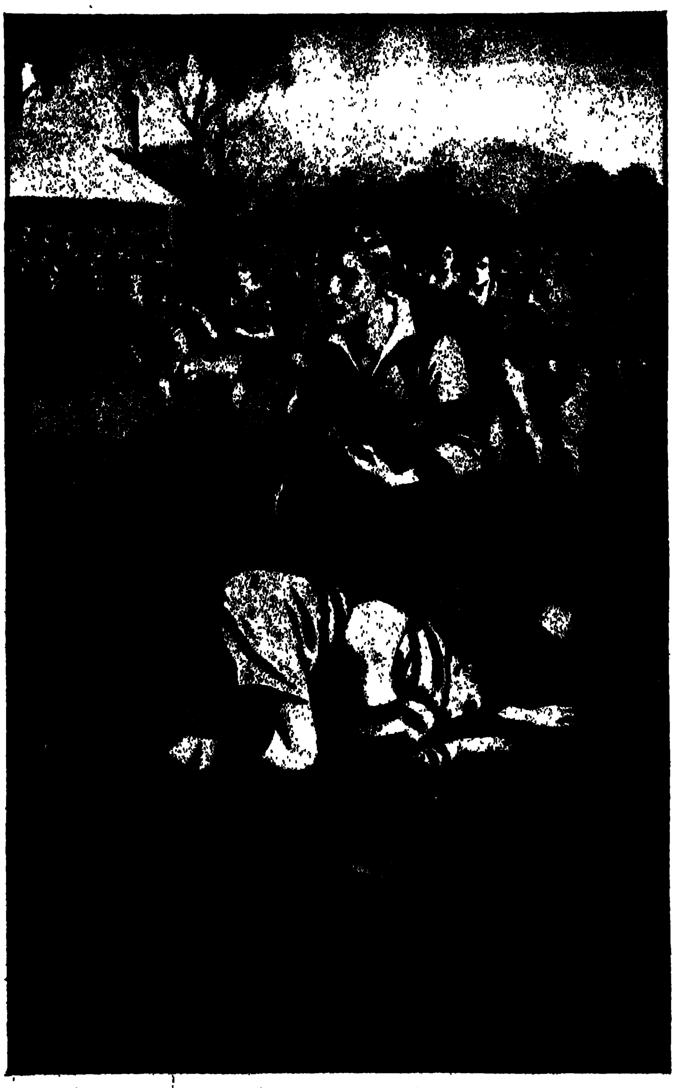
Ann Rymer is the only member of the family group with whom we have much sympathy. We are told, but somehow remain unconvinced, of the brilliance of her father, the Captain, perhaps because he is generally moody and reserved at home, although kind to his handsome, stupid and adoring wife. Dorothy is pretty and affectionate if insipid, but Ann, who is intelligent but not brilliant, dutiful but with no inclination to martyrdom, and conventional except when in love, has a sober charm all her own, and is presented with the kinks and inconsistencies that we look for in real people.

Miss Phillpotts has a rather dry concise style that covers a good deal of observation and humour. She has too the courage of a decidedly unexpected ending. We lay down the book glad that Ann is to have the beauty and adventure she missed as a young girl, but not altogether satisfied. When a woman over thirty marries an artistic impulsive man six years her junior the old tag "and they lived happily ever afterwards" is not a foregone conclusion, and it is a tribute to the author's skill that we feel uneasy about her heroine's future.

PASTIMES, HOBBIES AND SPORTS FOR BOYS

By S. Gibbard Jackson. Illustrated. 6s. net. (Sampson Low.)

A book for the boy who asks questions and seeks reasons, for the lad whose fingers are itching to make something and whose mind is beginning to challenge things as he finds them. Mr. Gibbard Jackson is just the man and here is just the book to occupy the boys' mind intelligently. It is not merely a collection of mechanical devices but a handbook that satisfies many different appetites. Apart from the instructional side there are chapters that deal with unexplained mysteries and such a question as the existence of the sea serpent is revived, and sea serpents ought to interest any boy. Congratulations to author, artist and publisher.



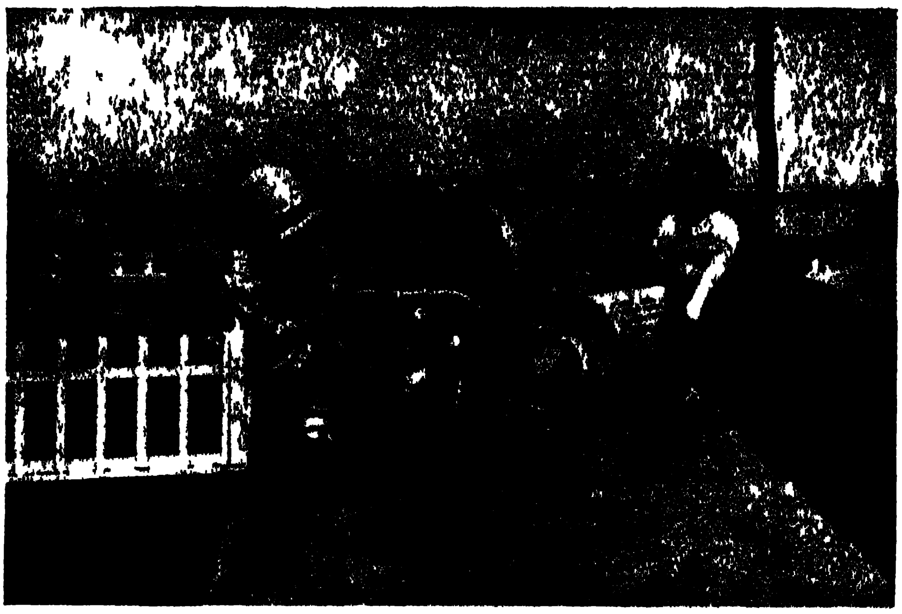
From The Skipper of the Team
By A. L. Haydon
(*Warne*).

FLINGING OUT A HAND, HE FENDED OFF THE OTHER AND SHOT PAST HIM.

RHYMES FOR GROWN-UP CHILDREN

By E R S Skeels Illustrated by Bon 2s 6d net. (Alston Rivers)

On the whole we feel that the illustrations in this book were worth a better letterpress There are one or two of these brief rhymes which scan well, but there are many which one has to gabble through in order to recite properly In writing comic verses the author should have remembered the two chief rules of the game—the words must be chosen so as to receive their correct emphasis naturally, and the subject must be funny There is a certain amount of fun in this book which might have been much worse but could certainly have been much better.



From The Katy Kruse Play Book
By Rose Fyleman
(*Harrap*).

AS YOU WERE

By Wilfrid Benson 7s 6d. (Hogarth Press)

Those who have resolved to read no more War novels can take up Mr Benson's book with a clear conscience, as it is concerned only with army life in England Except for a couple of aeroplane crashes it is free from physical horrors, though it dwells almost exclusively on the sordid preoccupations of men who have temporarily lost their sense of the value of life

The story follows the career of a public school boy who joins the Inns of Court O T C at the beginning of 1918 He is a rather enigmatic person in spite of his innocence, which is rapidly dissipated in the atmosphere of hard-drinking men which now surrounds him What really interests the author, we feel, are the emotional relationships between the various men who fill his pages—Plomer and Lamb who hate each other with such ferocity and can never be found apart, Sergeant Warren who both loves and hates the unconscious Carne, and contends with the parson Beresford for his friendship

At times the author can be brilliantly amusing, as when during an account of a game of bridge he interposes a merciless caricature of the Colonel, but on the whole the irony is cool and restrained, though none the less deadly, in its criticism of army life



From Not an Ordinary Girl
By May Baldwin
(*Chambers*)

"MADEMOISELLE, PARDON ME, BUT THAT IS NOT THE WAY TO MANAGE YOUR LINE."

THE BALANCE

By Ada Harrison

7s 6d (Dent)

This is an unusually interesting first novel written with a fine perception of the delicate relationships that exist between modern mothers and their grown-up children

Helen herself, her mother's love carefully controlled and masked by friendly detachment, is a triumph of delineation, but the author is no less successful with her young people, and presents widely varying types with equal ease and naturalness.

Miss Harrison is well endowed with the novelist's gifts, she has shrewd observation and an all too rare sense of form. If it might be contended that the book lacks sparkle, we submit that there are many who prefer a good cup of tea to champagne.

THE DOLLS' HOUSE

By Rose Fyleman. 5s. (Methuen.)

This is the story of Mr. and Mrs. Godolphin, their daughter Pansy and their son Hamish Douglas Alexander, not forgetting Dulcie the maid, and how they enjoyed themselves in their jolly dolls' house when Daphne was away for the summer. How deliciously whimsical it all is, Mr. Godolphin writing verse about a chair although he was not able to sit down, Dulcie's trouble with her cap which would come unstuck in hot weather, Mrs. Godolphin continually having to be propped up, the poor Captain who belonged to a family inclined to blaze up when they got very near to a flame, and more fantastic still, the means they used to rescue him from the fender. It is all delightful and made all the more attractive by Miss Margaret Tempest's quaint and jolly illustrations.

THE SHEPHERD OF GUADALOUPE

By Zane Grey. 7s. 6d. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

Tens of thousands of readers follow with avidity the chronicles of Zane Grey in the open spaces. He can also devise a very delightful love story. Quite charming is the curious idyll of Clifton Forrest returning, wounded to death, from the Great War and meeting on the voyage home Virginia Lundeen, the beautiful daughter of his father's worst enemy. Virginia is frankly in love with dying Clinton, and has been ever since she was a small child. Clifton, ruined in fortune as well as in health, is reluctant to turn to her and accept sacrifice. The story of his very gradual return to health and fighting life is a fine one. There is a capital villain in the story in the person of the dago, Malpass, the evil genius of Virginia's weakly criminal father.

PRINCES AND FAIRIES

By Stella Mead. 5s. (Nisbet.)

" The great secret of telling tales to children is simply the art of gathering honey from their imagination," says Miss Mead, and by means of such inspiration she has culled this delightful collection from the land of humans, animals and fairies. Though some of them are reminiscent of old favourites, they all carry a distinct note of freshness. Who ever heard of soup tasting like chocolate, ice-cream, strawberry tart, etc. Yet that was what Hans had in the old woman's wonderful house, with its still more surprising household. And round that strange concoction Miss Head has woven one of the jolliest of the stories. The book is most tastefully produced and delightfully illustrated by several artists, including A. H. Watson.

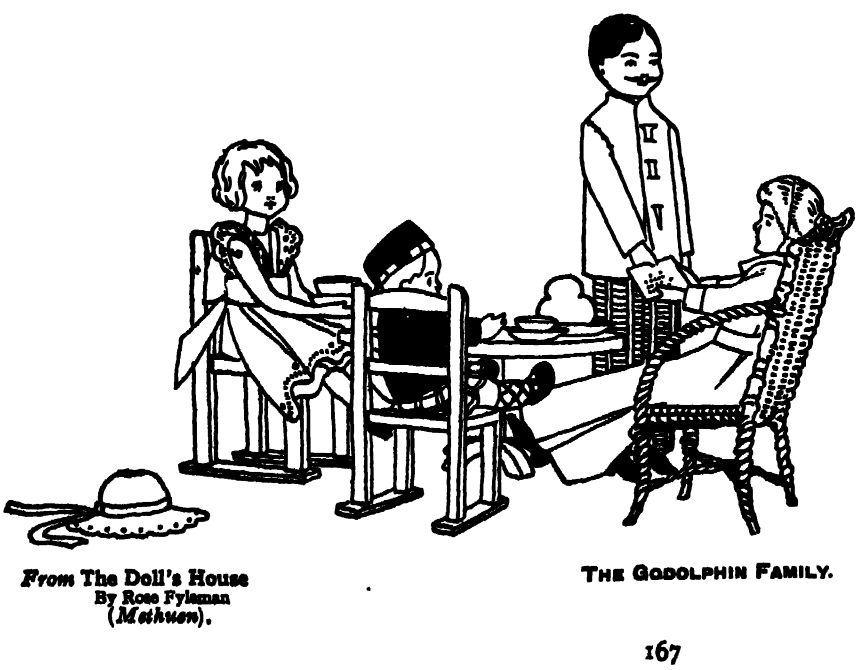


From Our Animal Friends By Harry Golding (*Ward, Lock*) "FULL-UP INSIDE ONLY."

THE YEARS THAT CROWN

By Gwen Clear. 7s. 6d (Longmans.)

Curious to find that such an unexaggerated story as this, of the heart of the City, could be published in these days of the harsh mechanical glaring pattern of the average novel. Miss Clear, whose verses we have already on our shelves, is poetic in outlook. She disdains the conventions of the novelist; there is nothing symmetrical about her plot, and we cannot deny that her pages contain long, dull passages. The tale is concerned with Alice Farnham, whose brave mother keeps a successful coffee house in the Minories. This charming and imaginative maiden (it is 1893, when girls wore capes and ostrich feathers and long walking skirts) comes in contact with a dissatisfied dreamer of forty-five. His half romantic, half practical nature is ever at war with itself. He loves Alice, she loves him, but he considers himself too old for her, and goes away. Alice marries another in spite of herself, but his memory remains. Overworked and poor, she lives on certain intangible things. Some phrases that keep her going in her uncongenial days are: " Delicate strength, the strength of a racehorse, a runner.' " Lace that lasts a hundred years." " The Years That Crown " is a distinguished, sombre piece of work, and for the philosophy beneath it one must delve carefully. Did Alice's years crown her ?



From The Doll's House By Rose Fyleman (*Methuen*). THE GODOLPHIN FAMILY.



From Hahtibee the Elephant
By Charles Slaughter
(*Knopf*).

THERE WAS NOTHING ELSE TO TRY, SO HE DECIDED TO SIT DOWN AND SLIDE.

THE PASSAGE

By Vance Palmer. 7s. 6d. (Stanley Paul.)

This story of a small coast town and of a family who had always lived there, gives a remarkably vivid impression of Australian life. Lew Callaway, since his father's death, had had the burden of the family on his back; his brothers and sisters might be granted opportunities, might go away to complete their education, but they looked to him for support, and his mother seemed to think he should be satisfied to carry on with his fishing and have no higher ambitions. And Lew, though he felt he was unfairly used, sacrificed his love of music to the humdrum business of getting a living. He seemed fated to make a muddle of his life, let the girl who was his real mate go abroad to study art, and married one totally unsuited to him and the quiet existence at the Passage; but it was all natural and inevitable and consistent with his temperament. Mr. Palmer handles his characters with a deftness that makes each one stand out as a real, living personality; there is much beauty in his story, and from tragedy Lew emerges to a happiness he has fully earned.



From The Prize
(*Chatterbox Company*).

PERFORMING ANIMALS IN THE MIDDLE AGES.



From My Picture Book of the Circus
(*Ward, Lock*).

"GOOD-BYE, ALL."



From a photograph by CENTRAL PRESS.

JOHN MASEFIELD

THE BOOKMAN

SPECIAL CHRISTMAS NUMBER 1930



HODDER AND STOUGHTON
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